Extracts, Elegant, Instructive, and Entertaining, in Prose; Selected from the Best Modern Authors, and disposed under proper heads: intended to assist in introducing Young Persons to an Acquaintance with Useful and Ornamental Knowledge.

Omne dulce punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci; Lectorem delectando, pariterque movendo. — Hor.

P R E F A C E.

THE utility of Compilations like the present is sufficiently obvious. At an easy expense they supply, to young persons in the course of a school education, the place of a great variety of English Books; introduce them to an acquaintance with our best and most approved Writers; and lay the foundation for improvement and entertainment in advanced life.—Hence the favourable reception which such Extracts have met with from the public; and the great demand for them at the most respectable Seminaries of Education.

This collection will, it is hoped, be found to contain some improvements on similar plans which have been offered to the public; and to be adapted, from the greater variety of matter which it affords, for more general and extensive utility. In connexion with the EXTRACTS in VERSE, and the volume of EPISTLES selected from the best ancient and modern Writers, it forms a valuable little Library for Scholars.

The first Book contains a variety of moral and religious Extracts, from Authors of established and highly approved characters, calculated to infill into the minds of young persons the principles of Virtue and Religion.

The second and third Books consist of selections from several of our best Writers on critical and classical Subjects, and Orations and Characters from ancient and modern Historians; which may be recommended as an useful introduction to subjects of taste and literature.
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The fourth Book contains Narratives, Dialogues, and other humorous and entertaining pieces, intended to afford innocent amusement to the mind in the hours of leisure and relaxation.

The fifth Book leads young persons to the threshold of those sciences which will contribute to enrich their understandings, and to direct their minds to some of the most useful as well as interesting subjects on which their attention can be employed. It consists of short introductions to Geography, Astronomy, Chronology, Natural History, &c. selected from such Authors as have laid down the first principles of those branches of knowledge, in the most compendious and intelligible terms. In this Book the improvements introduced by modern discoveries have not been overlooked.

As these Extracts, from the variety of subjects to which they relate, and the numerous works from which they have been selected, have swelled this publication to such a considerable size, it has been thought proper to insert a new Title Page, nearly in the middle, that the purchasers may have it in their option to bind it in one, or in two volumes, as they shall think it most convenient for use.

INTRO.
INTRODUCTION.

ON

PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

FROM DR. BLAIR'S LECTURES.

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

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others, is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must take a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us, that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such, as to give the lye to all that he affirms. When Marcus Callidius accused one of an attempt to poison him, but enforced his accusation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earnestness of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accused person, improved this into an argument of the falsity of the charge, "An tu, M. Callidi nifi fingeres, lic age res?" In Shak speare's

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Richard II. the Duchess of York thus im-
peaches the sincerity of her husband:

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

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

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

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

The first attention of every public speaker,
doubtless, must be, to make himself be
heard by all those to whom he speaks. He
must endeavour to fill with his voice the
space occupied by the assembly. This
power of voice, it may be thought, is
wholly a natural talent. It is so in a good
measure; but, however, may receive con-
siderable assistance from art. Much depends
for this purpose on the proper pitch, and
management of the voice. Every man has
three pitches in his voice; the high, the
middle, and the low one. The high, is
that which he utters in calling aloud to some
one at a distance. The low is, when he
approaches to a whisper. The middle is,
that which he employs in common conver-
sation, and which he should generally use
in public discourse. For it is a great mis-
take, to imagine that one must take the
highest pitch of his voice, in order to be
well heard by a great assembly. This is
confounding two things which are different,
loudness, or strength of sound, with the
key, or note on which we speak. A speaker
may render his voice louder, without alter-
ing the key; and we shall always be able
to give most body, most pervering force
of sound, to that pitch of voice, to which
in conversation we are accustomed. Where-
as, by setting out on our highest pitch or
key, we certainly allow ourselves lefs com-
pas, and are likely to strain our voice be-
fore we have done. We shall fatigue our-
selves, and speak with pain; and whenever
a man speaks with pain to himself, he is
always heard with pain by his audience.
Give the voice therefore full strength and
swell of sound; but always pitch it on
your ordinary speaking key. Make it a
constant rule never to utter a greater quan-
tity of voice, than you can afford without
pain to yourselves, and without any extra-
ordinary effort. As long as you keep within
these bounds, the other organs of speech
will be at liberty to discharge their several
offices with ease; and you will always have
your voice under command. But whenever
you transgress these bounds, you give up
the reins, and have no longer any manage-
ment of it. It is an useful rule too, in
order to be well heard, to fix our eye on
some of the most distant persons in the as-
sembly, and to consider ourselves as speak-
ing to them. We naturally and mechani-
cally utter our words with such a degree of
strength, as to make ourselves be heard by
one to whom we address ourselves, provided
he be within the reach of our voice. As
this is the cafe in common conversation, it
will hold also in public speaking. But re-
member, that in public as well as in con-
versation, it is possible to offend by speak-
ing too loud. This extreme hurts the ear,
by making the voice come upon it in rumb-
ing indistinct masses; besides its giving
the speaker the disagreeable appearance of
one who endeavours to compel attention, by
mere vehemence and force of sound.

In the next place, to being well heard,
and clearly understood, distinctness of arti-
culation contributes more, than mere loud-
ness of sound. The quantity of sound ne-
cessary to fill even a large space, is smaller
than is commonly imagined; and with dis-
tinct articulation, a man of a weak voice
will make it reach farther, than the strongest
voice can reach without it. To this, there-
fore, every public speaker ought to pay
great attention. He must give every sound
which he utters its due proportion, and
make every syllable, and even every letter
in the word which he pronounces, be
heard distinctly; without slurring, whif-
pering, or suppressing any of the proper
sounds.

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

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On Pronunciation, or Delivery.

In the third place, in order to articulate distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. I need scarcely observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious, that a lifeless, drawling pronunciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every discourse inipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of speaking too fast is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is the first thing to be studied by all who begin to speak in public; and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to their discourse. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows it more easily to make; and it enables the speaker to swell all his sounds, both with more force and more music. It affords him also in preserving a due command of himself; whereas a rapid and hurried manner, is apt to excite that flutter of spirits, which is the greatest enemy to all right execution in the way of oratory. "Promptum fit os," says Quintilian, "non praecep, moderatum, non lentum."

After these fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of slowness of speech, what a public speaker must, in the fourth place, study, is Properly of Pronunciation; or the giving to every word, which he utters, that sound, which the most polite usage of the language appropriates to it; in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite, both for speaking intelligibly, and for speaking with grace or beauty. Instructions concerning this article, can be given by the living voice only. But there is one observation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one, has one accented syllable. The accent rests sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented syllable in any English word, however long; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more lightly over the rest. Now, after we have learned the proper feats of these accents, it is an important rule, to give every word just the same accent in public speaking, as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they speak in public, and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the same word; from a mistaken notion, that it gives gravity and force to their discourse, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. Whereas, this is one of the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciacion; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affectation to air speech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableness, and its impression.

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

First, let us consider Emphasis; by this is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish the accented syllable of some word, on which we design to lay particular force, and to show how it affects the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphatic word must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a stronger accent. On the right management of the emphasis, depends the whole life and spirit of every discourse. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To give a common instance, such a simple question as this: "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable
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capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphasis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do you ride to town today? the answer may naturally be, No; I send my servant in my stead. If thus: Do you ride to town to-day? Answer, No; I intend to walk. Do you ride to town to-day? No; I ride out into the fields. Do you ride to town to-day? No; but I shall to-morrow. In like manner, in solemn discourse, the whole force and beauty of an expression often depend on the accented word; and we may present to the hearers quite different views of the same sentiment, by placing the emphasis differently. In the following words of our Saviour, observe in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" Betrayest thou—makes the reproach turn, on the infamy of treachery.—Betrayest thou—makes it refer, upon Judas's connection with his master. Betrayest thou the Son of Man—refers it, upon our Saviour's personal character and eminence. Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss? turns it upon his profanating the signal of peace and friendship, to the purpose of a mark of destruction.

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

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

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

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper and graceful adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery. In all public speaking, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is speaking, should be very careful to provide a
full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is only suspended for a moment; and, by this management, one may have always a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

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

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

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

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

What in me is dark,

Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

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

I fit, with sad civility I read;

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

I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of sound which we employ in public speaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of discourse, must depend on these, will appear from this single consideration; that to almost every sentiment we utter, more especially to every strong emotion, nature hath adapted some peculiar tone of voice; infomuch, that he who should tell another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not suit such emotions, instead of being believed, would be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the most powerful principles by which persuasive discourse works its effect. The speaker endeavours to transfix into his hearers his own sentiments and emotions; which he can never be successful in doing, unless he utters them in such a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them*. The proper expression of tones, therefore, deservers to be attentively studied by every one who would be a successful orator.

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

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

SHERIDAN on the Art of Reading.
Feeling of your heart. Imagine a subject of debate started in conversation among grave and wise men, and yourself bearing a share in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflexions of voice, you would on such an occasion express yourself, when you were most in earnest, and fought most to be listened to. Carry these with you to the bar, to the pulpit, or to any public assembly; let these be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there, and you will take the surest method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and persuasive.

I have said, Let these conversation tones be the foundation of public pronunciation; for, on some occasions, solemn public speaking requires them to be exalted beyond the strain of common discourse. In a formal, studied oration, the elevation of the style, and the harmony of the sentences, prompt, almost necessarily, a modulation of voice more rounded, and bordering more upon music, than conversation admits. This gives rise to what is called, the Declaiming Manner. But though this mode of pronunciation runs considerably beyond ordinary discourse, yet still it must have, for its basis, the natural tones of grave and dignified conversation. I must observe, at the same time, that the constant indulgence of a declamatory manner, is not favourable either to good composition, or good delivery; and is in hazard of betraying public speakers into that monotony of tone and cadence, which is so generally complained of. Whereas, he who forms the general run of his delivery upon a speaking manner, is not likely ever to become disagreable through monotony. He will have the same natural variety in his tones, which a person has in conversation. Indeed, the perfection of delivery requires both these different manners, that of speaking with liveliness and ease, and that of declaiming with stateliness and dignity, to be possessed by one man; and to be employed by him, according as the different parts of his discourse require either the one or the other. This is a perfection which is not attained by many; the greatest part of public speakers allowing their delivery to be formed altogether accidentally, according as some turn of voice appears to them most beautiful, or some artificial model has caught their fancy; and acquiring, by this means, a habit of pronunciation, which they can never vary. But the capital direction, which ought never to be forgotten, is, to copy the proper tones for expressing every sentiment from those which nature dictates to us, in conversation with others; to speak always with her voice; and not to form to ourselves a fantastic public manner, from an absurd fancy of its being more beautiful than a natural one.

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

The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the same with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and gestures, in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to most advantage in the common intercourse of men; and let these be your model. Some of these looks and gestures are common to all men; and there are also certain peculiarities of manner which distinguish every individual. A public speaker must take that manner which is most natural to himself. For it is here just as in tones. It is not the business of a speaker to form to himself a certain set of motions and gestures, which he thinks most becoming and agreeable, and to practice these in public, without their having any correspondence to the manner which is natural to him in private. His gestures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expression which nature has dictated to him; and, unless this be the case, it is impossible.

"Lequeru," (fays an author of the last century, who has written a Treatise in Verfe, de Gehu et Voce Oratoris)

—"Lequeru; hoc vitium commune, loquatur
Ut nemo; at tensa declamaret omnia voce.
Tu loqueru, ut mos est hominum; Boat et latras ille;
Ille ululat; rudit hic (fari si talia dignum est);
Non hominem vox uela fomat ratione loquentem."

by means of any study, to avoid their appearing stiff and forced.

However, although nature must be the ground-work, I admit that there is room in this matter for some study and art. For many persons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulness might, in part at least, be re-formed by application and care. The study of action in public speaking, consists chiefly in guarding against awkward and disfarrivable motions, and in learning to perform such as are natural to the speaker, in the most becoming manner. For this end, it has been advised by writers on this subject, to practice before a mirror, where one may see, and judge of his own gestures. But I am afraid, persons are not always the best judges of the gracefulness of their own motions: and one may declare long enough before a mirror, without correcting any of his faults. The judgment of a friend, whose good taste they can trust, will be found of much greater advantage to beginners, than any mirror they can use. With regard to particular rules concerning action and gesticulation, Quintilian has delivered a great many, in the last chapter of the 15th Book of his Institutions; and all the modern writers on this subject have done little else but translate them. I am not of opinion, that such rules, delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much use, unless persons faw them exemplified before their eyes.

I shall only add further on this head that in order to succeed well in delivery, nothing is more necessary than for a speaker to guard against a certain flutter of spirits, which is peculiarly incident to those who begin to speak in public. He must endeavour above all things to be recollected, and master of himself. For this end, he will find nothing of more use to him, than to study to become wholly engaged in his subject; to be pollicied with a sense of its importance or seriousness; to be concerned much more to perfuade than to please. He will generally please most, when pleasing is not his sole nor chief aim.

The Introduction is the only rational and proper method of raising one's self above that timid and bashful regard to an audience, which is so ready to disconcert a speaker, both as to what he is to say, and as to his manner of saying it.

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

* The few following hints only I shall adventure to throw out, in case they may be of any service. When speaking in public, one should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect posture is generally to be chosen; standing firm, so as to have the full self and freckt command of all his motions; any inclination which is used, should be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it should correspond with the nature of the discourse, and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always the best. The eyes should never be fixed close on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, consits the chief part of gesture in speaking. The Ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but I am not sensible, that these are always offensive, though it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands corresponding together. But whether one gesticulates with one or with both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be free and easy. Narrow and strained movements are generally ungraceful; for which reason, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the shoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too with the hands, that is, in the straight line up and down, which Shakspeare, in Hamlet, calls, "saying the air with the hand," are seldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the most graceful. Too sudden and nimble motions should be likewise avoided. Earnestness can be fully expressed without them. Shakspeare's directions on this head, are full of good sense; "use "all gently," says he, "and in the very torrent and tempest of passion, acquire a temperance that may "give it smoothness."
and corrupt habits; if they will allow themselves to follow nature, and will speak in public, as they do in private, when they speak in earnest, and from the heart. If one has naturally any gross defects in his voice or gestures, he begins at the wrong end, if he attempts at reforming them only when he is to speak in public: he should begin with rectifying them in his private manner of speaking; and then carry to the public the right habit he has formed. For when a speaker is engaged in a public discourse, he should not be then employing his attention about his manner, or thinking of his tones and his gestures. If he be so employed, study and affectation will appear. He ought to be then quite in earnest; wholly occupied with his subject and his sentiments; leaving nature, and previously formed habits, to prompt and suggest his manner of delivery.

II.

Means of improving in Eloquence.

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

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

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

—Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non Divi, non contessi co-

Hoc, de arte Poet.

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

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

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

FRANCIS.

After
INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

First, Nothing is so favourable as virtue to the prosecution of honourable studies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, matter of itself, disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficency.

Quintilian has touched this consideration very properly: "Quod si agrorum nimia "cura, et sollicitor rei familiaris diligentia, "et venandi voluptas, et dati spectacul "lis dies, multum studiis afferunt, quid "putamus facturas cupiditatem, averitiam, "invidiam? Nihil enim est tam occupa "tum, tam multiforme, tot ac tam variis "affectibus concisum atque laceratum, quam "mala ac improba mens. Quis inter haec, "literis, aut uli bone ari, locus? Non "herce magis quam frugibus, in terra fen "tibus ac rubis occupatur.*

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

* "If the management of an estate, if anxious attention to domestic economy, a passion for hunting, or whole days given up to public places and amusements, consume so much time that is due to study, how much greater waste must be occasioned by licentious desires, avarice, or envy! Nothing is so much hurried and agitated, so contradictory to itself, or so violently torn and shattered by con- flicting passions, as a bad heart. Amidst the distractions which it produces, what room is left for the cultivation of letters, or the pursuit of any honourable art? No more, assuredly, than there is for the growth of corn in a field that is over-run with thorns and brambles."
some of the high virtues, as public spirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence. Beyond doubt, to these virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and those orations of theirs, in which there breathes most of the virtuous and magnanimous spirit, are those which have most attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more necessary for those who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead, or callous, they may be affurred, that on every great occasion, they will speak with less power, and less success. The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate, are the following: the love of justice and order, and indignation at infolence and oppression; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption; magnanimity of spirit; the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble designs, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to eloquence; and no less so, is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should, at the same time, possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can easily relent; that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modesty, must also be studied by every public speaker. Modesty is essential; it is always, and justly, supposed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepossessing. But modesty ought not to run into excessive timidity. Every public speaker should be able to reft somewhat on himself; and to assume that air, not of self-complacency, but of firmness, which bespeaks a consciousness of his being thoroughly persuaded of the truth or justice, of what he delivers; a circumstance of no small consequence for making impression on those who hear.
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ELEGANT

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

I have been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that musician, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and ability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy foliloquies; follow me.

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

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

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that flow'd by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens, in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with fcimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrufing several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

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

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery, and mortality! tormented in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mift into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dilipated part of the mift that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vall ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons drest in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, paffing among the trees, lying down by the fides of fountains, or refting upon beds of flowers: and could hear a confused harmony of finging birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of fo delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seas; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-thore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree
and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not then, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it. 

Spectator.

§ 2. The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.

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

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

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

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

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

It was, however, not very common to fleer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his comrades every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the foundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the fight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposals of chance.

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

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

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

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom the favoured moit, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the jest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

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

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

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preferred by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had left of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had situated from the frights of infancy, perih in the way, and at last were overtaken by a cross breeze, without the toil of reparation, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subside by feasible degrees, contended long with the encroaching
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ing waters, and harrassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter
with success. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I
was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, 'Gaze not idly
upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when
thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance
before me, started and awakened.

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

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

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right-hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly placating. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with usefulness, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the mufic of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its frit tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forfake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He looked pensively and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tormented with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered around his head. He was now routed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is confounded; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had paffed, and try to find some spot where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himfelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He refe with confidence and tranquillity, and prefied on with his fabe in his hand, for the beafts of the defert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.
Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'r's,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

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

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

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

Rambler.

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

A lewd young fellow being an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit: "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designded for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lafting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of those two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.
Book I. Moral and Religious.

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

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above three-score and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be loft in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which fearce deferves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of three-score and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

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

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overfet by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to fix under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it.

The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only three-score and ten years, or, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity: or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice!

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

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

Speculator.

§ 5. The Advantages of a good Education.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of
of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the
polisher fetches out the colours, makes the
surface shine, and discovers every ornamental
cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the
body of it. Education, after the same
manner, when it works upon a noble mind,
draws out to view every latent virtue and
perfection, which without such helps are
never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to
change the allusion fo soon upon him, I shall
make use of the same instance to illustrate
the force of education, which Aristotle has
brought to explain his doctrine of substi-
tial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies
hid in a block of marble; and that the art
of the sculptor only clears away the super-
fuous matter, and removes the rubbish.
The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor
only finds it. What sculpture is to a block
of marble, education is to an human soul.
The philosopher, the saint, or the hero,
the wife, the good, or the great man, very often
lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which
a proper education might have dif-interred,
and have brought to light. I am therefore
much delighted with reading the accounts of
favage nations, and with contemplating those
virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to
see courage exerting itself in fiercenesses,
resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning,
patience in fullness and despair.

Men's passions operate variably, and ap-
pear in different kinds of actions, according
as they are more or less rectified and swayed
by reason. When one hears of negroes,
who upon the death of their masters, or upon
changing their service, hang themselves upon
the next tree, as it frequently happens in
our American plantations, who can forbear
admirying their fidelity, though it expresses
itself in so dreadful a manner? What might
not that savage greatness of soul, which ap-
pears in these poor wretches on many occa-
sions, be raised to, were it rightly culti-
vated? And what colour of excuse can there
be for the contempt with which we treat
this part of our species; that we should not
put them upon the common foot of hu-
manity; that we should only let an insignificant
fine upon the man who murders them; nay,
that we should, as much as in us lies, cut
them off from the prospects of happiness in
another world, as well as in this, and deny
them that which we look upon as the proper
means for attaining it!

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to
be born in those parts of the world where
wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it
must be confessed there are, even in these
parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who
are but little above the inhabitants of those
nations of which I have been here speaking;
as those who have had the advantages of a
more liberal education, rise one above an-
other by several different degrees of perfection.
For, to return to our statue in the block of
marble, we see it sometimes only begun to
be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and
but just sketched into an human figure;
sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly
in all his limbs and features; sometimes we
find the figure wrought up to great elegance;
but seldom meet with any to which the hand
of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give
several nice touches and finishments.

§ 6. The Disadvantages of a bad Education.

Sir, I was condemned by some disastrous
influence to be an only son, born to the ap-
parent prospect of a large fortune, and al-
lotted to my parents at that time of life
when faticy of common diversions allows
the mind to indulge parental affection with
greater intenfeness. My birth was cele-
brated by the tenants with feasts, and dances,
and big pipes; congratulations were sent
from every family within ten miles round;
and my parents discovered in my first cries
such tokens of future virtue and understand-
ing, that they declared themselves deter-
mined to devote the remaining part of life
to my happiness, and the encrease of their
estate.

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

When there is such a parity between two
persons associated for life, the dejection
which the husband, if he be not completely
stupid, must always suffer for want of supe-
riority, sinks him to submissiveness. My
mamma therefore governed the family with-
out controul; and except that my father
still retained some authority in the stables,
and now and then, after a supernumerary
bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish
to prove his sovereignty, the whole course
of the year was regulated by her direftion,
the servants received from her all their or-
ders, and the tenants were continued or dis-
misfed at her diſcretion.
She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly propounded that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitriolating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncoocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and mannly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for, indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestick tutor should be procured, and hired an honest gentlemen of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the fame table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application; charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

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

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

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silk, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Bruffel's lace.

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

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

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

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

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

I am, &c. Florentulus.

Ramblcr.

§ 7. Omnipotence and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Immutability of his Works.

I was yesterday, about fun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night inefmibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richnes and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The bluenefs of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that pas’d through it. The galaxy appeared in its moft beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among fother lights, than that which the fun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightnes, and taking her progres among the constellations, a thought arose in me which I believe very often perplexes and distrubs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, ‘When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardeft him!’ In the fame manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to fpeak more philosophically, of fans, which were then shin-ing upon me, with thofe innumerable fans of planets or worlds, which were moving round their repective fans; when I still enlarged the idea, and suppos’d another heaven of fans and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at fo great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the fans do to us; in short, while I pursu’d this thought, I could not but reflect on that little infignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God’s works.

Were the fun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoft of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be inefled, more than a grain of sand upon the fea-shore. The space they polife’d is fo exceedingly little in comparifon of the whole, it would fcare make a blank in the creation. The charm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compafs of nature, and pafs from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a fenfe in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preftent more exalted than ourselves. We fee many fans by the help of glaifes, which we do not difcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more ftil are our difcoveries. Huygenius carries this thought fo
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so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds let to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodnefs, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination fet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendancy. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and left among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to so many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preference of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is limited to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguih this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be inexcavtently employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either fo distant, fo little, or fo inconsiderable, which he does not effectually inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus effectually pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the fenfum of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their fenforia, or little fenforia, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omnipresence.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "Oh that
I knew where I might find him! (says Job.) Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipotence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

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

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

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

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

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

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

If Father love There him.

Watches the whole between good and foul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its flightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when

for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself? But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doublets a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very elence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompas him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calamity or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his disolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands between his soul, and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

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


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

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as if
Thee flight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to fit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so uncomely to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come flow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdue, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with difference, left he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children,
children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the fame effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

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

§ 11. The Strength of Parental Affection.

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

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

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

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

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the fene of duty, or any other human motive.

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

They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprize, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but restraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon...
her neck, 'Ah, my dear child,' said I, 'yes, I am your father!' I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively motions and pleasing tendernesses than the passions can possibly excite."


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

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being, placed here only for a short time, who is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitting vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue. The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfill them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of inaction wakened into activity; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form. The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

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

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

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

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for remittance at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

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

Idler.


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

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engraved by the tyranny of custom; all that palties in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the recurrences of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rambler.

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

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, faith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

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

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

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

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

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

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

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

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations. But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a different and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, fothes and allays the passions,
and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go unfurder.

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

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

§ 15. Mis-spent Time, how punished.

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

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

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he was there upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they tarried one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! says the, really I do not know what I have been doing: I declare I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, she told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman: Well, milfrefs, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheques, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a
housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus fminated at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebos. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenious modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and four look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, said she, I lived three-score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I converted with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are four score; have you heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, confulting my glads, futting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, fancying my ftyes—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebos, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

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

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

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

There is nothing which I more with that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flattens away his whole time in nothing, utter, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The fun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useles, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.

I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 17. On a lazy and trifling Disposition.

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of any thing; but, discouraged by the first difficulties, (and every thing worth knowing or having is attended with some) flops short, contents itself with easy, and, consequently, superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance, to a small degree of trouble. These people either think, or represent, most things as impossible; whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their lazinesses. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take every thing in the light in which it at first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views; and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and lazinesses, and lay themselves open to anwers that put them in confusion.

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

The trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, &c. are the objects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the dregs, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the sense of it; and to the ceremonies of a court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it. 

Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

§ 18. The bad Effects of Indolence.

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

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possesed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to con-

fider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here, the trite example of Demothenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprizing feats of activity there exhibited; and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the fame number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Chrift-church Hopital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedidiah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina difforts her body.

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

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance,
acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Carelefs. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

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

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

Commentator.

§ 19. The innocent Pleasures of Childhood.

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

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

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

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

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprizes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the fene grows callous, and we lofe that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaus, the happiness of those men necessarily
necessarily terminating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

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

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

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

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

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

Guardian.

§ 20. On Cheerfulness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of
a Supreme Being, and consequent on a
future state, under whatsoever title it shel-
ters itself, may likewise very reasonably de-
prive a man of this cheerfulness of temper.

There is something so particularly gloomy
and offensive to human nature in the prospect
of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder,
with many excellent writers, how it is possi-
ble for a man to outlive the expectation of
it. For my own part, I think the being of
a God is so little to be doubted, that it is
almost the only truth we are sure of, and
such a truth as we meet with in every object,
in every occurrence, and in every thought.
If we look into the characters of this tribe
of infidets, we generally find they are made
up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed
no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to
themselves, should be so to the rest of
the world; and how is it possible for a man to
be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is
in danger every moment of losing his entire
existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheist have there-
fore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would
act very unreasonably, should they endea-
vour after it. It is impossible for any one
to live in good-humour, and enjoy his pre-
sent existence, who is apprehensive either
of torment or of annihilation; of being mis-
erable, or of not being at all.

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

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

The second source of cheerfulness to a
good
good mind is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodnes, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodnes and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableee will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

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


Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmur of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferment which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not accompanied with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness there is no great degree of health.

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

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

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

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and fenses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, difficulty, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

Speciior.


Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

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

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

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is fet fast, and nothing will thenerve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at laft. Were but this sort of men wise and careful enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this true right point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In order likewise to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should confider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poffefled of the virtues, which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we confider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

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

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

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all the secret recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

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

Spectator.

§ 24. No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind. An eastern Story.

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

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: “May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death; all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty.” Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

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

“Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force; but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth: D my
my life is a moment, and eternity, in
which days, and years, and ages, are no-
ingthing, eternity is before me, for which
I also should prepare: but by whom then
must the Faithful be governed? by those
only, who have no fear of judgment? by
those only, whose life is brutal, because
like brutes they do not consider that they
shall die? Or who, indeed, are the
Faithful? Are the busy multitudes that
crowd the city, in a state of perdition?
and is the cell of the Dervise alone the
gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a
Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore,
it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house
which has in this city been prepared for
thy residence: I will meditate the reason
of thy request: and may He who illumini-
mates the mind of the humble, enable me
to determine with wisdom.”

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

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

“Under the instruction of the physician,
Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge
of his art. To those who were smitten
with diseases, I could administer plants,
which the fun has impregnated with the
spirit of health. But the scenes of pain,
language, and mortality, which were per-
petually rising before me, made me often
tremble for myself. I saw the grave open
at my feet: I determined, therefore, to
contemplate only the regions beyond it,
and to despise every acquisition which I
could not keep. I conceived an opinion,
that as there was no merit but in volun-
tary poverty, and silent meditation, those
who defired money were not proper ob-
jects of bounty; and that by all who were
proper objects of bounty money was de-
spised. I, therefore, buried mine in the
earth; and renouncing society, I wan-
dered into a wild and sequestered part of
the country: my dwelling was a cave by
the side of a hill; I drank the running
water from the spring, and ate such fruits
and herbs as I could find. To increase
the austerity of my life, I frequently
watched all night, sitting at the entrance
of the cave with my face to the east, re-
signing myself to the secret influences of
the Prophet, and expecting illuminations
from above. One morning after my
nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the
horizon glow at the approach of the sun,
the power of sleep became irresistible, and
I sunk under it. I imagined myself still
sitting at the entrance of my cell; that
the dawn increased; and that as I looked
earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark
spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived
that it was in motion; it increased in
size as it drew near, and at length I dis-
covered it to be an eagle. I still kept
my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it
alight at a small distance, where I now
discovered a fox whose two fore-legs ap-
peared to be broken. Before this fox the
eagle laid part of a kid, which she had
brought in her talons, and then disapp-
peared. When I awoke, I laid my fore-
head upon the ground, and blessed the
Prophet for the instruction of the morn-
ing. I reviewed my dream, and said thus
to myself: Cofrou, thou hast done well
to renounce the tumult, the busineses, and
vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only
done it in part; thou art still every day
bufed in the search of food, thy mind is
not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in
Providence complete. What art thou

“taught
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"taught by this vision? If thou hast seen "an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed "a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of "Heaven also supply thee with food; when "that which prevents thee from procuring it "for thyself, is not necessity but devotion? "I was now so confident of a miraculous "supply, that I neglected to walk out for "my repast, which, after the first day, I "expected with an impatience that left me "little power of attending to any other ob- "ject; this impatience, however, I laboured "to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; "but my eyes at length began to fail me, "and my knees smote each other; I threw "myself backward, and hoped my weakness "would soon increase to insensibility. But I "was suddenly roufed by the voice of an "invisible being, who pronounced these "words: 'Coifou, I am the angel, who by "the command of the Almighty have regis- "tered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am "now commissioned to reprove. While thou "wait attempting to become above that "which is revealed, thy folly has perverted "the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. "Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not "power the powers of the Eagle? - Arise, let "the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. "To pain and sickness, be thou again the "messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not "rest, but action. If thou dost good man to an "evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will "be exalted from moral to divine; and that "happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, "will bethy reward upon earth.

"At these words I was not less astonished "than if a mountain had been overturned "at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; "I returned to the city; I dug up my trea- "sure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. "My skill in restoring health to the body "gave me frequent opportunities of curing "the diseases of the soul. I put on the "sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond "my merit; and it was the pleasure of the "king that I should fland before him. Now, "therefore, be not offended; I boast of no "knowledge that I have not received: As "the fands of the defert drink up the drops "of rain, or the dew of the morning, do so "I also, who am but duff, imbibe the "instructions of the Prophet. Believe then "that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge "is prophane, which terminates in thyself; "and by a life wasted in speculation, little "even of this can be gained. When the "gates of Paradise are thrown open before "thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a "moment; here thou canst little more than "pile error upon error; therethou shalt build "truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vi- "sion; and in the mean time emulate the Eagle. "Much is in thy power; and, therefore, "much is expected of thee. Though the "ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, "as a prince, thou mayst stimulate those to "beneficence, who act from no higher motive "than immediate interest: thou canst not "produce the principle, but mayst enforce "the practice. The relief of the poor is "equal, whether they receive it from often- "tation, or charity; and the effect of exam- "ple is the same, whether it be intended to "obtain the favour of God or man. Let "thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou "believest with reverence, thou shalt be ac- "cepted above. Farewell. May the snile "of Him who refides in the Heaven of "Heavens be upon thee! and against thy "name, in the volume of His will, may "Happiness be written!"

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

§ 25. Providence proved from Animal Infinit.

"I must confess I am infinitely delighted with "those speculations of nature which are to "be made in a country life; and as my "reading has very much lain among books of "natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting "upon this occasion, the several remarks "which I have met with in authors, and com- "paring them with what falls under my own "observation; the arguments for Providence, "drawn from the natural history of animals, "being, in my opinion, demonstrative. "The make of every kind of animal is dif- "ferent from that of every other kind; and "yet there is not the least turn in the muscles "or twist in the fibres of any one, which does "not render them more proper for that par- "ticular animal's way of life, than any other "cait or texture of them would have been. "The most violent appetites in all creatures "are left and hunger; the first is a perpetual "call upon them to propagate their kind; the "latter to preserve themselves. "It is astonishing to consider the different "degrees of care that desccnd from the parent
of the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and otter; others hatch their eggs and rend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are fonder than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding.—To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, the grows more affiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with,
with how much nicety and attention does
the help the chick to break its prison! Not
to take notice of her covering it from the in-
juries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself;
nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after
the usual time of reeking, the young one
does not make its appearance. A chymical
operation could not be followed with greater
art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching
of a chick; though there are many other birds
that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all
the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all
this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed ab-
olutely necessary for the propagation of the
species) considered in other respects, is without
the least glimmerings of thought or common
sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an
egg, and fits upon it in the same manner: she
is insensible of any increafe or diminution in
the number of those she lays; she does not
distinguish between her own and those of
another species; and when the birth appears
never fo different a bird, will cherish it
for her own. In all these circumstances,
which do not carry an immediate regard to
the subsidence of herself or her species, she
is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing
more mysterious in nature, than this inoffen-
itive in animals, which thus rises above reason,
and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be
accounted for by any properties in matter,
and at the same time works after so odd a
manner, that one cannot think it the faculty
of an intellectual being. For my own part,
I look upon it, as upon the principle of gra-
vitation in bodies, which is not to be explain-
ded by any known qualities inherent in the
bodies themselves, nor from any laws of me-
chanism, but, according to the bleft notions
of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate
impression from the first Mover, and the di-
vine energy acting in the creatures.

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

As soon as you are capable of reflection,
you must perceive that there is a right and
wrong in human actions. You fee that those
who are born with the fame advantages of
fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the
course of life. While some of them, by wife
and steady conduct, attain distinction in the
world, and pas their days with comfort and
honour; others of the fame rank, by mean
and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages

of their birth, involve themselves in much
mifery, and end in being a disgrace to their
friends, and a burden on society. Early,
then, you may learn that it is not on the ex-
ternal condition in which you find yourselves
placed, but on the part which you are to act,
that your welfare or unhappiness, your ho-
nour or infamy, depend. Now, when begin-
ing to act that part, what can be of
greater moment, than to regulate your plan
of conduct with the most serious attention,
before you have yet committed any fatal or
irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting
reflection for this valuable purpose, you de-


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

Blair.

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

Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest fruit which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood pales of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Ibid.

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

What I shall first recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of all good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, delitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tender and soft affections. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works everywhere display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficence pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shewn you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be
be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. Blair.

§ 30. Religion never to be treated with Levity.

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

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

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a preface of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blot the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in low immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they derive the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscipline, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. Ibid.

§ 32. Sincerity and Truth recommended.

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age, when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduracy of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Diffimulation in youth is the forerunner of perjury in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenious and candid posture the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain, safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a daftardly spirit. It is the reservoir of one who wants courage to avow his designs.


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signs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanesses, and to stoop to no diffimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the pre-fages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorers deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

§ 33. Benevolence and Humanity.

Youth is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire at times the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early interfere with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.' For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentation of superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you never ought to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not cafe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the diffidences of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

§ 34. Courtesy and engaging Manners.

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

§ 35. Temperance in Pleasure recommended.

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds new charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the contraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration.

Ibid.

§ 36.

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

Blair.

§ 37. Irregular Pleasures.

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darknes; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt!—Thee, O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blatest the opening prospects of human felicity! Ibid.

§ 38. Industry and Application.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quench the more flagitious current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indisposable condition of our pos- SESSIONS found mind in a sound body. Sola is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many faunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dregs, or the ostentation of their person—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the busines of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the many powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. 1b.

§ 39.
§ 39. The Employment of Time.

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

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

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

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

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for reit, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and, if we are not provided with a taste for many satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flatter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirit flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them; just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful slants of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and solid review.
You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the infeparable attendant upon a flush of fanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity; ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an afsemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a solid and lafting eftewm.

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

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pafs our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is flipt away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleafures!—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the feed-time is already past: The enterprizing and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite ftagrates. If they have not fome poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will feem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unf unreasonable to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without fome employment to fix, or fome amufement to dilipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute neceffity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleafure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the brifkness of our first defire is over, the tranfition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondnels to a cool indifference. Hence there is a reflless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when pofterfed; till melancholy increafes, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the clofe of day.

Hence it is, that men of this ftram are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worfe: Because the fprightlines of their youth reprefented every thing in the moft engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be fo with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the fun flines with a more agreeable luflre: but when old-age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleafures, and habitual vice has given them a diftaffe for the only true and lafting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives preffes nothing to view but one wide effraft of uncultivated ground; a foul diftermed with fpleen, remorse, and an infenfibility of each rational satisfation, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forfaken by thofe gratifications which they would not forfake.

How much otherwife is it with thofe, who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the purfuit of fome great and important truth, which others waits in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that conftioufnets there results that feren complacency, which, though not fo violent, is much preferable to the fpleafures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength: for, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains, impowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reafon: thus he is ever in a progrefive state, still making new acquirments, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

Ibid.

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

Some may alledge, in bar to what I have faid, as an excuse for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progrefs in learning. To which I anfwer, that few flations require uncommon abilities to difcharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that share of apprehenfion which falls to the bulk of mankind,—provided we improve it, will serve well enough. Bright and fparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not neceffary for the good of the world: whereas common fane is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occasion for it; and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we feem to be aware of.
Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted, and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a diffidence for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the cafe of those whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and vivacity, make them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: for great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere efferce as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is, in their opinion, a poor, low, groveling aim; their ambition is, to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprizing them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes; for they will not love truth as much; they will love it only when it happens to be surprizing and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a swift and speedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey; whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Observe, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is accustom'd; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connection of ideas, which, to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them.

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

Others there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation; in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, "that if any man will not work, neither should he eat," extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the fame in both cafes, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being nothing but the sum total of each individual's contribution to it. An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general; it only exempts them from some particular kinds of labour: it is not a blessing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wisely to chuse, and steadily to prosecute, the most ennobling exercises, and the most improving employments, the pursuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the service of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a foil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments—an enlarged compass
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compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a final one patiently; but especially is it your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind. Seed.

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

Happy that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier: who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue: who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude, and enliven conversation; when serious, not fullered; and when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay; his ambition, not to be admired for a falfe glare of greatnes, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lucre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man else may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinceth him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: and when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. Ibid.

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

One considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science, (far beyond their own) without having learned the first rudiments: nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the help of universal Dictionaries, Abridgements, and Indexes; by which means they gain an useless finattering in every branch of literature, just enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather im-

cpertinentiy, upon most subjects; but not to think justly and deeply upon any: like those who have a general superficial acquaintance with almost every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendship with one or two worthy persons, would be of more service to them. The true genuine way to make a substantial scholar, is what takes place here,—to begin with those general principles of reasoning, upon which all science depends, and which give a light to every part of literature; to make gradual advances, a flow but sure processes; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourselves in, and confine ourselves to any particular province of it; it being the great secret of education, not to make a man a complete master of any branch of science, but to give his mind that freedom, opennes, and extent, which shall empower him to master it, or indeed any other, whenever he shall turn the bent of its studies that way; which is best done, by letting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world: whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can scarce think out of that track to which he is accustomed.

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

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

Ibid.

* —Quasi curiores, vita lampada tradunt. Lucretius.

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

May none of us complain, that the discipline of the place is too strict: may we rather reflect, that there needs nothing else to make a man completely miserable, but to let him, in the most dangerous stage of life, carve out an happiness for himself, without any check upon the follies of youth! Those to whom you have been ever indulgent, and perhaps could not have been otherwise, without proceeding to extremities, never to be used but in desperate cases, those have been always the most liberal of their censures and invectives against you: they put one in mind of Adonijah's rebellion against David his father; because his father had not displeased him at any time, in saying, Why hast thou done so?—It is a certain sign men want refrains, when they are impatient under any; too headstrong to be governed by authority, too weak to be conducted by reason.

Seed.

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

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

Seed.

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

Consider, that it is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always fits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves, without any reserve, to the view.

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


From a thorough insight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well-weighed measures for the advancement of all useful literature, and the continuall support and increase of virtue and piety, have the wife and religious instigators of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could
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could do, to promote the most excellent and beneficial design, by the most rational and well-concerted means. They first laid the foundation well, in the discipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the restraint of wholesome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an excess that would serve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them; with simplicity yet sufficiency; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the seeds of vice are stifled in their birth; young persons are here removed from temptations, to which others, from a less happy situation, are too frequently exposed; and by an early habit of temperance and self-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular solicitations, or with ease to control them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of these advantages, and a willing compliance with these rules, lay up in store for the rest of their life, virtue, health, and peace! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progress in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in strict regularity and temperance; were the sensual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taste of sensual pleasures must be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a relish of the more sublime pleasures that result from reason and religion; that they may pursue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, inducement, and encouragement, to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of useful learning? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in supplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every station of life be equally serviceable and ornamental to themselves, and beneficial to mankind? And shall any one dare to convert a house of discipline and learning into a house of dissoluteness, extravagance, and riot? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themselves, who at the same time that they are pursuing their own unhappiness, sacrilegiously break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, seduction, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into these schools of frugality, sobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices and vain vanities of a licentious and voluptuous age? What have they to answer for, who, while they prodigally squander away that most precious part of time, which is the only feast of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loss, encourage one another in an idle and sensual course of life, and by spreading wide the contagion, reflect a scandal upon, and strive to bring into public disrepute, the place of their education, where industry, literature, virtue, decency, and whatever else is praiseworthy, did for ages flourish and abound? Is this the genuine fruit of the pious care of our ancestors, for the security and propagation of religion and good-manners, to the latest posterity? Is this at last the reward of their munificence? Or does this conduct correspond with their views, or with the just expectations and demands of your friends and your country? Tottie.

§ 51. Valuable Opportunities once lost cannot be recalled.

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his sensual indulgences, and leads him insensibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge so totally immerse in pleasures, as to drown at once all power of reason and confidence: they promise themselves, that they can indulge their appetites to such a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed say that there never have been persons in whom the strong ferment of youthful habits may have happily subsided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and displayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the most licentious vices of youth should be absolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the instances in this case have been so rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to trust to the experiment, upon a premonition that he shall add to the number. The only fair way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to fit out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable; the ways of wisdom
wisdom become the ways of pleasuntness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headstrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inverteate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power, to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? These reflections I have suggested principally for the sake of those, who allowing themselves in greater indulgences than are consistent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not sufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulness of pleasurable sin. Happy for them, would they once seriously consider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when these solemn seasons of recollection and religious discipline should particularly difpose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover, that though they are a while carried gently and supinely down the smooth stream of pleasurc, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed; the waves will arise, and dash them upon rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and to divert their course into a different channel; which, whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first, will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly carry them to a serene and secure haven.

Tottie.

§ 52. The Beginnings of Evil to be resisıted.

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

Blair.

§ 53. Order to be observed in Amusements.

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

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

lagion.
§ 54. Order to be preferred in your Society.

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

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

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

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expense, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you purport to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expense, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that any thing should proceed according to method and rule, ‘let all things be done in order.’

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

§ 56. Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order.

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

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

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

Consider also how important it is to your self-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the source of peace; and peace is the height of all temporal blessings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquility dwells. The very mention of confusion imports disturbance and vexation. Is it possible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the state of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without discerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midst of remorse for what he has neglected to do, or in the midst of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was necessary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celestial bodies, which move in regular courses, and by stated laws; whose influence is beneficent; whose operations are quiet and tranquil. The disorderly, resemble those tumultuous elements on earth, which, by sudden and violent irritations, disturb the course of nature. By mismanagement of affairs, by excess in expense, by irregularity in the indulgence of company and amusement, they are perpetually creating molestation both to themselves and others. They depart from their road to seek pleasure; and instead of it, they every where raise up forrows. Being always found out of their proper place, they of course interfere and jar with others. The disorders which they raise never fail to spread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confusion and diftrust; whence they necessarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of discord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without disturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the societies of men in friendship and peace. 

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

When criminal thoughts arise, attend to all the proper methods of speedily suppressing them. Take example from the unhappy industry which sinners discover in banishing good ones, when a natural sense of religion forces them on their conscience. How anxiously do they fly from themselves! How studiously do they drown the voice which upbraids them, in the noise of company or diversions! What numerous artifices do they employ, to evade the uneasiness which returns of reflection would produce!—Were we to use equal diligence in preventing the entrance of vicious suggestions, or in repelling them when entered, why should we not be equally successful in a much better cause?

—As soon as you are sensible that any dangerous passion begins to ferment, instantly call in other passions, and other ideas, to your aid. Hasten to turn your thoughts into a different direction. Summon up whatever you have found to be of power, for composing and harmonizing your mind. Fly for assistance to serious studies, to prayer and devotion; or even fly to business or innocent society, if solitude be in hazard of favouring the seduction. By such means you may stop the progress of the growing evil: you may apply an antidote, before the poison has had time to work its full effect.

§ 59. Experience to be anticipated by Reflection.

It is observed, that the young and the ignorant are always the most violent in pursuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuosity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchases at too dear a price. Inure yourselves to frequent consideration of the emptiness of those pleasures which excite so much strife and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is lost by the violence of passion, than by the want of those things which give occasion to that passion. Persuade yourselves, that the favour of God, and the possession of virtue, form the chief happiness of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceful life, hold the next place in your estimation. These are the conclusions which the wise and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last.
By forming them betimes, you would make a fea-fonable escape from that tempeftuous region, through which none can pass without suffering mifery, conftricting guilt, and undergoing fvere remorfe. *Blair.*

§ 60. The Beginnings of Passion to be oppofed.

Oppofe early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all fuch objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to predomi-nate within you. As soon as you find the tempeft riling, have recourse to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer thore. Haften to call up emotions of an oppofite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other which is of lefs dangerous tendency. Never account any thing small or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any defire which you feel gaining fuch progrefs as to threaten entire dominion. Blandifhing it will appear at the firft. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may ftal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many forrows. What you indulged as a favourite amufement, will shortly become a ferial businefs, and in the end may prove the burden of your life.

Most of our passions flatter us in their rise: but their beginnings are treacherous; their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is eftablifh'd. What Solo-mon fays of one of them, holds true of them all, 'that their beginnings is as when one letchett out water.' It fliues from a fmall chink, which once might have been eafily stopped: but being neglected, it is foon widened by the stream, till the bank is at laft totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain. *Ibid.*

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

Passions are quick and strong emotions, which by degrees fubfide. Temper is the dispofition which remains after these emotions are past, and which forms the habitual propenfity of the fowl. The one are like the stream when it is foul by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds: the other reffembles it when running within its bed, with its na-tural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more filent and imperceptible than that of paffion; it operates with lefs vio-lence; but as its operation is continual, it produces effects no lefs coniderable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deserves to be confidered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averfe to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the fame footing with a healthy constitution of body. They confider it as a natural fe-lvicity which fome enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has fometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be confident with a state of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the gospel is so full, 'that regeneration, or change of nature, is the eternal characteristic of a Christian.' It would fuppofe, that grace might dwell amidst malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by fuch as are ftrangers to charity and love. — It will readily be admitted that fome, by the origin- al frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good dispoftions and habits. But this affords no justification to thofe who neglect to oppofe the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a foil altogether uneufucetable of culture! or that the worth temper may not, through the affifiance of grace, be reformed by atten-tion and discipline. Settled depravity of temper, is always owing to our own indul-gence. If, in place of checking, we nourish that malignity of disposition to which we are inclined, all the confequences will be placed to our account, and every excufe, from natural confitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 62. A peaceable Temper and condefcending Manners recommended.

What firit presents itself to be recommend-ed, is a peaceable temper; a dispoftion averse to give offence, and desirous of culti-vating harmony, and amicable intercourse in fociety. This suppofoes yielding and con-defcending manners, unwillingnefs to con-tend with others about trifles, and, in con-tests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the firft princi-pal of felf-enjoyment: it is the basis of all order and happinefs among mankind. The poftive and contentious, the rude and quarrelfome, are the bane of fociety; they feem defined to blast the small share of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hur-ricane rages firft in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tem-

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The attentions which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendour. No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

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

§ 64. A contented temper the greatest blessing, and a material requisite to the proper discharge of our duties.

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

§ 65. The Desire of Praise subervient to many valuable Purposes.

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

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

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

An excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and fiercer survey, their luster is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterizes true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of those who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these feeming virtues take their rife, is hidden. Without, appears the hero; within is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held in the same esteem with those who viewed
§ 67. That Discipline which teaches to moderate
the Eagerness of worldly Passions, and to forti-
ty the Mind with the Principles of Virtue,
it more conducive to true Happiness than the
Possession of all the Goods of Fortune.

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the
heart with virtuous principles, which en-
lights the mind with useful knowledge, and
furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from
within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity, than all the provision which we can
make of the goods of fortune. To this let
us bend our chief attention. Let us keep
the heart with all diligence, seeing out of it
are the issues of life. Let us account our
mind the most important province which is
committed to our care; and if we cannot
rule fortune, study at least to rule ourselves.
Let us propose for our object, not worldly
success, which it depends not on us to ob-
tain, but that upright and honourable dis-
charge of our duty in every conjuncture, which,
through the divine assistance, is al-
ways within our power. Let our happiness
be sought where our proper praise is found;
and that be accounted our only real evil,
which is the evil of our nature; not that,
which is either the appointment of Prov-
dence, or which arises from the evil of
others.

§ 68. Religious Knowledge of great Consola-
tion and Relief amidst the Difficulties of Life.

Consider it in the light of consolation; as
bringing aid and relief to us, amidst the dif-
iculties of life. Here religion incomparably
triumpns; and its happy effects in this respect
furnish a strong argument to every benevo-
 lent mind, for withing them to be farther
diffused throughout the world. For, with-
out the belief and hope afforded by divine
revelation, the circumstances of man are ex-
 tremely forlorn. He finds himself placed
here as a stranger in a vast universe, where
the powers and operations of nature are very
imperfectly known; where both the begin-
ings and the issues of things are involved in
mysterious darkens: where he is unable to
discover with any certainty, whence he
sprung, or for what purpose he was brought
into this state of existence; whether he be
subjected to the government of a mild, or of
a wrathful ruler; what construction he is to
put on many of the dispensations of his pro-
vidence; and what his fate is to be when he
departs hence. What a disconsolate situ-
tion to a serious, enquiring mind! The
greater degree of virtue it polishes, its sensi-
bility is likely to be the more oppressed by
this burden of labouring thought. Even
though it were in one's power to banish all
uneasly thought, and to fill up the hours of
life with perpetual amusement: life so filled
up would, upon reflection, appear poor and
trivial. But these are far from being the
terms upon which man is brought into this
world. He is conscious that his being is
frail and feeble; he feels himself betef with
various dangers, and is exposed to many
melancholy apprehension, from the evils
which he may have to encounter, before he
arrives at the close of life. In this distressed
condition, to reveal to him such discoveries
of the Supreme Being as the Christian reli-
gion affords, is to reveal to him a father and
a friend; is to let in a ray of the most cheer-
ing light upon the darkens of the human
estate. He who was before a destitute or-
phan, wandering in the inhospitable desert,
has now gained a shelter from the bitter and
inclement blast. He now knows to whom
to pray, and in whom to trust; where to un-
bofin his sorrows; and from what hand to
look for relief.

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds
from some wound of recent misfortune, no-	hing is of equal efficacy with religious
comfort. It is of power to enlighten the
darkest hour, and to afluage the severest
woe, by the belief of divine favour, and the
prospect of a blessed immortality. In such
hopes, the mind expatiates with joy; and
when bereaved of its earthly friends, folaces
itself with the thought of one friend who
will never forsake it. Refined reasonings,
concerning the nature of the human condi-
tion, and the improvement which philosophy
leaches us to make of every event, may en-
tertain the mind when it is at ease; may,
perhaps, contribute to soothe it, when slightly	ouched with sorrow; but when it is torn
with any fore diffretes, they are cold and
feeble, compared with a direct promise from
the word of God. This is an anchor to the
foul, both sure and steadfast. This has given
consolation and refuge to many a virtuous
heart, at a time when the most cogent rea-
sonings would have proved utterly unavali-
ing.

Upon the approach of death especially,
when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety
about his future interests must naturally
increase,
increas, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in order to bring them safe into unfeen habitations of rest and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this severe and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how shall the unhappy man support himself, who knows not, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conscious to himself, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exit after death, and yet dreads that existence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obscurity around him; and in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling reluctance of soul, is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most opprobrious; so its end is bitter: his fun sets in a dark cloud; and the night of death clohes over his head, full of misery. Blair.

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

Mankind certainly have a sense of right and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience shews, that the allurements of present pleasure, and the impetuosity of passion, are sufficient to prevent men from acting agreeable to this moral sense, unless it be supported by religion, the influence of which, upon the imagination and passions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We shall readily acknowledge that many of the greatest enemies of religion have been distinguished for their honour, probity, and good-nature. But it is to be considered that many virtues, as well as vices, are constitutional. A cool and equal temper, a dull imagination, and unfeeling heart, ensure the possession of many virtues, or rather are a security against many vices. They may produce temperance, chastity, honesty, prudence, and a harmless, inoffensive behaviour. Whereas keen passions, a warm imagination, and great sensibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition: attended, however, with the seeds of all the social and most heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its constitutional vices, by rendering those forfeited of it peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. They often appear indeed to be the greatest enemies to religion, but that is entirely owing to their impatience of its restraints. Its most dangerous enemies have ever been among the temperate and chaste philosophers, void of passion and sensibility, who had no vicious appetites to be restrained by its influence, and who were unsusceptible of its terrors or its pleasures. Gregory.

§ 70. Infidelity owing to Insensibility of Heart.

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

§ 71. Religion not founded on Weakness of Mind.

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

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

Feebleness of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not only upon such as have a
a sense of religion, but upon all who pos-
sefs warm, open, cheerful tempers, and
hearts peculiarly disposed to love and friend-
ship. But the reproach is ill-founded.
Strength of mind does not consist in a peevish
temper, in a hard inflexible heart, and in
bidding defiance to God Almighty: it con-
sists in an active, resolute spirit; in a spirit
that enables a man to act his part in the
world with propriety; and to bear the mis-
fortunes of life with uniform fortitude and
dignity. This is a strength of mind, which
neither atheism nor universal scepticism will
ever be able to inspire. On the contrary,
their tendency will be found to chill all the
powers of imagination; to depress spirit as
well as genius; to lower the temper and con-
tract the heart. The highest religious spirit,
and veneration for Providence, breathes in
the writings of the ancient sages; a feel
distinguished for producing the most active,
trepid, virtuous men, that ever did ho-
nour to human nature.

Can it be pretended, that atheism or uni-
versal scepticism have any tendency to form
such characters? Do they tend to inspire
that magnanimity and elevation of mind,
that superiority to selfish and sensual grati-
cations, that contempt of danger and of
death, when the caufe of virtue, of liberty,
or their country, require it, which distin-
guished the characters of patriots and heroes?
Or is their influence more favourable on the
humbler and gentler virtues of private and
domestic life? Do they soften the heart, and
render it more delicately sensible of the thou-
fand nameless duties and endearments of a
husband, a father, or a friend? Do they
produce that habitual ferenity and cheerful-
ness of temper, that gaiety of heart, which
makes a man beloved as a companion? or
do they dilate the heart with the liberal and
generous sentiments, and that love of hu-
man kind, which would render him revered
and bleffed as the patron of deprived merit,
the friend of the widow and orphan, the
refuge and support of the poor and the un-
happy?
The general opinion of mankind, that
there is a strong connection between a reli-
gious disposition and a feeling heart, ap-
pears from the universal dislike which all
men have to infidelity in the fair sex. We
not only look on it as removing the princi-
pal security we have for their virtue, but as
the strongest proof of their want of that
softness and delicate sensibility of heart,
which peculiarly endears them to us, and
more effectually secures their empire over us,
than any quality they can possess.

There are, indeed, some men who can
persuade themselves, that there is no supreme
intelligence who directs the course of na-
ture; who can see those they have been
connected with by the strongest bonds of
nature and friendship gradually disappear-
ing; who are persuaded, that this separa-
tion is final and eternal; and who expect,
that they themselves shall soon sink down
after them into nothing; and yet such men
appear easy and contented. But to a fen-
fible heart, and particularly to a heart oft-
tened by pait endearments of love or friend-
ship, such opinions are attended with gloom
inexplicable; they strike a damp into all the
pleasures and enjoyments of life, and cut off
those prospects which alone can comfort the
soul under certain diftreffes, where all other
aid is feeble and ineffectual.

Scepticism, or suspence of judgment, as
to the truth of the great articles of religion,
is attended with the same fatal effects.
Wherever the affections are deeply interef-
ed, a state of suspence is more intolerable,
and more diftracting to the mind, than the
sad affurance of the evil which is most
dreaded.

§ 73. Comforts of Religion.

There are many who have paffed the age
of youth and beauty, who have renounced the plea-
sures of that smiling season, who begin to de-
cline into the vale of years, impaired in their
health, deprived in their fortunes, stript of
their friends, their children, and perhaps still
more tender connections. What relief can
this world afford them? It presents a dark
and dreary waste through which there does not
issue a fingle ray of comfort. Every defultive
prospect of ambition is now at an end; long
experience of mankind, an experience very
different from what the open and generous
foul of youth had fonily dreamt of, has
rendered the heart almost inacceffible to new
friendhips. The principal fources of acti-
vity are taken away, when thofe for whom
we labour are cut off from us, thofo who
animated, and thofo who sweetened all the
toils of life. Where then can the foul find
refuge, but in the bosom of religion? There
he is admitted to thofo prospects of Provi-
dence and futurity, which alone can warm
and fill the heart. I speak here of fuch as
retain the feelings of humanity, whom mis-
fortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered
more delicately fenfible; not of fuch as pos-
ses that fuperficial insenfibibility, which fome
are pleaded to dignify with the name of philo-
sophy,
It should therefore be expected that those philosophers, who stand in need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolation, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind, and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals, and to their happiness. — It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual. — Gregory.

§ 74. Cause of Zeal to propagate Infidelity.

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

The very differing in opinion, upon any interesting subject, from all around us, gives a disagreeable sensation. This must be greatly increased in the present age, as the feeling which attends infidelity or scepticism in religion is certainly a comfortless one, where there is the least degree of sensibility. Sympathy is much more sought after by an unhappy mind, than by one cheerful and at ease. We require a support in the one cafe, which in the other is not necessary. A person, therefore, void of religion, feels himself as it were alone in the midst of society; and though, for prudential reasons, he chooses, on some occasions, to disguise his sentiments, and join in some form of religious worship, yet this, to a candid and ingenuous mind, must always be very painful; nor does it abate the disagreeable feeling which a social spirit has in finding itself alone, and without any friend to soothe and participate its uneasiness. This seems to have a considerable share in that anxiety which Free-Thinkers generally discover to make profelytes to their opinions; an anxiety much greater than what is shown by those whose minds are at ease in the enjoyment of happier prospects. — Gregory.

§ 75. Zeal in the Propagation of Infidelity inexusable.

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

Suppose a person to lose an only child, the sole comfort and happiness of his life: When the first overflows of nature are past, he recollects the infinite goodnes and impenetrable wisdom of the Disposer of all events; he is persuaded, that the revolution of a few years will again unite him to his child, never more to be separated. With these sentiments he acquiesces, with a melancholy yet pleasing resignation, to the Divine will. Now, supposing all this to be a deception, a pleasing dream, would not the general sense of mankind condemn the philosopher, as barbarous and inhuman, who should attempt to wake him out of it? Yet so far does vanity prevail over good-nature, that we frequently see men, on other occasions of the most benevolent tempers, labouring to cut off that hope which can
alone cheer the heart under all the pressures and afflictions of human life, and enable us to resign it with cheerfulness and dignity!

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

§ 76. Religion considered as a Science.

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

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

The very habit of frequent reasoning and disputing upon religious subjects, diminishes that reverence with which the mind would otherwise consider them. This seems particularly to be the case, when men presume to enter into a minute scrutiny of the views and economy of Providence, in the administration of the world; why the Supreme Being made it as it is; the freedom of his actions; and many other such questions, infinitely beyond our reach. The natural tendency of this, is to lessen that awful veneration with which we ought always to contemplate the Divinity, but which can never be preserved, when men canvass his ways with such unwarrantable freedom. Accordingly we find, amongst those sects, in which such disquisitions have principally prevailed, that he has been mentioned and even addressed with the most indecent and shocking familiarity. The truly devoted spirit, whose chief foundation and characteristic is genuine and profound humility, is not to be looked for among such persons.

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

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

Yet the effects of religious controversy have sometimes proved beneficial to mankind. That spirit of free enquiry, which incited the first Reformers to shake off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, naturally begot just sentiments of civil liberty, especially when irritated by persecution. When such sentiments came to be united with that bold enthusiasm, that severity of temper and manners that distinguished some of the reformed sects, they produced those resolute and inflexible men, who alone were able to avert the cause of liberty, in an age when the Christian world was enervated by luxury or superstitition; and to such men we owe that freedom and happy constitution which we at present enjoy.—But these advantages of religious enthusiasm have been but accidental.

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

Gregory.

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

We shall now proceed to consider religion as a rule of life and manners. In this respect, its influence is very extensive and beneficial, even when disfigured by the wildest superstition; as it is able to check and conquer those passions, which reason and philosophy are too weak to encounter. But it is much to be regretted, that the application of religion to this end, hath not been attended to with that care which the importance of the subject required.—The speculative part of religion seems generally to have engrossed the attention of men of genius. This has been the fate of all the useful and practical arts of life; and the application of religion, to the regulation of life and manners, must be considered entirely as a practical art.—The causes of this neglect, seem to be these: Men of a philosophical genius have an aversion to all application, where the active powers of their own minds are not immediately employed. But in acquiring any practical art, a philosopher is obliged to spend most of his time in employments where his genius and understanding have no exercise. The fate of the practical arts of medicine and religion have been pretty similar: the object of the one is, to cure the diseases of the body; of the other, to cure the diseases of the mind. The progress and degrees of perfection of both these arts, ought to be estimated by no other standard, than their success in the cure of the diseases to which they are severally applied. In medicine, the facts on which the art depends, are so numerous and complicated, so misrepresented by fraud, credulity, or a heated imagination, that there has hardly ever been found a truly philosophical genius who has attempted the practical part of it. There are, indeed, many
many obstructions of different kinds, which occur to render any improvement in the practice of physic a matter of the utmost difficulty, at least whilst the profession rests on its present narrow foundation. Almost all physicians who have been men of ingenuity, have amused themselves in forming theories, which gave exercise to their invention, and at the same time contributed to their reputation. Instead of being at the trouble of making observations themselves, they called out of the pronomiscuous multitude already made, such as best suited their purpose, and dressed them up in the way their system required. In consequence of this, the history of medicine does not so much exhibit the history of a progressive art, as a history of opinions which prevailed perhaps for twenty or thirty years, and then sunk into contempt and oblivion. The cafe has been nearly similar in practical divinity: but this is attended with much greater difficulties than the practical part of medicine; in this last, nothing is required but assiduous and accurate observation, and a good understanding to direct the proper application of such observation.

Gregory.

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

To cure the diseases of the mind, there is required that intimate knowledge of the human heart, which must be drawn from life itself, and which books can never teach; of the various disguises under which vice recommends itself to the imagination; of the artful association of ideas which the forms there; and of the many nameless circumstances that soften the heart and render it accessible. It is likewise necessary to have a knowledge of the arts of infinuation and persuasion, of the art of breaking false and unnatural associations of ideas, or inducing counter-associations, and opposing one passion to another; and after all this knowledge is acquired, the successful application of it to practice depends, in a considerableness, on powers, which no extent of understanding can confer.

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

Gregory.

§ 79. On Public Preaching.

In public addresses to an audience, the great end of reformation is most effectually promoted; because all the powers of voice and action, all the arts of eloquence, may be brought to give their assistance. But some of these arts depend on gifts of nature, and cannot be attained by any strength of genius or understanding; even where nature has been liberal of those necessary requisites, they must be cultivated by much practice, before the proper exercise of them can be acquired. Thus, a public speaker may have a voice that is musical and of great compass; but it requires much time and labour to attain its just modulation, and that variety of flexion and tone, which a pathetic discourse requires. The same difficulty attends the acquisition of that propriety of action, that power over the expressive features of the countenance, particularly of the eyes, so necessary to command the hearts and passions of an audience.

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

But, besides those talents inherent in the preacher himself, an intimate knowledge of nature will suggest the necessity of attending to certain external circumstances, which operate powerfully on the mind, and prepare it for receiving the designed impressions. Such, in particular, is the proper regulation of church-music, and the solemnity and pomp of public worship. Independent of the effect that these particulars have on the imagination, it might be expected, that a just taste, a sense of decency and propriety, would make them more attended to than we find they are. We acknowledge that they have been abused, and have occasioned the grossest superstition; but this universal propensity to carry them to excess, is the strongest proof that the attachment to them is deeply rooted in human nature, and consequently that it is the business of good sense to regulate, and not vainly to attempt to extinguish it. Many religious feelings, in their infancy, have supported themselves without any of these external affinities; but when time has abated the fervor of their first zeal, we always find that their public worship has been conducted with the most remarkable coldness and inattention, unless supported by well-regulated ceremonies. In fact, it will be found, that those feelings who at their commencement have been most distinguished for a religious enthusiasm that despised all forms, and the genius of whose tenets could not admit the use of any, have either been of short duration, or ended in infidelity.

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

§ 80. Religion considered as exciting Devotion.

The third view of religion considers it as engaging and interesting the affections, and comprehends the devotional or sentimental part of it.—The devotional spirit is in some measure constitutional, depending on liveliness of imagination and facility of heart, and, like these qualities, prevails more in warmer climates than it does in ours. What決め its great dependence on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and music, which Shakespeare calls the food of love, and which may, with equal truth, be called the food of devotion. Music enters into the future paradise of the devout of every sect and of every country. The Deity viewed by the eye of cool reason, may be said, with great propriety, to dwell in light inaccessible. The mind, with the immensity of his being, and with a sense of its own littleness and unworthiness, admires with that distant awe and veneration that almost excludes love. But viewed by a devout imagination, he may become an object of the warmest affection, and even passion.—The philosopher contemplates the Deity in all those marks of wisdom and benignity diffused through the various works of nature. The devout man
man confines his views rather to his own particular connection with the Deity, the many influences of his goodness he himself has experienced, and the many greater he still hopes for. This establshes a kind of intercourse, which often interests the heart and passions in the deepest manner.

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

Gregory.

§ 81. Advantages of Devotion.

The devotional spirit, united to good sense and a cheerful temper, gives that steadfastness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from being utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues; it gives a softness and sensibility to the heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all, it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion. There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to soothe this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a cheerfulness over the darkest hours of human life.—Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shews great narrowness of understanding. A very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects for which, at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to clear the soul, when all others shall have lost their influence.—The greatest inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking such a fast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to deprive the mind entirely, to sink it to the weakest superstition, and to produce a total retirement and abstraction from the world, and all the duties of life. Gregory.

§ 82. The Difference between true and false Politeness.

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty, of preferring one another in honour, respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those infectious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of infinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Book I.

MORAL.

It is foregone regardles dignify, nor this he duds

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

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

Again; the man who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself: in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions. On the contrary, the man of the world, who reeds in the letter of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reaon, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He attests to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he feethes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the foulest form of infinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the groans of his illiberal adulation.

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

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

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

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counterfeit solicits their favour by dishoneste compliances, and for the basest end.

Hard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gregory's Advice.

§ 84. On the Beauties of the Psalms.

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and forrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelith monarch experienced. He fought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquiites of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet design'd for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging drefs; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indulged under the influence of him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perufals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extraced from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them ofteneft, will relish them best.—And now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the los of his labour. The employment detached him from the buffet and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noife of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a feafon, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arofe, fresh as the morning, to his task: the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly fay, that food and reft were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneafinefs but the laft; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to fee in this world. Very pleafantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a reflih and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

Horae.

§ 85. The Temple of virtuous Love.

The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the
the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by wood-pines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe, how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: there were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a fort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance: the name of the first was Decoration, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sitters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to his gate was policed by three sitters, who inquired themselves with these watches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sitters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the second was Convention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and napped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sitters, who seemed to have in haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a flag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd calls in them, and that particular diemper which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

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

\[ 87. \text{The Temple of Virtue.} \]

With much labour and difficulty I paffed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great road, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road, were several paths that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it: these were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were so contrived, that we could not see the temple of Honour, by reason of the temple of Virtue, which stood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddes of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe, in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we took the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

\[ 88. \text{The Temple of Vanity.} \]

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that stood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddes of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her brow: but what I more particularly observed, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, shook up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it severall who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths, which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a perfon, whom, by the inscription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

\[ 89. \text{The Temple of Avarice.} \]

I was now returned in the fame manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that paffed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of perfons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them inenfibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days, with great toil and uneafiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a
a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore: for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley flowed the Temple of Avarice made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have made much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold: on his right hand was a yell called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony; the first was his collector, and the other his cashier. There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them.—Some of these I enquired into.—At the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money: he gave out little purports to several, who, after a short tour, brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw, at the same time, a person called Fraud, who sat behind the counter, with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skillful application of which instruments, he had got together an immense heap of wealth.—It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple.—There were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purbles uselefs to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and fleth of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had feized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that flow behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the flight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this abominable temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she talked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confefs, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldst never appear to me hereafter; but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldst not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appeareth to me at present. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is un-
grateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the perfon that has deserved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, defert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with Thee thy two sisters, in whole company thou art always cheerfull, Liberty and Innocence."

Tailler.

§ 90. The Virtue of Gentleness not to be confounded with artificial and insincere Polite-ness.

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

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wisdom which is from above, with that artificial courtly, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments, the most frivolous and empty may profess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the bafeness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue.

In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting; the imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and, let me add, nothing except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no affected behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finifh"ed courtier.

Blair.

§ 91. Opportunities for great Acts of Benefi-"cence rare, for Gentleness continual.

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

Years may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high benefi"cence, or extensive utility. Whereas, not a day passes, but in the common tranfactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. Nay, by fefonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are feemingly more important. There are situations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the moft bountiful gift. While, on the other side, when the hand of liberality is extended to bestow, the want of gentleness is fufficient to frustrate the
the intention of the benefit. We four those whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with ostentation and harshness, we convert them into injuries. Can any disposition, then, be held to possess a low place in the scale of virtue, whose influence is so considerable on the happiness of the world?

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

Blair.

§ 92. Gentlenesse recommended on Considerations of our own Interest.

But if the sense of duty, and of common happiness, be insufficient to recommend the virtue of gentlenesse, then let me define you to consider your own interest. Whatever ends a good man can be supposed to pursue, gentlenesse will be found to favour them. It prepares and wins every heart. It persuades, when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn. Whereas, harshness confirms the opposition it would subdue; and, of an indifferent person, creates an enemy. He who could overlook an injury committed in the collision of interests, will long and severely retract the flights of a contumacious behaviour. To the man of gentlenesse, the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind we admire at a distance; and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love: they are like some of the distant stars, whose beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the influence of gentlenesses, all in some degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character rises in the world without struggle, and flourishes without envy. His mistortunes are universally lamented; and his failings are easily forgiven.

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

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

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

Blair.

§ 3

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

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

Blair.

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

Accustom yourselves, also, to reflect on the small moment of those things which are the usual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium. The most inconsiderable point of interest, or honour, swells into a momentous object; and the slightest attack seems to threaten immediate ruin. But after passion or pride has subsided, we look round in vain for the mighty mischief we dreaded. The fabric, which our disturbed imagination had reared, totally disappears. But though the cause of contention has dwindled away, its consequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have fown the seeds of future suspicion, malice, or disgust.—Suspend your violence, I beseech you, for a moment, when causes of discord occur. Anticipate that period of coolness, which, of itself, will soon arrive. Allow yourselves to think, how little you have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life you are certain of throwing away. Easily, and from the smallest chink, the bitter waters of strife are let forth; but their course cannot be foreseen; and he fel-

dom fails of suffering most from the poisonous effect, who first allowed them to flow.

Blair.

§ 96. Gentleness best promoted by religious Views.

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

Blair.

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

Aided by such considerations, let us cultivate that gentle wisdom which is, in so many respects, important both to our duty and our happiness. Let us assume it as the ornament of every age, and of every station. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and soften the moroseness of old age. Let it mitigate authority in those who rule, and promote deference among those who obey. I conclude with repeating the caution, not to mistake for true gentleness, that sflimy imitation of it, called polished manners, which often, among the men of the world, under a smooth appearance, conceals much asperity. Let yours be native gentleness of heart, flowing from the love of God, and the love of man. Unite this amiable spirit, with a
proper zeal for all that is right, and just, and true. Let piety be combined in your character with humanity. Let determined integrity dwell in a mild and gentle breast. A character thus supported, will command more real respect than can be procured by the most shining accomplishments, when separated from virtue.

Blair.

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

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

Blair.

§ 99. The Balance of Hapiness equal.

An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increaseth, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.—In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

Blair.

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

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

Blair.

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

But can we believe, that the nature of man came forth in this state from the hands of its gracious Creator? Did he frame this world, and lose it with inhabitants, solely that it might be replenished with crimes and misfortunes?—In the moral, as well as in the natural world, we may plainly discern the signs of some violent convulsion, which has shattered the original workmanship of the Almighty. Amidst this wreck of human nature, traces still remain which indicate its author. Thofe high powers of condescension and reason, that capacity for happiness, that arduous of enterprise, that glow of affection, which often break through the gloom of human vanity and guilt, are like the scattered columns, the broken arches, and defaced sculptures of some fallen temple, whose ancient splendour appears amidst its ruins.
ruins. So conspicuous in human nature are those characters, both of a high origin, and of a degraded state, that, by many religious sects throughout the earth, they have been seen and confessed. A tradition seems to have pervaded almost all nations, that the human race had either, through some offence, forfeited, or through some misfortune, lost, that flaunt of primeval honour, which they once possessed. But while, from this doctrine, ill understood, and involved in many fabulous tales, the nations wandering in Pagan darkness could draw no consequences that were just; while, totally ignorant of the nature of the defiance, they sought in vain for the remedy; the same divine revelation, which has informed us in what manner our apostacy arose, from the abuse of our rational powers, has instructed us also how we may be restored to virtue and to happiness.

Let us, therefore, study to improve the affliction which this revelation affords, for the reformation of our nature and the recovery of our felicity. With humble and grateful minds, let us apply to those medicinal springs which it hath opened, for curing the disorders of our heart and passions. In this view, let us, with reverence, look up to that Divine Personage, who descended into this world, on purpose to be the light and the life of men: who came, in the fulness of grace and truth, to repair the desolations of many generations, to restore order among the works of God, and to raise up a new earth, and new heavens, wherein righteousness should dwell for ever. Under his tuition let us put ourselves; and amidst the storms of passion to which we are here exposed, and the slippery paths which we are left to tread, never trust precipitously to our own understanding. Thankful that a heavenly conductor vouchsafes his aid, let us earnestly pray, that from him may descend divine light to guide our steps, and divine strength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all intertemperate passions, and mistaken pursuits of pleasure; that whether it shall be his will, to give or to deny us earthly prosperity, he may bless us with a calm, a found, and well-regulated mind; may give us moderation in success, and fortitude under disappointment; and may enable us so to take warning from the crimes and miseries of others, as to escape the snares of guilt. —Blair.

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

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

Ibid.

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

At your first setting out in life especially, when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasurable enchant with its smile, and every object thines with the gloss of novelty; beware of the seducing appearances which surround you, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If you allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendancy, your inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early possession of your mind, you may date from that moment the ruin of your tranquillity. —Nor with the seafon of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succede the more sober, but no less dangerous, attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with interest and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their malignant influence, even over those periods of life which ought to be most tranquil. From the first to the last of man's abode on earth, the discipline must never be relaxed, of guarding the heart from the dominion of passion. Eager passions, and violent desires, were not made for man. They exceed his sphere: they find no adequate objects on earth; and of course can be productive of nothing but misery. The certain consequence of indulging them
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is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall drive us to acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing. Blair.

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

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

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts? "I hope," say they, "I am guilty of no great crimes; but the customs of the world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reason or revelation. I know the course of life I am in is wrong; I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be such. But I know not how it is—I do not find that I can alter my way of living."—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worldliness of character, which, I fear, is as little favorable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependents—of the poor of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style: —"I can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—confidentially I rise late. I have fearbreakfasted before morning visits begin, or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one can't appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though I own it hurry's one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on public amusements, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas! I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper matters—I can do no more for them. You tell me, I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me; and if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not spend anything frightful or old-fashioned—As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured; and considering that the great expense of being always drunk for company, with lobbies at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispense of I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cafes, make an acc-
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quaintance with the poor of my neigh-
bourhood in the country, and plan out
the best methods of relieving the unfort-
unate, and assitting the industrious. But
this supposes much more time, and much
more money, than I have to bestow.—I
have had hopes indeed that my summers
would have afforded me more leisure; but
we stay pretty late in town; then we
generally pass several weeks at one or
other of the water-drinking places, where
every moment is spent in public; and,
for the few months in which we reside at
our own flat, our house is always full,
with a succession of company, to whose
amusement one is obliged to dedicate
every hour of the day.

So here ends the account of that time
which was given you to prepare and educate
yourselves for eternity!—Yet you believe
the immortality of the soul, and a future
state of rewards and punishments. Ask
your own heart what rewards you deserve,
or what kind of felicity you are fitted to
enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections,
which heaven can be supposed to gratify,
have you cultivated and improved?—If,
in that eternal world, the stores of know-
ledge should be laid open before you, have
you preferred that thirst of knowledge, or
that taste for truth, which is now to be in-
dulged with endless information?—If, in
the society of saints and angels, the purest
benevolence and most cordial love is to con-
stitute your happiness, where is the heart
that should enjoy this delightful intercourse
of affection?—Has your’s been exercised
and refined to a proper capacity of it during your
state of discipline, by the energies of gene-
rous friendship, by the meltings of parental
fondness, or by that union of heart and soul,
that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and
ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest
to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the
bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce
knew you had a heart, except when you felt
it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity!
—Has your piety and gratitude to the
Source of all Good, been exercised and
strengthened by constant acts of praise and
thanksgiving? Was it nourished by fre-
quently meditation, and silent recollection
of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it
burst forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was
rather decency than devotion, that carried
you once a week to the place of public
worship—and for the rest of the week, your
thoughts and time were so very differently
filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the
universe could occur but feldom, and then,
rather as an object of terror, than of hope
and joy. How then shall a soul fo dead to
divine love, fo loft to all but the most childish
pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself
to a capacity of that bliss which we are al-
lowed to hope for, in a more intimate con-
ception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our
Creator, and in pouring out before his
throne our ardent gratitude, love, and ado-
ration?—What kind of training is the life
you have passed through, for such an immo-
ortality?

And dare you look down with contempt
on those whom strong temptation from na-
tural passions, or a train of unfortunate cir-
cumstances, have funk into the commis-
ion of what you call great crimes?—Dare you
speak peace to your own heart, because by
different circumstances you have been per-
erved from them?—Far be it from me to
wish to lessen the horror of crimes; but yet,
whereas the temptations to these occur but feldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and in-
difference towards our duty, for ever surround
us, it may be necessary to awaken ourselves
to some calculation of the proportions be-
tween such habitual omission of all that is
good, and the commission of more heinous
acts of sin; between wafting our own life in
what is falsely called innocent amusement,
and disgracing it by faults which would
alarm society more, though possibly they
might injure it less.

Mrs. Chapone.

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

How amazing is the distance between the
extreme of negligence and self-indulgence in
such nominal Christians, and the opposite
excess of rigour which some have unhappily
thought meritorious! between a Paschal (who
dreaded the influence of pleasure so much, as
to wear an iron, which he prefied into his fide
whenever he found himfelf taking delight in
any object of fenfe) and thofe who think life
left them only to be fquandered in fenfelesf
diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of
vanity!—What a strange complifion is
man! ever diverging from the right line—
forrgetting the true end of his being—or
widely misfaking the means that lead to it.

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

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

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

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greatest part of their time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their affiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a rare resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assiduity to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expense, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection: the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles’s decision.

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

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

From this flight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard matter?—It is true, they have not the amufement of gaming, nor do they curfe themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor flifled in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours confumed in an infipid interchage of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety, which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and above all, from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of littlenefses, diftrefs, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn out constitutions, flill continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust; then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his Lady, where-
Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own flock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diffused throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

—What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor our common parent.

Harriss.

§ 107. On Gratitude.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Au-
butkabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man
man fitting pensive and alone, within a few pages of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hafian, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hafian fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet’s vicegerent, he was diligent to difpence: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infirmity was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Hafian," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hafian," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hafian," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the infatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to encrease or to continue."

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

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now reaped at the obscurity of my station, which my former infensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despaired the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I lost all my
my moveables for subsistence; and revered only a matrourf, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

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

When I had finifhed this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hafsan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I metook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore inveft thee with authority, because I would not subjeft my people to oppression; and becaufe I would not be compelled to punith thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arife, therefore, and follow me."—I sprang from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provifions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no daintv was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no flumbers so sweet, as those which wearinefs invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments which regret; and while I was fighting in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

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

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

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My fon," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lefson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wait once content with poverty and
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book I.

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

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

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

"Evil communication," says the text, "corrupts good manners." The asfertion is general, and no doubt all people suffer from such communication; but above all, the minds of youth will suffer; which are yet unfurnished, unprincipled, unfurnished; and ready to receive any impression.

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

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

The three following classes will perhaps include the greatest part of thefe, who de- serve this appelation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

§ 110. Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injuries our characters, as well as manners—prejudice the forrnerer of ruin—the advantages of good company equal to the disadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies.

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

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

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

Alas! this security is the very brine of the precipice: nor hath vice in her whole train a more dangerous enemy to you, than presumption. Caution, ever awake to danger, is a guard against it. But security lays every guard asleep. "Let him who thinketh he standeth," faith the apostle, "take heed, lest he fall." Even an apostle himself did fall, by thinking that he stood secure. "Though I should die with thee," said St. Peter to his master, "yet will I not deny thee." That very night, notwithstanding this boasted security, he repeated the crime three several times. And can we suppose, that presumption, which occasioned an apostle's fall, shall not ruin an inexperienced youth? The story is recorded for our instruction; and should be a standing leon against presuming upon our own strength.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Consider then what virtue the very first principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: That there is a God, a powerful, a wife and good Being, who first made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whose goodnecfs all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greatest and best ends. The sorrowful and penive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully finkling under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, relieves all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,—" It is the Lord, him do what seemeth him good. Without his direction, I know that no evil can befal me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me;—it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it.—If he has denied me riches or other advantages,—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin.—If he has denied me the request of children,—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me,—how can I say whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he forefaw would embitter and shorten my days?—It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with ficknecfs, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I fay, but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to difentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—another, a better world beyond this!'—

This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate:—and the persuafion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has fuffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to defpife them, and elefem the light affictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is referred for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison—and he who looks no further than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and fufferings from that confideration, finds all his forrowes enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and call the fame fad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharaoh, "That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage."

But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and fidelitly behold the life and immortality of a future state,—he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever; like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home, he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fled before.

These are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulation of our spirit under the evils of life,—but like great cordials, they are seldom used but on great occurrences.—In the leffer evils of life, we feem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon, by a little impatience of spirit, under the crofs and outward accidents we meet with. These stand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the lighter indifpositions of the body—which we think not worth treating seriously, and fo leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are fuch good habits of the temper, fuch a complexfional cafe and health of heart, as may often fave the patient much medicine.—We are still to confider, that however fuch good frames of mind are got, they are worth preferving by all rules:—Patience and contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man fold all he had to purchase—is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchase; fince without it, the best condition of life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impoffible we should be miferable even in the world.

_Steene's Sermon._

§ 112. Advantages to be drawn from Scenes of Sorrow.

The confideration of death has been always made ufe of, by the moralift and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to fink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not ftrip the feduftions of vice of their prefent enjoyment, at leaft to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a fimilar refLECTION, endeavoured to enhance the value, and perfuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the rofes which would otherwise foon wither of themselves, to fieve the moments which we could not long
long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily confit of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become businesfs, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificance of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unfeelingly, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less, with all the charms of beauty, and the polished education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less asuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compahion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public forrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where the fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homelieves. From that scene the transition was so violent to the heart and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my fenes: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering compofure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of forrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along,
with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its found on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a leon of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasing, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. There are often the effects rather of passion feuded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crossfix and the ropery, the devil's head and the boxet, if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weaknesses, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the leisons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice. I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly condemned that occasional indulgence of penitences and forrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

Mirror.

§ 113. On the fashionable Infidelity of the Age.

Being in company the other day with a gentleman, who was pleased to express his contempt of Christiainty in very scurrilous language, I answered him by withdrawing; and afterwards indulged myself in many serious reflections on the fashionable infidelity of the present age: and with these I will now present my reader, if he thinks them worth his acceptance.

The gentlemen of this persuasion have affected to represent themselves as persons of just and extended views, liberal ideas, and enlarged sentiments, and to appropriate to themselves the pompous names of philosophers, impartial reasoners, and free enquirers; while the friends of revelation are decried as visionary enthusiasts, narrow thinkers, and vulgar pedants; and, by this means, they have kept themselves in countenance. But declamation is not argument, nor abuse conviction. If any man, after a fair and candid examination of the facts and principles contained in the Christian religion, and a comprehensive view of its connection with the world in general, finds himself obliged to reject those pleasures which the belief of it inspires, I pity his misfortune from my soul, and leave him in the enjoyment of his opinion, without envy or prejudice, while he refers it to himself. But if he quitted his religion at the same time that he took his leave of every virtuous principle: if he left it behind him upon his travels, or lost it at a midnight revel, or sacrificed it for a jest: he has no more right to propagate his notions, by ridiculing all that differ from him, than a perfoon who has contracted a fatal distemper, is authorised to spread it among all his acquaintance.

A religious bigot, who looks upon the principles which every man entertains, as deciding his happiness through an unbounded existence, appears a confident character, from the common propensity of human nature to magnify the importance of these opinions which relate to futurity; but a zealous and bigotted infidel is an unnatural and extravagant one, because he has no object in view proportioned to his pains and affluence, and proposes to himself neither to strengthen the bonds of morality, nor to reinforce
reinforce the functions of justice and bene-
volence, nor to add to the happiness of the
mind, only for the sake of an imaginary
rectitude of sentiment, which at best is but
precarious, and not essential to human
welfare.

A man must have a very singular discern-
ment to find out any inconveniences, arising
from that strong sense of self-preservation,
and natural dread of death, which heaven
has implanted in the human mind, to guard
against those fatal steps which rashness might
take to deliver itself from a momentary
pain; and yet a certain great philosopher
took extraordinary pains to clear up this
point, and to remove the prejudices vulgarly
entertained against suicide. It was evident
to him, that a bowl, a pifflon, and a dagger,
were much better remedies against the cala-
mities of life, than any thing which patience
or resignation could suggest. He esteemed
it ridiculous to look upon human life, as a
certain flatton pointed out by a superior
being, which it was cowardly to defect;
and thought, that mankind had as much
right to destroy their own lives, as they had
to change the current of a stream, or to
level a hill, or turn a piece of wood, which
were nothing more than giving a different
form to the general mass of matter, and
altering the position of those particles,
which flood as well in one situation as
another.

There does not seem to be any thing in
the idea of an infinitely wise Being govern-
ing the universe, and directing all events to
the best ends, contrary to the dictates of
philosophy, or right reason; and yet a fine
writer, in the arbour of his zeal for the
cause of truth, has published a professed
ridicule upon the administration of the
Deity. It was a pity, says he, that man-
kind should be so deluded as to think, they
had a supreme inspector to appeal to in all
the difficulties of life; and so much imposed
upon as to apprehend they were accountable
for their conduct and actions, and therefore
he benevolently condescended to rectify
these mistakes by showing, that there was
nothing in the world but confusion, without
the least definition of character, or any
equitable distribution of happiness or misery.

For these many hundred years the most
civilized parts of the world have generally
agreed, that the precepts and doctrines of
Christ and his apostles, contain the truest
sentiments of religion, and as such deserve
to be universally embraced; but a late noble
author, in his invaluable minutes, has en-
deavored to shew their notorious inconsist-
ency with truth, that to be sure we cannot
regard them for the future: and at the same
time that he proved so strongly, in his own
life, the excellency of following nature, we
cannot doubt which to set up for our
model.

Proceed, gentlemen, proceed, till you
have extirpated every superfluous principle
in the human breast, and let mankind at
full liberty to pursue the dictates of passion
free from the control of prejudice, educa-
tion, or religion. Under such matters—
mankind must make a considerable progres
in taste and knowledge, and shake off all
the fetters in which custom and ignorance
confined them. When the mortality of the
soul is fairly demonstrated, go on to explain
the benefit arising from the world's being
subject to chance or necessity—confute the
pretentions of confidence and honour—refine
away the difference of virtue and vice, as
an imaginary distinction—confirm modesty
into an effeminate weakness, and integrity
into a lively pride—paint all mankind as
knaves or fools—let interest be prescribed as
the only rational motive that can be pro-
posed—condemn all honest men, who sacri-
ficied their lives or fortune to truth, as idle
visionaries. In a word—resolve all that is
excellent and valuable into lucre, and make
every expedient to attain it just and lawful,
and we shall soon have the original of such
a state of the world as Shakspeare has
described.

Indulgence was once more modest than it
is at present: it is said, that Lord Shaftesbury
asked Bishop Burnet, whether his religion
maintained the doctrine of eternal rewards
and punishments? and upon his admitting
it, that nobleman replied, then it is no
religion for me. An atheist might have
confuted his lordship's theism on the same
principles. Do you believe in a God, who
suffers natural and moral evil to prevail in a
thousand various shapes, and entails misery
upon the innocent on account of the guilty?
—Yes,—' I believe in no such God,'
he might answer with equal propriety.
What not on the supposition of a future
state?—' That solution I do not admit.'
If it was only necessary to shew, that reason was subject to the same difficulties as revelation, and that the manner of conveying the benefits of Christianity, by the mediation of an august personage, was strictly agreeable to the order of nature, and the established methods of divine government, the deists would be compelled to submit, for no truths have been set in a stronger point of view, than these. But certain philosophers upon the continent foreseeing this extremity to which they would be reduced, have renounced the first principles of natural religion.

If you reason upon the wisdom or goodness of the Deity, that he would not create a world under a necessity of believing a falsehood, which must be the cafe, if the grand doctrines of Christianity are not to be depended upon, or that he would not impose upon his creatures by such a strength of evidence as religion is attended with, if there was not some foundation for it—immediately they deny, that there is any such thing as goodness or wisdom in the Deity, or at least, that there are any attributes correspondent to those principles in human nature: and if this standard of judging of the perfections of the Deity, by what we feel in ourselves, be once rejected, the greatest absurdities and inconsistencies may be ascribed to him: it strikes at the foundation of a future retribution; and the Deity upon this plan may be supposed capable of those actions, which in man would be condemned as cruel and unjust: in short, they would resolve all the perfections of God into infinite power, which exerts itself in a blind irresistible manner, with some degree of intelligence indeed, but none of those qualities which are comprehended under the idea of providence; from hence the transition to fatalism is natural and unavoidable. Thus Christianity has at least the consolation to think, that if the falls, it is along with every noble and honourable principle; and that the perishes with hope at her right-hand, and philosophy at her left.

Credulity is another odium which infidels have endeavoured to throw upon Christians; but with what justice let impartial truth pronounce. I am firmly persuaded of the contrary from my own observation; and I never knew a perfon capable of rejecting commonly received opinions, who could not digest some of the most palpable absurdities—to differ well, and pronounce rightly, require a mind wide enough to take in a large prospect of mankind. View Christianity without any respect to the customs of the people to whom it was published, and it will appear inexplicable; look upon it in connection with the state of man in the primitive ages of the world; consider it as purposed and practised to the utmost extent, and the benefit it promises to society and individuals; and it will be found to prove a more satisfactory solution of the course of nature, the evils of life, the conduct of God, than infidelity has ever invented; and consequentially, that it is less credulous to acquiesce in it, than in any other. I say more satisfactory, for to pretend to expect to see the economy of the universe perfectly displayed, is romantic and chimerical; and not to be contented under some difficulties, is an infaillible sign of great weakness.

There is something so arrogant and supercilious in treating the testimony of the most respectable characters, in favour of Christianity, with contempt, that nothing more seems necessary to differ of their judgment, than such affectation; and whenever I hear any one boasting of his freedom from popular prejudices, I always suspect some imbecility of understanding, some secret superstition, which makes them reason superciliously, conclude quickly, and believe too little, or too much. I am fearful of trusting to their authority, and cautiously give my assent to their reports.

It is an observation, confirmed by the greatest writers, and particularly by Tacitus, that superstition, credulity, and infidelity are nearly allied; and when you fee one of them, the others are not far distant. A person shall reject the Christian theology, but he shall admit the absurd accounts of the antient poets, as not only possible, but probable—he shall flatly deny the immortality of the soul, but he shall very readily acknowledge the existence of spirits and spirits.—Every profane writer is adored as sublime, infaillible, full of heroic sentiments, and capable of inspiring the most noble elevation of mind; every sacred one, is, for that very reason, truduced as low, falfe, and vulgar.—If he cannot trace the foot-reps of infinite goodnes and wisdom in the universe, it is ten to one, but he is an astrologer, and ascribes all the revolutions of the world, to the influence of the heavenly bodies—if he is shocked at the Christian idea of accountableness to a supreme tribunal, at the expiration of life, he will embrace the transmigration of souls as a charming fystem.—In short—the wild inconsistencies of these geniuses, may have a good effect, and in-
duce those who know little, and fear less, to bles their happy ignorance, and be reconciled to the philosophy of common sense. There is no extreme of contradiction, which I cannot suppose men capable of falling into. I should not wonder if one of our infidels heroes was to receive absolution at the hands of a Roman priest; nor be surprised if the great Geneva oracle should leave a considerable legacy to the church for mafles for his soul.

But what is all this grave reasoning to the purpose. ‘It is genteel to be irreligious.’—This argument I must acknowledge to be invincible. It is the glory of fashion to triumph over every thing that is lawful, rational, and decent; and to make men sacrifice their honour, taste, and sense to its demands.

It is ridiculous to pretend to talk, or write men into religious sentiments; it would be of more consequence to show that Christianity gave them an easy air, made them fit for company, and introduced them into polite assemblies with advantage. To the honour of infidelity: be it spoken, its friends are admirably accomplished in the genteel arts of gaming, intriguing, and spending a Sunday agreeably, vulgarly called, breaking the sabbath. There is nothing enables a person to ruin his fellow-creatures, or cheat his country, or do any thing that is daring or spirited, so well as renouncing all the prejudices of education. To know the world, and get happily over the scruples of superlition, is of great service in the main concern of amazing. There are the gentlemen who make the boldest jokes in conversation—use the strongest figures—strike out the most heroic schemes in life—and make their public exit out of the world with most intrepidity—who then will dispute the gentility of free-thinking? Even ladies themselves—whose opinion must be decisive upon this head—are its professed patronesses; neither curiosity nor scandal, can draw them to places where there is nothing but preaching and praying; ‘they are not ashamed of acknowledging themselves Deists;’ and they would not for the world, have any acquaintance with such rude and unpolished people as Christians.

From such encouragements as these, may we not expect that infidelity will be making fresh converts, till it has polished mankind, and brought them to be governed by nature, and the dictates of the first philosophy. When that time shall come, may those who have contributed to it by their writings or conversation, enjoy the fruits of their labours; may I (all raillery apart) attain no greater glory, than that of being condemned by such persons as ridiculous, for thinking like a reasonable being—unpolished, for acting like a man—and unfashionable for believing like a Christian. Library Magazine.

§ 114. Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.

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

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

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

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

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

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of those ancient heathens whom our modern bigots are so apt to despise, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full of absurdities and inconveniences, which the more refined spirits among their poets and philosophers must have doubtles despised, rejected, and contemned; such was their respect and veneration for the established religion of their country, such their regard to decency and feriousness, such their modesty and diffidence in affairs of so much weight and importance, that we very seldom meet with jest or ridicule on subjects which they held thus sacred and respectable.
The privilege of publicly laughing at religion, and the profession of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the objects of mirth and ridicule, was reserved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious heathens, to reflect disgrace and ignominy on the Christian era.

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

§ 115. On Prodigality.

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

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the flame of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Syrens that entice him to shipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

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

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

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

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

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

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

§ 116. On Honour.

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

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

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misconceaved, I shall consider honour with respect to three forts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

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

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

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

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

In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or detruotive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

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

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

Guardian.

§ 117. On Modesty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousnes of his own integrity, affumes force enough to despise the little cenfures of ignorance or malice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

§ 118. On disinterested Friendship.

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

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

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

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that affiance and support which is to be derived from the connection."

Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers: the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are deprived by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

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

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

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

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

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

Melmoth's Translation of Cicero's Latin.

§ 119. The Art of Happiness.

Almost every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himfelf to look at the difpleasing fide, will four his disposition, and consequently impair his happiines: while he, who conftantly beholds it the bright fide, infenfibly meliorates his temper, and, in confequence of it, improves his own happiines, and the happiines of all about him.

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

Melvia is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she prefers a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and, in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore feldom mislikes what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooks, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the adroitness to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melvia, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while A-rachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever four and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual fun-shine.

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

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

§ 120. Happiness is founded in Resitu of Conduct.

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

§ 121. The Choice of Hercules.

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

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of buffnels. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every person with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concert of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to buffnels." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name: to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner: — "Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must studly to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it: in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you fo. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddes of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the pride of one's-self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries
As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artisan; an household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their flumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

Letters on the Choice of Company.
§ 122. LETTER I.

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

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

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

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

When no pains are taken to correct our bad inclinations, before they become confirmed and fixed in us; they acquire, at length, that power over us, from which we have the world to fear—we give way to them in the instances where we fee plainest, how grievously we must suffer by our compliance—we know not how to resist them, notwithstanding the obvious ruin which will be the consequence of our yielding to them.

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

Though the tree you set be put into an excellent soil, and trained and pruned by the skilfullest hand; you are not, however, sure of its thriving: vermin may destroy all your hopes from it.

When the utmost care has been taken to send a young man into the world well principled, and fully apprized of the reasonableness of a religious and virtuous life; he is, yet, far from being temptation proof— he even then may fall, may fall into the worst both of principles and practices; and he is very likely to do so, in the place where you are, if he will associate with those who speak as freely as they act; and who seem to think, that their understanding would be less advantageously shewn, were they not to use it in defence of their vices.

That we may be known by our company, is a truth become proverbial. The end we have to serve may, indeed, occasion us to be often with the persons, whom we by no means resemble; or, the place, in which we are settled, keeping us at a great distance from others, if we will converse at all, it must be with some, whose manners we least approve. But when we have our choice—when no valuable interest is promoted by associating...
associating with the corrupt—when, if we
like the company of the wife and consider-
ate, we may have it; that we then court the
one, and shun the other, seems as full a
proof, as we can well give, that, if we avoid
vice, it is not from the sense we have of the
amenablefs of virtue.

Had I a large collection of books, and
never looked into any that treated on grave
and useful subjects, that would contribute
to make me wifer or better; but took those
frequently, and those only, into my hands,
that would raise my laughter, or that would
merely amufe me, or that would give me
loofe and impure ideas, or that inculcated
athefical or fceptical notions, or that were
filled with fcurrility and invective, and
therefore could only ferve to gratify my
fpleen and ill-nature; they, who knew this
to be my practice, must, certainly, form a
very unfavourable opinion of my capacity,
or of my morals. If nature had given me
a good understanding, and much of my
time paffed in reading: were I to read no-
thing but what was trilling, it would spoil
that understanding, it would make me a
Trifier: and though formed with com-
mandable dispositions, or with none very
blamable; yet if my favourite authors were
—such as encouraged me to make the moft
of the preient hour; not to look beyond it,
to taste every pleafure that offered itfelf, to
forego no advantage, that I could obtain—
such as gave vice nothing to fear, nor virtue
any thing to hope, in a future flate; you
would not, I am fure, pronounce otherwife
of those writers, than that they would hurt
my natural disposition, and carry me lengths
of guilt, which I Should not have gone,
without this encouragement to it.

Nor can it be allowed, that reading wrong
things would thus affect me, but it muft be
admitted, that hearing them would not do
it lefs. Bob fall under the head of Conver-
sation; we fitly apply that term alike to
bob; and we may be faid, with equal pro-
pritv, to converse with books, and to con-
verfe with men. The impreffion, indeed,
made on us by what we hear, is, usually,
much stronger than that received by us from
what we read. That which paffes in our
usual intercourse is fiftened to, without fa-
tiguing us: each, then, taking his turn in
fpeaking, our attention is kept awake: we
mind throughout what is faid, while we are
at liberty to express our own fentiments of
it, to confirm it, or to improve upon it, or
to object to it, or to hear any part of it re-
peated, or to ask what quefions we pleaf
concerning it.

Discoufe is an application to our eyes, as
well as ears; and the one organ is here fo
far affiftant to the other, that it greatly in-
creases the force of what is transmitted to
our minds by it. The air and action of the
speaker gives no small importance to his
words: the very tone of his voice adds
weight to his reaoning; and occasions that
to be attended to throughout, which, had
it come to us from the pen or the prefs, we
should have been afleep, before we had read
half of it.

That bad companions will make us as bad
as themfelves, I don't aflirm. When we are
not kept from their vices by our principles,
we may be fo by our confitution; we may
be lefs profligate than they are, by being
more cowardily; but what I advance as cer-
tain is, That we cannot be fafe among them
—that they will, in fome degree, and may in
a very great one, hurt our morals. You
may not, perhaps, be unwilling to have a
difficult view of the reafons, upon which I
affert this.

I will enter upon them in my next.

I was going to write adieu, when it came
into my thoughts, that though you may not
be a stranger to the much cenfured doctrine
of our countryman Pelegicus—a stranger to
his having denied original sin; you may,
perhaps, have never heard how he accounted
for the depravity, so manifeft in the whole
of our race—He ascribed it to imitation.
Had he faid, that imitation makes fome of
us very bad, and most of us worse than we
otherwife fhould have been; I think he
would not have paffed for an heretic.

Dean Bolton.

§ 123. LETTER II.

SIR,

I promised you, that you should have the
reafons, why I think that there is great dan-
ger of your being hurt by vifious acquaint-
ance. The firft thing I have here to pro-
pose to your confideration is, what I juft
mentioned at the close of my laft—our ap-
tnefs to imitate.

For many years of our life we are forming
ourselves upon what we obferve in thofe
about us. We do not only learn their phrafe,
but their manners. You perceive
among whom we were educated, not more
plainly by our idiom, than by our behavi-
our. The cottage offers you a brood, with
all the ruflicity and favagefness of its grown
inhabitants. The civility and courtefy,
which, in a well-ordered family, are con-
stantly feen by its younger members, fail
not
not to influence their deportment; and will, whatever their natural brutality may be, diff- pone them to check its appearance, and express an averfenefs from what is rude and difgufing. Let the defcendant of the meaneft be placed, from his infancy, where he perceives every one mindful of decorum; the marks of his extraction are foon obliterated; at leaft, his carriage does not discover it: and were the heir of his Grace to be continually in the kitchen or flables, you would foon only know the young Lord by his cloaths and title: in other refpects, you would judge him the fon of the groom or the feullion.

Nor is the disposition to imitate confined to our childhood; when this is paft, and the man is to fhew himself, he takes his col- ours, if I may fo fpeak, from thofe he is near—he copies their appearance—he feldom is, what the ufe of his reafon, or what his own inclinations, would make him.

Are the opinions of the generality, in moft points, any other, than what they hear advanced by this or that perfor high in their eftate, and whose judgment they will not allow themselves to queftion? You well know, that one could not lately go into company, but the firft thing faid was—You have, undoubtedly, read—What an excellent performance it is! The fine imagination of its noble author difcovers itfelf in every line. As foon as this noble author ferviously dif- owned it, all the admiration of it was at an end. Its merit, with thofe who had moft commended it, appeared to be wholly the name of its fuppoled writer. Thus we find it throughout. It is not nobat is written, or faid, or acted, that we examine; and approve or condemn, as it is, in itfelf, good or bad: Our concern is, who writes, who fays, or does it; and we, accordingly, re- gard, or difregard it.

Look round the kingdom. There is, perhaps, fearce a village in it, where the ferviousnefs or difloufenefs of the Squire, if not quite a driveller, is not more or lefs feen in the manners of the reft of its inha- bitants. And he, who is thus a pattern, takes his pattern—fashions himself by fome or other of a better eftate, or higher rank, with whose character he is pleaſed, or to whom he feeks to recommend himfelf.

In what a short fpace is a whole nation metamorphofed! Fancy yourself in the middle of the laft centuty. What grave faces do you every where behold! The moft diffoluely inclined fuffers not a liber- tine expreffion to ecape him. He who leaves regards the praftice of virtue, assumes its appearance.

None claim, from their fations, a privi- lege for their vices. The greateft strangers to the influence of religion obferve its form. The soldier not only forbears an oath, but reproves it; he may poifibly make free with your goods, as having more grace than you, and, therefore, a better title to them; but you have nothing to fear from his lewdnefs, or drunkennefs.

The Royal Brothers at length land—The monarchy is refored. How foon then is a grave affect denominated a puritanical; de- corum, precifenefs; ferioufenefs, fanaticifm! He, who cannot extinguii/h in himfelf all fense of religion, is induitrious to conceal his having any—appears worfe than he is—would be thought to favour the crime, that he dares not commit. The lewded converfa- tion is the politeft. No reprefentation pleafes, in which decency is confulted. Every favourite drama has its hero a liber- tine—introduces the magistrate, only to ex- pofe him as a knife, or a cuckold; and the priet, only to describe him a profugate or hypocrite.

How much greater the power of fashion is, than that of any laws, by whatsoever penalties enforced, the experience of all ages and nations concurs in teaching us. We readily imitate, where we cannot be con- strained to obey: and become by example, what our rule feeks in vain to make us.

So far we may be all truly fyled players, as we all perforate—borrow our characters repre{ent fome other—act a part—exhibit thofe who have been moft under our notice, or whom we feek to pleafe, or with whom we are pleafe{d.

As the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ftruts as much in ready light,
Which eredit gives him upon flight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him, and his heirs male:
So the young Squire, when fift he comes
From country school to Whil's or Tom's;
And equality, in truth, is fit
To be a flatetman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He fauntes wildly up and down;
Till fome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a flaring lad;
Admits him in among the gang;
They fej, reply, dispute, haranguing;
He acts and talks as they beftriend him,
Smeared with the colours which they lent him.

Thus,
Thus, merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.       Prior.

Dean Bolton.

§ 124. Letter III.

SIR,

My last endeavoured to shew you, how apt we are to imitate. Let me now desire you to consider the disposition you will be under to recommend yourself to those, whose company you desire, or would not decline.

Conversation, like marriage, must have content of parties. There is no being intimate with him, who will not be so with you; and, in order to contract or support an intimacy, you must give the pleasure, which you would receive. This is a truth, that every man's experience must force him to acknowledge: we are sure to seek in vain a familiarity with any, who have no interest to serve by us, if we disregar their humour.

In courts, indeed, where the art of pleasing is more studied than it is elsewhere, you see people more dexterously accommodating themselves to the turn of those, for whole favour they wish; but, wherever you go, you almost constantly perceive the fame end pursued by the fame means, though there may not be the same adroitness in applying them. What a proof have you in your own neighbourhood, how effectual these means are?

Did you ever hear Charles—tell a good story—make a shrewd observation—drop an expression, which bordered either on wit or humour? Yet he is welcome to all tables—he is much with those, who have wit, who have humour, who are, really, men of abilities. Whence is this, but from the approbation he shews of whatever passes? A story he cannot tell, but he has a laugh in readiness for every one he hears: by his admiration of wit, he supplies the want of it; and they, who have capacity, find no objection to the meaness of his, whilst he appears always to think as they do. Few have their looks and tempers so much at command as this man; and few, therefore, are so happy in recommending themselves; but as in his way of doing it, there is, obviously, the greatest likelihood of success, we may be sure that it will be the way generally taken.

Some, I grant, you meet with, who by their endeavours, on all occasions, to shew a superior difference, may seem to think, that to gain the favour of any one, he must be brought to their sentiments, rather than they adopt his; but I fear these persons will be found only giving too clear a proof, either how absurdly self-conceit sometimes operates, or how much knowledge there may be, where there is very little common sense.

Did I, in describing the creature called Man, represent him as having, in proportion to his bulk, more brains than any other animal we know of; I should not think this description false, though it could be proved that some of the species had scarce any brains at all.

Even where favour is not particularly sought, the very civility, in which he, who would be regarded as a well-bred man, is never wanting, must render him unwilling to avow the most just disapprobation of what his companions agree in acting, or commenting. He is by no means to give d guft, and, therefore, when he hears the worst principles vindicated, and the best ridiculed; or when he sees what ought to be matter of the greatest shame, done without any; he is to acquiesce, he is to shew no token, that what passes is at all offensive to him.

Consider yourself then in either of these situations—defiers to engage the favour of the bad man, into whose company you are admitted—or, only unwilling to be thought by him deficient in good manners; and, I think, you will plainly see the danger you should apprehend from him—the likelihood there is, that you should at length lose the abhorrence of his crimes, which, when with him, you never express.

Will you ask me, why it is not as probable—that you should reform your vicious acquaintance, as that they should corrupt you? Or, why may I not as well suppose—that they will avoid speaking and acting what will give you offence, as that you will be averse from giving them any—that they will confult your inclinations, as that you will theirs?

'To avoid the length, which will be equally disagreeable to both of us, I will only answer—Do you know any instance, which can induce you to think this probable? Are not you apprised of many instances, that greatly weaken the probability of it?

The vast disproportion, which there is between the numbers of the ferious and the diffolute, is so notorious, as to render it unquestionable—that the influence of the latter far exceeds the influence of the former—that a vicious man is much more likely to corrupt a virtuous, than to be reformed by him.

An answer of the same kind I should have judged satisfactory; if, with respect to what I had
I had urged in my former letter, you questioned me—why the readiness to imitate those, with whom we are much conversant, might not as justly encourage you to hope, when you associated with the less sober, that they might be won to your regularity, as occasion you to fear, that you should be brought to join in their exc res? The good have been for so long a space losing ground among us, and the bad gaining it; and these are now become such a prodigious multitude; that it is undeniable, how much more apt we are to form ourselves on the manners of those, who disregard their duty, than on theirs, who are attentive to it.

You will here be pleased to remark, that I do not consider you as setting out with any reforming views—as converting with the immoral, in order to disprove to reasonable pursuits; but that I only apply to you, as induced to associate with them from the easiness of their temper, or the pleasa ntry of their humour, or your common literary pursuits, or their skill in some of your favourite amusements, or on some such-like account: and then, what I have observed may not appear a weak argument, that they are much more likely to hurt you, than you are to benefit them.

I will close my argument and my letter, with a passage from a very good historian, which will shew you the sense of one of the ablest of the ancient legislators on my present subject.

This writer, mentioning the laws which Charondas gave the Thuri ans, says—"He enacted a law with reference to an evil, on which former lawgivers had not adverted, that of keeping bad company. As he conceived that the morals of the good were sometimes quite ruined by their disfluoite acquaintance—that vice was apt, like an infectious disease, to spread itself, and to extend its contagion even to the best disposed of our species. In order to prevent this mischief, he expressly enjoined, that none should engage in any intimacy or familiarity with immoral persons—he appointed that an accusation might be exhibited for keeping bad company, and laid a heavy fine on such as were convicted of it."

Remember Charondas, when you are disposed to confine the caution suggested by,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Dean Bolton.
conduct, as a familiarity with those, who have no dread of guilt, or none that restrains them from complying with the temptations they meet with to guilt.

You may, perhaps, think, that you could be in no danger from any companion, to whose excels you found not in yourself the least propensity: but believe me, my friend, this would by no means warrant your safety.

Though such a companion might not induce you to offend in the very same way, that he doth; he would, probably, make you the offender, that you otherwise never would have been. If he did not bring you to conform to his practice, would he not be likely to inculcate his principles? His disregard to his duty would tend to render you indifferent to yours: and, while he softened your general regard to virtue, he might make you a very bad man, though you should continue wholly to avoid his particular crimes.

The unconcernedness, with which he gave his worst inclinations their scope, could hardly be day after day observed, without making you less solicitous to restrain your own wrong tendencies, and strongly urging you to a compliance with them.

2. The danger there is in conversing with the immoral will be yet more apparent; if you will, next, attend to the power of custom in reconciling us to that, which we, at first, most dreaded.

Whence is it, that veteran troops face an enemy, with almost as little concern as they perform their exercise? The man of the greatest courage among them felt, probably, in the first battle wherein he was, a terror that required all his courage to surmount. Nor was this terror, afterwards, overcome by him, but by degrees; every succeeding engagement abated it: the oftener he fought, the less he feared: by being habituated to danger, he learned, at length, to despise it.

An ordinary swell of the ocean alarms the youth who has never before been upon it; but he, whose fears are now ruffled, when there is nothing that ought to excite them, becomes soon without any, even when in a situation, that might justly dismay him; he is calm, when the storm is most violent; and discovers no uneasy apprehensions, while the yель of, in which he fails, is barely not sinking.

You cannot, I am persuaded, visit an hospital—survey the variety of distress there—hear the complaints of the sick—see the fores of the wounded, without being yourself in pain, and a sharer of their sufferings.

The constant attendants on these poor wretches have no such concern: with dispositions not less humane than yours, they do not feel the emotions, that you would be under, at this scene of misery; their frequent view of it has reconciled them to it—has been the cause, that their minds are no otherwife affected by it, than yours is by the objects ordinarily before you.

From how many other instances might it be shewn, that the things, which, at their first appearance, strike us with the greatest terror, no sooner become familiar, than they cease to discompose us? Let, therefore, our education have been the carefullest and wisest: let there have been used therein all the means likelest to fix in us an abhorrence of vice; we, yet, cannot be frequently among those, who allow themselves in it, and have as few scruples about the concealment of any crime they are disposed to, as about its commission, without beholding it with abundantly less uneasiness than its first view occasioned us.

When it is so beheld; when what is very wrong no more shocks us—is no longer highly offensive to us; the natural and necessary progresses is to a still farther abatement of our aversion from it: and what is of force enough to conquer a strong dislike, may be reasonably concluded well able to effect some degree of approbation. How far this shall proceed, will, indeed, depend, in a good measure, upon our temper, upon our constitutional tendencies, upon our circumstances: but surely we are become bad enough, when it is not the consideration of what is amiss in any practice, that withholds us from it—when we only avoid it, because it is not agreeable to our humour; or, because the law punishes it; or because it interferes with some other criminal gratification, which better pleases us.

I begun this with an extract from a letter of Walmingham: I will end it with one from a letter of Grotius, when ambassador in France, to his brother, concerning his son, whom he had recommended to that gentleman's care.

After having expressed his wishes, that the young man might be formed a complete advocate, he concludes thus—" Above all " things I intreat you to cultivate those " seeds of knowledge, tawn by me in him, " which are productive of piety; and to " recommend him, for companions, such " persons
persons as are themselves careful to make "a proficiency therein."

Dean Bolton.

§ 126. Letter V.

SIR,

When I ended my letter, I continued in my chair, thinking of the objections which might be made to what I had written to you. The following then occurred to me.

That, when we are in possession of truth, from fair examination and full evidence, there can be very little danger of our being induced to quit it, either by repeatedly hearing the weak objections of any to it, or by remarking them to add as wrongly as they argue—That, as in mathematics the proposition, which we had once demonstrated, would always have our assent, whomsoever we heard cavilling at it, or ridiculing our judgment concerning it: so in morals, when once a due consideration of the essential and unchangeable differences of things hath rendered us certain of what is right and our duty; we can never be made less certain thereof, whatever errors, in judgment or practice, we may daily observe in our associates, or daily hear them absurd enough to defend—That, when we not only plainly perceive the practice of virtue to be most becoming us—to be what the nature and reason of things require of us; but actually feel, likewise, the satisfaction which it affords, the solid peace which is its inestimable attendant; there can be no more ground to oppose, that our having continually before us the follies and vices of any would lead us to depart from what we know to be right, and have experienced to be best for us, than there can be to believe, that a man in his wits would leave the food, which his judgment approved and his palate relished, for another, how he is, indeed, pleasing to his companions, but which he was certain would poison them.

How little weight there is in this kind of arguing, I think every one might be convinced, who would attend to his own practice, who would consider the numerous instances in which he cannot but condemn it—in which he cannot but acknowledge it contrary to what his present welfare requires it should be.

Let us think the most justly of our duty, and then, with the greatest care, all who would countenance us in a departure from it; we shall still find that departure too frequent—we shall experience it so, even when it is truly lamented; and when, to avoid it, is both our with and our endeavour. And if the influence of truth may receive such hindrance from our natural depravity, from this depravity, even when we have kept out of the way of all, who would encourage us to favour it, there, surely, must be an high degree of probability, that we shall be yet less mindful of our obligations, when we are not only prompted by our own appetites to violate them, but moved thereto by the counsel and example of those, whose conversation both pleases us; and whose opinions and actions will, therefore, come with a more than ordinary recommendation to us.

The affent, which we give, upon sufficient evidence, to moral truths, could no more be unfetled by ridicule and sophistry, than that which we give to mathematical truths, did our minds always retain the same disposition with respect to the one, that they do, as to the other.

With regard to the latter, we are never willing to be deceived—we always stand alike affected towards them: our conviction about them was obtained, at first, upon such grounds, as must always remain our inducements to preferve it: no luft could be gratified, no interest served, by its acting less forcibly upon us: in its defence the credit of our understanding is greatly concerned. And how vain must ridicule and sophistry be necessarily thought, where their only aim is, that we should acknowledge a superior discernment in those persons, whose opposition increases our contempt of their ignorance, by making a plainer discovery of it?

As for moral truths, they are oftentimes disagreeable to us—When we have had the fullest evidence of them, we want not, occasionally, the inclination to overlook it: If, under some circumstances, we are ready to acknowledge its force; there are others, when we will not give it any attention. Here fancy and hope interpose: a governing passion allows us only a faint view of, or wholly diverts our notice from, whatever should be our inducement to refrain it; and suffer us to dwell on nothing but what will justify, or excuse, us in giving way to it. Our reluctance to admit that we have not judged as we ought to have done, is strangely abated, when we thereby are set at liberty to act as we please.

When the endeavour is to laugh us, or to argue us, out of those principles that we, with much self-denial adhere to; we shall but feebly oppose its success. He has a strong party on his side within our bosoms, who
feeks to make us quit opinions which are still controululng our affections. If we are not secure from acting contrary to our duty, what cogent proofs forewer we have of its being such, and what satisfaction forewer we have had in its discharge; we are highly concerned to avoid every temptation to offend: and it, undoubtedly, is a very strong one, to hear continually what is likelyest to remove the fear of indulging our appetites; and continually to see, that they who apply to us as they advise—allow themselves in the liberties, they would have us to take; and are under none of the checks, which they prompt us to throw off.

Though what we did not relish, and what we thought would speedily destroy us, we might not eat, when our companions chewed themselves fond of it, and pressured us to taste it; yet, if we apprehended no immediate danger from their meal—if we were eye-witnesses of its being attended with none—if they were continually expressing their high delight in it, and repeating their assurances, that all, either our indifference towards, or disrelish of it, was only from prejudice and prepossession; we, very probably, shoulcl at length yield, and quit both our disgust of their repast, and our dread of its consequences. And if this might ensue, when we were invited to partake of that, which was less agreeable to our palates, what should be feared, when our company tempted us to that, which we could be pleased with, and were only withheld from by such an apprehension of danger, as nothing could sooner remove, than our observing those, with whom we most conversed, to be without it?

Reason is, certainly, always on the side of duty. Nor is there, perhaps, any man, who, when he seriously considers what is best for him to do, will not purpose to do that, which is right. But, since we can act without consideration in the most important articles, and nothing is less likely to be considered, than what we find quite customary with others—what we see them act without remorse or scruple; when we are, day after day, eye-witnesses of our associates allowing themselves in a wrong practice, persisting in it without expressing the least dread of its consequences; it is as absurd to think, that our moral feeling should not be injured thereby, as it is to suppose, that our hands would preserve the same softness, when they had been for years accustomed to the oar, which they had when they first took it up; or, that hard labour would affect us as much when inured to it, as when we entered upon it.

I will, for the present, take my leave of you with an Italian proverb, and an English one exactly answerable to it—

_Dimin con chi tu was, fapro chel ebe fai._
Tell me with whom thou goest, and I'll tell thee what thou dost._

Dean Bolton.

§ 127. Letter VI.

Sir,

I know not what I can add on the present subject of our correspondence, that may be of greater service to you than the following short relation. I may not, indeed, be exact in every particular of it, because I was not at all acquainted with the gentleman, whom it concerns; and because many years have passed since I received an account of him: but as my information came from persons, on whose veracity I could depend, and as what they told me much affected me when I heard it, and has, since, been very often in my thoughts; I fear that the melancholy description, which you will here have of human frailty, is but too true in every thing material therein.

At the first appearance of— in town, nothing, perhaps, was more the topic of conversation, than his merit. He had read much: what he had read, as it was on the most useful subjects, so he was thoroughly master of it; gave an exact account of it, and made very wise reflections upon it. During his long residence at a distance from our metropolis, he had met with few, to whom he was not greatly superior, both in capacity and attainments: yet this had not in the least dispossed him to dictate, to be positive and assuming, to treat any with contempt or neglect.

He was obliging to all, who came near him; talked on the subjects which they best understood, and which would be likeliest to induce them to take their full share of the conversation.

They, who had spent every winter near the court, faw nothing in his behaviour, that shew'd how far he had lived from it—nothing which was less suitable to any civility, that could be learned in it.

His manners were only less courtly, in their simplicity and purity. He did not, often, directly reprove the libertine discourse of his equals; but would recommend himself to none, by expressing the slightest approbation of such discourse: He shew'd it did not please him, though he declined saying so.

He forbore that invective against the manners
MORAL and RELIGIOUS:

manners of the age, which could only irritate; and thought that, at his years, the fittencure he could pass on them, would be to avoid them. It seemed, indeed, his particular care, that he might not be represented either as a bigot, or a cynic; but yet, as he knew how to defend his principles, so he shew'd himself, on every proper occasion, neither afraid nor affhamed to engage in their defence.

His conversation was amongst persons of his own rank, only so far as decorum required it should be: their favourite topics were so little to his taste, that his leisure hours, where he could have his choice, were passed among those, who had the most learning and virtue, and, whether distinguished, or not, by their ancestors worth, would be so by their own.

He had high notions of his duty to his country; but having seen what self-interests, at length, shew'd itself, where he had heard the strongest professions of patriotism, it made him very cautious with whom he engaged, and utterly averse from determining of any as friends to the public, merely because they were opposers of the court.

No one judged more rightly of the hurt that must ensue, from irreligion spreading itself among the common people; and, therefore, where his example was most remarked, and could be most efficacious, he took particular care, that it should promote a just reverence of the Deity.

Thus did A. A. set out in the world, and thus behaved, for some years, notwithstanding the bad examples he had every where before him, among those of his own station. In one of the accomplishments of a gentleman (though, surely, one of the very meanest of them) he was thought to excel; and many fine speeches were made upon that account. They were but too much regarded by him; and, gradually, drew him often into the company that he would have despised, had he heard less of his own praise in it. The compliments so repeatedly paid him by the frivolous, reconciled him, at length, to them. As his attachment to them got ground, his seriousness loft it. The patriot was no more—The zeal he had for the morals of his countrymen abated.—

The tragical conclusion of his story, let those tell you, who would not feel that concern at the relation of it, which I should do: this you certainly may learn from it—That, as the constant dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so the continual solicitations of the vicious are not to be withstood by the firmest mind—All, who are in the way of them, will be hurt by them—Wheresoever they are used, they will make an impression—He only is secure from their force, who will not hazard its being tried upon him.

In what you have hitherto received from me, I have argued wholly from your own dispositions, and endeavoured to shew you, from thence, the danger of having bad companions: See now your danger from their dispositions. And, first, let these persons be considered, only, in general, as partial to their notions and practices, and eager to defend them.

Whatever our persuasion or conduct is, we are usually favourable to it; we have our plea for it: very few of us can bear, with any patience, that it should be judged irrational: The approbation of it is a compliment to our understanding, that we receive with pleasure; and to cenure it, is such a disparagement of us, as doth not fail to disturb us. I will not say, there are none to be found, that give themselves little or no concern who thinks or acts as they do; but it is certain, that, ordinarily, we are desirous to be joined in the cause we espouse—we are solicitous to vindicate and spread our opinions, and to have others take the same courses with us. Should I allow you to be as intent on this, as any of your acquaintance are; yet, pray, consider what you may expect, when you stand alone, or when a majority is against you—when each of them relieves the other in an attack upon you—when this attack is, day after day, repeated—when your numerous opponents join in applauding, or strengthening, or enlivening their several objections to your sentiments; and in treating whatever you can urge in your defence, as absurd, or weak and imperiment—when your peace can only be purchased by your silence—when you find, that there is no hope of bringing those you delight to be with into your opinions, that they confirm each other in opposition to you, and that you can only be agreeable to them, by adopting their maxims, and conforming to their manners.

It is next to be considered, what you may fear from an intimacy with the immoral, when they must look upon themselves to be reproached by such of their acquaintance, as will not concur with them in their excuses:

They cannot but do this; because all who seek either to make them alter their manners, or to weaken their influence upon others, charge them with what is, really, the highest reproach to them; and because they are fen-
fible, that the arguments likelieft to be used by any one for his not complying with them, are grounded on the mischief of their conduct, or on its folly. Regard then yourfelf, as in their place. Reflect how you would behave towards the man whose opinion of you was, that you acted either a very criminal, or a very imprudent part: reflect, I fay, how you would behave towards the perfon thus judging of you, if you witheld to preferv a familiarity with him, but yet was refolved to perfift in your notions and practice. You, certainly, would try every method to remove his diflafe of them; you would colour them as agreeably as you possibly could: you would spare no pains to weaken every objection, he could have to them—you would, in your turn, attack his maxims and manners; you would feek to convince him upon what flight grounds he preferred them to yours—you would apply to every artifice, that could give them the appearance of being lefs defenfive, or that could incline him to over-look what might be urged in their defence.

And if this might naturally be suppofe the part you would act towards others; you ought to expect that they, in the fame circumfances, would behave alike towards you. But can you think it prudent to let them try, with what fuccefs they may proceed? Would not caution be your moft effectual fecurity? Would it not be the witteft method of pro-viding for yourafety, to keep out of the way of danger?

You are, further, to look upon thofe, from afsoociating with whom I would diffufe you, as extremely fciflicious to be kept in countenance. The viciofs well know, to how many objections their condudt is liable: they are fenfible, to what efteem good morals are entitled, what prafs they claim, and what they, in the moft corrupt times, receive.

Virtue is fo much for the interest of man-kind, that there can never be a general agreement, to deny all manner of applause to the practice of it: fuch numbers are made fUFFERERS by a departure from its rules, that there are few crimes, which meet not with an extensive censure.

You have long fince learnt it to be the language of paganism itfelf, that

"All, who act contrary to what the "reafon of things requires—who do what "is hurtful to themselves or others, must "stand felf-condemned:" and you cannot want to be informed, in what light they are feen by thofe who do not share their guilt. The endeavours, therefore, of fuch men,

while they are without any purpose of amendment, will, unquestionably, be, to make their caufe as fpecious as poifible, by engaging many in its defence; and to flience cenfurc, by the danger, that would arise from the numbers it would provoke. The motives to this endeavour, when duly reflected on, will fully fatisfy us, with what zeal it muft be accompanied; and it may well, therefore, alarm all, on whom its power is likely to be tried—may well induce them to confider ferially, what they have to fear from it, how much their virtue may fuffer by it.

I will conclude this with a short story of the Poet Dante, for which Boyle quotes Petrarch. Among other visits made by Dante, after his banifhment from Florence, one was to the then much-famed Can, Prince of Verona.

Can treated him, at fift, with great civility; but this did not laf: and by the little complaiufce at length fhewn the Poet, he plainly perceived that he ceafed to be an acceplable guest.

Scholars, it feems, were not Can's fa- vourites—he liked thofe much better, who studied to divert him; and ribaldry was by no means the difcourse that leat pleased him. Suspecting that this did not raffe Dante's opinion of him, he one day took occafion to fingle out the moft obnoxious of the libertine crew, that he entertained; and, after high prails given the man, turning to Dante, he faid, I avonder how it is, that this mad fellow is beloved by us all, as giving us the pleafure which, really, we do not find in your company, wife as you are thought to be.

Sir, anfwered the Poet, you would not avonder at this, if you confidered, that our love of any proceeds from their manners being fuitable, and their difpositions fimilar, to our own.

Dean Bolton.

§ 128. Letter VII.

Sir,

I have but one thing more to propofe to your confideration, as a difluative from afsoociating with the viciofs; and it is—The way, in which they, ordinarily, feek to cor rupt thofe, with whom they converfe.

The logic of the immorral contributes but little to incfcreafe their numbers, in comparison of what they effect by raillery and ridicule. This is their strength; they are fenfible of its being fo; and you may be affured that it will be exerted againft you. There is no thing that cannot be jefted with; and there
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is nothing that we, universally, bear worse, than to be made the jest of any.

What reasoning on moral subjects may not have its force evaded by a man of wit and humour; and receive a turn, that shall induce the less confiderate to flight it, as weak and inconclusive? The most becoming practice—that which is most our duty, and the importance of which to our present welfare is most evident, a lively fancy easily places in a ridiculous view, and thereby brings it into an utter neglect.

That reverence of the Deity, which the best both ancient and modern writers have so strongly recommended—which the worst-thief men in every age have so carefully expressed—which any observation of nature, any attention to our own frame, fails not to inculcate, is yet, by being represented under the garb of superflition or fanaticism, seen among us as such disdained, that many, our military gentlemen especially, appear to take a pride in shewing themselves divested of it.

Conjugal fidelity, though of such moment to the peace of families—to their interest—to the prosperity of the commonwealth, that, by the laws of the wisest and best regulated states, the severest punishment has been inflicted on the violation of it, is, nevertheless, by the levity, with which some have treated it, so much, at present, slighted, that the adulterer is well received: Women, who would think it the grossest affront to have their virtue questioned, who affect the character of the friciest observers of decorum, shun him not—shew him the utmost complaisance. Whatever dishonour, in this case, falls on any, it accrues wholly to the injured person.

Can you assign a better reason, why the intemperate, among the meaner people, have so prodigiously increased their numbers, than the banter they use towards such as they meet with dispofed to fobriety,—the mockery, with which they treat it,—the songs and catches, with which they are so plentifully provided, in derision of it?

I cannot give you the very terms of Lord Shaftesbury, as I have not his works; but I think I may be certain there is an observation in them to this effect—That, "had the enemies to Christianity expos'd its first profefors, not to wild beasts, but to ridicule, their endeavours to ftop its progress might have had very different fruits from what they experienced."

Had the wit of man been only concerned in the spreading that religion, I believe the conjecture well founded. But this success could no more have affected the truth of that religion, than it lefens the worth of a public spirit, of honesty, of temperance, that so many have been laughed out of them—that the jest made of them has occasioned their being so rare among us.

The author of the Beggar's Opera gives the true character of his Ne'agogue tribe, when he exhibits them ludicrous on all pretences to virtue, and thus hardening each other in their crimes. It was the most effectual means to keep up their spirits under their guilt, and may well be judged the likeliest method of bringing others to share it.

"The Duke of Buckingham," says a late writer, "had the art of turning persons or "things into ridicule, beyond any man of "the age. He postset the young King " [Charles II.] with very ill principles, "both as to religion and morality, and with "a very mean opinion of his father, whose "flainties was, with him, a subject of "raillery." It is elsewhere observed, that, "to make way for the ruin of the Lord Claren- "don, "He often acted and mimicked "him in the King's presence, walking "stately with a pair of bellows before him, "for the purfe, and Colonel Titus carrying "a fire-novel on his shoulder, for the mace; "with which fort of banter and farce the "King was too much delighted."

Such are the impreffions, to the disparage-"ment of the best things, and of the best men, "that may be made by burlesque and buffoonry: They can destroy the efficacy of the wisest precepts, and the noblest examples.

The Monarch here spoken of may, perhaps, be thought as ill-disposed as the worst of his favourites; and rather humoured, than corrupted, by the sport they made with all that is, ordinarily, held serious. Were this admitted to be true of him—Were we to suppose his natural depravity not heightened by any thing said or done before him, in derision of virtue or the virtuous; yet the effects of his being accustomed to such representa-tions may be looked upon as extremely mischievous; when we may, so probably, attribute to them the loose he gave to his natural depravity—the little de-"corum he observed—that utter carelessness to fave appearances, whence so much hurt ensued to the morals of his people, and whereby he occasioned such disfraction in his affairs, so weakened his authority, so entirely loft the affections of the best of his subjeets; and whence that he did not experience still worse consequences, may be ascribed to a concurrence.
The weakness of an argument may be clearly shown—The arts of the sophister may be detected, and the fallacy of his reasoning demonstrated—to the most subtle objections there may be given satisfactory answers: but there is no confuting ratiociny—the acutest logician would be silenced by a Merry Andrew.

It is to no manner of purpose that we have reason on our side, when the laugh is against us: and how easy is it, by playing with our words—by a quibble—by the lowest jest, to excite that laugh!

When the company is disposed to attack your principles with drollery, no plea for them is attended to; the more serious you shew yourself in their defence, the more scope you give to the mirth of your opponents.

How well forever we have informed ourselves of the motives to a right conduct, these motives are not attended to, as often as we act: our ordinary practice is founded on the impression, that a former consideration of them has made; which impression is very liable to be weakened—wants frequently to be renewed in the same way, that it was at first produced.

When we continually hear our virtue banter'd as mere prejudice, and our notions of honour and decorum treated, as the sole effects of our pride being dexterously flattered—When our piety is frequently subjecting us to be derided as childishly timorous, or absurdly superstitious; we soon know not how to persuade ourselves, that we are not more scrupulous than we need to be; we begin to question, whether, in setting the extent of our obligations, we have sufficiently consulted the imperfections of our nature—whether our judgment is without its bias from our fears.

Let our seriousness be exhibited to us in that odd figure, which wit and humour can easily give it; we shall be infeinfibly led to judge of it, according to its appearance, as thus overcharged; and under the disadvantage, in which it is shewn us: we shall, first, feem unconcerned at the greater liberties that others take, and, by degrees, proceed to take the very same ourselves.

The person, whom we most highly and justly honoured, if the buffoonry of our companions were constantly levelled at him, would soon have his worth overlooked by us; and, though we might not be brought to think of him as contemptibly, as they appeared to do, our reverence of him would certainly, at length abate, and both his advice and example have much less influence upon us.

Of this you shall have an instance in my next.

I will here only add what Jamblicbus mentions as practified by Pythagoras, before he admitted any into his school—He enquired, "Who were their intimates"—justly concluding, that they, who could like bad companions, would not be much profited by his instructions. Dean Bolton.

§ 129. LETTER VIII.

SIR,

What follows will discharge the promise, which I made you at the conclusion of my last.

S. was the oracle of his county; to whatever point he turned his thoughts, he soon made himself master of it. He entered, indeed, so early upon business, that he had little time for books; but he had read those, which best deserved his perusal, and his memory was the faithful repository of their contents.

The helps, that he had not received from reading, he had abundantly supplied the want of, by observation and conversation.

The compass of his knowledge was amazing. There was scarce any thing, of which one in his station ought to be informed, wherein he appeared to be ignorant. Long experience, great sagacity, a ready apprehension, a retentive memory, the resort to him of all sorts of people, from whom any thing could be learned, and an intimacy with some of the worthiest persons of every profession, enabled him to speak on most points with such justness and copiousness, as might induce you to conclude, upon first being with him, that the topic, on which his discourse turned, was what he had particularly and principally attended to. Though he owned himself never to have so much as look'd into the writings of atheists or deists; yet, from the promiscuous company he had been obliged to keep, and the freedom, with which all spoke their sentiments to him, there was not, perhaps, a material objection to the christian religion, of which he was not apprised, and which he had not well considered.

Sensible of his strength, and ever defirous to use it in the best of causes—in the service of that truth, which operates on men's practice, and would, if attended to, rectify it throughout; he did not discourage the
most free speakers: he calmly and willingly heard what they could say against his faith, while they used reason and argument; but drollery and jest he failed not, though with great good-humour, to reprove, as a species of misrepresentation—as a sure evidence, that truth was not fought—as an artifice, to which none would apply, who were not conscious of their weakness, who did not despair of supporting their notions by rational proofs.

Virtue and true religion had not, perhaps, an abler advocate than this gentleman; but whatever service his tongue might do them, his manners, certainly, did them far greater: he convinced you of their excellence, by exhibiting to your senses their effects—he left you no room to question how amiable they were, when it was from their influence upon him, that so much engaged your esteem and affection; he proved undeniably, how much they should be our care, by being himself an instance, how much they contributed to our happiness.

Never, certainly, did piety sit easier upon any man—Never, perhaps, was any man more esteemed by the very persons, between whose practice and his there was the widest difference.

The superior talents he discover'd, and his readiness to employ them for the benefit of all, who applied to him, engaged alike their admiration and their love.

The obligations, conferred by him, obtained the height of complaisance towards his son. Invitations were made the youth from all quarters; and there was not a young man of any figure near him, who was not introduced to him, and directed to pay him particular civility. They, who sought to attach him closest to them by consulting his humour, were never without their arguments for licencing it, "True it was, this or that "pursuit might not be to the taste of his father—but neither did it suit his years—"When he was a young man, he, undoubtedly, acted as one; he took the diversions, allowed himself in the gratifications, to "which youth inclines: no wonder that he "should now censure what he could not "relish—that he should condemn the "draught, which his head could not bear, "and be indifferent to the features, which "he could not distinguish without his spectacles."

When this kind of language had abated the reverence, due to so excellent an instructor, the bunson interposed still further to weaken his influence; gave an air of affection to his decorum—of hypocrisy to his seriousness—of timorousness to his prudence—of avarice to his wife economy—burlesqued the advice, that he might be supposed to give, the arguments with which he was likely to support it, and the reproofs, he would naturally use, when he did not see a disposition to follow it.

Soon as the young man had attained the age, at which the law supposes us sufficiently discreet, he expressed a most earnest desire to have an opportunity of appearing as. Repeated promises were made, that if a proper allowance was settled on him, and leave given him to chuse a place of abode, there should not be the least mismanagement; the income assigned him should answer every article of expense.

The son's importunity was seconded by the fond mother's, and their joint solicitations prevailed. The youth was now accessible, at all times, to the most profligate of his acquaintance: and one part of their entertainment usually was, to fet his excellent father's maxims and manners in the most disadvantageous light. This failed not to bring on a disregard to both—to entire a disregard to them, that the whore and the card-table took up all the hours, which the bottle relieved not.

Thus fell the heir of one of the worthiest of our countrymen!—It was to no purpose, that such an admirable example had been set him by the person, he was most likely to regard—that such particular care had been taken to reason him into a discharge of his duty—that he had been present, when the most subtle advocates for irreligion either were silenced, or induced to acknowledge their principles to be much less defensible, than they had hitherto thought them. None of the impressions of what had been done for him, or paid to him, or had passed before him, could hold out against ridicule; it affected every trace of them, and prepared him to be as bad, as his worst companions could be inclined to make him. How great a neglect of him ensued! They who had laugh'd him out of the reverence due to his parent's worth, rendered him soon despised by all, whose esteem could profit or credit him; and he died in the 70th year of his constitution, when but in the 25th of his age.

Dean Bolton.

§ 130. Letter IX.

SIR,

My last gave you a melancholy instance of the hurt, done by ridicule to the heir of a
most worthy man, not many miles from you. What influence it had towards the condem-
nation of him, to whom the epithet of divine
might, perhaps, be more properly applied,
than to any one, who ever lived under the
sole guidance of reason, has long, you know,
been matter of dispute. I will only observe,
concerning the comic writer's ridicule of
Socrates—

1. That, when such a representation could
be made of so excellent a person, it demon-
states, that no degree of worth can secure
any person from any attempt to destroy his
credit; and that they, whose capacities fully
enable them to diftem this worth, may be
its spitefulest enemies, and bend their wits
to disparage it—

2. That, when such a representation
could be made by a man of good parts, with
any confidence of success, it is, further, an
evidence of the probability, that the highest
and most just reputation may suffer from
didactic, and that it may bring into contempt
what is entitled to the greatest esteem and
honour—

3. That if the Athenians were so well
pleased with the means used to leffen the
character of this ornament, not only to his
country, but his species, as to render the in-
terposition of a powerful party in the state
necessary, to prevent the poet's abuse from
meeting with all the successes, he promised
himself in it; we are fully taught, what may
be the pernicious effects of ingenious drollery
—how much it may weaken the force of any
instruction, or any example.

Where violent methods are pursued, in
order to withdraw us from any religious
practise or opinion; they who thus oppose it
throwing thereby, that they look upon it as
somewhat of great importance, teach us to
do the same; and often increase our attach-
ment to it—render us more earnest about it,
than we otherwise should have been. But
where such practisc or opinion is treated as a
matter of jest—where it meets with all the
flight that scoffing and laughter can express,
we scarcely know how to preserve our regard
to it, as a thing of much consequence; and
from esteeming it of little moment, we easily
proceed to judge it of none at all.

The force that is offered us, on account of
our persuasion, either occasions such an aven-
tion from him, who applies to it, as prevents
his having any influence upon us; or engages
us in so careful an attention to the grounds,
upon which we formed our judgment, as
fixes us in the resolution not to alter it. But
when all passés under the appearance of good
humour—when only mirth and pleasanty
are exerted against us, we neither contract
that hatred towards those, by whom we are
thus treated, which will be our security from
any bad impressions they can make upon us;
nor are we excited to any examination of
our principles, that can confirm us in them.
The freedom which our companions use, in
sporting with what we have hitherto rever-
cenced, will tempt us to conclude, that its
importance is far from being obvious; nor,
indeed, can it fail, unless our minds have a
more than ordinary firmness, to raise at
length some doubt in us, whether we have
not been too fanciful or too credulous. And as

" The woman, who deliberates, is lost,"
we may fear the man will be so likewise,
who suffers himself to question, how well
founded his serioufness is, merely because
his associates are continually deriding it.
Would you not, indifferently, keep out
of the way of those, who had power to tor-
ture you, and whom you knew ready to do
it, if you would not be guided by them,
but was determined to think and act, as your
own reason should direct? Believe me, Sir,
the scoffers should be as much flunned by
the friend to virtue, as the inquisitor by the
friend of truth. Whoever would attain or
preferve a just fcnce of his duty, should have
as little intercourse as pofible with those
who would discourage sincerity—who would
oppose it, either by the faggot, or the fair.

* of Smithfield. A very uncommon resolu-

ion is required to be ready to the prin-
ciples, from avowing which we must expect to
be the heroes in a farce; though we need
not apprehend that it will make us victims to
the flames.

What your temper may be, I cannot af-
firm; but I really think that, with great
numbers, drollery is not only a species of
perfection, but the most dangerous kind of
it: they would as soon be scourged, as
mocked; be burthened with the crofs, as
habited with the purple. You can scarcely be
enough aware of the rill you run from being
jealded with, as a vifonary or a bigot—as one
of much whim, or very little penetration.

But enough of the inducements, that vi-
tious companions would be under to corrupt
you, and the means they would use to do it.
The care you shall take, in the choice of
your company, will be the subject of but one
letter more from

Dean Bolton.

* Barbolmev fair, during which plays and

farcres were formerly, from morning to night, the
entertainment of the populace.
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§ 131. LETTER X.

SIR,

All I have to add, on what has lately been the subject of my correspondence with you, will be contained in this letter. I will not lengthen it, by apologizing for it.

Might I suppose you to be fortified by a right disposition, a wife education, good sense, and a thorough knowledge of the reaonableness of the practice enjoined by your religion, that every attempt to corrupt your morals would miscarry; this hurt, however, you would be sure to find from being much in the company of vicious men, that you would be less careful to become eminently virtuous—you would be less careful to fulfill your obligations, than you otherwise would be. While you saw others so much worse than yourself; you would not consider, how much better you ought to be, than you at present are. While their gross faults were avoided, you would not consider, how much there is in you, that ought to be amended.

We measure what is, in any way, commendable, by comparing our share of it with that of our neighbour: we do not regard in what degree, as to itself, we possess the good, but in how greater a degree it is possessed by us, than by others. Among a very ignorant people, a scholar of the lowest form will pass, both in their and his own judgment, for an adept. You would, I am sure, pronounce of any gentleman, who kept mean company, that there was little hope of his ever acting a part, which would greatly credit him; while he loved to be chiefly with those, who would own, and do homage to, his superiority; you would think him by no means likely to cultivate much real worth. And were it to be said, that you should make such a judgment of him, not because of any impreffion he would receive from his companions, but because of the disposition he shewed in the choice of them; I should be glad to know, how that man must be thought affected towards religion and virtue, who could be willingly present, where he was sure, that they would be grossly depreciated. Whoever could bear a disparagement of them, must have so little fente of their worth, that we may justly conclude him ill prepared for refilling the attempt, to deprive them wholly of their influence upon him. And, therefore, we may as fitly determine, from the disposition evidenced by him who keeps bad company, what his morals will at length be; as we can determine from the turn of mind, discovered by one who keeps mean company, what his figure in the world is likely to be.

Those among us, whose capacities qualify them for the most considerable attainments—who might raise themselves to an equality with the heroes in literature, of the last century, fit down contented with the superiority they have over their contemporaries—acquiesce in furnishing a bare specime4 of what they could do, if their genius were roused, if they were to exert their abilities. They regard only the advantage they possess over the idle and illiterate, by whom they are surrounded; and give way to their ease, when they may take it; and yet appear as considerable in their times, as the learned men, we most admire, did in their respective ages.

"How many could I mention, to whom nature has been most liberal of her endowments, who are barely in the lift of authors, who have only writ enough to shew how much honour they would have done their country, had their application been called out, and yet their names must have been no better known than those of their acquaintance, unless their diligence had equalled their capacity."

What is thus notoriously true of literary defect, is equally so of moral: the persons, to whom we allot a greater share of it, than has long been found in any in their situations, how have they their sense of right withheld from exerting itself, by the few they meet with disposed to animate them to any endeavour towards correcting the general depravity—by the connections they have with such numbers, whose rule is their inclination—by that utter disregard to duty, which they see in most of those, with whom they have an intercourse.

"Alas! in the very best of us, a conviction of what becomes us goes but a little way, in exciting us to prattife it. Solicitations to be less observant of it are, from some or other quarter, perpetually offering themselves; and are by no means likely to be withstood, if our resolutions are not strengthened by the wife counsels and correspondent examples of our associates."

"B—hold! young man—You live in an age, when it is requisite to fortify the mind by examples of constancy."

This Tacitus mentions as the speech of the admirable Thrasea to the quaefor, sent to tell him, he must die; and by whom he would have it remarked, with what composure he died.
Nor is it only when our virtue endangers our life, as was then the cafe, that such examples are wanted. Wherever there is a prevailing corruption of manners; they who would act throughout the becoming part, must be animated to it by what they hear from, and see in, others, by the patterns of integrity, which they have before them. We are easily induced to judge some deviation from our rule very excusable; and to allow ourselves in it: when our thoughts are not called off from our own weakfens and the general guilt: but while we are conversant with thofe, whose conduct is as unfitfual, as our own, to that of the multitude; we are kept awake to a fenfe of our obligations—our spirits are supported—we feel the courage that we behold—we fee what can be done by fuch as share our frail nature; and we are alhamed to answer, where they preferoue.

Aristotle considers friendship as of three kinds; one arifing from virtue, another from pleafure, and another from interest; but justly determines, that there can be no true friendship, which is not founded in virtue. The friendship contrated from pleafure, or profit, regards only the pleafure or profit obtained thereby; and ceafes, when thefe precarious motives to it fail: but that, to which virtue gives birth, not having any accidental caufe—being without any dependence on humour or interest—arifing wholly from intrinsic worth, from what we are in ourselves, never fluctuates, operates steadily and uniformly; remains firm and uninterrupted, is lasting as our lives. That which is the elfential qualification of a friend, fhould be the chief recommendation in a companion. If, indeed, we have any concern for real worth; with whom fhould we be more defirous to converse, than with thofe, who would accompany us, and encourage us, in the purfuit of it.

The fame writer, mentioning the ufe, that friends are of to us in every part of life, remarks the benefit, which young men find from them to be—" That they keep them " in their duty."

Had he thought, that any thing could have been urged more in behalf of friendship; he, undoubtedly, would have obferved it. And when fuch is the language of a fable an instructor, and of one who guided himfelf in his instructions only by the certain, the preffent advantage, that would attend a conformity to them; the leffon we have here for the choice of company mutt appear worthy the notice even of thofe, who will have no other guides, but reafon and nature.

If to keep us fteady to our duty be the beft office, that can be done us,—If they, who are our friends, will be thus ferviceable to us,—If the virtuous alone can be our friends, our conversation fhould be chiefly with the virtuous; all familiarity with the vicious should be avoided; we fhould confider thofe, who would defroy our virtue, as our enemies—our very worst enemies, whilst endeavouring to deprive us of the greatest blessing, that it is in our power to obtain. Dean Bolton.

§ 132. On Intemperance in Eating.
Sect. I.

This respects the quantity of our food, or the kind of it: if, in either of these, we have no regard to the hurt it may do us, we are guilty of intemperance.

From tranfegreffing in the quantity of our food a speedier mischief entufes, than from doing fo in the quality of it; and therein we never can tranfgreff, without being directly admonifhed of it, by our very constitution. Our meal is never too large, but heavineses comes on—the load on our stomack is our infant tormentor; and every repetition of our fault a caution to us, that we do not any more thus offend. A caution, alas, how unheeded by us!—Crammed like an Engleman, was, I find, a proverbial expreffion in Erasimus's days—above two hundred years ago.

An error barely in the kind of our aliment gives us, frequently, no preffent alarm; and, perhaps, but a very flight one, after we have, for some years, continued in it. In the vigour of youth, fcarce any thing we eat appears to disagree with us: we gratify our palate with whatever pleafes it; feeling no ill confequence, and therefore fearing none. The inconveniences, that we do not yet find, we hope we shall always escape; or we then propofe to ourfelves a restraint upon our appetite, when we experience the bad effects of indulging it.

With refpect to the quantity of our food; that may be no excefs in one man, which may be the moft blameable in another: what would be the height of glutony in us, if of a weak and tender frame, may be, to persons of much stronger conftitutions, a quite temperate meal. The fame proportions of food can, likewise, never fuit fuch, as have in them dispositions to particular difeafes, and fuch, as have no evils of that nature.
nature to guard against: nor can they, further, fuit thefe, who are employed in hard labour, and thofe, who live wholly at their eafe—thofe, who are frequently furring and in action, and thofe, whose life is fedentary and inactive. The fame man may, alfo, in the very fame quantity, be free from, or guilty of, excess, as he is young or old—healthy or diseafed—as he accustoms his body to fatigue, or to repofe.

The influence that our food has upon our health, its tendency to preferve or to impair our constitution, is the meafe of its temperance or excess.

It may, indeed, fo happen, that our diet fhall be, generally, very fpARING, without allowing us any claim to the virtue of temperance; as when we are more defirous to fave our money, than to flate our palates, and, therefore, deny ourfelves at our own table, what we eat with greedinesfs, when we feed at the charge of others; as, likewife, when our circumftances not permitting us, ordinarily, to indulge our appetite, we yet fet no bounds to it, when we have an opportunity of gratifying it.

He is the temperate man, whose health directs his appetite—who is best pleafed with what beft agrees with him—who eats, not to gratify his taste, but to preferve his life—who is the fame at every table, as at his own—who, when he feals, is not cloyed; and fes all the delicacies before him, that luxury can accumulate; yet preferves a due abstinence amidft them.

The rules of temperance not only oblige us to abftain from what now does, or what we are fure foon will, hurt us: we offend againft them, when we avoid not whatever has a probability of being hurtful to us.—They are, further, tranfgreffed by too great nicety about our food—by much folicitude and eagernefs to procure what we moft relifi—by frequently eating to fatiety.

We have a letter remaining of an heathen, who was one of the moft eminent perfons in an age diftinguifhed by the great men it produced, in which he exprifes how unfafe it made him, to be among thofe, who placed no small part of their happiness in an elegant table, and who filled themselves twice a day.

In thus describing temperance, let me not be underftood to cenfure, as a failure therein, all regard to the food that best pleafes us, when it is equally wholesome with other kinds—when its price is neither unfuitable to our circumftances, nor very great—when it may be conveniently pro-
cured—when we are not anxious about it—when we do not frequently feek after it—when we are always moderate in its ufe.

To govern our appetite is neceflary; but, in order to this, there is no neceflity that we fhould always mortify it—that we fhould, upon every occafion, confider what is leaft agreeable to us.

Life is no more to be paffed in a conftant felf-denial, than in a round of fenfual enjoy-
ments. We fhould endeavour, that it may not be, at any time, painful to us to deny ourfelves what is improper for us; and, on that as well as other accounts, it is moft fitting that we fhould frequently practice felf-denial—that we fhould often forego what would delight us. But to do this continually, I cannot fuppofe required of us; because it doth not feem reafonable to think that it fhould be our duty wholly to defbar ourfelves of that food which our palate is formed to reftih, and which we are fure may be ufed, without any prejudice to our virtue, or our health.

Thus much may fuffice to inform us, when we incur the guilt of eating intimate-
perately.

The diflufives from it, that appear of greatest weight, are these:

It is the groftefl abuse of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vileft debafement of ourfelves.

Our bodies owe to it the moft painful difeafes, and, generally, a fpedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the ufe of our nobler faculties, and is fure, at length, greatly to enfeble them.

The ftraits to which it often reduces us, occafion our falling into crimes, which would, otherwife, have been our utter abhorrence.

Dean Bolton.

§ 133. Ou Intemperance in Eating.

S E C T. II.

To confider, firft, excess in our food as the groftefl abuse of the gifts of providence.

The vaft variety of creatures, with which God has repofed the earth—the abun-
dant provifion, which he has made for many of them—the care, which he has taken that each species of them fhould be preferved—the numerous conueniences they administer to us—the pleafing change of food they afford us—the fitutable food that we find, among their different kinds, to different climates, to our different ways of life, ages, conftitutions, diftempers, are, certainly, the moft awakening call to the higheft admiration, and the greafeft of the divine wisdom.
wisdom and goodness. This sense is properly expressed, by the due application of what is so graciously afforded us—by the application of it to these purposes, for which it was manifestly intended. But how contrary hereto is his practice, who lives as it were but to eat, and considers the liberality of providence only as catering for his luxury! What mischief this luxury doth us will be presently considered; and, in whatsoever degree it hurts us, we to such a degree abuse our Maker's bounty, which must design our good—which, certainly, is directly to our welfare. Were we, by indulging our appetites, only to make ourselves leis fit for any of the offices of life, only to become less capable of discharging any of the duties of our station, it may be made evident, that, in this respect likewise, our life of the Divine beneficence is quite contrary to what it requires. He who has appointed us our business here—who, by our peculiar capacities, has signified to us our proper employments, thereby discover to us how far merely to please ourselves is allowed us; and that, if we do so, to the hindrance of a nobler work, it is opposing his intention; it is defeating the end of life, by those very gifts, which were bestowed to carry us on more cheerfully towards it.

When my palate has a large scope for its innocent choice—when I have at hand what may most agreeably recruit my strength, and what is most effectual to preserve it; how great ingratitude and baseness shew themselves in the excess, which perverts the aim of so much kindness, and makes that to be the cause of my forgetting with what view I was created, which ought to keep me ever mindful of it! As the bounty of Heaven is one of the strongest motives to a reasonable life, how guilty are we if we abuse it to the purposes of a sensual! Our crime must be highly aggravated, when the more conveniences our Maker has provided for us, we are so much the more unmindful of the task he has enjoined us—when by his granting us what may satisfy our appetite, we are induced wholly to consult it, and make ourselves slaves to it.

Let intemperance in our food be next considered, as the shamefulest debasement of ourselves.

Life, as we have been wisely taught to consider it, is more than meat. Man could not be sent into the world but for quite different purposes, than merely to indulge his palate. He has an understanding given him, which he may greatly improve; many are the perfections, which he is qualified to attain; much good to his fellow-creatures he has abilities to do: and all this may be truly said of all mankind; all of us may improve our reason, may proceed in virtue, may be useful to our fellow-creatures. There are none, therefore, to whom it is not the foulest reproach, that their belly is their God—that they are more solicitous to favour, and thereby to strengthen, the impurity of their appetite, than to weaken and miter it, by frequent resistance and restraint. The reasonable being is to be always under the influence of reason; it is his excellence, his prerogative, to be so: whatever is an hindrance to this degrades him, reflects on him disgrace and contempt. And as our reason and appetite are in a constant opposition to each other, there is no indulging the latter, without lessening the power of the former: If our appetite is not governed by, it will govern, our reason, and make its most prudent suggestions, its wisest counsels, to be unheeded and flighted.

The fewer the wants of any being are, we must consider it as so much the more perfect; since thereby it is less dependent, and has less of its happiness without itself. When we raise our thoughts to the Beings above us, we cannot but attribute to the higher orders of them, still farther removes from our own weaknesses and indigence, till we reach God himself, and exempt him from wants of every kind.

Knowing thus what must be ascribed to natures superior to ours, we cannot be ignorant, what is our own best recommendation; by what our nature is raised; wherein its worth is distinguished.

To be without any wants is the Divine prerogative; our praise is, that we add not to the number of thofe, to which we were appointed—that we have none we can avoid—that we have none from our own misconduct. In this we attain the utmost degree of perfection within our reach.

On the other hand, when fancy has multiplied our necessities—when we owe I know not how many to ourselves—when our ease is made dependent on delicacies, to which our Maker never subjected it—when the cravings of our luxury bear no proportion to thofe of our natural hunger, what a degenerate race do we become! What do we but sink our rank in the creation!

He whose voraciousness prevents his being satisfied, till he is loaded to the full of what he is able to bear, who eats to the utmost
When the general of brutes—when duly relieved seeking no more, and forbearing even what is before them. But below any brute is he, who, by indulging himself, has contracted wants, from which nature exempted him; who must be made hungry by art, must have his food undergo the most unhonorable preparations, before he can be inclined to taste it; only relishing what is ruinous to his health; his life supported by what necessarily shortens it. A part this, which, when acted by him, who has reason, reflection, foresight given him, wants a name to represent it in the full of its deformity. With privileges so far beyond those of the creatures below us, how great is our baseness, our guilt, if those endowments are so far abused, that they serve us but to find out the means of more grossly corrupting ourselves!

I cannot quit this head, without remarking it to be no slight argument of the dishonour we incur by gluttony, that nothing is more carefully avoided in all well-bred company, nothing would be thought by such more brutal and rude, than the discovery of any marks of our having eat in temperately—of our having exceeded that proportion of food, which is proper for our nourishment.

Dean Bolton.

§ 134. On Intemperance in Eating.

Sect. III.

To consider, further, excess in our food as hastening our death, and bringing on us the most painful diseases.

It is evident, that nothing contributes more to the preservation of life, than temperance.

Experience proves it to be actually so; and the structure of the human body shews that it must be so.

They who describe the golden age, or the age of innocence, and near a thousand years of life, represent the customary food of it, as the plainest and most simple.

Whether animal food was at all used before the flood, is questioned: we certainly find, long after it, that Lot's making a feast is described by his baking unleavened bread.

Abraham entertained those, whom he considered of such eminence, as that, to use the words of scripture, "he ran to "meet them from the tent door, and bowed "himself to the ground;" Abraham's entertainment, I say, of persons thus honoured by him, was only with a calf, with cakes of meal, with butter and milk.

Gideon's hospitality towards the most illustrious of guests shewed itself in killing a kid of the goats; and we read that Jefus looked upon this to be a preface, which his prince would not disdain.

Perhaps my reader would rather take a meal with some of the worthies of profane history, than with those, whom the sacred has recorded.

I will be his introducer. He shall be a guest at an entertainment, which was, certainly, designed to be a splendid one; since it was made by Achilles for three such considerable persons, as Phoenix, Ajax, and Ulysses; persons, whom he himself represents as being, of all the Grecian chiefs, those whom he most honours.

He will easily be believed herein; for this declaration is scarce sooner out of his mouth, than he and his friends, Patroclus and Automedon, severally employ themselves in making up the fire—chopping the meat, and putting it into the pot—Or, if Mr. Pope be allowed to describe their talks on this occasion,

— Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Hens in a brazen vase three times entire:
The brazen vase Automedon fullains,
Which fife of porkets, sleep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides,
Mean while Paris sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze.

But who is dressing the fish and fowls?
This feaft, alas! furnishes neither. The poet is so very bad a caterer, that he provides nothing of that kind for his heroes on this occasion; or, on another, even for the luxurious Phoenicians. Such famples thefe of Homer's entertainments, as will gain entire credit to what is said of them in Plutarch, "that we must rise almost hungry from "them." Sym. Lib. II. Qu. 10.

Should the blind bard be considered as a stroller—keeping low company, and therefore, in the feasts he makes for the great, likely more to regard the quantity of the food which he provides for them, than the kind of it: would you rather be one of Virgil's guests, as he lived in an age, when good eating was understood—converted with people of rank—knew what dines they liked, and would therefore not fail to place such before them?

You shall then be the guest of the Roman poet—Do you chufe beef, or mutton—would you be helped to pork, or do you

prefer
prefer goat's flesh? You have no stomach for such a sort of diet. He has nothing else for you, unless Polyphemus will spare you a leg or an arm of one of the poor Greeks he is eating; or unless you will join the half-drowned crew, and take a bit of the flags, which are dressed as soon as killed; or unless you are a great lover of bread and apples, and in order to satisfy your hunger, will, in the language of Aesop, eat your table.

Dido, indeed, gives Aesop, and his companions a most splendid entertainment, as far as numerous attendants constitute one; but the poet mentions nothing, that the heroes had to eat, except bread; whatever else was got for them he includes in the general term Dapes; which, in other parts of the Aenid, is applied to all the coarse fare already mentioned.

As the luxury of mankind increased, their lives shortened: The half of Abraham's age became regarded as a fretch, far beyond the customary period. So in profane history we find, that when the arts of luxury were unknown in Rome, its seven kings reigned a longer term, than, afterwards, upon the prevalency of those arts, was completed by its first twenty emperors.

Such persons, indeed, among the ancients, whose precepts and practice most recommended temperance in diet, were eminent instances of the benefit accruing from it, in the health preferred, and long life attained by it.

Gorgias lived 107 years.

Hippocrates reached, according to some writers, his 100th year, according to others his 109th.

Pythagoras, of whom it was observed, that he was never known to eat to satiety, lived to near 100 years; if Jamblichus may be credited. D. Laertius says, that according to most writers he was, when he left his life, in his 90th year. Out of his school came Empedocles, who lived, as some say, to 109; and Xenophanes, who lived to above 105.

Zeno lived to 98: his disciple and successor Cleanthes to 99.

Diogenes, when he died, was about 90. Plato reach'd his 81st year; and his follower Xenocrates his eighty-fourth.

Lycurgus, the lawyer of the Lacedæmonians, who, when they obeyed his laws, were not less distinguished by their abstemiousness than by their fortitude, lived to 87; and their King Agesilaus took pay of Taxis at 80; afterwards assisted Neæan-
Dr. T. Robinson says of H. Jenkins, the fisherman, who lived 169 years, that his diet was coarse and four.

Dr. M. Lister, having mentioned several old persons of Craven, in Yorkshire, says—The food of all this mountainous country is exceeding coarse. *Abr. of Phil. Trans.* by LOWTHORP, vol. iii. p. 307, &c.

Burton speaks of a fisherman in his own time, who married at 100, went out in his little fishing boat in the roughest weather at 140, and at last did not die of any painful distemper, but merely worn out by age. *Rer. Scot. Hist. lib. i. ad fin.*

Plutarch mentions our countrymen as, in his time, growing old at 120. To account for this, as he does, from their climate, seems less rational than to ascribe it to their way of living, as related by Diodoras Siculus, who tells us—that their diet was simple, and that they were utter stragglers to the delicate fare of the wealthy.

In our several neighbourhoods we all of us fee, that they who least confult their appetite, who least give way to its wanton-ness or voraciousness, attain, generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themselves nothing they can relish, and conveniently procure.

Human life, indeed, being exposed to so many thousand accidents, its end being hastened by such a prodigious diversity of means, there is no care we can take of ourselves, in any one respect, that will be our effectual preservative; but, allowing for casualties and difference in constitutions, we every where perceive, that the age of thofe, who neglect the rules of temperance, is of a much shorter date than theirs, by whom these rules are carefully followed.

And if we attend to our frugacity, it must thence be evident that it cannot be otherwife.

Dean Bolton.

§ 135. On Intemperance in Eating.

Sect. IV.

The human body may be considered as composed of a great variety of tubes, in which their proper fluid is in a perpetual motion. Our health is according to the condition, in which these vessels and this fluid are.

The ruptured, or too relaxed, or too rigid state of the one; and the redundancy or deficiency, the resolved or viscid, the ascendent or the putreient state of the other, is a disorder in our frame. Whether our excess be in the quantity or quality of aliment, we must suffer by it, in some or other of these ways.

By the stomach being frequently loaded, that fulness of the vessels ensues, by which the fibres are weakened—the circulation becomes languid—perspiration is lessened—obstructions are formed—the humours become viscid and soon putrid.

In the progress to this last state, different diseases take place, according to the general strength or weaknes of the organs, or according to the debility of some particular organ; according to the constitution of the air; according to our rest or motion; according to the warmth in which we keep, or the cold, to which we expose ourselves, &c.

Excess may be in the quantity of our food, not only when we eat fo as to burthen the stomach; but, likewise, when our meals bear not a just proportion to our labour or exercise.

We are tempted to exceed in the quantity of our food, by the seasoning of it, or by the variety of it.

The stimulius of fauce serves but to excite a fafe appetite—to make us eat much more than we should do, if our diet were quite fimple.

The effect it the fame, when our meal is composed of feveral kinds of food: their different fates are fo many inducements to exceed, as they are fo many provocations to eat beyond what will fatisfy our natural wants.

And thus, though we were never to touch a difh, which had its relifh from any the least unwholesome ingredient; though our diet were the plaineft, and nothing came ever before us, that had any other elegance than from the feafon, in which it was brought to our table, or the place in which it appeared there; we yet might greatly hurt ourselves; we might be as intemperate, and as speedily destroy ourselves by our intemperance with roast and boiled meat, as with fricaffees and ragouts.

The quality of our aliment may be mischievous to us, either as universally prejudicial to the human constitution, or as unfuitable to our own;—unsuitable to the weaknes of our whole frame, or to some defect in the formation of a part of it, or to that taint we have in us, from the difeases or vices of our parents.

We may be greatly prejudiced by the kind of our food, in many other ways; and we, ordinarily, are fo, by not regarding what agrees with the climate, in which we are—what with the country we inhabit—what with the manner of life we lead.
From the great heat that spices occasion, and from the length of time they continue it, we may truly say, that their copious and daily use in food must be injurious to all constitutions.

So for salted meats, the hurt that may be feared from them, when they are our constant meals, is easily collected, from the irritation they must cause in their passage through the body—from the injury, that must hence ensue to its finer membranes—from the numerous acid particles, that must hereby be lodged in the pores of the skin, the obstructions which this must produce, and the large quantity of perspiring matter which will, therefore, be detained in, and, conseqently, greatly foul the blood—from the dreadful symptoms, that attend a high degree of the scurvy; the relief of which by vegetables, by fresh meat, by liquids fittest to remove the effects of a muriatic cause, plainly shows them to be owing to such a cause.

Whatever has the haut-gout may be looked upon as constituting of such active particles, as cannot but make our frequent eating of it very dangerous—as must render it much fitter to be used as physic, than as food.

From a mixture of meats, each of them wholesome in its kind, a bad chyle may be formed: and the rule in physic is, that an error in the first digestion will not be mended in the second.

A delicate constitution is, speedily, either quite deftroyed, or irrecoverably disordered, when the diet is not exactly adapted to it—nor such as leaf irritates, as leath heats, as is most easily concocted, as soonest passes out of the body, and leaves the fewest impurities behind it there.

The weaknesses, or the wrong formation, of a part of our frame is, generally, a call to the utmost care about our food; and as our observing this may extend our life, even under either of those circumstances, as far as we could have hoped it would have been prolonged, if we had been without any such defect; so our failure therein may, in a very short time, be fatal to us.

The most simple aliment will, perhaps, be unable to hinder our feeling, in some degree, the bad consequences of the diseases, or irregularities of our parents; but how far they shall affect us, depends, very often, in a great measure, upon ourselves.

They may neither much contraint the term, nor much interrupt the comfort, of life, if we will make hunger our sauce, and, in every meal we eat, regard the diltempers we inherit; but early, ahi! and heavy will our sufferings be, our years few and full of unceasions, when, without any such regard, our taste is directed by that of the found and athletic—when the solicitations of appetite lead us to forget the reasons we have to restrain it.

In this climate and country, where, for so many months in the year, the cuticular discharges are so small—where the air is so often, so suddenly, and to so great a degree, varies its equilibrium, and where our veils, therefore, are as frequently, as suddenly, and as greatly contracted or expanded—where fogs so much abound, and so much contribute to impair the elasticity of our fibres—to hinder the proper both secretions and excretions—to destroy the due texture of the blood, and vitiate our whole habit, it must be obvious, what we have to fear, when our aliment hurts us in the same way with our air—when the one heightens the disorder, to which we are exposed by the other.

An inattention to the nutriment fit for us, when we seldom use any exercise, or, always, very gentle—when our life is sedentary, either from the busines by which we maintain ourselves, or from our love of ease, or from our literary pursuits, is perhaps as fatal to us, as almost any infraction of wrong conduct, with which we can be chargeable. By high feeding and little or no exercise, we are not only exposed to the most dangerous diseases, but we make all diseases dangerous: we make those to, which would, otherwise, be slight and easily removed; we do not only subject ourselves to the particular maladies, which have their rise wholly from luxury, but we render ourselves more liable to those, which have no connexion with it. We, then, are among the first, who are seized with the diltempers, which the constitution of the air occasions—We are most apt to receive all those of the infectious kind—We take cold whence we might least fear it; and find its immediate consequence, a malignant or an inflammatory fever, or some other disease equally to be dreaded.

A writer in physic of the first rank afferts, that our diet is the chief cause of all our diseases—that other causes only take effect from the disposition of our body, and the state of its humours.

There is, I am persuaded, much truth in this assertion. For, as in countries, where the inhabitants greatly indulge themselves, few die of old age; so where a strict temperance is observed, few die but of old age.

We find, likewise, persons, as Socrates for infortune,
infanee, who, by their regular living, have preferred themselves from the infection of a disease, that has made the cruellest havoc around them. We perceive, also, the retrievers of health usually attempting its recovery by some or other discharge, by draining the body in some way or other. And if evacuation is the cure of our disorders, we may justly think, that resolution is their most general cause. But if this may admit of a dispute, which, I think, it hardly can do; yet is it on all hands agreed—that there are several dilemmas, to which few are subject but for want of self-denial in themselves, or their ancestors—that most of these dilemmas are of the painfulllest fort, and that some of them are such as we for years lament, without the least hope of recovery, and under an absolute certainty, that the longer they continue upon us the more grievously they will distress us; the acuteness of our sufferings from them will be constantly increasing.

Dean Bolus.

§ 156. On Intemperance in Eating.

SECT. V.

Let me, also, consider intemperance in what we eat, as frequently interrupting the use of our nobler faculties; and sure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them. How long is it, before we are really ourselves, after our stomach has received its full load? Under it, our senses are dulled, our memory clouded, our wit insensible; stupidity poisons us: some hours must pass, before our vivacity returns, before reason can again act with its full vigour. The man is not seen to advantage, his real abilities are not to be discovered, till the effects of his gluttony are removed, till his constitution has thrown off the weight that oppressed it.

The hours preceding a plentiful meal, or those, which succeed its entire digestion, are, we all find, such, in which we are fittest to transact our affairs, in which all the acts of the understanding are best exerted.

How small a part of his time is therefore, the luxurious man himself! What between the length of his repasts—the space during which he is, as it were, stuipified by his excesses in them—the many hours of sleep that he wants to refresh, and of exercise to strengthen him; within how small a compass is that portion of his life brought, in which his rational powers are fitly displayed!

In the vigour of youth, in the full strength of manhood, an uncontrolled gratification of appetite allows only short intervals of clear apprehension, of close attention, and the free use of our judgment; but if, either through an uncommonly firm constitution, or by spending all those hours in exercise, which are not passed at our tables or in our beds, we are enabled, notwithstanding such gratification, to reach a more advanced age; what a melancholy spectacle do we then frequently afford! our memory, our wit, our senses almost wholly destroyed— their remains scarce allowing a conjecture to be formed thence, what they have been—the ruins of the man hardly furnishing a trace of his former ornaments.

Most of those diseases, which luxury brings upon our bodies are, indeed, a gradual impairing of our intellectual faculties: the mind shares the disorder of its companion, acts as that permits, discovers a greater or less capacity, according to the other's more or less perfect state. And as the body, when dead, is totally unfit to be acted upon by the soul; so the nearer it is brought to death by our gluttony, the more we increase its unfittedness to display, by how noble a principle it is actuated—what the extent of those abilities is, which the bounty of our infinitely good and powerful Creator has afforded us.

It only remains that I consider, how ruinous the excess I am cenfuring is to our fortune; and to what a mean dependence, to what vile dishonest practices, it often reduces us.

There are few estates, that can bear the expense, into which what is called an elegant table will draw us. It is not only the price of what is set before us, that we are here to regard, but the waste that the misellers to our luxury occasion—their rapine—the example they set to all, who are concerned in our affairs, and the disqualification, under which we put ourselves to look into them.

He who is determined to please his palate at any price, infects not only those about him with his extravagant turn; but gives them opportunities of degrading him, which are seldom neglected. His house is the resort of the worst of mankind; for such they always are, whom a well-spread table assembles; and who, by applauding the profuse feasts that feeds them, by extolling, as proofs of a refined understanding, what are the surest marks of a weak one, or rather of the total want of one, hurry on the ruin, that was, otherwise, with too much speed advancing.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book I.

But small is their number, whom it concerns to be told, how a large fortune may be reduced: how the making any must be hindered, is the argument, in which the generality are interested. This hindrance is the sure, the undeniable consequence of giving way to our appetite. I have already observed, what hurt our very capacity often receives from it—to what a degree our intellect is at length impaired by it: I may, further, truly represent it as always indisposing us to that diligence, to that application, without which no science is to be mastered, no art learned, no business well conducted, no valuable accomplishment, of any kind, obtained.

Let us have our support, and seek the increase of our store, from our traffic, or from our labour; it is plain, that he who indulges himself less than we do, as he needs less to maintain him than we do, so he can sell, or can work, cheaper, and must, therefore, make those advantages, which we are not to expect; must by his lesser gains be, at length, enriched, while we, with our larger, shall be in a constant poverty.

A still worse effect of our luxurious turn I reckon those mean and base practices, to which it tempts us. When the plain meal, that our scanty circumstances, after a liberal and expensive education, furnish, cannot content us; and we must either live at another's table, or provide a chargeable entertainment at our own; we descend to the vilest flattery, the most servile compliance; every generous sentiment is extinguished in us; we soon become fully convinced, that he, who will often eat at another's cost, must be subject to another's humours, must countenance him in his follies—and comply with him in his vices.

Let his favour at length exempt us from so dishonourable an attendance, by furnishing us with the means of having plenty at home: yet what is plenty to the luxurious? His wantonness increases with his income; and, always needy, he is always dependent. Hence no fenfe of his birth or education, of honour or confidence, is any check upon him; he is the mean drudge, the abandoned tool of his feeder, of whoever will be at the charge of satisfying his palate.

So, if our trade be our maintenance, as no fair gains can answer the expense, which what is called good eating occasions, we are soon led to indirect artifices, to fraudulent dealing, to the most tricking and knavery practices.

In a word, neither our health nor life, neither our credit nor fortune, neither our virtue nor understanding, have any security but from our temperance. The greatest blessings, which are here enjoyed by us, have it for their source.

Hence it is that we have the fullest use of our faculties, and the longest.

Hence it is, that we fear not to be poor, and are sure to be independent.

Hence disease and pain are removed from us, our decay advances infensibly, and the approaches of death are as gentle as tho' of sleep.

Hence it is we free ourselves from all temptations to a base or ungenerous action.

Hence it is that our passions are calmed, our lusts subdued, the purity of our hearts preferred, and a virtuous conduct throughout made easy to us.

When it is made to—when by the ease, which we find in the practice of virtue, we become confirmed therein—render it habitual to us; we have then that qualification for happiness in a future state, which, as the best title to it, affords us the best grounds to expect it.

Dean Bolton.

§ 137. On Intemperance in Drinking.

The arguments against drunkenness, which the common reason of mankind suggests, are these—

The contemptible figure which it gives us:

The hindrance it is to any confidence being repos'd in us, so far as our secrecy is concerned:

The dangerous advantage, which it affords the crafty and the knavish over us:

The bad effects, which it hath on our health:

The prejudice, which our minds receive from it:

Its disposing us to many crimes, and preparing us for the greatest:

The contemptible figure, which drunkenness gives us, is no weak argument for avoiding it.

Every reader has found the Spartans mentioned, as inculcating sobriety on their children, by exposing to their notice the behaviour of their slaves in a drunken fit. They thought, that were they to apply wholly to the reason of the youths, it might be to little purpose: as the force of the arguments, which they used, might not be sufficiently apprehended, or the impression thereof might be soon effaced: but when they made them frequently eye-witnesses of all the madness and absurdities, and at length the perfect sen-
fencelessness, which the immoderate draught occasioned; the idea of the vile change would be so fixed in the minds of its beholders, as to render them utterly averse from its caufe.

And may we not justly conclude it to be from hence, that the offspring of the persons who are accustomed thus to disfigure themselves, often prove remarkably sober? They avoid, in their riper years, their parents' crime, from the detestation of it, which they contracted in their earlier. As tomost other vices, their debasing circumstances are not fully known to us, till we have attained a maturity of age, nor can be then, till they have been duly attended to; but in our very childhood, at our first beholding the effects of drunkenness, we are struck with abhorrence, that a reasonable being should be thus changed—should be induced to make himself such an object of contempt and scorn. And, indeed, we must have the man in the utmost contempt, whom we hear and see in his progress to excess; at first, reazing you with his contentiousness or impertinence—maligning your meaning, and hardly knowing his own—then, faultering in his speech—unable to get through an entire sentence—his hand trembling—his eyes swimming—his legs too feeble to support him; till, at length, you only know the human creature by his shape.

I cannot but add, that were one of any sense to have a just notion of all the silly things he says or does, of the wretched appearance, which he makes in a drunken fit, he could not want a more powerful argument against repeating his crime.

But as none of us are inclined to think ill of ourselves, we none of us will know, how far our vices expose us; we allow them excuses, which they meet not with from any but ourselves.

This is the cafe of all; it is particularly so with the drunken; many of whom their shame would undoubtedly reform, could they be brought to conceive, how much they did to be ashamed of.

Nor is it improbable, that it is this very consideration, how much drunkenness contributes to make a man the contempt of his wife—his children—his servants—of all his sober beholders, which has been the cause, that it has never been the reigning vice among a people of any refinement of manners. No, it has only prevailed among the rude and savage, among those of grofter understandings, and less delicacy of sentiment. Crimes, as there are in all men, there must be in all nations; but the more civilized have perceived drunkenness to be such an offence against common decency, such an abandoning one's self to the ridicule and scoffs of the meanest, that, in whatever else they might transgress, they would not do it in this particular; but leave a vice of such a nature to the wild and uncultivated—to the stupid and undistinguishing part of mankind—to those, who had no notion of propriety of character, and decency of conduct. How late this vice became the reproach of our countrymen, we find in Mr. Camden's Annals. Under the year 1581, he has this observation—

"The English, who hitherto had, of all the northern nations, thrown themselves the least addicted to immoderate drinking, and been commended for their sobriety, first learned, in these wars in the Netherlands, to swallow a large quantity of intoxicating liquor, and to destroy their own health, by drinking that of others."

Some trace of our antient regard to sobriety, we may feem still to retain, in our use of the term fret! which carries with it as great reproach among us, as Ovovage did among the Greeks.

There is a short story, in Reresby's Memoirs, very proper to be mentioned under this head.

The Lord Chancellor (Jefferies) had now like to have died of a fit of the stone; which he virtuously brought upon himself, by a furious debauch of wine, at Mr. Alderman Duncomb's; where he, the Lord Treasurer, and others, drank themselves into that height of frenzy, that, among friends, it was whispered, they had fripped into their sculls; and that, had not an accident prevented them, they had got upon a sign-post, to drink the King's health; which was the subject of much decision, to say no worse.

Dean Bolton.

§ 138. On Intemperance in Drinking.

Sect. II.

A second objection to drunkenness is, that it hinders any confidence being repose in us, as far as our secrecy is concerned.

Who can trust the man, that is not master of himself? Wine, as it leffens our caution, so it prompts us to speak our thoughts without reserve: when it has sufficiently inflamed us, all the suggeftions of prudence pass for the apprehensions of cowardice; we are regardless of confequences; our fore-fight is gone, and our fear with it. Here then the artful person properly introducing the
the subject, urging us to enter upon it—
and, after that, praising, or blaming, or con
tradicting, or questioning us, is soon able to
draw from us whatever information he de
sires to obtain.

Our discretion never outlasts our sobriety.
Failings which it most concerns us to con
ceal, and which, when we are ourselves, we
do most indifferently conceal, we usually
publish, when we have drank to excess. The
man is then clearly seen, with all the ill na
ture and bad qualities, from which his be
haviour, in his cooler hours, had induced
his most intimate friends to believe him
wholly free. We must be left to reflection,
to thought, when we can thus far throw
off our disguise. And what is it, but our
thought and reflection, that can engage our
fearcy in any instance—that can ever be
a proper check upon our discourse—that en
ables us to distinguish what we may speak,
and on what we ought to be silent? Do
we cease to be in a condition to hide the
deformities in ourselves, which we most with
to have concealed? On what point, then,
is it likely that we should be referred?
Whose secrets can he keep, who so foully
betrays his own?

It may, thirdly, be alleged against drunk
kenes, that it gives the crafty and knavish
the most dangerous advantage over us.

This vice puts us into the very circum
stances, in which every one would wish us
to be, who had a view to impose upon us,
to over-reach us, or in any way to gain his
ends of us. When the repeated draught
has disterd us, it is then, that only by
complying with our humour, and joining,
to appearance, in our madness, we may be
deluded into measures the most prejudicial
to us, into such as are our own and our fa
milies utter doing. It is then that our
purse is wholly at the mercy of our com
pany; we spend—we give—we lend—we
lofe. What unhappy marriages have been
then concluded! What ruinous convey
ances have been then made! How secure
foever we may apprehend ourselves from
impositions of so very pernicious a nature;
yet more or fewer we must have to fear
from drunkenness, as the opportunities,
which it gives, will constantly be watched
by all, who have any design upon us: and
if we are known frequently to disorder our
selves, all in our neighbourhood, or among
our acquaintance, who are of any seriou
ness and decency, will be sure to avoid us,
and leave us wholly to those, who find their
account in alienating with us; who, while
they can make us their property, will be, as
often as we please, our companions.

A fourth argument against drunkenness is
its bad effects upon our health. Every act
of it is a fever for a time: and whence
have we more reason to apprehend one of a
longer continuance, and of the worst con
sequence? Our blood thus fired, none can
be sure, when the disorder raised in it will
be quieted, whether its inflammatory state
will admit of a remedy; in several thou
sands it has been found incapable of any;
and what has so frequently happened to
others, may justly be considered as likely to
befal us. By the same absurd reliance on a
good constitution, through which they were
deceived, we may be so likewise.

But supposing the mere fever fit wearing
off with the drunken one; how fatal would
it prove to be then seized with a distemper
of the Infectious kind, that was at all mal
ignant! This has often seen the cafe; and
when it has been so, the applications of the
most skilful have been entirely vain.

Let our intemperance have nothing in
stantly to dread; for how short a space can
it be in such security? The young de
bancher soon experiences the issue of his
misconduct—soon finds his food disrelished,
his stomach weakened, his strength decayed,
his body wasted. In the flower of his youth,
he often feels all the infirmities of extreme
old age; and when not yet in the middle of
human life, is got to the end of his own.

If we have attained to manhood, to our
full vigour, before we run into the excess,
from which I am dissuading; we may, in
deed, possibly be many years in breaking a
good constitution: but then, if a sudden
stroke dispatch us not; if we are not cut
off without the least leisuro given us to im
pire the mercy of heaven; to how much unac
aines are we, generally, referred—what a
variety of painful disumpers threat us!
All of them there is very little probability
we should escape; and under which foever
of them we may labour, we shall experience
its cure hopeless, and its severity the faddest
lesson, how dear the purchase was of our
former mirth.

There are, I grant, instances, where a
long-continued intemperance has not pre
vented the attainment of a very advanced
age, free from disorders of every kind. But
then it is to be considered how rare these
instances are; that it is not, perhaps, one in
a thousand, who escapes thus; that of those,
who do thus escape, the far greater part owe
their preservation to hard working, or to an
exercise
exercise as fatiguing, as any of the more laborious employments. So that if either our frame be not of an unusual firmness, or we do not labour for our bread, and will not for our health; we cannot be of their number, who have so much as a chance, that they will not shorten their lives by their excess. And when we have this chance, we are to remember, how very little we can promise ourselves from it. We are liable to all the disaifes, which, in the ordinary course of things, are connected with intemperance; and we are liable to all those, from which even sobriety exempt not; but in this latter cafe, we have, by no means, the same to hope with the sober, who are easily recovered of what proves mortal to the intemperate. Dean Bolton.

§ 139. On Intemperance in Drinking.

Sect. III.

To consider, fifthly, the unhappy effect of drunkenness upon our minds. Every time we offend in it, we are first madmen, and then idiots; we first say, and do, a thousand the most ridiculous and extravagant things, and then appear quite void of sense. By annexing these constant inconveniences to drinking immoderately, it seems the design of a wise Providence to teach us, what we may fear from a habit of it—to give us a foretaste of the miseries, which it will at length bring upon us, not for a few hours alone, but for the whole remainder of our lives. What numbers have, by hard drinking, fallen into an incurable distraction! And who was ever for many years a fott, without destroying the quickness of his apprehension, and the strength of his memory? What mere drivellers have some of the best capacities become, after a long course of excess!

As we drink to raise our spirits, but, by this raising, we weaken them; so whatever fresh vigour our parts may seem to derive from our wine, it is a vigour which wastes them; which, by being often thus called out, destroy its source, our natural fancy and understanding. 'Tis like a man's spending upon his principal: he may, for a reason, make a figure much superior to his, who supports himself upon the interest of his fortune; but is sure to be undone, when the other is unhurt.

We meet with, as I have already observed, instances, where an extraordinary happiness of constitution has prevented its entire ruin, even from a course of drunkenness of many years continuance: but I much question, whether there are any instances, that such a course has not been remarkably prejudicial to a good capacity. From all the observations, which we can make on the human frame, it may be fairly suppos'd, that there are no such instances—that it is not reasonable to think we can be, for many years inflaming our brains, without injuring them—be continually disordering the most delicate parts of our machine, without impairing them. A lively imagination, a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, depend upon parts in our structure, which are much more easily hurt, than such, whose found state is necessary for the preservation of mere life: and therefore we perceive those several faculties often entirely lost, long before the body drops. The man is very frequently seen to survive himself—to continue a living creature, after he has, for some years, ceased to be a rational one. And to this deplorable state nothing is more likely to bring us, than a habit of drunkenness; as there is no vice, that more immediately affects those organs, by the help of which we apprehend, reason, remember, and perform the like acts.

What, sixthly, ought to raise in us the utmost abhorrence of drunkenness is, the consideration of the many crimes, to which it disposes us. He, through whose veins the inflaming potion has spread itself, must be under a greater temptation to lewdness, than you can think him in any other circumstances: and from the little reasoning, of which he is then capable, as to the difference of the two crimes, would he return no more at adultery than fornication.

Thus, also, for immediate anger, contentation, scurrility and abuse, acts of violence, and the most injurious treatment of others; they are all offenders, into which drunkenness is most apt to betray us; so apt to do it, that you will scarcely find a company drinking to excess, without many provoking speeches and actions passing in it—without more or less strife, before it separates. We even perceive the most gentle and peaceable, the most humane and civilized, when they are sober, no sooner intoxicated, than they put off all those commendable qualities, and nature, as it were, a new nature—a nature as different from their former, as the most untractable and fierce of the brute kind are, from the most accomplished and amiable of our own.

To some vices drunkenness disposes us; and

Lastly, lays us open to more, and certainly
It lays us, indeed, open to most voices—by the power, which it gives all sorts of temptations over us; and by putting us into a condition, in which the rash and pernicious suggestions of others have an especial influence upon us—in which, a profli
gate companion is enabled to direct us almost as he pleases.

It gives all sorts of temptations power over us, by disqualifying us for consideration; and by extingushing in us all regard to the motives of prudence and caution.

It makes us ready to follow the rashest counsels of our companions; because, not allowing us to reason upon them, and incapacitating us for the government of ourselves, it, of course, leaves us to the guidance of those, with whom we are most pleased—of those, who give into our excresses.

It, certainly, lays us open to the greatest crimes; because, when we are thoroughly heated by the spirituous draught, we then like what is daring and extravagant—we are then turned to bold and desperate undertakings; and that, which is most licentious, carries then with it the appearance of an attempt, suiting a courageous and un-
daunted mind. Hence rapes, murthers, acts of the utmost inhumanity and barbarity have been their acts; who, when sober, would have detected themselves, if such crimes could have entered their thoughts.

It may, perhaps, be of use to observe here, what ceniture has been passed on drunk
ennuys by those, who had only the light of reason for their guide.

It was the saying of one of the wiser Heathens, That a wise man would drink wine, but would be sure never to be made drunk by it. Another of them condemns wine, as betraying even the prudent into imprudence. The advice of a third is, avoid drinking company: if you accidentally come into it, leave it before you cease to be sober; for, when that happens, the mind is like a chariot, whose driver is thrown off: as it is then sure to be hurried away at random, so are we, when our reason is gone, sure to be drawn into much guilt.

We have one calling drunkenness the fudy of madness; another, a voluntary madness. He who was asked, how a person might be brought to a dislike of wine? answered, by beholding the indencies of the drunken*

* I have, in the former tract, taken notice of the coarse fare, which Homer provides for his heroes: it may not be amiss to remark here, from Aeneas, what leffons of sobriety he furnishes—what his care is, to diffuse from drinking to excess. This, indeed, may appear deferring to be more particularly infaluted upon, since from the praiscs which he gives wine he was thought not to have been sparing in the use of it.

The boast that Aeneas, heated by liquor, had made of his willingnes to fight with Achilles, was urged to engage him in a combat, which would have been fatal to him, but that—

The King of Ocean to the fight defends,
Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends;
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.

ILIAD; Book XX.

In the Third Book of the Odyssey, the discor of the Greeks, at a Council called to deliberate about their return, the Poet ascribes to their drunkenness,

Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came,

With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now different counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side.

In Book the Ninth of the Odyssey, Polyphemus is represented as having his sight destroyed, when he was drunk, by a few of those, whose joint force was not, with respect to his, that of a child.

——— He greedy grasp'd the heavy bowl,
Thrice drained, and pour'd the deluge on his foul.

——— Then nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropt his huge head, and m'orning lay supine.

Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on the visual ball.
The discomposure, which drunkenness received among the Romans, will be hereafter taken notice of.

Among the Greeks, by a law of Salom, if a chief magistrate made himself drunk, he was to be put to death. By a law of Pityctus, a double punishment was inflicted upon such who, when drunk, had committed any other crime. They were tho'c, by whose laws he, who drank any greater quantity of wine than was really necessary for his health, suffered death.

Thus much as to their sentiments on drinking to excess, who had only the light of Nature to shew them its guilt.

Dean Bolton.

§ 140. On Intemperance in Drinking.

Sect. IV.

Let me in the next place, suggest such cautions, as ought to be observed by him, whose desire it is to avoid drunkenness.

Carefully shun the company that is addicted to it.

Do not sit long among those, who are in the progress towards excess.

If you have often lost the command of yourself, when a certain quantity of liquor has been exceeded, you should be sure to keep yourself always much within that quantity.

Make not strong liquor necessary to your refreshment.

Never apply to it for ease, under cares and troubles of any kind.

Know always how to employ yourself usefully, or innocently to amuse yourself, that your time may never be a burden upon you.

In the first place, Do not associate with those who are addicted to drunkenness. This I lay down as a rule, from which it is scarce possible to depart, and keep our sobriety. No man, not the headiest and wisest of men, is proof against a bad example continually before him. By frequently seeing what is wrong, we, first, lose our abhorrence of it, and, then, are easily prevailed with to do it. Where we like our company we are insensibly led into their manners. It is natural to think we should endeavour to make ourselves agreeable to the persons, with whom we much converse; and you can never make yourself more agreeable to any, at least as a companion, than when you countenance their conduct by imitating it. He who associates with the intemperate, and yet refuses to join in their excesses, will soon find, that he is

In Book the Tenth, the self-denial of Eurybiades preserved him from the vile transformation, to which the intemperance of his companions subjected them.

Soon in the luxurious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instinct her circling wand the Goddes waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the fly receives.

In the same Book the tragic end of Elpenor is thus described:

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A vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With speed repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult flir'd him where he lay,
And down he fall'n, but forgot his way;
Full headlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in Hell.

The drunkenness of Eurytus, one of the Centaurs, is fatal to him, and to the whole race. On B. XXI.

The great Eurytus when this frenzy stung,
Piritus' roof, with frantic riot rung:
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggessor first.

Antinous, who had reproached Ulysses as made insolent by wine, dies himself with the intoxicating bowl in his hands. On Book XXII.

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High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl,
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death.
Full thro' his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
looked upon as condemning their practice; and, therefore, that he has no way of continuing them his friends, but by going into the same irregularity, in which they allow themselves. If his carefulness, his facetiousness, or wit, endure him to them, and render them unwilling to quit an intercourse with one so qualified to amuse them; all their arts will be tried to corrupt his sobriety: where he lies most open to temptation will be carefully watched; and no method left unattempted, that can appear likely to make him regardless of his duty. But who can reckon himself safe, when so much pains will be used to ensnare him? Whose virtue is secure, amidst the earnest endeavours of his constant companions to undermine it?

Another caution which I have laid down is, Never fit long among those, who are in the progres towards excess. The expediency of this advice will be acknowledged, if we consider how difficult it is to be long upon our guard—how apt we are to forget ourselves, and then to be betrayed into the guilt, against which we had most firmly resolved.

In the eagerness of our own discourse, or in our attention to that of others, or in the pleasure we receive from the good humour of our companions, or in the change we take of their mirth, we may very naturally be supposed inoblivious, how much we have drank—how near we are got to the utmost bounds of sobriety: these, under the circumstances I have mentioned, may easily be passed by us, without the least fulpicion of it—before we are under any apprehension of our danger.

As in disputes, one unadvised expression brings upon another, and after a few arguments both sides grow warm, from warmth advance to anger, are by anger spurred on to abuse, and thence, often, go to those extremities, to which they would have thought themselves incapable of proceeding: so is it when we fit long, where what gives the most frequent occasion to disputes is before us—where the intoxicating draught is circulating; one invites us to more—our spirits rise—our wariness declines—from carefulness we pass to noisy mirth—our mirth flops not long short of folly—our folly hurries us to a madness, that we never could have imagined likely to have been our reproof.

If you have often lost the command of yourself, where a certain quantity of liquor hath been exceeded; you should be sure never to approach that quantity—you should confine yourself to what is much short of it. Where we find that a reliance upon our warinesses, upon the readiness and firmness of our general resolutions, has deceived us, we should trust them no more; we should confide no more in those precautions, which have already proved an insufficient check upon us. When I cannot resist a temptation, I have nothing left for my security but to fly it. If I know that I am apt to yield, when I am tempted; the part I have then to act is, to take care that I may not be tempted. Thus only I flew myself in earnest; hereby alone I evidence, that my duty is really my care.

We have experienced, that we cannot withdraw from the company we like, exactly at such a point of time—we have experienced, that we sometimes do not perceive, when we have got to the utmost bounds of temperance—we have unhappily experienced, that when it has been known to us, how small an addition of liquor would disorder us, we then have so far lost the power over ourselves, as not to be able to refrain from what we thus fully knew would be prejudicial to us. In these circumstances, no way remains of securing our sobriety, if we will reft to any place where it is at all hazarded, but either having our flint at once before us, or confining ourselves to that certain number of measured draughts, from whence we are sure we can have nothing to fear. And he, who will not take this method—he who will rest in a general intention of sobriety, when he has seen how often that intention has been in vain, how often he has miscarried, notwithstanding it, can never be considered as truly concerned for his past failings, as having feriously resolved not to repeat them. So far as I omit any due precaution against a crime, into which I know myself apt to be drawn, so far I may justly be regarded as indifferent towards it; and so far all my declarations, of being for ever and determined to leave it, must be considered as infincere.

§ 141. On Intemperance in Drinking.

Sect. V.

Never make any quantity of strong liquor necessary to your refreshment. What occasions this to be a fit caution is, That if the quantity we cannot be without is, in the beginning, a very moderate one, it will, probably, soon increafe, and become, at length, so great as must give us the worst to fear. The reason, why it is thus likely to be increafed, is, that a small draught, by the habitual
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

habitual use of it, will cease to raise our spirits; and therefore, when the design of our drinking is in order to raise them, we shall at length seek to do it by a much larger quantity of liquor, than what was wanted for that purpose at first.

It seems to be, further, proper advice on this subject, That we should never apply to strong liquor for ease under cares or troubles of any kind. From fears, from disappointments, and a variety of uneasiness, none are exempt. The inconsiderate are impatient for a speedy relief; which, as the spirituals draught affords, they are tempted to seek it from thence.

But how very imprudent they must be, who would by such means quiet their minds, is most evident. For, is any real ground of trouble removed, by not attending to it—by diverting our thoughts from it? In many cafes, the evil we would remedy by not thinking upon it is, by that very course; made much more distressing, than it otherwise would have been; nay, sometimes, quite remediless. In all cafes, the less heated our brain is, and the greater calmness we preserve, the fitter we are to help ourselves; the fitter we are to encounter difficulties, to prevent our being involved in them; or, if that cannot be, to extricate ourselves speedily from them.

The cafe, which liquor gives, is but that of a dream: when we awake, we are again ourselves; we are in the same situation as before, or, perhaps, in a worse. What then is to be the next step? Soon as the stupefying effects of one draught are gone off, another must be taken; the sure confluence of which is, that such a habit of drinking will be contracted, as we shall vainly endeavour to conquer, though the original inducement to it should no longer subsist. To guard against this, as it is of the utmost importance to all of us, so the only certain way is, by flopping in the very first instance; by never seeking, either under care or pain, relief from what we drink, but from those helps, which reason and religion furnish; the only ones, indeed, to which we can wisely resort in any straits; and which are often found capable of extricating us, when our condition seems the most desperate.

A prudent man should never desert himself. Where his own efforts avail him not, the care of an over-ruling Providence may interpose, and deliver him. But to borrow support against our troubles from liquor, is an entire defertion of ourselves; it is giving up our fate, as an undone one—it is aban-

don ing our own discretion, and relinquishing all hopes of the Deity's assistance.

Lastly, Know always, how you may usefully employ, or innocently amuse yourself. When time is a burden upon us, when we are at a loss how to pass it, our cheerfulness of course abates, our spirits flag, we are restless and uneasy; here then we are in the fittest disposition, and under the strongest inducements, to resort to what we know will enliven us, and make our hours glide away insensibly. Besides, when we cannot tell what to do with ourselves, it is natural we should seek for those, who are as idle as ourselves; and when such company meet, it is easy to see what will keep them together; that drinking must be their entertainment, since they are so ill qualified for any other.

Idleness has been not unfitly termed, the parent of all vices; but none it more frequently produces than drunkenness; as no vice can make a greater waste of our time; the chief thing about which the idle are frivolous. On the other hand, he who can profitably buy, or innocently divert himself, has a sure resort in all humours—he has his spirits seldom depressed, or when they are so, he can, without any hazard, recruit them—he is so far from seeking a correspondence with such, as are always in a readiness to engage in schemes of intemperance and riot, that he shuns them; his amusements, quite different from theirs, occasion him to be seldom with them, and secure him from being corrupted by them.

This we may lay down as a most certain truth, that our virtue is never safe, but when we have proper diversion. Unbent we sometimes must be; and when we know not how to be so in an innocent way, we soon shall be in a guilty. But if we can find full entertainment in what is free from all reproach, in what neither has any thing criminal in it, nor can lead us into what is criminal; then, indeed, and only then, can we be thought in little danger, and not likely to yield to the bad examples surrounding us.

§ 142. On Intemperance in Drinking.

But let me consider what the intemperate say in their excuse.

That any should frequently put themselves into a condition, in which they are incapable of taking the least care of themselves—in which they are quite stupid and helpless—in which, whatever danger threatens them, they can contribute nothing towards its removal—in which they may be drawn into the most shocking crimes—in which all they hold
They must converse—They must have their hours of clearfulness and mirth—When they are disordered, it happens before they are aware of it—A small quantity of liquor has this unhappy effect upon them—if they will keep up their interest, it must be by complying with the intemperate humour of their neighbours—Their way of life, their business, obliges them to drink with such numbers, that it is scarcely possible they should not be sometimes guilty of excess.

To all which it may be said, that, bad as the world is, we may every where, if we seek after them, find those, whose company will rather confirm us in our sobriety, than endanger it. Whatever our rank, station, profession or employment may be, suitable companions for us there are; with whom we may be perfectly safe, and free from every temptation to excess. If these are not in all respects to our minds, we must bear with them, as we do with our condition in this world; which every prudent person makes the best of: hence, let what will be the change in it, still it will be liable to some objection, and never, entirely, as he would with it. In both cafes we are to consider, not how we shall rid ourselves of all inconveniences, but where are likely to be the fewest: and we should judge that set of acquaintance, as well as that state of life, the most eligible, in which we have the least to fear, from which our ease and innocence are likely to meet with the fewest interruptions.

But mirth, you say, must sometimes be con faulted. Let it be so. I would no more dis fude you from it, than I would from serio usness. Each should have its season, and its measure: and as it would be thought by all very proper advice, with respect to serious ness, "Let it not proceed to melancholy, " to moroseness, or to cenfuriousness; it is equally fit advice, with regard to mirth, "Let wisdom accompany it: Let it not " transport you to riot or intemperance: " Do not think you can be called merry, " when you are ceasing to be reasonable."

Good humour, clearfulness, facetiousness, which are the proper ingredients of mirth, do not want to be called out by the repeated draught: it will rather damp them, from the apprehension of the disorder it may soon produce. Whenever we depart from, or endanger, our innocence, we are laying a foundation for uneasiness and grief; nor can we, in such circumstances, be merry, if we are not void of all thought and reflection: and this is, undoubtedly, the most melancholy situation, in which we can be conceived, except when we are undergoing the punishment of our folly. The joy, the elevation of spirits proper to be fought after by us, that alone, which can never be a subject of remorse, or which never will embitter more of our hours than it relieves. And when this may be obtained in such a variety of ways, we must be left to all common prudence, if we will apply to none of them; if we can only find mirth in a departure from sobriety.

You are, it seems, overtaken, before you are aware of it. This may be an allowable excuse for three or four times, in a man's life; oftener, I think, it cannot be. What you are sensible may easily happen, and must be extremely prejudicial to you, when it does happen, you should be always aware of. No one's virtue is any farther his praise, than from the care he takes to preserve it. If he is at no trouble and pains on that account, his innocence has nothing in it, that can entitle him to a reward. If you are truly concerned for a fault, you will necessarily keep out of the way of repeating it; and the more frequent your repetitions of it have been, so much the greater caution you will use for the future.

Many may bear excusing their drunkenness, by the small quantity which occasions it. A more trifling excuse for it could not be made. For if you know how small a quantity of liquor will have that unhappy effect, you should forbear that quantity. It is as much your duty to do so, as it is his duty to forbear a greater quantity, who suffers the same from it, which you do from a leifer. When you know that it is a crime to be drunk, and know likewise what will make you so; the more or less, which will do this, is nothing to the purpose—alters not your guilt. If you will not refrain from two or three draughts, when you are sure that drunkenness will be the consequence of them; it cannot be thought, that any mere regard to sobriety keeps you from drinking the largest quantity whatsoever. Had such a regard an influence upon you, it would have an equal one; it would keep you from every step, by which your sobriety could suffer.

As to supporting an interest, promoting a trade, advantageously bargaining for ourselves, by drinking more than is convenient for us; they are, for the most part, only the poor evasions...
of the infincere, of those who are willing to
lay the blame of their miscondufion on any
thing, rather than on what alone deferves it
—rather than on their bad inclinations.

Civility and courtefy, kind offices, acts of
charity and liberality will both raise us more
friends, and keep those we have firmer to us,
than any quantities of liquor, which we can
either distribute or drink: and as for men
trade or their bargains, let them always act
fairly—let them, whether they buy or sell,
that they abhor all tricking and impo-
fition—all little and mean artifices; and I'll
flake my life, they shall never have reafon
to object, that, if they will always preferre
their fobriety, they muft leffen their gains.

But were it true, that, if we will refolve
never to hazard intoxicating ourselves, we
muft lose our friends, and forego our pre-
sent advantage; they are inconveniences,
which, in fuch a cafe, we fhould cheerfully
submit to. Some pains muft be taken, fome
difficulties muft be here encountered; if we
will have any reasonable ground to expect
happines in a future Life. Of this even
common fenee muft fatisfy us.

Credulous as we are, I think it imposfible,
that any man in his wits would believe me,
if I were to tell him, that he might mifs no
opportunity of bettering his fortune—that
he might remove any evil he had to fear, by
whatsoever method he thought proper—that
he might throughout follow his inclinations,
and gratify his appetites; and yet refi affured,
that his death would be but the paffage to
great and endles joys. I know not, to
whom fuch an aflerlion would not appear
extremely absurd: notwithstanding which,
we, certainly, do not aet, as if there were
any abfurditv in it, when we make what is
evidently our duty give way to our conven-
ience; and rather consider, how profitable
this or that practice is, than how right.
That, therefore, fobriety, added to other
parts of a virtuous conduct, may entitle us
to the fo much hoped for reward, we muft be
feber, under all forts of difcouragements.
It rarely, indeed, happens, that we meet
with any; but to refit the greateft muft be
our resolution, if we will recommend our-
elves to the Governor of the universe—if
we will hope for his favour.

Dean Bolton.

§ 143. On Intemperance in Drinking.
S E C T. VII.

Thus much with regard to drunkenness,
far as it is committed by intoxicating our-
elves—by drinking, till our reafon is gone:

but as there is yet another way, in which we
may offend in it, viz. by drinking more
than is proper for our refrehment; I muft
on this likeufie beftow a few obervations.

When we drink more than fitures to re-
coiit our spirits, our passions are heightened,
and we ceafe to be under the influence of
that calm temper, which is our only safe
counfellor. The next advance beyond re-
ferishment is to that mifch, which both draws
many unguarded speeches from us, and cur-
rries us to many indireft actions—which
wafts our time, not barely while we are in
the act of drinking, but as it unfettles our
heads, and indisposes us to attention, to
busines—to a clofe application in any way.
Soon as our spirits are raised beyond their
just pitch, we are for schemes of diversion
and pleafure; we are unfit for ferious affairs,
and therefore cannot entertain a thought of
being employed in them.

Besides, as according to the rise of our
spirits, their fall will, afterward, be; it is
moft probable, that when we find them thus
funk, we fhall again refort to what we have
experienced the remedy of fuch a complaint;
and thereby be betrayed, if not into the ex-
ceffes, which deprive us of our reafon, yet
into fuch a habit of drinking, as occasions
the los of many precious hours—impairs
our health—is a great mifapplication of our
fortune, and a moft ruinous example to our
observers. But, indeed, whence is it to be
feared, that we fhall become downright fots
—that we fhall contract a habit of drinking
to the moft difguifhing excefs; whence, I fay,
is this to be feared, if not from accufoming
ourselves to the frequent draughts, which
neither our third—nor fatigue—nor confi-
tution requires: by frequently using them,
our inclination to them is strengthened; till
at length we cannot prevail upon ourselves
to leave our cup, while we are in a condition
to lift it.

These are objections, in which all are
concerned, whole refrehment, from what
they drink, is not their rule in it; but to men
of moderate fortunes, or who are to make
their fortunes, other arguments are to be
ufed: thefe persons are to consider, that
even the lefler degree of intemperance, now
centured, is generally their utter undoing,
through that neglect of their affairs, which is
its neceiffary confequence. When we mind
not our own busines, whom can we think
likely to mind it for us? Very few, certainly,
will be met with, dippen and able to do it;
and not to be both, is much the fame, as to
be neither. While we are palling our time
with
with our chearful companions, we are not only losing the advantages, which care and industry, either in inspecting our affairs, or purfuing our employment, would have afforded us; but we are actually confuming our fortune—we are habituating ourselves to a moft expensive idleness—we are con- tracting a difinclineation to fatigue and con-finement, even when we moft become fenfible of their neceffity, when our affairs mufi run into the utmost confufion without them. And we, in fact, perceive that, asfoon as the scholar, or trader, or artificer, or who- ever it is, that has the whole of his mainte- nance to gain, or has not much to spend, addicts himself only to this lower degree of intemperance—accustoms himself to fit long at his wine, and to exceed that quantity of it which his relief demands, he becomes worthlefs in a double fenfe, as deferving no- thing, and, if a care greater than his own gave him not, as having nothing.

Add to all this, that the very fame difeafe, which may be apprehended from often in- toxicating ourselves, are the usual attendants not only of frequently drinking to the full of what we can conveniently bear, but even of doing it in a large quantity. The only dif- ference is, that such difeafe come more speedily on us from the former, than the latter caufe; and, perhaps, destroy us sooner. But how defirable it is to be long flruggling with any of the diftempers, which our excefs occasion, they can beft determine, who labour under them.

The inconveniences which attend our more freely using the leaf hurtful of any spirituous liquors have fo evidently appeared—have shown themselves fo many and fo great, as even to call for a remedy from the law itself; which, therefore, punifhes both thofe, who loiter away their time at their cups, and thofe, who fuffer it to be done in their houses.

A great part of the world, a much greater than all the parts added together, in which the Chriftian religion is profefTed, are for- bidden all manner of liquors, which can caufe drunkennesf; they are not allowed the fmalleft quantity of them; and it would be an ofence which would receive the moft rigorous fhaftifement, if they were known to ufe any; their lawgiver has, in this particular, been thought to have acted according to the rules of good policy; and the governors of those countries, in which this law is in force, have, from its firft reception amongft them, found it of fuch benefit, as to allow no relaxation of it. I do not mention fuch a practive as any rule for us: difference of climates makes quite different ways of living neffary: I only mention it as a leffon to us, that, if fo great a part of mankind submit to a total abstinence from wine and strong drink, we fhould ufe them sparingly, with caution and moderation; which is, certainly, neceffary to our welfare, whatever may be the effect of entirely forbearing them on theirs.

In the moft admired of all the western governments, a ftrict fobriety was required of their women, under the very feverest penalties: the punishment of a departure from it was nothing lefs than capital: and the custom of faluting women, we are told, was introduced in order to difcover whether any spirituous liquor had been drank by them.

In this commonwealth the men were pro- hibited to drink wine till they had attained thirty years.

The whole body of foldiery, among this people, had no other draught to enable them to bear the greatest fatigue—to raise their courage, and animate them to encounter the moft terrifying difficulties and dangers, but water harpened with vinegar. And what was the confequence of fuch ftrict fobriety, observed by both sexes? What was the con- fequence of being born of parents fo exactly temperate, and of being trained up in a habit of the utmost abfteinences?—What, I fay, followed upon this, but the attainment of fuch a ffirmnesf of body and mind—of fuch an indifference to all the emafculating plea- fures—of fuch vigour and fearlesfnesf, that the people, thus born and educated,foon made all oppofition fall before them, ex- perienced no enemy a match for them—were conquerors, wherever they carried their arms.

By these remarks on the temperance of the antient Romans, I am not for recalling cus- toms fo quite the reverse of thofe, in which we were brought up; but fome change in our manners I could heartily wish they mighl effect: and if not induce us to the fame fobriety, which was pracfified by thofe heathens, yet to a much greater than is pracfified by the generality of Chriftians.

Dean Bolton.

§ 144. On Pleasure.  
S E C T. I.  

To the Honourable——  
While you are conftantly engaged in the purfuft of knowledge, or in making what you have acquired of ufe to your fellow-creatures—while information is your amufe- ment, and to become wifer is as much your aim,
Moral and Religious.

aim, in all the company you keep, as in all the books you read; may I not justly think it matter of astonishment to you, that such numbers of your species should be quite unmindful of all rational improvement—solely intent on schemes of mirth and diversion—passing their lives in a round of sport- ing and trifling.

If every age has its madness, and one is distinguished by its warlike humour, a second by its enthusiasm, a third by its party and political rage; the distraction of the present may truly be pronounced, its turn to pleasure, so fatally positing those of each sex and of all ages—those of every profession and employment—the several ranks and orders of men; that they, who are strangers to the sudden changes in human dispositions, are apt to think, that all seriousness and application—all the valuable attainments, which are the reward only of our pains, must, inevitably, be soon lost among us.

I am not out of hopes, that what thus threatens, in the opinion of some, our speedy ruin, and has its very great mischief denied by none, who give it the least attention, will one day receive as remarkable an opposition from your pen, as it now does a discouragement from your example.

Let, in the mean time, a sincere well-wisher to his countrymen interpose his mean endeavours to serve them—offer to their consideration some, perhaps not wholly contemptible, arguments against the pursuit, to which they are so blameably attached—shew them pleasure in that true light, in which they are unwilling to see it—teach them, not that it should be always declined, but that they should never be enslaved to it—repel the dangers, to which it exposes them, yet point out how far it may be enjoyed with innocence and safety.

Every man seems to be so far free, as he can dispose of himself—as he can maintain a due subordination in the parts of his frame, use the deliberation proper to acquaint him with what is most for his advantage, and, according to the refult thereof, proceed to action. I consider each hindrance to the knowledge of our true happiness, or to its pursuit, as, according to its degree, an abridgement of our liberty; and I think that he may be truly styled a slave to pleasure, who follows it, wherefoever directed to it by appetite, passion, or fancy. When we listen to their suggestions in the choice of good, we allow them an authority, that our Creator never intended they should have; and when their directions in that choice are actually complied with, a lawless sway ensues—the use of our nobler faculties becomes obstructed—our ability to deliberate, as we ought, on our conduct, gradually fails, and to alter it, at length wholly ceases.

Our sensual and rational parts are almost in continual opposition: we add to the power of the former, by a thoughtless, idle, voluptuous life; and to that of the latter by reflection, industry, continence.

As you cannot give way to appetite, but you increase its relishments, you multiply its demands, and become less able to reft them; so the very fame holds true of every principle that opposes reason: if capable to influence you in one instance, it will more easily do it in a second, gaining ground, 'till its dominion over you becomes absolute.

When the question concerns our angry passions, all are ready to acknowledge the danger of not restraining them, the terrible subjection to which such relishments exposes us. These falling more under the general notice, from the apperancy of the disorder, and extent of the mischief which they occasion, a better judgment is ordinarily made of them, than of affections less tumultuous, less dangerous to our associates: but there can be no reason imaginable why anger, if less carefully watched and resisted, should exercise, at length, the most unhappy tyranny over us, which will not hold as to any passion or lust whatsoever. And as with respect to violent resentment, we are ready to gratify it, whatever it costs us; so let what will be the passion or lust that governs us, no prudent considerations are a counterpoise for it.

With regard to pleasure, the fallacy of our reasoning upon it lies here; we always look upon the enjoyment of it as a single act, as a compliance with our liking in this or that instance: the repetition of that indulgence is not seen under a dependence on any former, or under the least connexion with any future. That such a pursuit should engage us seems to be wholly from our choice; and this choice is thought to be as free, at the second time of our making it as at the first, and at the twentieth, as at the second. Inclination is never beheld as possible to become contrariant—is, I mean, never regarded as capable of being indulged, 'till it cannot be resisted. No man ever took the road of pleasure, but he apprehended that he could easily leave it: had he considered his whole life likely to be passed in its windings, the preference of the ways of virtue would have been indisputable.
From the excess of joy, how usual is the transition to that of dejection! Laughter, as well as grief, calls for tears to ease us under it; and it may be even more dangerous to my life to be immoderately delightedly—than to be feverely afflicted.

Our pleasures then soon pafs; and, secondly, their repetition certainly cloy.

As the cauofes of poffitude and agreeableness of place wear off by a very short continuance in either; it is the fame with any fenfual gratifications which we can pursue, and with every enjoyment of that kind to which we can apply. What so delights our palate, that we should rehife it, if it were our constant food? What juice has nature furnished, that, after being a frequent, continues to be a pleasing, draught? Sounds, how artfully fo ever blended or succeffive, tire at length the ear; and odours, at firft the most grateful, soon either ceafe to recreate us, or become offensive to us. The fneft prospect gives no entertainment to the eye that has been long accufomed to it. The pile, that bifies with admiration each casual beholder, affords its royal inhabitant no comfort, but what the peafant has in his cottage.

That love of variety and change, to which none of our kind are ftrangers, might be a lefion to us, where our expectations are ill grounded, where they muft necessarily be disappointed; for if no man ever yet lived, who could lay of any of the pleasures of life—On this I repofe myself—it quite answers my hopes from it—my wishes rove not beyond it: if none could ever affirm this, it is moft evident, that we in vain fearch after permanent delight from any of the objects, with which we are now converfant—that the only difference between the fatisfactions we pursue, and those we quit, is, that we are already tired of the one, and fhall soon be of the other.

Hear the language of him, who had tried the extent of every fenfual pleasure, and muft have found the uncloving, had any fuch exifted, "I faid in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth. I gave my felf to wine, I made me great works, I builted me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens, I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. I made me pools of water, I amaffed gold and fciver. I had poiffessions, above all that were in Jerufalem before me. I tried what love; what mufe, what all the delights of the sons of men could eftect: whatsoever mine eyes defired I kept not from them, I wished..."
"held not my heart from any joy. Then
* I looked on all my works, on all my pur-
* suits, and beheld! all was vanity and vex-
* ation of spirit."

Fully mentions Xerxes as having proposed
a reward to the man, who could make known
him some new pleasure. The monarch of
the East, as seems, met with nothing within
the bounds of his mighty empire, that could
fix his inclinations. The most voluptuous
people on earth had discovered no delight,
that their sovereign could acknowledge
otherwise than superficial. Happy! had it
been a lesson to their prince, or could it be
one to us, where our good should be sought
—what pursuits were likely to bring us
blessings certain to improve, as well as en-
dure.

§ 145. On Pleasure.

Sect. II.

A third disadvantage ensuing to us from
our attachment to the delights, which ap-
tite and fancy pursue, is, that it indisposes
us for useful inquiries, for every endear-
worthy of our nature, and suiting the rela-
tions, in which we are placed.

The disappointment, which the Persian
Emperor met with in all his schemes of the
voluptuous kind, did not put him on apply-
ing to those of a different one. Experience
shewed him his folly, but could not teach him
wisdom—It could not, when it had con-
vinced him of the vanity of his pursuits, in-
duce him to relinquish them.

We find a Solomon, indeed, discovering his
error, acknowledging that he had erred, and
bearing testimony to religion and virtue as
alone productive of true happiness; but
where are we to look for another among the
votaries to sensuality, thus affected, thus
changed?

As some have observed of courts, that such,
who live in them, are always uneasy there,
yet always unwilling to retreat; the very
name holds true of the licentious practice,
which they too generally countenance: fully
convinced of its vanity and folly, we con-
trive to our last moments attached to it—
averse from altering the conduct, which we
cannot but disapprove. Our faculties are,
indeed, so constituted, that our capacity for
many enjoyments extends not beyond such a
period in our being; if we will not quit them,
they will us—will depart, whatever our
eagerness may be for their continuance.

But let us not deceive ourselves: when they
are gone as to their fene, they are not as to
their power. He who says to his youth,
eat, drink, and be merry—who thinks of
nothing else at that season, will hanker after
delicacies, when he has neither teeth to chew,
or palate to distinguish them; will want
the cup, which he cannot lift; and seek for
mirth, when he will thereby become the
object of it. The habit operates, when none
of the inducements for our contracting it
remain; and when the days of pleasure are
past, those of wisdom and virtue are not the
nearer. Our dispositions do not decay with
our strength. The prudence, which should
attend grey hairs, doth not necessarily come to
us with them. The young rake is a lasci-
vious obscene wretch, when he owes his
warmth to his fennel; delights in the filthy
tale, when his hearers are almost poisoned by
the breath, with which he utters it; and
when leaft able to offend in act, he does it in
defire.

That the humour for fighting or racing,
or whatever inclination governed us in this
world, accompanies us to the other, is not
an entire fiction of the poet, but assuredly,
has thus much truth in it, that whatever
humour we indulge; it accompanies us to the
close of life. There is a time, when our
manners are plains, when the counsels of the
fober operate upon us as successfully, as the
infamations of the corrupt; but when that
time is passed, our customs are, daily, work-
ing themselves into our constitution, and want
not many years to become scarce distinguish-
able from it. God, I am persuaded, has
formed us all with such apprehensions of
what is right, as, if a proper care were taken
to preserve and improve them, would have
the happiest influence upon our practice; but
when the season for extending this care to
them has been neglected, they are in most of
us greatly impaired, and in some appear al-
moft wholly loft.

Let the understanding remain uninformed,
till half the age of man is past, and what
improvement is the belt then likely to make?
how irksome would it seem to be put upon
any? It is with our will the very fame;
turned for half or three parts of our life to
floth and wantonness, to riot and excels,
any correction of it, any alteration to the
pursuits becoming us, may seem quite hope-
less. While we are devoting ourselves to
pleasure, we are weakening every prin-
ciple, whereby virtue can engage us, and are
extinguishing within us all fene of true de-
fert—subtracting confidence—divesting our-
selves of shame—corrupting our natural no-
tions of good and evil; and so inditing
ourselves for consideration, that our confiant
endeaour
endeavour will be to decline it. Thus when our follies are a burden to us, their correction seems a greater; and we try what ease may be found by varying, rather than seek any from quitting, them.

Fourthly, The larger our share is of outward enjoyments, and the dearer they are to us; so much the more afflicting our concern will be to leave this scene of them—so much the greater terror and torment shall we receive from the apprehension, how soon we may be obliged to do it.

Let the man of pleasure colour it the most agreeably, place it in the fairest point of view, this objection will remain in its full strength against him: "You are not matter of the continuance of the good, of which you boast; and can you avoid thinking of its removal, or bear the thoughts there of, with any calmness and composure?"

But what kind of happiness is that, which we are in hourly fears of losing, and which, when lost, is gone for ever?

If I am only here for a few days, the part I ought to act is, certainly, that of a traveller on his journey, making use, indeed, of such conveniences, as the road affords him, but still regarding himself as upon his road—never so incumbring himself that he shall be unwilling to advance, when he knows he must do it—never so diverting himself at any resting place, that it shall be painful to him to depart thence.

When we are accustomed to derive all our comforts from sense, we come to want the very idea of any other: this momentary part of our existence is the full extent we give to our joys; and we have the mortifying reflection continually before us, that their conclusion is nearer every hour we are here, and may possibly take place the very next. Thus each accession of delight will really be but a new source of affliction, become an additional motive for complaint of the short space allowed for its enjoyment.

The mind of man is so disposed to look forward, so fitted to extend its views, that, as much as it is contracted by fensuality, it cannot be fixed thereby to the instant moment: We can never, like the beasts, be so far engrossed by the satisfaction before us, but the thoughts will occur, how often may we hope to repeat it—how many distant hours it is likely to relieve—how much of our duration can it advantage? and the fanciful continuance which our most fanguine hopes can assign it, must therefore be in some degree its abatement—must be an ingredient in our draught sure to embitter the many pleasing ones which compound it. And what a wise part are we then acting, when we are taking the brutes portion for ours, and cannot have all the benefits even of that! cannot remove the inconveniences of reason, when we forego its comforts!

These are some of the many disadvantages infeparable from pleasure, and from the expectation of which none of its votaries are exempt. We cannot attach ourselves to any of the delights, which appetite or fancy provides, but we shall be sure to find them quickly passing—when repeated, cloying—indisposing us for worthy pursuits—rendering us averse from quitting the world, and uneasy as often as it occurs to our thoughts, how soon our fummons may be to depart.

§ 146. On Pleasure.

Sect. III.

But what, you'll say, must all then commerce philosophers? Must every gay amusement be banished the world? Must those of each sex and of all ages have their looks ever in form, and their manners under the regulation of the severest wisdom? Has nature given us propensities only to be resisted? Have we ears to distinguish harmony, and are we never to delight them with it? Is the food which our palate relishes, to be therefore denied it? Can odours recreate our brain, beauty please our eye, and the design of their structure be, that we should exclude all agreeable sensation from either? Are not natural inclinations nature's commands; are they not its declarations whence we may obtain our good, and its injunctions to seek it thence? Is any thing more evident, than that serious applications cannot long be sustained—that we must sink under their weight—that they soon stupefy or distract us? The exercise of our intellectual part is the fatigue of our corporeal, and cannot be carried on, but by allowing us intervals of relaxation and mirth. Deny us pleasure, and you unfit us for business; and destroy the man, while you thus seek to perfect him.

A full answer might, I should think, be given to whatever is here alluded, by enlarging on the following observations.

1. Pleasure is only so far cenfured, as it cofts us more than it is worth—as it brings on a degree of uneasiness, for which it doth not compensate.

2. It is granted, that we are licensed to take all that pleasure, which there is no reason
reason for our declining. So much true pleasure, or so much pleasure, as is not counterbalanced by any inconveniences attending it, is so much happiness accruing to him who takes it, and a part of that general good, which our Creator designed us.

3. As the inclinations, with which mankind were originally formed, were, certainly, very different from those, which guilt has since propagated; many refrains must, therefore, be necessary, which would not have been so, had our primitive rectitude been preserved.

4. Bad education, bad example, increase greatly our natural depravity, before we come to reason at all upon it; and give the appearance of good to many things, which would be seen in a quite different light, under a different education and intercourse.

These particulars let it suffice barely to mention; since, as it is here admitted, that when there is no reason for our declining any pleasure, there is none for our taking it.

I am more especially concerned to shew, when there is a reason, why pleasure should be declined—what those limits are, which ought to be prefixed to our pleasures, and which when any, in themselves the most innocent, pass, they necessarily become immoral and culpable. A minute discussion of this point is not here proposed: such observations only will be made upon it, as appear to be of more general use, and of greatest importance.

What I would, first, consider as rendering any pleasure blameable is,

When it raises our Passions.

As our greatest danger is from them, their regulation claims our constant attention and care. Human laws confider them in their effects, but the divine laws in their aim and intention. To render me obnoxious to men, it is necessary that my impure lust be gratified, or an attempt be made to gratify it; that my anger operate by violence, my covetousness by knavery: but my duty is violated, when my heart is impure, when my rage extends not beyond my looks and my wishes, when I invade my neighbour’s property but in desire. The man is guilty the moment his affections become so, the infant that any difhonest thought finds him approving and indulging it.

The enquiry, therefore, what is a fit amusement, should always be preceded by the consideration of what is our disposition. For, it is not greater madness to suppose, that equal quantities of food or liquor may be taken by all with equal temperance, than to affert, that the same pleasure may be used by all with the same innocence. As, in the former case, what barely satisfies the stomach of one, would be a load insupportable to that of another; and the draught, that intoxicates me, may scarcely refresh my companion: so in the latter, an amusement perfectly warrantable to this sort of constitution, will to a different become the most criminal. What liberties are allowable to the calm, that must not be thought of by the choleric! How securely may the cold and phlegmatic roam, where he, who has greater warmth and sensibility, should not approach! What safety attends the con
temner of gain, where the most fatal failures await the avaricious! Some least governable passion is to be found in them, whose resolution is headstrong, and virtue firmest: upon that a constant guard must be kept; by any relaxation, it may be able to gain that strength, which we shall afterwards frutifefly oppose. When all is quiet and composed within us, the discharge of our duty puts us to little trouble; the performance thereof is not the heavy task, that so many are willing to re
comprehend: but to restore order and peace is a work very different from preferring them, and is often with the utmost difficulty effect
ed. It is with the natural body, as with the politic; rebellion in the members is much easier prevented than quelled; confu
sion once entered, none can foresee to what lengths it may proceed, or of how wide a ruin it may be productive.

What, likewife, renders any pleasure culpable, is its making a large, or an unfeasible, demand upon our time.

No one is to live to himself, and much less to confine his care to but one, and that the worst, part of himself. Man’s proper employment is to cultivate right dispositions in his own breast, and to benefit his species—to perfect himself, and to be of as much use in the world, as his faculties and opportunities will permit. The satisfactions of thefes are never to be purfued for their own fake: their enjoyment is none of our end, is not the purpose, for which God created us; amuse, refresh us it may, but when it buries, when it chiefly engages us, we act directly contrary to the design, for which we were formed; making that our care, which was only intended to be our relief.

Some, deftitute of the necessaries, others, of the conveniences of life, are called to labour, to commerce, to literary applica

K 4
tion, in order to obtain them; and any re-
miniscents of these persons, in their respective
employments or professions, any pursuit in-
consistent with a due regard to their main-
tenance, meets ever with the hardiest cen-
ture, is universally branded, as a failure in
common prudence and discretion: but what
is this animal life, in comparison with that
to which we are raised by following the
dictates of reason and conscience? How
defpicable may the man continue, when all
the affluence to which his wishes aspire, is
obtained?

Can it then be so indirect a part, to
follow pleasure, when we should mind our
fortune? Do all so clearly see the blame of
this? And may we doubt how guilty that
attachment to it is, which lays waste our
understanding—which entails on us igno-
rance and error—which renders us even
more useless than the beings, whom infirm
alone directs? All capacity for improve-
ment is evidently a call to it. The neglect
of our powers is their abuse; and the flight
of them is that of their giver. Whatever
talents we have received, we are to account
for: and it is not from revelation alone that
we learn this: no moral truth commands
more strongly our assent, than that the
qualifications bestowed upon us, are afforded
us, in order to our cultivating them—to
our obtaining from them the advantages
they can yield us; and that foregoing such
advantages, we become obnoxious to him,
who designed us them, as we misapply his
gift, and knowingly oppose his will. For,
the sacred token we can have, that any per-
fecions ought to be pursued, is, that they
may be attained: our ability to acquire them
is the voice of God within us to endeavors
after them. And would we but ask our-
selves the question, Did the Creator raise
us above the herd, and doth he allow us to
have no aims nobler than those of the herd—
to make its engagements the whole of ours?
we could not possibly mistake in the answer.
All, who have reason given them, know
that they may and ought to improve it,
ought to cultivate it at some seasons, and
ever to conform to it.

Greater privileges call us but to more
important cares. You are not placed above
your fellow-creatures, you have not the
leisure, which they want, that you may be
more idle and worthless, may devoue more
of your time to vanity and folly, but that
you may become more eminent in the per-
fecuons you acquire, and the good you do.
He, who has all his hours at command, is
to consider himself as favoured with those
opportunities to increase in wisdom and
virtue, which are vouchsafed to few; if no
good effect follows; if having them, he
only misapplies them; his guilt is, accord-
ing to what his advantage might have been.

The dispensations of heaven are not so
unequal, as that some are appointed to the
heaviest toil for their support, and others
left to the free, unconstrained enjoyment of
whatever gratifications their fancy suggests.
The distinction between us is not that of
much business and none at all; it is not,
that I may live as I can, and you as you
please; a different employment constitutes
it. The mechanic has his part assigned him,
the scholar his, the wealthy and powerful
thiers, each has his task to perform, his
talent to improve,—has barely so much
time for his pleasure, as is necessary for re-
cruiting himself—as is consistent with habi-
tual seriousness, and may rather qualify than
interrupt it.

We are furnished with numerous argu-
ments, why the graver occupations should
be remitted—why the humour for gaiety
and mirth should be allowed its place; and
no man in his right mind ever taught the
contrary. Let the delights of senes have
their season, but let them stand confined to
it; the same absurdity follows the excess
on either side, our never using, and our
never quitting them.

Be not over wise, is an excellent rule;
but it is a rule full as good, and much more
wanted.—That we should not be sought
That drees and diversion should not take
up all our hours.—That more time should
not be spent in adorning our persons, than
in improving our minds.—That the beautified
souls should not be our exact resemblance,
much shew and ornament without,
and within nothing but shew and rotten-
ness.—That carelessly to pass our time should
not be all the account we make of it, but
that some profit should be consulted, as well
as some delight.

§ 147. On Pleasure.

Sect. IV.

Again, no pleasure can be innocent,
from which our health is a sufferer. You
are no more to shorten your days, than with
our froke to end them; and we are suicides
but in a different way, if wantonness and
luxury be our gradual destruction, or de-
spair our instant. It is self-murder, to take
from our continuance here any part of that
term, to which the due care of ourselves
would have extended it; and our life, probably falls a more criminal sacrifice to our voluptuousness, than to our impatience.

When we throw off the load, which Providence has thought fit to lay upon us, we fail greatly in a proper deference to its wisdom, in a due submission to its will; but then we have to plead, sufferings too grievous to be futfained—a diffrefs too mighty to be contended with; a plea, which can by no means justify us; yet how preferable to any, that he can allude, who, in the midst of all things that can give a relish to his being, neglects the preservation of it—who abuses the conveniences of life to its waste, and turns its very comforts to its ruin? Or, could we suppose our pleasures disordering our constitution, after a manner not likely to contribute to its decay, they would not even then be exempted from guilt: to preserve yourself should not solely be your concern, but to maintain your most perfect state: every part and every power of your frame claims your regard; and it is great ingratitude towards him, who gave us our faculties, when we in any wise obstruct their free use. The proper thankfulness to God for our life is to be expressed by our care about it; both by keeping it, till he pleases to require it; and by so preferring it, that it may be fit for all those purposes, to which he has appointed it.

Further, the pleasure is, undoubtedly, criminal, which is not adapted to our fortune—which either impairs it, or hinders an application of it to what has the principal claim upon it.

If actions, otherwise the most commendable, lose their merit, when they disqualify us for continuing them—if generosity changes its name, when it suits not our circumstances; and even alms are culpable, when by bestowing them we come to want them—if the very best uses, to which we can put our wealth, are not so to draw off, as to dry the stream; we can by no means suppose, that our amusements are not to be limited, as by other considerations, so by this in particular—the expense which they create: we cannot imagine, that the restraints should not lie upon our wantonness, which lie upon our beneficence.

Be our professions the largest, it is but a very small part of them that we have to dispose of as we think fit, on what conduces solely to our mirth and diversion. Great affluence, whatever we may account it, is really but a greater trust; the means committed to us of a more extensive provision for the necessities of our fellow-creatures; and when our maintenance—our convenience—an appearance suitable to our rank have been consulted, all that remains is the claim of others, of our family, our friends, our neighbours, of those who are most in need of us, and whom we are most obliged to assist.

In the figure we make, in our attendants, table, habit, there may be a very culpable parade; but in the expense which has nothing but self-gratification in view, our thrift can never transgress: Here our avarice is the most generous and commendable, as it at once qualifies us to relieve the wants of others, and lefts our own—as it sets us above the world, at the time that it enables us to be a blessing to it.

There is not a nobler quality to distinguish us, than that of an indifference to ourselves—a readiness to forgo our own liking for the sake and advantage of our fellow-creatures. And it is but justice, indeed, that the conveniences of many should prescribe to those of one: whatever his fortune may be, as he owes all the service he has from it to the concurrence of numbers, he ought to make it of benefit to them, and by no means to conclude, that what they are not to take from him, they are not to have.

Nor should it be unremarked, that the gratifications best suited to nature, are of all the cheapest: he, like a wise parent, has not made those things needful to the well-being of any of us, which are prejudicial to the interests of the rest. We have a large field for enjoyment, at little or no charge, and may very allowable exceed the bounds of this; but we should always remember, that the verge of right is the entrance upon wrong—that the indulgence, which goes to the full extent of a lawful expense, approaches too near a criminal one, to be wholly clear from it.

Again, Care should be taken that our pleasures be in character.

The station of some, the profession of others, and an advanced age in all, require that we should decline many pleasures allowable to those of an inferior rank—of a different profession—of much younger years.

Do your decisions constitute the law—does your honour balance the plebeian's arts? How very fitting is it that you should never be seen eager on trifles—intent on boyish sports—unbent to the lowest amusements of the populace—fondulous after gratifications, which may shew, that neither your
your sagacity is greater, nor your scruples fewer than what are found in the very meanest of the community!

Am I set apart to recommend a reasonable and useful life—to represent the world as a scene of vanity and folly, and propound the things above as only proper to engage our affections? how ungraceful a figure do I then make, when I join in all the common amusements—when the world seems to delight me full as much as my hearers, and the only difference between us is, that their words and actions correspond, and mine are utterly inconsistent!

Have you attained the years, which extinguish the relish of many enjoyments—which bid you expect the speedy conclusion of the few remaining, and ought to instruct you in the emptiness of all those of the fenfual kind? We expect you should leave them to such who can taste them better, and who know them left. The mafy vestment ill becomes you, when you sink under its weight; the gay assembly, when your dim eyes cannot distinguish the pertons composing it: your feet scarcely support you; attend not, therefore, where the contest is, whose motions are the gracefuleft: fly the representation designed to raise the mirth of the spectators, when you can only remind them of their coffins.

Laftly, every pleasure should be avoided, that is an offence to the scrupulous, or a snare to the indiscreet. I ought to have nothing more at heart than my brother's innocence, except my own; and when there are fo many ways of entertaining ourselves, which admit of no misconstruction, why should I choose such, as afford occasion for any?

To be able greatly to benefit our fellow-creatures is the happiness of few, but not to hurt them is in the power of all; and when we cannot do the world much good, we must be very unthinking indeed, if we endeavour not to do it the least possible mischief.

How this action will appear, to what interpretation it is liable, ought to be our consideration in whatever we engage. We are here fo much intered in each other's morals, that, if we looked not beyond our present being, it should never be a point indifferent to us, what notions our conduct may propagate, and for what corruptions it may be made the plea: but professing the doctrine of Christ as our rule, we can in nothing more directly oppose it, than in taking those liberties, by which the virtue of any is endangered. Which of our pleasures have this pernicious tendency, it will be more proper for my readers to recollect, than for me to describe. To those who are in earnest I have said enough; to the infenere more would be frutile. What has been said deserves, I think, some consideration, and that it may have a serious one, is the most earnest of all,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

§ 148. A Letter to a young Nobleman, soon after his leaving School.

Sir,

The obligations I have to your family cannot but make me solicitous for the welfare of every member of it, and for that of yourself in particular, on whom its honours are to depend.

Such instructions and such examples, as it has been your happiness to find, must, necessarily, raise great expectations of you, and will not allow you any praise for a common degree of merit. You will not be thought to have worth, if you have not a distinguished worth, and what may fut the concurrence of so many extraordinary advantages.

In low life, our good or bad qualities are known to few—to those only who are related to us, who converse with, or live near, us. In your station, you are exposed to the notice of a kingdom. The excellencies or defects of a youth of quality make a part of polite conversation—are a topicagreeable to all who have been liberally educated; to all who are not amongst the meanest of the people.

Should I, in any company, begin a character of my friend with the hard name, whom I hope you left well at—— they would naturally ask me, What relation he bore to the Emperor's minister? When I answered, That I had never heard of his bearing any; that all I knew of him was, his being the son of a German merchant, sent into this kingdom for education; I, probably, should be thought impertinent, for introducing such a subject; and I, certainly, should soon be obliged to drop it, or be wholly disregarded, were I unwiue enough to continue it.

But if, upon a proper occasion, I mentioned, that I had known the Honourable—— from his infancy, and that I had made such observations on his capacity, his application, his attainments, and his general conduct, as induced me to conclude, he would
would one day be an eminent ornament, and a very great blessing, to his country; I should have an hundred questions asked me about him—my narrative would appear of confecucence to all who heard it, and would not fail to engage their attention.

I have, I must own, often wondered, that the consideration of the numbers, who are continually remarking the behaviour of the persons of rank among us, has had so little influence upon them—has not produced a quite different effect from what, alas! we every where falsely experience.

Negligere quot de fe quiique sentiat, non solum arroganti efi, sed etiam omnino diffaluit.

I need not tell you where the remark is: it has, indeed, so much obvious truth, that it wants no support from authority. Every generous principle must be extinct in him, who knows that it is paid of him, or that it justly may be paid of him—How different is this young man from his noble father! the latter took every course that could engage the public esteem the former is as industrious to forfeit it. The Sire was a pattern of religion, virtue, and every commendable quality: his descendant is an impious, ignorant, profligate wretch: raised above others, but to have his folly more public—high in his rank, only to extend his infamy.

A thrift after fame may have its inconveniences, but which are by no means equal to those that attend a contempt of it. Our earnings in its pursuit may possibly flacken our pursuit of true defect; but indifferent we cannot be to reputation, without being fo to virtue.

In these remarks you, Sir, are no farther concerned, than as you must, sometimes, converse with the persons to whom they may be applied, and your detestation of whom one cannot do too much to increase. Bad examples may justly raise our fears even for him, who has been the most wisely educated, and is the most happily disposed: no caution against them is superfluous: in the place, in which you are at present, you will meet with them in all shapes.

Under whatever disadvantages I offer you my advice, I am thus far qualified for giving it, that I have experienced some of the dangers which will be your trial, and had sufficient opportunity of observing others. The observations I have made, that are at all likely to be of service to you, either from their own weight, or the hints they may afford for your improving upon them, I cannot conceal from you. What comes from him who wishes you so well, and fo much esteems you, will be sufficiently recommended by its motives; and may, therefore, possibly be read with a partiality in its favour, that shall make it of more use than it could be of from any intrinsic worth.

But, without farther preface or apology, let me proceed to the points that I think deserving your more particular consideration; and begin with what, certainly, shoud, above all other things, be considered—Religion. It is, indeed, what every man says he has more or less considered; and by this, every man acknowledges its importance: yet, when we enquire into the consideration that has been given it, we can hardly persuade ourselves, that a point of the least consequence could be so treated.

To our examination here we usually fit down resolved, how far our conviction shall extend.

In the pursuit of natural or mathematical knowledge we engage, disposed to take things as we find them—to let our affent be directed by the evidence we meet with: but the doctrines of religion each injests, not in order to inform himself what he ought to believe and practice; but to reconcile them with his present faith and way of life—with the passions he favours—with the habits he has contracted.

And that this is, really, the case, is evident, from the little alteration there is in the manners of any, when they know as much of religion as they ever intend to know. You see them the same persons as formerly; they are only furnished with arguments, or excuses, they had not before thought of; or with objections to any rules of life differing from those by which they guide themselves; which objections they often judge the only defence their own practice stands in need of.

I am sure, Sir, that to one of your understanding the absurdity of such a way of proceeding can want no proof; and that your bare attention to it is your sufficient guard against it.

Religion is either wholly founded on the fears or fancies of mankind, or it is, of all matters, the most serious, the weightiest, the most worthy of our regard. There is no mean. Is it a dream, and no more? Let the human race abandon, then, all pretences to reason. What we call fuch is but the more exquisite fene of upright, unclad, two-legged brutes; and that is the bell you can lay of us. We then are brutes, and so much more wretched than other brutes, as
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defined to the miseries they feel not, and
deprieved of the happiness they enjoy; by
our foresight anticipating our calamities,
by our reflection recalling them.—Our being
is without an aim; we can have no purpose,
no design, but what we ourselves must sooner
or later despise. We are formed, either to
drudge for a life, that, upon such a condition,
is not worth our preserving; or to run a circle of enjoyments, the cessation of
all which is, that we cannot long be pleased
with any one of them. Disinterestedness, gene-
roty, public spirit, are idle, empty sounds;
terms, which imply no more, than that we
should neglect our own happiness to promote
that of others.

What truly has observed on the con-
exion there is between religion, and the
virtues which are the chief support of so-
ciety, is, I am persuaded, well known to
you.

A proper regard to social duties wholly
depends on the influence that religion has
upon us. Destroy, in mankind, all hopes
and fears, respecting any future state; you
instantly let them loose to all the methods
likely to promote their immediate conveni-
ence. They, who think they have only the
present hour to trust to, will not be
with-held, by any refined considerations,
from doing what appears to them certain to
make it pass with greater satisfaction.

Now, methinks, a calm and impartial enquirer could never determine that to be a
visionary scheme, the full perfection of the
truth of which approves our existence a wise
design—gives order and regularity to our
life—places an end in our view, confessedly
the noblest that can engage it—raises our
nature—exempts us from a servitude to our
passions, equally debasing and tormenting
us—affords us the truest enjoyment of our-
selves—puts us on the due improvement of
our faculties—corrects our selfishness—calls
us to be of use to our fellow-creatures, to
become public blessings—inspires us with
true courage, with sentiments of real honour and
generosity—inclines us to be such, in
every relation, as suits the peace and pro-
sperty of society—derives an uniformity to
our whole conduct, and makes satisfaction
its inefparable attendant—directs us to a
course of action pleasing when it employs
us, and equally pleasing when we either
look back upon it, or attend to the ex-
pectations we entertain from it.

If the source of so many and such vast
advantages can be supposed a dream of the
superstitious, or an invention of the crafty,
we may take our leave of certainty; we
may suppose every thing, within and with-
out us, conspiring to deceive us.

That there should be difficulties in any
scheme of religion which can be offered us,
is no more than what a thorough acquaint-
ance with our limited capacities would in-
duce us to expect, were we strangers to the
several religions that prevailed in the world,
and proposed, upon enquiry into their re-
spective merits, to embrace that which came
best recommended to our belief.

But all objections of difficulties must be
highly absurd in either of these cases.—

When the creed you oppose, on account
of its difficulties, is attended with fewer
than that which you would advance in its
stead; or—

When the whole of the practical doctrines
of a religion are such, as, undeniably, con-
tribute to the happiness of mankind, in
whatever state, or under whatsoever relations,
you can consider them.

To reject a religion thus circumstanced,
for some points in its scheme left level to
our apprehension, appears to me, I confess,
quite as unreasonable, as it would be to
abstain from our food, till we could be
satisfied about the origin, infection, and
action of the muscles that enable us to swa-
low it.

I would, in no case, have you rest upon
mere authority; yet as authority will have
its weight, allow me to take notice, that
men of the greatest penetration, the acutest
reasoning, and the most solid judgment,
have been on the side of Christianity—have
expressed the firmest persuasion of its truth.

I cannot forgive myself, for having so
long overlooked Lord Bacon's Philosophical
Works. It was but lately I began to read
them; and one part of them I laid down,
when I took my pen to write this. The
more I know of that extraordinary man,
the more I admire him; and cannot but
think his understanding as much of a size
beyond that of the rest of mankind, as
Virgil makes the stature of Musems, with
respect to that of the multitude surround-
ing him—

Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeri extantem suscipit altis.
Æn. L. vi. 667, 8.
or as Homer represents Diana's height,
among the nymphs sporting with her—

Parn. 8. 178 ehy nam eecb xcc 884 86tvkra.
Od. L. vi. 107.

Throughout his writings there runs a vein
of piety; you can hardly open them, but you find some or other testimony of the full conviction entertained by him, that Christianity had an especial claim to our regard. He, who so clearly saw the defects in every science—few from whence they proceeded, and had such amazing sagacity, as to discover how they might be remedied, and to point out those very methods, the pursuit of which has been the remedy of many of them—He, who could discern thus much, left it to the writings of the following age, to discover any weakness in the foundation of religion.

To him and Sir Isaac Newton I might add many others, of eminent both natural and acquired endowments, the most unsuspected favourites of the Christian religion; but these two, as they may be considered standing at the head of mankind, would really be dishonoured, were we to seek for any weight, from mere authority, to the opinions they had jointly patronized, to the opinion they had maintained, after the strictest enquiry what ground there was for them.

That the grounds of Christianity were thus enquired into by them, is certain: for the one appears, by the quotations from the Bible inter perfected throughout his works, to have read it with an uncommon care; and it is well known, that the other made it his chief study, in the latter part of his life.

It may, indeed, appear very idle, to produce authorities on one side, when there are none who deserve the name of such on the other. Whatever else may have rendered the writers in favour of infidelity remarkable, they, certainly, have not been so for their sagacity, or science—for any superior either natural, or acquired, endowments. And I cannot but think, that he who takes up his pen, in order to deprive the world of the advantages which would accrue to it were the Christian religion generally received, shews so wrong a head in the very design of his work, as would leave no room for doubt, how little credit he could gain by the conduct of it.

Is there a just foundation for our assent to the Christian doctrine? Nothing should then be more carefully considered by us, or have a more immediate and extensive influence upon our practice.

Shall I be told, that if this were a right consequence, there is a profession, in which quite different persons would be found, than we at present meet with?

I have too many failings myself, to be willing to censure others; and too much love for truth, to attempt an excuse for what admits of none. But let me say, that confessions are not the least true, for their truth being disregarded. Lucian’s description of the philosophers of his age is more odious, than can belong to any set of men in our time: and as it was never thought, that the precepts of philosophy ought to be sighted, because they who inculcated, disgraced them; neither can it be any reflection on nobler rules, that they are recommended by persons who do not observe them.

Of this I am as certain as I can be of anything, That our practice is no infallible test of our principles; and that we may do religion no injury by our speculations, when we do it a great deal by our manners. I should be very unwilling to rely on the strength of my own virtue in so many instances, that it exceedingly mortifies me to reflect on their number; yet, in whatever of them I offended, it would not be for want of conviction, how excellent a precept, or precepts, I had transgressed—it would not be because I did not think, that a life throughout agreeable to the commands of the religion I profess, ought to be constantly my care.

How frequently we act contrary to the obligations, which we readily admit ourselves to be under, can scarcely be otherwise than matter of every one’s notice; and if none of us infer from those pursuits, which tend to destroy our health, or our understanding, or our reputation, that he, who engages in them, is persuaded that disease, or infancy, or a second childhood, deserves his choice; neither should it be taken for granted, that he is not inwardly convinced of the worth of religion, who appears, at some times, very different from what a due regard thereto ought to make him.

Inconsistency is, through the whole compass of our acting, so much our reproach, that it would be great injustice towards us, to charge each defect in our morals, upon corrupt and bad principles. For a proof of the injustice of such a charge, I am confident, none need look beyond themselves. Each will find the complaint of Medea in the poet, very proper to be made his own—

I see and approve of what is right, at the same time that I do what is wrong.

Don’t think, that I would justify the faults of any, and much less theirs, who, professing themselves set apart to promote the interests of religion and virtue, and having
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having a large revenue assigned them, both that they may be more at leisure for so noble a work, and that their pains in it may be properly recompensed, are, certainly, extremely blameable, not only when they countenance the immoral and irreligious; but even, when they take no care to reform them.

All I aim at, is, That the cause may not suffer by its advocates.—That you may be just to it, whatever you may dislike in them —That their failures may have the allowance, to which the frailty of human nature is entitled—that you may not, by their manners, when worst, be prejudiced against their Doctrine; as you would not cenature philosophy, for the faults of philosophers.

The prevalency of any practice cannot make it to be either safe, or prudent; and I would fain have your's and mine such, as may alike credit our religion, and understanding: without the great reproach of both, we cannot profess to believe that rule of life, to be from God, which, yet, we model to our passions and interests.

Whether such a particular is my duty, ought to be the first consideration; and when it is found so, common sense suggests the next—How it may be performed.

But I must not proceed. A letter of two sheets! How can I expect, that you should give it the reading? If you can persuade yourself to do it, from the conviction of the sincere affection towards you, that has drawn me into this length; I promise you, never again to make such a demand on your patience. —I will never again give you so troublesome a proof of my friendship. I have here begun a subject, which I am very desirous to prosecute; and every letter, you may hereafter receive from me upon it, whatever other recommendation it may want, shall, certainly, not be without that brevity.

Dean Bolton.

§ 149. Three Essays on the Employment of Time.

PREFACE.
The essays I here publish, though at first penned for the benefit of some of the author's neighbours in the country, may, it is hoped, from the alterations since made in them, be of more general use. The subject of them is, in itself, of the highest importance, and could, therefore, never be unreasonably considered; but the general practice, at present, more especially entitles it to our notice. The principles on which their argumentative part proceeds, are denied by none whose conviction it connotes. Such as regard the human frame as only in its mechanism excelling that of beasts—such as would deprive man's breast of social affections, exempt him from all apprehensions of a deity, and confine his hopes to his present existence, are not the persons whom any thing here said propeses to affect. They are not, I mean, directly applied to in this word; but even their benefit it may be said conterminally to intend, as it would certainly contribute thereto, could it properly operate on those whose advantage is its immediate aim.

We have been told, by very good judges of human nature, how engaging virtue would be, if it came under the notice of sens. And what is a right practice, but virtue made, in some measure, the object of our sense? What is a man ever acting reasonably, but, if I may so speak, impersonated virtue—Virtue in a visible shape, brought into view, presenting itself to the sight, and through the sight as much affecting the mind, as it could be affected by any elegance of form, by any of the beauties of colouring or proportion.

The notions most dishonourable to the deity, and to the human species, are often, I suspect, first taken up, and always, certainly, confirmed by remarking how they act whose speculations express the greatest honour towards both.

When the strongest sense of an all powerful and wise, a most holy and just Governor of the world, is professed by those who shew not the least concern to please him—When reason, choice, civil obligations, a future recompense, have for their advocates such as are governed by humour, passion, appetite; or who deny themselves no present pleasure or advantage, for any thing that an hereafter promises; it naturally leads others, first, to think it of little moment which side is taken on these points, and, then, to take that which suits the manners of them who, in their declarations, are its warmest opponents.

Whereas, were the apprehensions that do justice to a superintending providence—an immaterial principle in man—his liberty—his duties in society—his hopes at his dissolution, to be universally evidenced by a suitable practice; the great and manifest advantage arising from them would be capable of suppressing every doubt of their truth, would prevent the entrance of any, or would soon remove it.

As, indeed, all that we are capable of knowing
knowing in our present state, appears either immediately to regard its wants, or to be connected with what regards them, it is by no means a flight confirmation of the truth of a doctrine, that the persuasion thereof is of the utmost conformance to our present well-being. And thus the great advantages that are in this life derivable from the belief of a future retribution—that are here the proper fruits of such a belief, may be considered as evidencing how well it is founded—how reasonably it is entertained. On this it may be of some use more largely to infilt.

What engagements correspond to the conviction that the state in which we now are is but the passage to a better, is considered in the last of these essays: and that, when so engaged, we are acting the part befitting our nature and our situation, seems manifest both on account of the approbation it has from our calmest hours, our most serious deliberation and free judgment, and likewise on account of the testimony it receives even from them who act a quite contrary one. What they conform not to, they applaud; they acknowledge their failures to be such; they admire the worth, which they cannot bring themselves to cultivate.

If we look into the writers who supposed all the pleasures of man to be those of his body, and all his views limited to his present existence; we find them, in the rule of life they gave, deferring the necessary consequences of their supposition, and prescribing a morality utterly inconsistent with it. Even when they taught that what was good or evil was to be determined by our feeling only—that right or wrong was according to the pleasure or pain that would ensue to us during the continuance of our present frame, since after its dissolution we have nothing to hope or fear; their practical directions were, however, that we ought to be strictly just, severely abstinent, true to our friendships, steady in the pursuit of honour and virtue, attentive to the public welfare, and willing to part with our lives in its defence.

Such they admitted man ought to be—such they exhorted him to be, and, therefore, when they would allow him to act only upon motives utterly incongruous to his being this person, it followed either that these were wrongly assigned, or that a conduct was required from him unsuitable to his nature.

That his obligations were rightly stated was on all hands agreed. The mistake was in the inducements alleged for discharging them. Nothing was more improbable than his fulfilling the duties this scheme appointed him, if he was determined by it in judging of the consequences of his actions—what good or hurt they would do him—what happiness or misery would be their result.

While the Epicureans admitted justice to be preferable to injustice—a public spirit, to private selfish views; while they acknowledged it more fitting that we should sacrifice life to the good of our country, than preserve it by deferring the common welfare; they must, I think, be regarded as authorising a preference of the principles which will make man just and public-spirited, to those which will dispose him to be unjust, and wholly attentive to his own little interests.

Let us see, then, what will be the practical consequences of adopting or rejecting the Epicurean tenet of our having nothing to hope for beyond the grave.

The value we set on life is shewn by what we do to preserve it, and what we suffer rather than part with it. We support ourselves by the hardest labour, the severest drudgery, and we think death a much greater evil, than to struggle for years with disease and pain, despairing of cure, and even of any long intervals of life. Such, ordinarily, is our love of life. And this desire to keep it cannot but be greatly increased, when we are induced to think that once lost it is so for ever. To be without all hope of again enjoying the blessing we thus highly prize, must naturally disfigure us to hazard it, and instil into us for what will endanger its continuance. He who is persuaded that corporeal pleasure is all he has to expect, and that it is confined to his present existence, must, if he acts agreeably to such a persuasion, be wholly intent on the pursuit of that pleasure, and dread nothing more than its coming to an end, or being interrupted. Hence, if his term of life would be shorter, or any greater distress would accrue to him by adhering to truth and justice, than by departing from them—if he were to be at present more a loser by affiling his friend, than by forsaking him—if he could promise himself a larger share of sensual gratifications from betraying his country, than from serving it faithfully, he would be false and unjust, he would be pernicious to his friend, and a traitor to his country. All those sentiments
and actions that express an entire attachment to the delights of sense, and the strongest reluctance to forego them, are strictly in character when we look not beyond them—when we acknowledge not any higher satisfactions, and behold these as expiring with us, and sure never to be again tasted.

Whereas the prospect of a returning life, and of enjoyments in it far superior to any we now experience, or promise ourselves, has a necessary tendency to lessen our solicitude about the existence here appointed us. We cannot well be reconciled to the loss of our being, but are easily led to its change; and death considered as only its change, as the passage from a less to a more desirable state, will, certainly, have the terror of its appearance much abated. The conviction that there is a greater good in reserve for us than any pleasure which earth can afford, and that there is something far more to be feared by us than any pain we can now be made to suffer, will, in proportion to its strength, render us indifferent to the delights and conveniences of our abode on earth, and dispose us to qualify ourselves for obtaining that greater good, and avoiding that so much more to be dreaded evil, in these considerations of life and death, of happiness and misery, virtue has its proper support. We are by them brought to judge rightly of the part becoming us, and to adhere to it immovable: they furnish sufficient inducements to avoid falsehood and injustice, of whatever immediate advantage we may be thereby deprived—they encourage us to serve our friends and country with the utmost fidelity, notwithstanding all the inconveniences that can be supposed to attend it—they are, indeed, proper incentives to prefer the public welfare to our own safety, while they represent to us how much our gain thereby would overbalance our loss.

Brutes in our end and expectations, how can we be otherwise in our pursuits? But if the reasoning principle in us be an incorruptible one, and its right or wrong application in its embodied state affect the whole of our future existence; we have, in that apprehension, the most powerful motive to act throughout in conformity to our rational nature, or, which is the same thing in other words, never to swerve from virtue—to despise alike danger and pleasure when standing in competition with our duty.

Thus, when Socrates, in Plato's Phaedo, has proved the immortality of our soul, he considers it as a necessary consequence of the belief thereof, "That we should be employed in the culture of our minds—" in such care of them as shall not only regard that term, to which we give the name of life, but the whole which follows it—in making ourselves as wise and good as may be, since on it our safety entirely depends, the soul carrying hence nothing with it, but its good or bad actions, its virtues or vices, and these constituting its happiness or misery to all eternity."

So, when the elder Scipio is introduced by Tully, apprising the younger, "That what is called our life, may be more properly styled our death—that we truly live, when we are freed from the fetters of our body;" he proceeds to observe, how much it then concerned him to be just—to promote the public welfare—to make true glory his aim, doing what is right without regard to any advantage it will now yield him, despising popular opinion, adhering to virtue for its real worth. And the youth thus instructed, professes, "That after such information into what state he is to pass, he would not be wanting to himself: unworthy he had not been of his ancestor's worth, but to copy it should now be his more especial care, since encouraged thereto by so great a reward."

Lucan, representing the inhabitants of this part of Europe as persuaded that the soul survived the dissolution of the body, congratulates them, indeed, only on the happiness they enjoyed in an opinion that freed them from the most tormenting of all fears, the dread of death—that made them act with so much bravery and intrepidity. But when he admits a contempt of death to be the proper effect of this opinion, he must be considered as allowing it all that practical influence which as naturally results from it, as such an indifference to life doth, and has the same connexion with it.

If, therefore, the persuasion that death renders us utterly inenrible, be a persuasion that unmans us quite—that disposes to a course of action most unworthy of us—that is extremely prejudicial to society, and tends, in every way, to our own greatest hurt or debasement, we may well suppose it an erroneous one; since it is in the highest degree improbable, that there should be any truth in a notion the reception of which so far operates to the prejudice of mankind—so necessarily contributes to introduce a general disorder."
On the other hand, if, from the conviction that there is a recompense for us beyond the grave, we derive sentiments most becoming us—if from it the worthiest actions proceed—if it be the source of the greatest both private and public good—if with it we are placed—if it alone can lead us to perfect our nature, and can furnish our state with satisfactory enjoyments; there may seem sufficient grounds to conclude that there is such a recompense; the persuasion thereof, thus affecting us, may well appear most reasonably entertained.

When all those principles, of whose truth we have the greatest certainty, conduct us to happiness, it is natural to think that the influence of any principle upon our happiness should be no improper test of its truth.

If there be no furer token of a right practice, than its tendency to promote the common good, can we but judge that to be a right opinion, which has undeniably, in an eminent degree, such a tendency?

When the difficulties that, under a general corruption, attend our adherence to virtue, are only to be furred up by the prospect of a future reward; one knows not how to believe that the proper inducement to our acting a part so becoming us—so much our praisef, should be no other than a chimerical view, a romantic and utterly vain expectation.

When error is manifestly the cause of whatever ill we do or suffer, it is extremely improbable, that to an erroneous notion we must stand indebted for the best use of life, and its most solid satisfactions.

But it may be asked—where does this opinion produce these boasfed effects? Among them who profess it their firmest belief that there is a future recompence, how few do we find better men for it—more regular in their manners, or more useful to the world, than they would have been without any such persuasion?

How far any truth shall operate upon us—how far it shall influence us, depends upon our application of it, upon our attention to it. Experience furnishes the utmost certainty of a vast variety of particulars highly interesting our present welfare, which yet we overlook, we give ourselves little or no concern about, though we thereby make ourselves the severest sufferers; and may be almost as sure as we can be of any thing, that our unconcernedness about them must be attended with consequences thus fatal to us. The several rules which regard the lengthening of life—the preservation of health—the enjoyment of ease, though they carry with them the clearest evidence of their importance, how very little weight have they with the generality of mankind—how unheeded are they when opposing an eager appetite, a strong inclination! while yet these rules are acknowledged to remain as true, as worthy of our notice, as certain in their salutary effects when observed, as if all that practical regard to which they are entitled, was paid them; and we may be as justly thought endowed with a capacity of discovering those effects in order to their profiting us, as if they universally took place.

What benefit was intended in qualifying us for the discernment of any truth, is by no means to be inferred from what ordinarily ensues to us when discerning it. A just inference as to this can only be made from regarding the dictates of reason upon such a truth being discerned by us; or, what use of its discernment reason directs us to make.

When we are less wicked than very bad principles prompt us to be, which is often the case; these are, nevertheless, full as blamable as they would be if we were to act consistently with them. That they are not purified, is, as to them, quite an accidental point; in reason and nature they should be; and therefore are fitly chargeable with all the consequences that acting according to them would produce.

So, on the other hand, though it must be confessed, that, with the best principles, our course of life is, frequently, very faulty; the objection must lye not to the nature or kind of their influence, but to a weakness of it, which is our crime, and not their defects. We will not let them act upon us; as they are qualified to do. Their worth is to be estimated by the worth they are suited to produce. And it would be full as absurd, when we will not mind our way, to deny that the light can be of any help to us in seeing it; as to deny the serviceableness of any principle, because we fail in its application.

Nor is it, indeed, only our unhappiness that we are inattentive to what the belief of a future recompence requires from us; religion itself, is, alas! every where abused to the obstructing the proper effects of this belief. I mean, that whatever religion is any where professed, some or other rite or doctrine of it does favour, as in Paganism and
medisin; or is so construed, as in Judaism and Christianness, that it is made to favour a departure from the practice which suits the perfusion of a future reward. The reproof that belonged to the Jews in our Saviour’s time, they have, as far as appears, despaired ever since; that by their scrupulous regard to the lesser points of their law, they think they make amends for the groffest neglect of its most important precepts. And with respect to us Christians *, whence is it, that there is so little virtue among us—that we are throughout so corrupt, but from taking fanfucury for our crimes in our very religion,—from perverting its most holy institutions and doctrines to be our full security whatsoever are our vices †.

Thus, we are either of a church in which we can be abolished of all our sins; or we are of the number of the elect, and cannot commit any; or the merits of Christ alone for our not having the merit even of honesty and sincerity; or a right faith makes amends for our most corrupt practice ‡.

We have prayers, sacraments, faiths, that are never thought of to improve us in virtue, but to supply the want of it,—to quiet our consciences under the most culpable gratification of our lusts.

How the belief of a future recompence should, in reason, affect our practice—what its proper and natural influence is, solely concerns the present argument. It seems enough, in the case before us, that no one can be confident with himself, but, if he has any hopes of happiness in another world, his conduct will be regular, becoming, rational: and, that where we find these hopes entertained on mature consideration, justly reafoned upon, duly attended to, there we, certainly, find great purity of morals, a strict regard to the part befitting a reasonable creature, and every other advantage ascribed to them. If I cannot be allowed to infer from hence that they are well founded, they have still for their support all those arguments in favour of a final retribution, with which I have not at all meddled, nor in the least weakened by any thing I may have less pertinently observed. The subject of the third of the following essays led me to the remarks here made; and to me they appear not immaterial. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to think but that the hopes which induce me to act most agreeably to my Creator’s will, he has formed me to entertain; and will not let me be disappointed in them.

Of one thing I am sure, that they who suffer the perfusion of a future happiness to operate, as it ought, on their practice, constantly experience their practice adding strength to their perfusion; the better they become by their belief, the more confirmed they become in it. This is a great deal to say on its behalf. What weightier recommendation to our assent can any doctrine have, than that, as it tends to improve us in virtue, so the more virtuous we are, the more firmly we assent to it; or, the better judges we are of truth, the fuller assurance we have of its truth?

§ 150. On the Employment of Time.

ESAY THE FIRST.

Tunc domus intelligat, quid ficiendum sit; quid velit, sicut natura sua debet. Sen. Ep. 121.

“Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should “never cast one thought towards her hap- “pinefs.”—A reflection this, made indeed by a comic writer, but not unworthy the most serious.

To be intent on pleasure, yet negligent of happiness, is to be careful for what will ease us a few moments of our life, and yet, * Sir Isaac Newton having observed, That the prophecies concerning Christ’s first coming were for setting up the Christian religion, add, which all nations have since corrupted, &c. Observ. upon the Proph. of Dan. &c. p. 252.
† The general and great defect in those that prefer the Christian faith is, that they hope for life eternal, without performing those conditions, whereupon it is promised in the Gospel, namely, repentance and reformation.—They will truft to a fruitless, lifeless faith, or to false promises, and satisfactions, and communications made with God, doing what he hath not required instead of what he hath commanded. No impositions shall prevail to mover and excite them to do this, nor reasons, arguments, or demonstration, nor the expres words of God, that it is necessary to be done; or to forbear to enchain them as Enemies to the Grace of God, who do with clear and express Scripture shew the absolute necessity of it. Opponens's Sermon, p. 169, 167.
‡ I heartyly wish, that by public authority it were so ordered, that no man should ever preach or print this doctrine, That Faith alone justifies, unless he joins this together with it, That universal obedience is necessary to salvation. Chillingworth’s Relig. of Prot. p. 352.
By our zeal in our opinions we grow cool in our piety and practical duties. Epiff. Dedic., prefixed to the Discourse of Liberty of Proph., without
without any regard to what will distress us for many years of it.

When I study my happiness, I consult the satisfaction of the whole continuance of my being—I endeavour, that throughout it I may suffer as little, and enjoy myself as much, as my nature and situation will admit. Happiness is lasting pleasure; its pursuit is, really, that of pleasure, with as small an alloy as possible of pain. We cannot, therefore, provide for our happiness, without taking our share of pleasure; tho', as is every where but too evident, our eagernefs after Pleasure may plunge us into the misery we are unable to support.

Nothing, indeed, is more specious than the general term Pleasure. It carries with it the idea of something which must be permitted us by our Maker; since we know not how to suppofe him forbidding us to taste what he has disposed us to relish. His having formed us to receive pleasure, is our licence to take it. This I will admit to be true, under proper restrictions.

It is true, that from our nature and constitution we may collect wherein we act agreeably to our Creator's will, and wherein we act contrary to it: but the mischief is, we commonly misake our nature, we mistake it; we call that which is but a part of it, or the corruption of it; and we thence make conclusions, by which when we govern our practice, we soon find ourselves in great difficulties and distresses.

For incontinence, we call our passions our nature; then infer, that, in gratifying them, we follow nature; and, being thus convinced that their gratification must be quite lawful, we allow ourselves in it, and are undone by it. Whereas, the body is as much the man, as his passions are his nature; a part of it, indeed, they are, but the lowest part; and which, if more regarded than the higher and nobler, it must be as fatal to us, as to be guided rather by what is agreeable to our appetite, than conducive to our health. Of this more hereafter.

The call of nature being the favourite topic of all the men of pleasure—of all who act the most in contradiction to nature, I will confine the whole of the following essay to the consideration of it, so far as it relates to the employment of our time; and shew how our time should be employed, if we have a just regard to our nature—if what it requires be consulted by us.

That man is the work of a wise agent, is in the clearest manner discovered by the marks of wisdom, that flew themselves in his frame—by the contrivance and skill, that each part of it expresses—by the exact proportion and suitable disposition, that the several parts of it have to each other, and by their respective fitness to promote the well-being of the whole.

When we must thus acknowledge the great wisdom exerted in our frame; when we are so capable of discerning its beauties and advantages, and so fully know their preservation and improvement to depend upon ourselves, upon our own endeavours, care and pains; we cannot possibly be at a loss to discover what our wise Maker must, in this particular, expect from us. The duty of man is as certainly known from his nature—what he ought to do for himself is as fully understood from what he can do, as the uses of any machine are understood by a thorough acquaintance with its powers.

I can no more doubt for what I am intended—what must be required of me, when I see plainly what I am able to effect; than I can question for what purposes a watch or clock is designed, when I am duly apprised how the different parts of it act upon each other, to what they all concur, and to what only.

We want no reasoning to convince us, that a frame so curious as the human, must be made in order to its continuance, as long as the materials composing it will admit; and that we ourselves must give it such continuance: how this is shortened, how it is prolonged, we are likewise all of us fully sensible. There is no man but perceives what will hasten his dissolution, and what will, probably, retard it; by what management of himself he is sure to pass but few years in the world, and by what he is likely to be upheld in it for many. Here then our rule is obvious; these notices afforded us make it so: when we are taught, that the support of our life must be agreeable to him from whom we received it; and that we are appointed to give it this support, that it must come from ourselves, from what we do in order to it; we are at the same time instructed to regard all things contributing to it as enjoined us, and all things detrimental to, and inconsistent with it, as forbidden us; we have it suggested to us, that we are properly employed, when we consult the due preservation of life, and that the engagements are improper, are blamable, that hinder it.

Thus, to spend our time well, we must give our bodies such exercises, such rest, and other refreshments, as their subsistence demands.
minds; and we mis-spend it, when we are lazy and slothful, when we are lefs sober, chaste and temperate; when we proceed to excesses of any kind, when we let our passions and appetites direct us: every thing in this way tends to harass our dissolution; and therefore must be criminal, as opposing that continuance here, which our very composition shews our Maker to have deigned us.

But that our frame should be barely upheld, cannot be all we are to do for it; we must preferve it in its moft perfect state, in a state in which its several powers can be best exerted.

To take this care about it, is evidently required of us. Any unfitness for the functions of life is a partial death. I don’t see of what we can well be more certain, than that all the health and strength, of which our constitution admits, were intended us in it; and they muft, therefore, be as becoming our concern, as it is to hinder the ruin of our constitution: we know not how sufficiently to lament the losfs of them, even from the advantage of which they are to us in themselves, not only from their preventing the uneasiness, the pains, and the numerous inconveniences with which the sickly and infirm have to struggle, but likewise from the satisfaction they give us in our being, from what we feel, when our blood flows regularly, our nerves have their due tone, and our vigour is entire.

Yet these are but the leaf of the benefits we have from them.

We confift of two parts, of two very different parts; the one inert, passive, utterly incapable of directing itself, barely ministerial to the other, moved, animated by it. When our body has its full health and strength, the mind is so far affifted thereby, that it can bear a closer and longer application, our apprehension is readier, our imagination is liveller, we can better enlarge our compass of thought, we can examine our perceptions more strictly, and compare them more exactly; by which means we are enabled to form a truer judgment of things—to remove more effectually the mistakes into which we have been led by a wrong education, by passion, inattention, custom, example—to have a clearer view of what is best for us, of what is moft for our interest, and hence determine ourselves more readily to its pursuit, and perfift therein with greater resolution and steadiness.

The foundness of the body can be thus serviceable to the mind, and when made so, may in its turn be as much profited by it. The poet’s observation is no lefs true of them, than it is of nature and art, each wants, each helps the other;

“Mutually they need each other’s aid.”

Reform.

The mind, when not restrained by any thing deficient in its companion, and hav- ing from it all the affittance it is adapted to afford, can with much greater facility pre- vent that discomposure and trouble, by which our bodily health is ever injured, and preferve in us that quiet and peace, by, which it is always promoted. Hence we are to conclude, that we should forbear, not only what necessarily brings on diseafe and decay, but whatever contributes to en- feeble and encerave us; not only what has a direct tendency to harass our end, but likewise what lefens our activity, what abates of our vigour and spirit.—That we should also avoid whatever is in any wise prejudicial to a due consideration of things, and a right judgment of them; whatever can hinder the understanding from properly informing itself, and the will from a ready compliance with its directions. We must be intent on such a discipline of ourselves as will procure us the fullest use of our frame, as will capacitate us to receive from it the whole of the advantage it is capable of yielding us; so exercising the members of our body, con- sulting its conveniences, supplying its wants, that it may be the least burthenome to us, may give us the least uneasiness—that none of its motions may, through any fault of ours, be obstructed, none of its parts injured—that it may be kept in as un- impaired, as athletic a state as our en- deavours can procure, and all its functions performed with the utmost exactness and readiness; so guarding, likewise, against the impreffions of senfe, and deluvianes of fancy, so composing our minds, purifying them, divesting them of all corrupt pre- judices, that they may be in a disposition equally favourable to them, and to our bodies—that they may not be betrayed into mistakes dangerous to the welfare of either—that they may be in a condition to dif- cern what is becoming us, what is fittest for us; desirous of discovering it, and pre- paring to be influenced by it.

We are thus to seek our moft perfect state, such as allows us the freeft use of our several powers, and a full liberty for the due application of them. And the ability thus to apply them, must be in order to our doing it,
it, to our receiving from them whatever service they can effect.

As what is corporeal in us is of least excellence and value, our care in general about it, should bear a proportion to the little worth it has in itself—should chiefly regard the reference it has to our understanding, the affilience that it may afford our intellectual faculties.

Merely to preserve our being—to poiffes our members entire—to have our fences perfect—to be free from pain—to enjoy health, strength, beauty, are but very low aims for human creatures. The most perfect state of animal life can never becomingly engross the concern of a rational nature: fitted for much nobler and worthier attainments, we are by that fences for them called to pursue them.

Ask those of either sex, who rate highest the recommendation of features, complexion, and shape—who are most intent on adorning their persons—who study most the accomplishments of an outward appearance; ask them, I say, which they think their chief endowment, and what it is that does them the highest honour? You will find them with one consent pronouncing it their reason. With all their folly they will not defend it as such: with their little fenfe, they will prefer that little to their every other fancied perfection. The finest woman in the world would rather make deformity her choice than idiocy, would rather have ugliness than incapacity her reproach.

Thus, likewise, whom do we perceive fond of life, so devious of reaching its longest term, that he would be willing to survive his understanding; that he would choose to live after he ceased to reason? The health and ease, the vigour and cheerfulness that are often the lunatic's portion, would not induce the most infirm, sickly, and complaining among us, to with himself in his head; to with an exchange of his own disfigured body, for the other's disordered mind.

Nor does the mind only claim our chief regard, as it is thus universally acknowledged, and as it really is the principal, the most excellent, the preffing part of us, but as our well-being is necessarily connected with giving it this preference, with belowing the most of our care and pains upon it.

What is best for the body, what is best for the whole man, can only be discovered and provided for, by our rational faculties, by them assiduously cultivated, diligently exerted, and thence strengthened and enlarged.

Our well-being wholly depends upon the sufficient information of our understanding, upon the light in which we see things, upon the knowledge we have how far they can profit or hurt us, how the benefit they can be of to us may be derived from them, and how the hurt they can do us may be escaped.

If I think that to be good, or that to be evil, which is not such—or if I know not that to be good, or that to be evil, which is really such—or if I think there is more or less good, or more or less evil in any thing than there really is—or if what, by a proper application, might be made of very great advantage to me, I am ignorant how to make of any, or of as much as it would yield me—or if I am ignorant how to render that very little, or not atall, hurtful to me, which might have its evil either greatly lessened or wholly avoided: in all these instances, my well-being must of necessity be a sufferer; my ignorance must greatly abate of the satisfaction of my life, and heighten its uneasiness.

No one is prejudiced by his not desiring what he conceives to be good, by his disinclination towards it, by his unwillingness to embrace it. So far is this from being our cafe, that we are always pursuing it. The source of all our motions, the design of all our endeavours is to better ourselves, to remove from us that which is really, or comparatively evil.

What alone hurts us is our misapprehension of good, our mistakes about, our ignorance of, it. Let us fully understand it—have just conceptions of it, we then shall never defer the blame of its being left carelessly fought after, and therefore unattained by us. The excess of our carelessness after it, is, indeed, usually the occasion of missing it. Our solicitude, our eagerness and impatience are here so great, that they won't allow us time to examine appearances—to distinguish between them and realities—to weigh what is future against what is present—to deliberate whether we do not forego a much greater advantage hereafter, by closing with that which immediately offers; or shall not have it abundantly overbalanced, by its mischievous conseqences.

We want not to be put on the pursuit of hapsiness, but we want very much to have that pursuit rightly directed; and as this must be done by the improvement of our rational powers, we can be interested in nothing more than in improving them, than in such an application of them, as will contribute most to perfect them.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, 

Book I.

We are so placed, that there are very few of the objects surrounding us, which may not be serviceable or hurtful to us; nor is that service to be obtained, or detriment avoided, otherwise than by our acquaintance with them and with ourselves: the more exact our knowledge of this kind is, the more we lessen the calamities, and add to the comforts of life: and it certainly must be as much the intention of our Creator, that we should attain the utmost good which we are capable of procuring ourselves, as that we should attain any for which he has qualified us.

Nor is the benefit arising to us from an enlarged understanding rendered less certain, by the uneasiness that we find to be the share of the studious, the contemplative, and learned—but of them whose intellectual attainments we chiefly admire.

The philosopher's observation to his friend on books, that it signifies nothing how many, but what he had, is applicable to the knowledge they communicate: what it is, and not how various, is the thing that concerns us. It may extend to a prodigious number of particulars of no moment, or of very little; and that extent of it gain us all the extravagance of applause, though we have the ignorance of the vulgar, where it must be of the worst consequence.

Crowding our memory is no more improving our understanding, than filling our coffers with pebbles is enriching ourselves*: and what is commonly the name of learning, what usually denominates us very learned is, really, no more than our memory heavily and uselessly burdened.

How high is the defect, in the more eastern parts, of him who can but read and write the language of his country? A life spent in the study of it alone shall be there judged an exercise of reason most worthy of applause. And are we in these so enlightened regions, in this school of science, as we are apt to fancy it, at all more just to rational improvements? We have, indeed, no exceptions for him who is not at a loss for the meaning of any word that his native tongue furnishes; but he who is well skilled in two or three antient ones, will have the highest applause for that skill, and be considered as among them, who have distinguished themselves, by a right application of their capacities. In this number we, likewise, generally agree to place such as have passed years in only qualifying themselves either to cavil and dispute, or to disguise their ignorance on any subject, or to colour strongly, and command the passions of their hearers. We are equally favourable to them, who bufy their minds on discoveries that have no foundation but in fancy and credulity—or who, whole endeavour it has been to learn what this or that man has determined on a point, wherein he was as ill qualified as themselves to make a right determination,—or who amuse themselves with theories, with trifling and vain speculations.

Let a just allowance be made for these, and such like persons, whose reputation for learning is only built on the generality misleading it, on the prevailing mistakes about it, and who have really hurt their understandings by what is thus falsely esteemed improving them; we shall have proceeded a great way in removing the objection to the pursuit of knowledge, from the little service it is of, to such whose attainments in it we concur in acknowledging and admiring.

When our intellectual pursuits are useful, they are often limited to what is of least use. How few of us are prompted to our refires from the consideration of the degree or extent of the good derivable from them? It is humour, fancy, or for did gain alone, that ordinarily gives rise to the very inquiries which are of advantage to the world; they seldom are made from a regard to their proper worth, from the influence they can have upon our own or others' happiness.

That the better our understanding is informed, the better it can direct us, must be as evident to all, as that we want to be directed by it. The mind of man is as much asfisted by knowledge, as his eye by light. Whatever his intellectual powers may be in themselves, they are to him according to his application of them: as the advantage he receives from his sight is according to the use he makes of it. That ignorance of his good which he might, but will not, remove, deprives him of it as certainly as an utter inability to acquaint himself with it.

In what is the improvement of our understandings, we may, indeed, be mistaken as we may in what constitutes our true happiness; but in each case we must be wilfully so, we must be so by refusing to attend, to consider.

Could we by instinct discover our own

* There is nothing almost has done more harm to men dedicated to letters, than giving the name of study to readings, and making a man of great reading to be the same with a man of great knowledge. Leaks of the Conduct of the Understanding.
good, as the brute distinguishes its good, all
corner on our part to increase our discern-
ment might be needless; but the endeavour
after this must be in the highest degree neces-
sary, when the more clearly we discern things,
the more we are benefited, and the less hurt
by them. Where is the man who is not
made happier by inquiries that are rightly
directed, and when he can fay with the poet,

--- The search of truth
And moral decency hath fill'd my breast;
Hath every thought and faculty poss'd?

Of knowledge as distinct from true wis-
dom, it may be not unjustly observed, that
the increase of it is only the increase of for-
row; but of that knowledge, the pursuit of
which expresses our wisdom, we may con-
dently assert, that our satisfaction must ad-
Vance with it. All will admit it a proof of
wisdom, to judge rightly of what is most
for our interest, and take such measures as
fuit it: and as we are qualified for this by
our knowledge, by the knowledge of our
own nature, and of the properties of the
things without us, so far as they can con-
tribute to our better or worse state; in the
degree we are thus knowing we can only
be wise, determine rightly of what is best,
and use the fittest means to procure it.
Attainments that serve not to this purpofe
may be flighted; but for fuch as are requisite
to it, if they principally deserve not our
concern, I fee not what can have any tide
to it*.

We are, indeed, flartled at the very terms
of deliberating, weighing, confidering, com-
paring; we have affixed fuch ideas to them,
to make them appear rather hindering the
true enjoyment of ourfelves than promoting
it: but if we would not share the uneafiness
that fo many of our fellow-creatures lament,
we must not adopt their prejudices. In
every point of confequence we ufe more or
less consideration; and in all the pleasures
that allure, in all the trifles that amufe us,
we are still making comparisons, preferring
one to the other, pronouncing this lefs, and
that more worthy of our choice. Though
none, if the philosopher may be believed, de-
liberate on the whole of life, all do on the
parts of it: and if we fail not to compare
and reafon upon our lower enjoyments, I fee
not what there can be forbidding in the ad-
vise to attend seriously, to examine fairly,
and to delay our choice till we have gained
the instruction requisite to determine it, when
the object thereof is what can be moft for our
care and fatisfaction.

But it is not, perhaps, all exercise of our
reafon, in a way fo well deserving it, that
disgufts us; it is the degree of application re-
quired from us, that we relish not.

1. We know not how to be reconciled to
fo much trouble about enlarging our discern-
ment, and refining our judgment.

2. We do not fee how fuch a task can fuit
them whose whole provision for the day is
from the labour of it.

3. We find no small part of mankind fo
eafy under their ignorance and mistakes,
that they will not advance a ftep to remove
them: and what greater recommendation can
there be of any fituation, than that they
who are in it are entirely fatisfied with it?

1. The pains that we are to take in order
to an advantage that muft infinitely over-
balance them, we can have no excuse for
omitting: and we are called to no pains for
the improvement of our reafon, but fuch as
cannot be declined without leaffening our
happiness—without incurring fome evil we
should otherwife have escaped, or wanting
fome good we should otherwise have ob-
tained: whatever has its neglect attended
with these confequences, muft be expected
from us†.

2. That

* Since our faculties plainly discover to us the being of a God, and the knowledge of ourselves,
足够的 to lead us into a full and clear discovery of our duty, and great concernment; it will become
us, as rational creatures, to employ those faculties we have, about what they are most adapted to, and
follow the direction of nature, which it seems to point us out the way. For 'tis rational to conclude
that our proper employment lies in those enquiries, and in that sort of knowledge which is most suited
to our natural capacities, and carries in it our greatest interest, the condition of our eternal state.
Hence, I think, I may conclude, that morality is the proper science, and business of mankind in general.

Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

† How men whose plentiful fortunes allow them leisure to improve their understandings, can fatisfy
themselves with a lazy ignorance, I cannot tell: but methinks they have a low opinion of their souls,
who lay out all their incomes for provision for the body, and employ none of it to procure the means
and helps of knowledge; who take great care to appear always in a neat and splendid outside, and
would think themselves miserable in coarse clothes, or a patched coat, and yet contentedly suffer their
minds to appear abroad in a pie-bald livery of coarse patches, and borrowed shreds, such as it has
pleased chance or their country tailor (I mean the common opinion of those they have conversed with)
2. That they are to seek knowledge who are to get their bread, might seem a harsh lesson, if the endeavour to inform, hindered that to maintain themselves; if the knowledge they were to seek was any other but of what is best for them, of what can give them all the happiness that creatures so constituted can receive. For this every one must have leisure; it should be judged our chief business; it directs us to that very employment from which we have our support—is carried on with it—affixes us in it—gives it every consideration that can make it easy and satisfactory to us. The peafant or mechanic is not advised to spend fewer hours at labour, that he may have more for study, for reading and contemplating—to leave his spade or his tools for a pen or a book. No, the advice to him is, observe what passeth, and what good or hurt accompanies or follows it.

Remark what it is that pleases you only for a few moments, and then either brings immediate uneasiness, or lays a foundation for some future.

You find several things of service to you, observe which is of most, which has no sort of inconvenience attending it, or very little in comparison of its advantage; and, if there are none of them without some inconveniences, which has the fewest—which does you good in a higher degree, or for a longer term.

You are continually with those of the same nature with yourself; take notice what is serviceable or prejudicial to them; you may learn from their experience what your own teaches you not. Every day will furnish some or other occurrence that may be a profitable lesson to you, make it such; overlook nothing that affects your well-being; attend chiefly to what concerns it.

Go over frequently in your thoughts the observations you have made on what will more or less benefit you; let them be so deeply imprinted upon your mind, make them so familiar to yourself, that the offer of a less good may never surpise and betray you into the neglect, and, by that means, the loss of a greater.

You are at all times at liberty to consider your own nature, be acquainted with it, see what you can do for yourself, what share of your happiness has no dependance on the things without you; what blessings may be secured to you by your own dispositions.

You necessarily shun evil: don't mistake it; be sure of what is so; be apprized of the degrees of it; be thoroughly instructed in the, that a desire to escape what you could easily bear, may never occasion you a diftrust which you would pronounce unimportant. Endeavour to inform yourself what evil you cannot too industriously avoid—what you should readily submit to—what you may change into good.

He, to whose situation terms like these would be unfruitful, must have reason to seek, as well as a livelihood. Our natural understanding fits all of us for a talk like this; nor can it be inconsistent with any the hardest labour to which our support will oblige us.

The whole of this so severe a lesson is this brief one; Do your best for yourself; be as happy as the right use of the abilities God has given you can make you.

3. As for the unconcernedness of so great a part of our species at their ignorance and errors—the entire satisfaction they express under them: with regard to this, let it be considered, that we are no more to judge of good from the practice of numbers, than of truth from their opinions.

They throughly enjoy themselves, you say, with their little knowledge, and many mistakes.

And are any of us in our younger years better pleased than when we are suffered to sport away our time—to pass it without the least control and instruction? But because we are thus pleased, are we rightly so? Could worse befall us, than to be permitted to continue thus agreeably unrefrained and uninstructed?

The man in a lethargy desires you would to cloath them in. I will not here mention how unreasonable this is for men that ever think of a future state, and their concernment in it, which no rational man can avoid to do sometimes. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, B. iv. Ch. 20.

† Are the greatest part of mankind, by the necessity of their condition, subjected to unavoidable ignorance in those things which are of greatest importance to them? Have the bulk of mankind no other guide but accident and blind chance, to conduct them to their happiness or misery?—God has furnished men with faculties sufficient to direct them in the way they should take, if they will but seriously employ them that way, when their ordinary vocations allow them the leisure. No man is so wholly taken up with the attendance on the means of living, as to have no spare time to think at all of his soul, and inform himself in matters of Religion. Were men as intent on this, as they are on things of lower concernment, there are none so enlaved to the necessities of life, who might not find many vacancies that might be husbanded to this advantage of their knowledge. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.
let him doe on: he apprehends no danger, when you see the greatest: you grieve and vex him, when you attempt to cure him.

Does any one who has more sense than the bulk of his fellow-creatures, with for their dulness, that he might share their diversions—with for their thoughtleffness, that he might join in their mirth?

Could the neglect of our rational faculties be accompanied, throughout our continuance in being, with the satisfaction at present expressed by so many under it, this indeed might be something in its favour; but this is by no means the cafe. He who gave us these faculties, and the ability to improve them, must intend that we should improve them: by frustrating his intention, we incur his displeasure; if we incur it, we may justly expect, sooner or later, to feel the effects thereof.

Nor is it to be thought that the neglect of our reason is, from the good we hereby forego, its own sufficient punishment, and therefore not likely to expose us to any other. We cannot rightly think thus, because of the extensive mischief occasioned by this neglect. It is very far from terminating in ourselves, from making us the only sufferers. Were it so confined, some presence there might be for considering our mere crime as our ample punishment. But such it cannot appear, when it does infinite hurt to others—to our neighbourhood—to our friends—to our family—to the whole community of which we are members.

What is enough for myself, what I can do without, should be the least of my concern. My duty is to reflect what I can do for others; how I may make myself of greatest use. We stand all largely indebted to our fellow-creatures; and, owing them so much, if we neglect to qualify ourselves for serving them, we greatly injure them. But as this is not the place for pursuing these reflections, I will now only remark, of what deplorable consequence it is to our children (whose title to our endeavours for their benefit, all acknowledge) that the culture of our minds is so little our care—that we neglect the rational improvements, with a capacity for which our Creator has so graciously favoured us.

Unapprehensive of the mischief our offspring must necessarily receive from our sloth, our intemperance, and other criminal gratifications, we impair their frame before it is yet compleat; we entail on them misery, before we give them life.

Their reason seems to be watched in its appearance, only that it may be applied to for its speedier corruption. Every thing they are at first taught to value, is what they cannot enough despise; and all the pains that should be taken to keep their minds from vain fears, are employed to introduce them.

The chief of what our memory receives in our childhood, is what our maturer age most wishes to forget.

While we are ignorant how hurtful it is to be governed by our passions, our wife directors permit them to govern us, and thereby give them a strength which we afterwards fruitlessly lament and oppose. To fave our tears, we are to have our will; and, for a few moments of present quiet, be condemned to years of distress. Imaginary evils we are bid to regard as the principal ones; and what we should most avoid, we are, by examples of greatest weight with us, encouraged to practice.

How much indeed both the bodies and minds of children suffer from the ill-informed understanding of their parents, is scarcely to be conceived—what advantages they lose by it—what misery they feel: and therefore, as they are the immediate objects of our care—as nature has made them such, and all the prejudice they receive from any failure of ours, from any neglect on our part in qualifying ourselves to affist them in the way we ought to do it, is really an injury done them by us; we cannot think, that if we won't endeavour to have just notions of things, we are sufficiently punished by being without them—we can with no probability, suppose, that, if we are content to be losers ourselves, it will be satisfaction enough for any distresses that our carelefsnes or supineness brings on others, even on them whose welfare we ought most to confult.

Of what advantage it is to both sexes that the parent, under whose guidance they are in their tender years, should not have confined her thoughts to the recommendations of apparel, furniture, equipage—to the amusements in fashion—to the forms of good breeding—to the low topics of female conversation; we have the most remarkable instances in the family of Emilia. She has for many years been the wife of one, whose rank is the least part of his merit: made by him the mother of a numerous offspring, and living from his important and uninterrupted avocations, their education left entirely to her, 'till they were qualified for a more extensive instruction; it was her study how she might be of the greatest use to them: they were ever under her eye: her attention to forming their manners could be diverted by none of
of the pleasures, by none of the engagements that claim so many of the hours of a woman of quality. She did not awe, but reason her children into their duty; they shewed themselves to practice it not from constraint, but conviction. When they were absent from her—when they were in company, where they might have been as free as they pleased, I have, with astonishment, observed them as much influenced by what their vice mother had advised, as they could have been by any thing she would have said had the been then present. In her conversation with them she was perpetually inculcating useful truths; she talked them into more knowledge, by the time that they were fix or seven years old, than is usually attained at, perhaps, twice that age.

Let me indulge my imagination, and, by its aid, give a sample of her instructions; first, to one of the females of her family, and then, to one of the males. Leonora, her eldest daughter, has, among her many accomplishments, great skill in painting. When her mother and the flood viewing the pictures, that crowded each side of the room in which they were, Emilia desired to hear what the pupil of so eminent a master had to observe on the works before them. Leonora began; praised the bold and animated manner in this piece, the softness and delicacy of that. Nothing could be more graceful than the attitude of this figure; the expression in that was so happy, the colouring so beautiful, that one might truly say of it, to make it alive, speech alone is wanted; nor would you think even that wanting, were you to truth wholly to your eyes. Here she admired the skilful distribution of light and shade: there the perspective was so wonderfully exact, that in the great number of objects presented to the eye, it could fix on none but what had its proper place, and just dimensions. How free is that drapery? what a variety is there in it, yea how well adjusted is the whole to the several figures in the piece? Does not that group extremely please your ladyship? the disposition is quite fine, the articulation of the figures admirable; I know not which you could pitch upon to have absent or altered. Leonora pursuing this strain, Emilia interrupted her: Have we nothing, child, but exactness here? Is every thing before us quite finished and faultless? You will be pleased, Madam, to reflect on what you have so often inculcated, That one would always chuse to be sparing in cenfure, and liberal of praise—That commendation, freely bestowed on what deserves it, credits alike our temper and our understanding.

This I would have you never forget. But I'm here a learner; in that light you are now to consider me; and as your French master taught you pronunciation, not only by using a right, but by imitating your wrong one; making you by that means more sensible where the difference lay; so to qualify me for a judge in painting, it will not suffice to tell me where the artist has succeeded, if you observe not, likewise, where he has miscarried.

Leonora then proceeded to shew where the drawing was incorrect—the attitude ungraceful—the cuflume ill preferred—the ordonnance irregular—the contours harsh—the light too strong—the shade too deep; extending her remarks in this way to a great number of pieces in the collection. You have been thus far, interposed Emilia, my instructor, let me now be yours. Suppose your own portrait here. In the same manner that you would examine it, judge of the original. This you ought to do, since it will be done by others; and the more blemishes you discover, the fewer you will probably leave for them to reproach you with. The faults in the picture may be known to him who drew it, and yet be suffered to appear, from his inability to correct them; but when you discern what is faulty in yourself, if you cannot amend, you can, often, conceal it. Here you have the advantage of the painter; in another respect he has it greatly of you. Not one in a thousand is a judge of the failures in his performance; and therefore even when many may be objected to him, he shall pass, in common esteem, for an excellent artist. But let the woman, unconscious of her imperfections, be at no pains to remedy or hide them, all who converse with her are judges of them; when she permits them to be seen, they are certain to be cenfured. You have sufficiently convinced me, to how many things the painter must attend—against what various mistakes he has to guard: each of your criticisms on him may be a lesson to yourself; every blemish or beauty in any part of his works has something correspondent to it in human life.

The design is faulty, not only when the end we propose to ourselves is confessedly criminal, but when it is low and mean: when, likewise, we let our time pass at random, without any concern for what reason and
and duty require, but as caprice, or humour, or passion suggests.

We offend against proportion, when we arrogate to ourselves the defects we want, or over-rate what may be allowed us—when we hate not what is really evil; or when our affections are placed on what is not our proper good. You remember the dillection of a female heart in the Spectator; I refer you to it, that I may spare my own reflections, on what would furnish copious matter for no very pleasing ones.

Your ladyship will pardon me for interrupting you; but I can't help thinking, that the head and heart of a beau or country squire would furnish as much folly and corruption, as the head and heart of any woman in the kingdom.

We shall never, child, become better by thinking who are worse than ourselves. If the charge upon us be just, we should consider how to get clear of it, and not who are liable to one equally reproachful. Were I to bid you wash your face, would you think yourself justified in not doing it, because you could show me a woman of rank with a dirtier? But to the purpose.

That expression, any failure in which you would, as a judge of painting, treat without mercy, is, in morals, violated by whatever is out of character. All incon- sistency in practice—in profession and practice; every thing unbecoming your sex—your education—your capacity—your station, deferves the same ceniture that the pencil meets with, when it errs in expression.

Skill in the distribution of light and shade, or the clair-obfure, as, I think, the term of art is, I should apprehend resembled by prudence; which teaches us to shew ourselves in the most advantageous point of view—brings forward and brightens our good qualities, but throws back and obfures our defects—suffers nothing to distinguish itself that will be to our disfigurement, nor shades any thing that will credit us.

By ordainance is meant, I apprehend, the manner of placing the several objects in a piece, or the disposition of them with respect to the whole composition. And what can be fitter for us, than to consider where we are, and to appear accordingly? The civilities that are left decently shewn in the church, it would be a great indecorum to neglect in the drawing-room. The freedom that will gain you the hearts of your inferiors, shall, if used towards those of a higher rank, make you be thought the worst-bred woman in the world. Let the season for it be disregarded, your cheerfulness shall be offensive, your gravity seem ridiculous—your wit bring your fentence into question, and your very friendly interpo- sition be thought not so much a proof of your affection as of your impertinence. 'Tis the right placing of things that shews our discretion—that keeps us clear of difficulties—that raises our credit—that principally contributes to give any of our designs success.

To beauty in colouring corresponds, perhaps, good nature improved by good breeding. And, certainly, as the canvas could furnish no design so well fancied, no draught so correct, but what would yet fail to please, and would even disgust you, were the colours of it ill-united—not sustained by each other—void of their due harmony; so both sense and virtue go but a little way in our recommendation, if they appear not to their proper advantage in an easiness of behaviour—in soft and gentle manners, and with all the graces of affability, courtesy, and complaisance. I see, by your smiling, you are satisfied you cannot be accused of being a bad colourist. Believe me, you have then gained a very material point; and the more concerns you have in the world, the more proofs you will find of its importance. I'll drop this subject when I have said to you, That if to make a good picture is such a complicated task, requires so much attention, such extensive observation—if an error in any of the principal parts of painting offends, takes off great from the merit of the piece—if he, who is truly an artist, overlooks nothing that would be at all a blemish to his performance, and would call each trivial indecorum a fault: think, child, what care about the original ought to equal this for the portrait—of what infinitely greater consequence it must be, to have every thing right within ourselves, than to give a just appearance to the things without us; and how much less pardonably any violation of decorum would be charged on your life, than on your pencil.

The most finished representation only pleases by its correspondence to what it represents, as nature well imitated; and if julite's in mere representation and imitation can have the charms you find in it, you may easily conceive the still greater delight that must arise from beholding the beauties of nature itself; such, particularly, as the pencil cannot imitate—the beauties of rational nature,
nature, those which the poifllocr gives her-
self—which are of ten thousand times the
moment of any in her outward symmetry—
which, how highly ever they may adorn
her, profit her still more; and are not only
to her own advantage, but to that of the
age in which she lives, and possibly, of re-
moted generations.

My concern to fee you this fair unble-
mished original makes me strangely unmind-
ful on what topic I am got. There, surely,
can be no proof wanting, how much a wife
and good woman excels any portrait, or
any woman, who has but the merit of a
portrait, a fine appearance.

In this way Emilia takes each opportunity
to form the manners of her daughter—to
give her throughout just and reasonable
sentiments, and dispose her to the exact dis-
charge of her duty in every relation.

Leonora, thus educated, has the fools and
the follies of the age in their due contempt
—judges wisely—acts prudently—is ever
usefully or innocently employed—can pafs
her evenings very cheerfully without a card
in her hand—can be perfectly in humour
when she is at home, and all her acquaint-
ance at the assembly; and seems likely to
borrow no credit from her family, which
she will not fully repay.

We will dismiss the daughter, and repre-
ent Emilia parting with her fon in terms
like thefe. I am now to take my leave of
you, for one campaign at leaft. It is the
first you ever ferved; let me advise, and do
you acl, as if it would be your last: the
dangers, to which you will be expofed,
give both of us reafon to fear it: if it please
God that it should be fo, may you not be
found unprepared, nor I unprepared! This
I am the les likely to be, when you have
had my beft counsel, and I your promife to
reflect upon it. He bowing, and affuring
her, that whatever she fhould be pleafed to
fay to him, it would be carefully remem-
bered: the proceed—I could never con-
ceive, what induced the foldier to think
that he might take greater liberties than the
reft of mankind. He is, 'tis true, occa-
ationally subjected to greater hardships, and
he runs greater hazards; but by a lewd and
vicious life, he makes these hardships abun-
dantly more grievous than they otherwife
would be—he disqualifies himfelf to bear
them. What would you think of his wits,
who, becaufe he is to be much in the cold,
fits, as often as he can, clofe to the fire?
An habitual foberity and regularity of man-
ners is, certainly, the beft prefervative of
that vigorous constitution, which makes it
least uneafy to endure fatigue and cold,
hunger and thirst.

The dangers to which the foldier is ex-
poled, are fo far from excufing his licen-
tiousnefs, when he has no enemy near him,
that they ought to be confidered as the
strongest motive to conform himfelf, at all
times, to the rules of reafon and religion.
A practice agreeable to them is the bett sup-
port of his fpirits, and the fureft provifion
for his safety—It will effectually remove his
fears, and can alone encourage his hopes:
nothing but it can give him any comfortable
expectation, if what threatens him
should befal him. He who is fo much in
danger, ought to be properly armed against
it, and this he can never be by reflecting
on the women he has corrupted—on his
hours of intemperance, or on any other of
his extravagancies. You won't, perhaps,
allow that he wants the armour I would
provide him, because he never knows the
apprehenfions that require it. But I am
considering what his apprehenfions ought to
be, not what they are. The nature of
things will not be altered by our opinion
about them.

It is granted, that a foldier's life is, fre-
fently, in the utmost hazard; and the ques-
tion is not, how a thoughtlefs, fpitid, ab-
furdf creature, fhould behave in fuch a
fiiation; but, what fhould be done in it
by a man of prudence and fene? I fay, he
will attend to the value of what he hazards
—to the confequence of its losfs; and, if
found of very great, he will fo act, that the
losfs thereof may be, if poftible, fome or
other way made up to him, or accompanied
with the feweft inconveniences. Infenfibi-
lity of danger is the merit of a bull-dog.
True courage fees danger, but defipifes it
only from rational motives—from the con-
iderations of duty. There can be no vir-
tue in ex profing life, where there is no no-
tion of its value; you are a brave man,
when you fully understand its worth, and
yet in a good caufe disregar.d death.

If, thus to be ready to die is commend-
able, wholly from the caufe that makes us
fo, which is, unquestionably, the cafe; I
don't fee how fuch an indifference to life,
when honour calls you to rilk it, can confift
with paffing it, at any fcafon, immorally
and diffolutely.

Here is a gallant officer who will rather
be killed than quit his poft—than be want-
ing in the defence of his country! Is not
this a fine resolution in one who, by his
exeffes,
excesses, makes himself every day less able to serve his country; or who lets an example, which, if followed, would do his country as much mischief as it could have fear from its most determined enemy?

The inconsiderate and thoughtless may laugh at vice—may give soft terms to very bad actions, or speak of them, as if they were rather matter of jest than abhorrence: but whoever will reflect whence all the mischief of mankind arises—what the source is of all the evils we lament; he cannot but own, that if any thing ought to make us serious—if we ought to detest any thing, it should be that, from which such terrible effects are derived.

For the very same reason that we prefer health to sickness—safe to pain, we must prefer virtue to vice. Moral evil seems to me to have a necessary connection with natural. According to my notion of things, there is no crime but what creates pain, or has a tendency to create it to others or ourselves; every criminal is such, by doing something that is directly, or in its consequences, hurtful to himself, or to a fellow-creature.

Is not here a foundation of religion that no objections can affect? Deprive us of it, you deprive us of the only effectual restraint from those practices, which are most detrimental to the world—you deprive us of virtue, and thereby of all the true happiness we have here to expect.

To charge religion with the mischief occasioned by mistakes about it, I think full as impertinent, as to decry reason for the wrong use that has been made of it; or government, for the bad administration of every kind of it, in every part of the world. What shall prove to the advantage of mankind, will, in all cases, depend upon themselves: that which is, confidedly, most for it, in every instance you can think of, you see, occasionally, abused; and by that abuse becoming as hurtful, as it would, otherwise, have been beneficial. Controversy I hate; and to read books of it as ill suits my leisure as my inclination: yet I do not profess a religion, the grounds of which I have never considered. And upon the very same grounds that I am convinced of the truth of religion in general, I am of the truth of Christianity. The good of the world is greatly promoted by it. If we would take Christianity for our guide throughout, we could not have a better—we could not have a surer to all the happiness of which our present state admits. Its simplicity may have been disguised—its intention perverted—its doctrines misrepresented, and conclusions drawn, suiting rather the interest or ambition of the expeditor, than the direction of the text: but when I refer to the rule itself:—when I find it affecting, that the whole of my duty is to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myself—to live always mindful by whom I am seat into, and preferred in, the world, and always disposed to do in it the utmost good in my power; I can no more doubt, whether this is the voice of my Creator, than I can doubt, whether it must be his will, that, when he has made me a reasonable creature, I should act like one. But I will drop a topic, on which I am sure your father must have sufficiently enlarged: I can only speak to it more generally: difficulties and objections I must leave him to obviate; yet thus much confidently affirming, that if you won't adopt an irreligious scheme, till you find one clear of them, you will continue as good a christian, as it has been our joint care to make you. I pray God you may do so. He that would corrupt your principles, is the enemy you have most to fear; an enemy who means you worse, than any you will draw your sword against.

When you are told, that the soldier's religion is his honour, observe the practice of them from whom you hear it; you'll soon then have proof enough, they mean little more by honour, than what is requisite to keep or advance their commissaries—that they are still in their own opinion men of nice honour, though abandoned to the grossest sensuality and excess—though chargeable with acts of the fouliest perfidy and injustice—that the honour by which they govern themselves differs as widely from what is truly such, as honour from reason. True honour is to virtue what good breeding is to good nature, the polishing, the refinement of it. And the more you think of Christianity, the more firmly you will be perfuaded, that in its precepts the fairest rules of honour are contained. By these I, certainly, would have you always guided, and, on that very account, have reminded you of the religion, which not only knew you them, but propounds the reward likelyest to attach you to them. I have done. Take care of yourself. You won't fly danger, don't court it. If the one would bring your courage into question, the other will your fames. The rath is as ill qualified for command, as the coward. May every blessing...
blessing attend you! And to secure your happiness, live always attentive to your duty; reverence and obey Him to whom you owe your being, and from whom must come whatever good you can hope for in it. Adieu. I can't say it would sufficiently comfort me for your loss, that you died with honour; but it would infinitely less afflict me to hear of you among the dead, than among the profligate.

What has been the issue of instructions like these from both parents? Sceipis, for so we will call the worthy man, from the time he received his commissioii, has alike distinguished himself by his courage and conduct. The greatest dangers have not terrified, the worst examples have not corrupted him. He has approved himself disdaining by cowardice to keep life, and abhorring to shorten it by excess: the bravery with which he has hazarded it, is equalled by the prudence with which he passed it.

§ 151. On the Employment of Time.

ESSAY THE SECOND.

Cum animus, cognitis perceptusque virtutibus, à corpore obsequio, indulgentiaque dixere, voluptatemque, sicut libem aliquam decuria opperfert, omnemque mortis dolorique timorem effugerit, societatemque caritatis colerit, cum fuus, omnique natura concidunt, quos duxerit, cultumque deorum, & puram religionem fuccepit—quid erat, dici aut rexit? petiri beatus? Tall. de Legibus.

Among the Indians there is an excellent set of men, called Gymnosophists: these I greatly admire, not as ikilled in propagating the vine—in the arts of grafting or agriculture. They apply not themselves to till the ground—to search after gold—to break the horse—to tame the bull—to shear or feed sheep or goats. What is it then that engages them? One thing preferable to all theie. Wisdom is the pursuit as well of the old men, the teachers, as of the young, their disciples? Nor is there anything among them that I fo much praiie, as their aversion to sloth and idleness.

When the tables are spread, before the meat is set on them, all the youth, assembling to their meal, are asked by their masters—In what useful task they have been employed from funrizing to that time.—One represents himself as having been chosen an arbitrator, and succeeded by his prudent management in composing a difference—in making them friends who were at variance. A second had been paying obedience to his parents commands. A third had made some discovery by his own applica-

tion, or learned something by another's instruction. The rest give an account of themselves in the same way.

He who has done nothing to deserve a dinner, is turned out of doors without one.

Dipping into Apuleius for my afternoon's amusement, the foregoing passage was the last I read, before I fell into a slumber, which exhibited to me a vast concourse of the fashionable people at the court-end of the town, under the examination of a Gymnosophist how they had passed their morning. He began with the men.

Many of them acknowledged, that the morning, properly speaking, was near gone, before their eyes were opened.

Many of them had only rifen to drefs—to visit—to amuse themselves at the drawing-room or coffee-house.

Some had by riding or walking been consulting that health at the beginning of the day, which the close of it would wholly pafs in impairing.

Some from the time they had got on their own cloaths, had been engaged in seeing others put on theirs—in attending levees—in endeavouring to procure by their importunity, what they had disqualifieed themselves for by their idleness.

Some had been early out of their beds, but it was because they could not, from their ill-luck the preceding evening, rest in them; and when rifen, as they had no spirits, they could not reconcile themselves to any fort of application.

Some had not had it in their power to do what was of much consequence; in the former part of the morning, they wanted to speak with their tradesmen; and in the latter, they could not be denied to their friends.

Others, truly, had been reading, but reading what could make them neither wiser nor better, what was not worth their remembering, or what they should wish to forget.

It grieved me to hear so many of eminent rank, both in the sea and land service, giving an account of themselves that levelled them with the meanest under their command.

Several appeared with an air expressing the fullest confidence that what they had to say for themselves would be to the philo-

sopher's entire satisfaction. They had been employed as Virtuoi should be—had been exercising their skill in the liberal arts, and encouraging the artists. Medals, pictures, statues had undergone their examination, and been their purchase. They had been inquiring what the literati of France, Ger-

many,
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

many, Italy had of late published; and they had bought what suited their respective tastes.

When it appeared, that the compleating a Roman series had been their concern, who had never read over, in their own language, a Latin historian—that they who grudged no expense for originals, knew them only by hear-say from their worst copies—that the very persons who had paid so much for the labour of Rysbrack, upon Sir Andrew's judgment, would, if they had followed their own, have paid the same sum for that of Bird's—That the book-buyers had not laid out their money on what they ever professed to read, but on what they had heard commended, and what they wanted to fix a shelf, and fill a library that only served them for a breakfast-room; this class of men the Sage pronounced the idlest of all idle people, and doubly blamable, as wasting alike their time and their fortune.

The follies of one sex had so tired the philosopher, that he would fuffer no account to be given him of those of the other. It was easy for him to guess how the females must have been employed, where fuch were the examples in thofe they were to honour and obey.

For a short space there was a general silence. The Gymnophilius at length expressed himself to this effect: You have been represent'd to me as a people who would ufe your own reafon—who would think for yourselves—who would freely inquire, form your opinions on evidence, and adopt no man's sentiments merely because they were his. A character, to which, for ought I can find, you are as ill entitled as, perhaps, moft nations in the universe. The freedom with which great names are oppofed, and received opinions question'd by fome among you, is, probably, no other than what is ufed by fome of every country in which liberal inquiries are purfued. The difference is, you fately publick your sentiments on every subject; to them it would be penal to avow any notions that agree not with thofe of their superiors. But when you thus pafs your days, as if you thought not at all, have you any pretence to freedom of thought? Can they be faid to love truth, who fhun conideration? When it feems your studys to be ufeless, to be of no fervice to others or yourself—when you treat your time as a burthen, to be eafed of which is your whole concern—when that fituation, thofe circumftances of life are accounted the happiest, which most tempt you to be idle and insignificant; human na-ture is as much difhonoured by you, as it is by any of thofe people, whose favageafes or superflition you have in the greatest contempt.

Let me not be told, how well you approve your reafon by your arguments or your sentiments. The proper ufe of reafon, is to act reafonably. When you fo grofsly fail in this, all the juft apprehentions you may entertain, all the right things you may fay, only prove with what abilities you are formed, and with what guilt you misapply them.

The Sage here raising his arm with his voice, I conclude it advisable not to stand quite so near him. In attempting to remove I awoke, and happen'd to commit to writing a dream that had fo much truth in it, and therefore expreffed how reaftonable it will be to confider to what ufe of our time we are directed.

First, by our prefent state and condition;

Secondly, by the relation we bear to each other;

Thirdly, by that in which we lend to-wards the Deity.

If we are raised above the brutes—if we are undeniably of a more excellent kind, we muft be made for a different purpofe; we cannot have the faculties they want, but in order to a life different from theirs; and when our life is not fuch—when it is but a round of eating, drinking, and sleeping, as theirs is—when, by our idlenefs and inattention, we are almoft on a level with them, both as to all fense of duty and all ufeful knowledge that we poffefs, our time must have been grievously misemploy'd; there is no furer token of its having been fo, than that we have done fo little to ad- vance ourselves above the herd, when our Creator had vouchfafed us fo far fuperior a capacity.

The creatures below us are wholly intent on the pleasures of fens’d, because they are capable of no other; but as man is capable of much higher and nobler, he muft have this privilege, that his purfuits may be ac- cordingly—that his better nature should be better employed.

Were we born only to fatisfy the appe- tites we have in common with the brute kind, we should, like it, have no higher principle to direct us—to furnish us with other delights. All the diftinftion between us that this principle can make, was, undoubtledy, intended by our Creator to be made; and the lefs any appears, our abuse of this principle, and confequently our op- position
position to our Maker's will, is the more notorious and blameable.

It may seem then plain, that there are advantages to be pursued, and a certain degree of excellence to be attained by us, according to the powers that we have, and the creatures below us want. How indifferently we should be to improve each opportunity for this, we may learn by attending, in the next place, to our uncertain, and, at all events, short continuance on earth.

We are fully apprized, that by the pains of a few hours or days no progress can be made in any thing, that has the slightest pretence to commendation. Those accomplishments, that are confined to our finger's ends, what months, what years of application do they cost us! And, alas! what trifles are the most admired of them, in comparison of a great number of others for which we are qualified; and which, as they are so infinitely preferable to these, ought to be so much the more earnestly sought! When, therefore, the whole term allowed for gaining and using them, is thus precarious and short, we can have but a very small portion of it to dispose of as we please—to pass entirely as mere fancy or humour fugitives. If much is to be done in a very short time, the good husbandry of it must be consulted: and there is no one, who considers what we, universally, may effect—in how many particulars we may be of service to ourselves—how much depends upon our endeavours—how necessary they are for our attaining what should be most valued by us, what is of greatest consequence to us; there is, I say, no one, who considers these things, but must admit, that we have much to do, and, therefore, that the scanty term we have for it ought to be carefully managed—can only by a prudent management suffice for the dispatch of such a task.

And our opportunities, for making attainments thus desirable, should be so much the more diligently watched and readily embraced, as they meet with many unavoidable interruptions even in our short life.

How great a part of our time is necessarily lost to us—is consumed by, that shorter death, our sleep! We are really better economists than ordinary in this instance, if only a third part of our life thus passes: and on the rest of it what a large demand is made by our meals—by our justifiable recreations—by the forms and civilities, to which a proper correspondance with our fellow-creatures obliges us? Add to these necessary deductions, the many casual ones with which we all, unavoidably, meet, and it will soon appear, what an exceeding small part of our short continuance on earth, we have to bestow on such purposes of living, as alone can be of credit to us.

We are further to reflect, that in the small part of our life, in which we can be employed like reasonable creatures, opportunities, for doing what may be of greatest moment, do not always serve us; and wish some of them, if lost, we never again meet.

We depend very much on things without us, and over which we have no sort of command. There may be an extraordinary advantage derived to us from them; but, if the first offer of this be neglected, we may never have a second.

Nor is it only the dependance we have on things without us, that requires us to carefully watch our opportunities; we have a still more awakening call, if possible, to this from within ourselves—from the restraints to which the exercise of our powers is subjected. We cannot use these when and as we please—we cannot chuse the time of life wherein to avail ourselves of our natural endowments, and to reap all the advantage designed us in them.

When we are in our youth, our bodies easily receive whatever men or motion can recommend us: where is the found so difficult, which our tongue cannot be then taught to express? To what speed may our feet then be brought, and our hands to what dexterity? But if we are advanced to manhood before the forming us in any of these ways is attempted, all endeavour after it will then either be quite fruitless, or, probably, less successful than it would have been in our earlier years; and whatever its success be, a much greater might have formerly been obtained with half the pains.

The very same is it with our understanding, with our will and our passions. There is a certain seafon when our minds may be enlarged—when a vast flock of useful truths may be acquired—when our passions will readily submit to the government of reason—when right principles may be fo fixed in us, as to influence every important action of our future lives: but the seafon for this extends neither to the whole, nor to any considerable length of our continuance upon earth; it is limited to a few years of our term; and, if throughout these we neglect it, error or ignorance are, according to the ordinary course of things, entailed upon us. Our will becomes our law—our lufts gain a strength that we after-
afterwards vainly oppose—wrong inclinations become so confirmed in us, that they defeat all our endeavours to correct them.

II. Let me proceed to consider what directions are furnished us for the employment of our time, by the relation we bear to each other.

Society is manifestly upheld by a circulation of kindness: we are all of us, in some way or other, wanting assistance, and in like manner, qualified to give it. None are in a state of independency on their fellow-creatures. The most flenderly endowed are not a mere burden on their kind; even they can contribute their share to the common good, and may be to the political body, what thofe parts of us, in which we least pride ourselves, are to the natural, not greatly indeed its ornaments, but much for its real use.

We learn what are justly our mutual claims, from this mutual dependency: that on its account, as well as for other reasons, our life is not to pass in a round of pleasure or idlenefs, or according to the fuggifhions of mere humour and fancy, or in fordid and selfish purfuits.

There can be nothing more evidently my duty than that I should return the kindness I receive—than that, if many are employed in promoting my interest, I should be as intent on furthering theirs.

All men are by nature equal. Their common passions and affections, their common infirmities, their common wants give fuch conftant re membranes of this equality, even to them who are moft difpofed to forget it, that they cannot, with all their endeavours, render themselves wholly unmindful thereof—they cannot become indifferent, how unwilling fovereigns they may be to confider, that their debt is as large as their demands—that they owe to others, as much as they can reasonably expect from them.

But are all then upon a level—must those diftinctions be thrown down, which, being the chief fupport of the order and peace of society, are fuch of its happinefs; and which nature herself may be judged to appoint, by the very difpofitions and abilities with which she forms us; qualifying fome for rule, and fiting fome for subje&ion?

That, in many instances, we are all upon a level, none can deny, who regard the materials of our bodies—the difeafes and pain to which we are subject—our entrance into the world—the means of preferring us in it—the length of our continuance therein—our paffage out of it. But then as it will not follow, that, because we are made of the fame materials—are liable to the fame accidents and end, we, therefore, are the fame throughout; neither is it a juft conclusion, that, because we are levelled in our dependence, we should be fo in our employments.

Superiority will remain—diftinctions will be preferved, though all of us must serve each other, while that service is differently performed.

Superiority has no fort of connexion with idlenefs and ufelefsnefs: it may exempt us from the bodily fatigue of our infer iors, from their confinement and hardships—it may entitle fon to the deference and submi fion of thofe abut them; but it by no means exempts any of us from all attention to the common good, from all endeavours to promote it—by no means does it entitle any of us to live, like fo many drones, on the industry of others, to reap all the benefit we can from them, and be of none to them.

The diftinctions of prince and subject—noble and vulgar—rich and poor, confit not in this, that the one has a great deal to do, and the other nothing—that the one must be always bufied, and the other may be always taking his pleasure, or enjoying his cafe. No, in this they confift, that these feveral perfons are differently bufied—affift each other in different ways.

The sovereignt acquires himself with the true flate of his kingdom—directs the execution of its laws—provides for the exact ad miniftration of justice—fecures the properties of his people—prefeves their peace. These are his cares; and that they may be the more assured of succefs, and have their weight more easily supported, his commands find the readiet obedience—a large revenue is assigned him—the highest honours are paid him. It is not, in any of these instances, the man who is regarded, but the head of the community; and that for the benefit of the community—for the security of its quiet, and the furtherance of its prosperity.

The nobility have it their task, to qualify themselves for executing the more honourable and important offices of the commonwealth, and to execute those offices with diligence and fidelity. The very station, to which they are advanced, is suppos ed either the recompence of great service done the public, or of the merit of an uncommon capacity to serve it.

The richer members of the flate, as they have all the helps that education can give them
them—as in their riper age they have all the opportunity they can with for to improve upon these helps—as their circumstances exempt them from the temptations, to which poverty is exposed; to them is committed the discharge of those offices in the commonwealth, which are next to the highest, and sometimes even of these—they either concur in making laws for the society, or are chiefly concerned in executing them—commerce, arts, science, liberty, virtue, whatever can be for the credit and peace—for the ease and prosperity of a nation, depends on the part they act—on their conduct.

Let them be a supine, indolent race, averse to rational inquires—to all serious application—let it be their business to divert themselves, to give a loose to fancy and appetite—let all their schemes be those of self-indulgence, and their life a round of vanity and sensuality; Bad must be the condition of the nation to which they belong! throughout it must be disorder and confusion—it must have the worst to fear from its more powerful neighbours.

And as, in all countries, they who are distinguished by their rank or fortune, have their post, their duty, their talk for the common good—as to discharge this requires many accomplishments, the attainment of which, is matter of much attention and pains, requires an improved understanding, command of passions, an integrity and resolution, which only can be preferred by an habitual seriousness and reflection—as they cannot fail in their parts, cannot miscarry in their avowals, and unlist themselves for, or be negligent in the service appointed them, but their country must suffer grievously in its most valuable interests; the diligence they should use, the little time they have to trifle away is evident: it is most evident under what obligations they are, not to abandon themselves to merely animal gratifications, and the pleasures of sensé—to sloth and inactivity.

Nor is it only from the omission of what they ought to perform, that the public will in this case suffer, but from the example they set. An insensibility that they are to live to any useful purposes—a thoughtlessness of their having anything to mind but their humour and liking—a gross carelessness how their days pass, cannot appear amongst those of higher rank, but the infection will spread itself among those of a lower; these will desire to be as lazy and worthless as their superiors—to have the same share of mirth and jollity—to be of as little consequence to the public.

That this will be the case, is as certain, as experience can make anything. It has been, and is, every where, found, that where they, who have the wealth, and are therefore supposed, though very unreasonably, to have the sense of a nation, treat their time as of no account, only think of making it subservient to their excesses, their vanity, or their sports; the same wrong notions soon spread among their inferiors.

The populace, indeed, cannot be quite so dilolute—they cannot be so immersed in sloth and sensuality, as the richer part of a nation, because their circumstances permit it not: their maintenance must cost them some care and pains, but they will take as little as they can—they will, as far as is in their power, have their fill of what their better teach them to be the comforts of life, the enjoyments proper for reasonable creatures—they cannot debauch themselves in the more elegant and expensive ways, but they will in those which suit their education and condition—they cannot be wholly useless, but if they make themselves of any service, it shall only be, because they are paid for it, because they cannot be supported without it.

And how can we expect that things should be otherwise? It is not, upon the lowest computation, one in a hundred who forms his manners upon the principles of reason. Example, customary practice govern us. And, as they, who are more especially dependent upon others, have it taught them, from their very infancy, to respect those on whom they depend—to observe them—to be directed by them; no wonder that they should be fond of imitating them, as far as their situation admits; no wonder that they should copy their follies, since that they can do most easily, and that most suits their natural depravity.

But to him, whose industry is his support, I would observe: he should not think, that, if they, who enjoy the plenty he wants, are prodigal of their time—miscarry it—waste it; their abuse of it will at all excuse his. He cannot possibly be ignorant how unfitting such a waste of time is—how much good it hinders—how much evil it occasions—and how much a greater sufferer he will be from it, than those who are in more plentiful circumstances.

And let it be considered, by both high and low, rich and poor, that there can be nothing so becoming them, there can be nothing
nothing that will give them so solid, so lasting a satisfaction, as to be employed in serving mankind—in furthering their happiness. What thought can we entertain more honourable with respect to God himself, than that "his mercy is over all his works"—that his goodness is continually displaying itself through the whole extent of being—that the unthankful and the evil he not only forbears, but still seeks to awaken to a due acknowledgment of him—to a just sense of their true interest, by persevering in his kindnels towards them, by continuing to them the blessings they so ill deserve?

And if the consideration of the universal Creator as thus acting be really that which makes him appear most amiable to us—which affects us with the most profound veneration of him, and chiefly renders it pleasant to us to contemplate his other perfections; what worth do we evidence, how highly do we recommend ourselves, when employed either in qualifying ourselves for doing good, or in doing it,—when we have the common advantage our constant pursuit—when we seek for pleasure in making ourselves of use, and feel happiness in the degree in which we communicate it?

III. What employment of our time the relation in which we stand to God suggests to us, I am next to shew.

Every one who reads this, I may justly suppose sensible that there is a nature superior to his own, and even possessed of the highest excellencies—that to it we owe our existence, owe the endowments, which place us at the head of all the creatures upon earth, owe whatever can make us desire to have our existence continued to us—that by this superior nature above, many of our wants can be supplied—that on it we entirely depend—that from its favour the whole of our increasing happiness can be expected.

From what we thus know of God and ourselves, there must arise certain duties towards him, the performance of which will have its demand on our time. His perfections require our highest veneration; this cannot be exercised or preserved with-

out our serious attention to, and recollection of them. His mercies demand our most humble and grateful acknowledgments; proper acts of thanksgiving are therefore what we should be blameable to omit; they daily become us, and should be made with all the solemnity and fervor, that suit the kindnes of vouchsafed us, and the majesty of him to whom we address ourselves*. A due sense of our weaknesses and wants is a constant admonition to us to look up to that Being whose power and goodness are infinite, and to cherish such dispositions as are most likely to recommend us to him: hence it is evident what truths we should lay upon those awful invocations of the divine interposition in our favour, and upon that devout confession of our unworthiness of it, which have a natural tendency to keep the Deity present to our remembrance, and to purify our hearts.

Public acknowledgments of the goodness of God, and application for his blessings, contribute to give a whole community suitable apprehensions of him; and these, if it be my duty to entertain, it is equally my duty to propagate; both as the regard I pay the divine excellencies is hereby fitly expressed, and as the same advantage, that I receive from such apprehensions, will be received by all whom they affect in the same manner with me. Hence it is clearly our duty to join in the public worship—to promote by our regular attendance upon it, a like regularity in others.

These observations will, I hope, be thought sufficient proofs, that, from the relation we bear to God, a certain portion of our time is his claim—ought to be set apart for meditation upon him, for prayer to him, and for such other exercice of our reason as more immediately respects him, and fulfis our obligations towards him. Dean Bolton.

§ 152. On the Employment of Time.

ESSAY THE THIRD.

Since all things are uncertain, favour 'yourself.' Where have I met with it? Whosoever the advice is, it proceeds upon a supposition absolutely fallse. That there is

* Never to acknowledge the enjoyments and privileges we have received, and hold, of God, is in effect to deny that we received them from him; not to apply to him for a supply of our wants, is to deny, either our wants, or his power of helping us. Religion of Nature delineated, p. 121.

If I should never pray to God, or worship him at all, such a total omission would be equivalent to this assertion. There is no God, who governs the world, to be adored; which, if there is such a Being, must be contrary to truth. Also generally and notoriously to neglect this duty, though not always, will favour, if not directly proclaim, the same untruth. For certainly to worship God after this manner, is only to worship him accidentally, which is to declare it a great accident that he is worshipped at all, and this approaches as near as possible to a total neglect. Besides, such a sparing and infrequent worshipper of the Deity, betrays such an habitual disregard of him, as will render every religious act insignificant and null. 16. p. 18.
an uncertainty in all things: and were the supposition true, the inference would be wrong; did we allow, that there was such an uncertainty in all things, it would be wrongly concluded from thence, that we should favour ourselves.

First, there is not the uncertainty here supposed. With regard to those things, which call us to thoughts very different from that of favouring ourselves—which should withdraw our attention from our own will, our own liking—which suggest to us quite other considerations than of taking our ease, and indulging our appetites—which should make the animal life the least of our concern—which should render us only licentious to purify ourselves, and be useful to our fellow-creatures; with regard to these things, I say, we have either absolute certainty, or the highest degree of probability.

To have produced so much beauty and order, as every where discover themselves, intelligence was not only requisite, but great wisdom and power. The beneficial effects naturally resulting from the things thus beautifully formed and orderly disposed, demonstrate the goodness, as well as the wisdom and power of their author.

That the benefits he designed, should constantly take place, must, as he is a good being, be agreeable to his will; and whatever hinders their taking effect, must be disagreeable to it.

We cannot have a fairer mark of what pleases him, than its being productive of happiness; and whatever has misery accompanying it, carries with it the clearest proof of its displeasing him.

A virtuous practice greatly furthering the happiness of mankind, must be pleasing to their Maker; a vicious one must displease him, as it necessarily obstructs their happiness.

If from any accidental indisposition of things, as from the number of the criminal, virtue should here mis its reward, there is great likelihood that it will elsewhere receive it; and, if vice, by a like accident, should, in particular instances, not carry with it those marks of its offending the Governor of the world, which it in most cases bears, there is the highest probability that it will have its punishment in some future state.

There is that probability in favour of virtue, not only from what our reasonings on the justice and goodness of God induce us to think it has to expect from him, but also from the visible manner in which he signifies his approbation of it. He has impressed a sense of its worth on the minds of all man-kind—he has made satisfaction inseparable from a conformity to it—he has appointed many advantages, in the ordinary course of things, its attendants; which seem concurring affurances, that to whatsoever disadvantages it may now, occasionally expose us, they will be at length fully recompensed. And there is the probability I have mentioned, that the guilty will not be always without a punishment adequate to their crimes, not only from the apprehensions we may fairly entertain of a just Governor of the universe; but, also, from the manner in which he, to the notice of all men, expresses his abhorrence of vice: annexing to many crimes immediate inconveniences—giving others a very short reprieve from the severest distresses, the painfulest disasters—allowing none to have our reason and confidence on their side, to be approved by us in our hours of severity and calm reflection.

Virtue is, evidently, preferred and promoted by frequent approbation—by diligence and application—by the denial of our appetites—by the restraint of our inclinations—by a constant watchfulness over our passions—by cherishing in ourselves sentiments of humanity and benevolence. Virtue is, as manifestly, produced, and confirmed by attention—by simplicity and carelessness—by favouring our appetites—by consulting rather what we are disposed to, than what is best for us, rather what inclination, than what reason suggests—by an attachment to the satisfaction of the present moment, to our immediate profit or convenience—by adopting narrow, selfish principles.

Thus it will appear, that there is by no means an uncertainty in all things. Most certain it is from whence virtue has its security and improvement. Equally certain is it how we become bad, and how we are made worse. Virtue has, in the nature of things, a reward of which it cannot be deprived, and vice as sure a punishment. All those accidents which obstruct either the advantages fitting a virtuous practice, or the sufferings that a vicious one ought to feel, may fairly carry our thoughts to some future state, when each will have its full defect from that Being, who has so clearly expressed as well his approbation of virtue, as his abhorrence of vice; and whose good-nights, wisdom and power, as they admit of demonstration, so they cannot but be believed to concur in bestowing those rewards and punishments, which will be most for the welfare of the noblest part of the creation, the intelligent part of it.
But if there were the uncertainty that is not; the right consequence would not be, Favour yourself: it would be, Secure yourself: Provide against the worst. Let your present enjoyments be directed by the influence they may have on your future happiness: consider the whole possible extent of your existence, and forego the satisfaction of a few moments, rather than hazard the los of a good that may continue for endless ages.

Such seem the proper inferences in this case; and the security of ourselves is very unlikely to be effected by favouring ourselves: the result of this, in a remoter period, may, with the highest degree of probability, be conjectured from what is, every day, experienced.

Bear and forbear, is the lesson for him who merely seeks to give his present life all the comfort in his power. Great inconveniences we cannot even here avoid, but by submitting to lesser.

Freedom from pain is the price of the enjoyments we deny ourselves; and strength of body purchased by the exercise that so severely fatigues it.

To what sleepless nights would he be condemned, whose easy throughout the day was to have no interruption? How little relish should we have of our food, were we to know nothing of the disquiet of hunger? The man who would most taste the gratifications of sense, must be the most sparing in his application to them: whence it is they not only are heighted, but continued to us. It seems the condition of our being, that we should have no pleasure gratia—that we should pay for each, before or after its enjoyment. To decline whatever we could be less pleased with, is the surest way to increase both the number of our sufferings, and their weight.

What can be more precarious than the continuance of human life? Who in his twentieth year acknowledges not, how uncertain it is whether he shall live his fortieth? Yet no one of common prudence seeks barely to crowd as much satisfaction into his life, as can confit with his reaching that period: there is no prudent man but denies himself many things, in hopes of attaining a much longer term.

We must unusually fail in the love of our children, if we would not pursue their welfare, in the same way by which we judge our own best consulted. But where is the advocate for "Favour yourself, since all things are uncertain," who, if discretion makes any part of his character, governs himself by that principle in their education—who does not restrain them in a thousand instances? while yet the unceasingly gives, and the tears it costs them, may probably never find that very small recompence, which must be the utmost he can propose from it. I say, this recompence may, probably, never be found; a late eminent mathematician having, upon an exact calculation, observed, that one half of those that are born, are dead in seventeen years time.

Some claim to a public spirit, to a love of their country, we find made by the generality of us, even in this very prosigimate age. But from him, whose rule it is to favour himself, the public can have nothing to expect. Were this the prevailing principle among us, "tis obvious how little regard would be shown to the common welfare.

All of the learned professions would regulate their application, by its subserviency to their maintenance, and think they had nothing so much to fludy, as how to make their fortune.

Soldier and sailor would have no notion of any honour distinct from their advantage—of any obligation they could be under, when their pay might be safe, to endanger their persons.

The people would judge none so fit to represent them, as they who had been at the greatest expense in corrupting them: and the representatives of the people would see no reason why the whole of what was to be gained should go to their constituents.

In short, nothing but fupineneis and sloth—an attachment to their cafe, and the gratification of their senses—low, unmanly views—pursuits throughout the most selfish and forld could prevail, among all orders and degrees of men, in any country, where the received doctrine was, favour yourself.

Hence certainly is it, that not only the better constituted governments, but even the nations of a less refined policy, have encouraged so much an indifference to the scanty portion of life here allotted us—to the continuance, the care, the conveniences of it; exciting, by various methods, each member of the community, to have chiefly at heart the public interest—to be ever diligent and active in promoting it—to submit to any difficulties for the service of his country, and to despise death in its defence.

Nor do we, universally, esteem any characters more, than those of the persons who have distinguished themselves by their dif-
interestedness—by their zeal for the common good—by their vigilance and private advantages that came in competition with it.

What has been the language of the more generous Heathen, but the very reverse of favour thyself? Plato advises his friend Archytas to consider “that we are not born for ourselves alone—that our country, our parents, our friends have their respective claims upon us.” Epist. ix. p. 358. vol. 3.

Arts and letters, in settling the true difference between the lawful and culpable love of ourselves, observes, that such love of ourselves is, undoubtedly, blamable, as induces us to seek as large a share as may be, of wealth, honour, and sensual pleasure. He, afterwards, considers a life of reason and virtue, as the proper life of a man, and pronounces him the true lover of himself, who makes such a life his care.

He goes on, “When all are intent on the practice of what is right, and each lays himself out on the laudable actions, the public welfare will, thereby, be effectually provided for, and every private person enjoys his own greatest happiness. It is most truly said of the good man, that he will serve his friends and his country—will do it, even at the expense of his life. For, as to wealth, honour, and all other goods about which there is so much strife in the world, he will have no regard to them, when they come into competition with the discharge of his duty. He will rather choose to live one year well, than many at random. He is justly thought the good man, who has nothing so much at heart, as how to act rightly.”

To mention another Greek writer;

We are born, says the excellent emperor Antoninus, to afflict each other, l. 2. §. 1. His counsel is, “Whatsoever you do, do it with a view to your being a good man; good, not in the ordinary, but in the strict and proper sense of the word.” l. iv. §. 10. “In this delight, in this repose yourself, in passing from one useful action to another; still mindful of the Deity.” l. vi. §. 7.

“Whatsoever I do, says he, by myself, or the assistance of others, ought wholly to be directed by what the common advantage requires,” l. vii. §. 5.

He, elsewhere, confounds every action of ours, that has no reference either immediately, or more remotely, to the duties of social life, l. ix. §. 23. To despise, says Tully, and make no account of pleasure, life, wealth, in comparison of the public welfare, is the part of a great and generous mind.—A life of toil and trouble in order to promote, if possible, the good of all mankind, would be much more agreeable to nature, than to pass one’s days in solitude, not only without any care, but enjoying the greatest pleasures, and having every thing could be wanted at command. De Off. i. iii. 283, 284.

We are all, according to Seneca, members of one great body, Ep. 95. We must consult the happiness of others, if we would own our own. In his treatise of a Happy Life, mentioning what the man must be, who may hope to pass hence to the abodes of the celestial beings; part of his description of him is, “That he lives as if he knew himself born for others—consults in all he does the approbation of his conscience—regulates his every action by considering it as well known to the public, as it is to himself—treats the whole world as his country—regards the gods as present wherever he is, and as remarking whatever he acts and speaks.”

True happiness is, throughout this author’s works, considered as derived from virtue—from the steady pursuit of what is right and our duty.

These reflections will, I hope, appear not improperly introducing the consideration of the part we have to act as expectants of happiness in a future state; the subject of the following essay.

This expectation does not indeed furnish any employment of our time that would not be comprehended under the heads on which I have already enlarged; but it is the strongest possible enforcement of what they teach us.

Can I suppose that beyond the grave there is any happiness prepared for me, if I live unmindful of the privileges here vouchsafed me—if, when I am placed above the beauteous, I will put myself upon a level with them—if that spiritual part of me, which makes me a fit subject for this happiness, be neglected, and all my care and pains laid out on my body, on what was earth so lately, and must so speedily be earth again?

Are there certain dispositions which prepare us for, and which, by being perfected, probably constitute the happiness of another life; and may we hope to obtain it, when our pursuits contributed to suppress these dispositions, or when we are wholly regardless of cultivating them?

Whatever
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Whatever I hope for in a future abode, I ought to think the reward of something here done by me; and when the time for action here is so short, even in its longest continuance—when likewise our opportunities are so few, and to irrecoverably lost, we must conclude it most fitting, in order to the success of our hopes, to embrace the opportunity before us; not to neglect it from a presumption of finding others which perhaps may never come, or, if they do come, may be less favourable to us than the present; but to derive from this every advantage it is capable of yielding us.

Further, it according to the greater or less use of which we make ourselves to our fellow-creatures, we more or less answer the end of our creation, we must conceive this to be a point, our special regard to which will be the necessary consequence of the views we have beyond the grave. The blifs we then promise ourselves cannot be thought a like reward of any practice, than of that which aims at the most extensive good; nor can one of common sense think such happiness likely to be our portion, after a life spent as unprofitably, as that of those creatures, the whole of whose satisfactions we all confine to those they at present enjoy—to their present existence. Hence our hopes after death will be perpetually urging us to what we can do most for the good of mankind, and must be a motive to it of the greatest weight.

Thus, likewise, when I contemplate a more desirable state of being, than what I am now granted, awaiting me at my departure hence; as it is impossible that I should not at the same time take into my confideration, to whom I must owe this blessing, from whom it can be received; I must hereby be necessarily led to a great desire of pleasing him from whom it is to come, and therefore to all such application to him, and acknowledgment of his excellencies, as can be supposed due from, and required of me.

To all the several talks I have mentioned, we are thus particularly directed by attending to the happiness referred for us; the confideration of it thus strongly enforces their performance.

How far it must in general contribute to the best employment of our time, the following observations may, I hope, fully convince us.

If we survey the things, on the value of which we are universally agreed, we shall perceive few, if any, of them obtained or secured without more or less care on our part, and some of them only the recompence of our painfullest endeavour. The long enjoyment of health is in vain expected, if we wholly decline the fatigue of exercise, and the unceasing of self-denial. The greatest estate must at length be wafted by him, who will be at no trouble in the management of it, who cannot torment his brains with examining accounts, and regulating the various articles of a large expence. Whole power is so established that the preservation of it costs him not much solicitude—many anxious thoughts; and compels him not to mortify himself in numerous influences? This is the case of them whom we esteem the most fortunate of their kind. As to the generality, how difficult do they find the acquisition of the means of these advantages? What years of diligence does it cost them to raise but a moderate fortune? Vast numbers we find struggling throughout their lives for a bare support.

The chief blessings of life—the goods most worthy our pursuit, are not only for the most part, but altogether, the fruits of long and unwearyed endeavours after them. Where is the very useful art that can be learned without a close and tedious application—that we can make any tolerable progress in, before many of our days are past? How much, and what an attentive experience—what repeated observations, and how exact a reasoning upon them, are necessary to form us to any degree of wisdom? duly to regulate our passions—to have them under command—rightly directed, and more or less warm proportionably to the influence their object has upon our happiness, will cost us, as every one is sensible, a watchfulness and care of such continuance, as is submitted to by few even of those, who best know how far it would be overpaid by the good it purchases.

If then we pay so dear for every satisfaction we now enjoy—if there be nothing defirable on earth but what has its price of labour let upon it, and what is most desirable comes to us by the most labour; who in his wits can believe that happiness far exceeding the utmost in our present state, will at length be our portion without any solicitude we need be at about it—without any qualifications we have to acquire in order to it—without any pains we are to take after it? Nothing in Paganism or Mahometanism, nothing in Popery is so absurd as this supposition.

There is an uniformity in all the proceedings
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ceedings of God. As they are all grounded on an unerring wisdom, they must testify their correspondence to it, by what they have to each other; and so we find they do in all cases wherein we can fathom them. We know not, indeed, in what way we are to be made happy in another life; but with what our being is connected—on what it must depend, we are sufficiently instructed. The means of making ourselves thus happy which are put in our power, plainly teach, that by their use it must be effected. Lesser goods, derived to us only by our care and industry, demonstrate how we are to secure greater. The chief blessings, that are now within our reach, being never vouchsafed but to our extraordinary efforts—to our most earnest endeavours to gain them, lead us to the fullest conviction, that the same must be the condition of whatever enjoyments we can promise ourselves after our death—that they will only be the reward of the diligence with which they have been sought—of the difficulties their pursuit has occasioned us.

The Atheist himself—he who having no views beyond this world, gives his lufts their full range in it, acts with abundantly more fene and confidency, than he who, full of the hopes of immortality, yet con- fults his humour or his eafe, his pleafure or his profit, regardless of any understanding he has to improve, or any progres in virtue he has to make. Nor is there any thing that so much confirms the irreligious man in his bad principles, as his observing this conduct in them who profess to believe a God and another life. He thinks, and, I must own, but too justly, that it is the fame thing not to be influenced by such a belief, and not to have it—that it is even much more reaonable to give up all expectations of future happines, than to expect it, and yet do nothing in order to it—do nothing that can appear at all qualifying us for, or entiting us to: in a word, he rightly thinks that, supposing there be a God of that perfect justice and wisdom which he is reprefented, he cannot make any difference hereafter between them who have absolutely denied his justice—his wisdom—nay his very being, and them who, with all their acknowledgments of him and his perfections, would yet never sacrifice any of their in- clinations to him—would not be at any pains to know his will, or, if they did know it, would only fo far obey it, as it was agreeable to their own.

I hardly can quit this subjeft. So great is the danger—so certain, I may fay, is the mischiefs of perfuading ourselves, that an eternal happenefs will recompence the little we do to secure it, that I scarcely know when I have paid enough to eevince what conduct alone it can reward.

As the viable world is the only univerfal guide to our conjectures on the invi- sible, and therein, as I have observed, the method of Providence in dispensing its blessing, is manifest to every eye; all those which can most engage our wishes depending wholly on what we do to obtain them: as, like- wise, whether we confider the wisdom of God, or his truth, or his justice, they all concur in teaching us this lefson, that an ever-continuing felicily can only be prepared for a distinguishing virtue.

As things, I fay, are thus, may it not properly be asked, What can it be that so strangely infatuates us—that paffes us with hopes fo extravagantly absurd—that makes a purfuit fo lazy and remifs, which ought to be fo vigorous and uninterrupted?

I know not what this poofibly can be, but, either, the numbers that countenance our practice, or, the reliance we have on the Deity's unbounded goodncfs.

As to the former, how little ftreus we should lay on numbers, will be evident from thefe four confeffions.

First, They, who in every age, are moft commended for their wisdom and prudence, never take the multitude for their pattern; but, on the other hand, conftantly live in a direct oppofition to its practices, and dif- fufate all, to whom they are well-willers, from them.

Secondly, Thofe follies and vices, which are the reproach of numbers, are not therefore the lefs mischievous in their confe- quences. The increafing multitudes of the lewd and drunken do not, in any in- stance, occafion lewdnefs and drunkennefs to have more favourable circumftances attending them, either with refpect to the perfons, or the poffeity of the guilty: and if God be, in no in- stance, more favourable to the vic- ious in this world, becaufe of their numbers; we have hence too fad a proof that they have not the leaft ground to expect he fhould be fo in the next.

Thirdly, What we call great numbers, are, probably in refpect of the whole crea- tion of rational beings, extremely few; perhaps no more than fonie few grains of fland, 'in comparison of thofe amazing heaps that spread the desarts of the earth, and shores of the ocean. Supposing, therefore, all offenfors among the human kind, pu-
nihed by God according to their deserts; that punishment might be making examples of a very small, of the very smallest part of his creatures, for the good of the rest—for preserving innumerable millions—an infinite race in their due obedience.

Fourthly, An established order taking place in all the works of God that we are acquainted with; every thing in the natural world being subjected to certain laws; and in the moral world, good having still a tendency to produce good, nor ever failing to do it, unless from some accidental hindrances; and evil, when things are in their proper course, producing evil; we have very strong reason to believe, that an unchangeable God—be whose wisdom uniformly displays itself—has fixed things thus, that thus they will proceed to all eternity; good following from good, evil from evil; with this difference alone, with respect to us, in another state, that all hindrances of the natural consequnces of things will there be removed—nothing will prevent the virtuous man's reaping the fruits of his virtue, nor will any thing hinder the whole of the dismal effects of vice from being felt by them, who have here allowed themselves in it. And, if this be the case, than which nothing is more probable, it is then quite clear, that all the hopes of the guilty from their numbers must be utterly vain—that it would be full as reasonable to think a plague could not be a dangerous distemper, because it is so infectious an one; as to think that we shall be safe amidst our crimes, because of the multitude that share them.

With regard to the goodness of God, how groundless our reliance must be upon it, when we act contrary to the ends for which we were made—when we neglect our opportunities, and abuse our capacities, will, I hope, be sufficiently plain to us, if we attend to the following short remarks.

1. We ascribe goodness to God as a perfection; but nothing can be a perfection in him, which has, morally speaking, a necessary tendency to make his creatures less perfect—less careful to answer the ends of their creation; and this the divine goodness would certainly do, if it were indeed such as allowed us nothing to fear, though we neglected to use rightly the abilities and opportunities afforded us.

2. As God is the Governor of the world—is acknowledged so by all who own his being; we must, therefore, consider his goodness, as that of a governor, or as conformist with, and agreeable to, a wise go-

vernment: but can this be said of his goodness, if it exempt from all punishment our willful and continued disobedience to his laws, and thereby encourage us to disobey them?

3. One attribute or perfection of the Deity cannot clash with another: his goodness, for instance, with his justice; but the punishment of evil is as much a part of justice, as the rewarding of good. To treat evil, as if it were not evil, can neither be agreeable to justice or truth; and this would be the case—evil would be regarded as if it were not evil, did the goodness of God so favour the willful offender, that his crimes would never receive their defect.

4. To refrain evil, to obstruct its progress, must be the care of a good Governor, nay would be the surest proof of his goodness. To punish, therefore, such as act contrary to the law of their nature—contrary to the well-being of society, and therein contrary to their own and the common happiness, is not only a part of justice, but even of goodness itself. We could not consider God as good, had he not properly guarded against his creatures corrupting themselves, and against that corruption extending itself: and what are the discouragements to this, but in the way of punishment—but by the sufferings the guilty have to fear? The more there are who act in defiance of these sufferings, the more necessary it becomes to inflict them; and offenders can have no reason to think that the mercy of God will spare them, when the greatest mercy is shown in obviating the mischief of such examples, by treating them according to what they have deserved.

Let us behold the goodness of God in this light, and this is that in which we ought to see it—this is its true representation; and thus seen, it cannot but convince us how impossible it is that we should have anything to hope after a life unprofitably, vainly spent—how much such a life has necessarily to fear.

Dean Bolton.

§ 153. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. Duties that relate to Man, considered as an individual—the Passion—Woman—Confanguinity, or natural relations—Providence, or the accidental difference in men—the Social Duties—Religion.

INTRODUCTION.

Bows down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of earth! be silent and receive
receive with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wheresoever the sun doth shine, where-ever the wind doth blow, where- ever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to con- ceive; there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever.

He fitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited space.

Order, and grace, and beauty, spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speareth in all his works; but the human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream; he feeth as in the dark; he reasoneth, and is deceived.

But the wisdom of God is as the light of heaven; he reasoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his coun- tenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Al- mightv? Hath he any equal in wisdom? Can any in goodness be compared unto him?

He it is, O man! who hath created thee; thy station on earth is fixed by his appoint- ment: the powers of thy mind are the gift of his goodness; the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, shall establish his soul in peace.

DUTIES that relate to MAN, considered as an INDIVIDUAL.

I. CONSIDERATION.

Commune with thyself, O man! and consider wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and thy connections; so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak or act, before thou hast weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take; so shall disgrace fly far from thee, and in thy house shall shame be a stranger; repentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridlieth not his tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapt over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side, which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action, before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken therefore unto the voice of con- sideration; her words are the words of wis- dom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

2. MODESTY.

Who art thou, O man! that presumest on thine own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step towards being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldst not be esteemed foolish in the judg- ment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment beft adorneth a beau- tiful woman, fo a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth luftre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom; he weigheth the councils of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not; he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his mod- esty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant: he clotheth himself in rich attire; he walketh in the public street; he casteth round his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosteth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with in- solence, and his superiors in return look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is con- founded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear and to speak of himself all the day long. He
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He swallowed with greediness his own praise, and the flatterer in return catch him up.

3. APPLICATION.

Since the days that are past are gone forever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This infant is thine; the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man’s attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action, and preserveth the health of both.

The flothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loiteth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and heleaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wifheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder, his servants are wasteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards ruin; he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he thaketh his head, and wifheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance defend with him to the grave.

4. EMULATION.

If thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another; but improve thine own talents.

Scorne also to depress thy competitor by any dishonest or unworthy method: strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree in spite of oppression; and as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he foareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night, and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs, he rejoiceth in the execution thereof, and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue sitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his reft.

He sitteth in his cell repining, and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart; and there is no rest in him.

He lealeth in his own breast no love to goodness, and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavours to depreciate those that excel him, and puttenh an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates mischief; but the detestation of man pursueth him, he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

5. PRUDEENCE.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart: her maxims are univerfal, and all the virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let
Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling, the torrent of his words overwhelming conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he that cannot restrain his tongue, shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Let thine own business engage thy attention; leave the care of the state to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality; he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessaries.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason, it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure! regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Refuse the favours of a mercenary man; they will be a snare unto thee; thou shalt never be quit of the obligation.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from Prudence infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful: yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment; never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

6. Fortitude.

Perils, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy soul with courage and patience, that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of man shall sustaine him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdainteth the malice of fortune; his greatnes of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea-thore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger the courage of his heart sustainteth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth into battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the preliure of misfortunes, his calmnes alleviate their weight, and his con
dancy shall surmount them.

But the daftardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanesse; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with a breath of air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarrased and confounded; in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

7. Contentment.

Forget not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal, who knoweth thy heart, who feeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feestest, the misfortunes thou bewailest, behold the root from whence they spiring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own ditempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart;
neither stay within thyself. If I had wealth or power, or leisure, I should be happy; for
know, they all bring to their several propensities peculiar inconveniences.

The poor man feeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich, he feeleth nor the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secretes.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom; and he that increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares: but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou suffereft not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of justice or temperance, or charity, or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and happiness the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

8. Temperance.
The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from heaven understanding and health.

These blessings if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuounfness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicates on the board, when her winesparkleth in the cup, when the smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her guard.

For if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness, and her enjoyments lead on to disasters and death.

Look round her board; cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations. Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection. She hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have no relish for their nicest dainties; her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural conquence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is he that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The roe bluseth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes, and from the cheerfulness of her heart she fingeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercife and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains of the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their fitter.

Vigour stringeth their nerves, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but found and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposeth to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious love.

She standeth in her bower, the courteth their regard, the spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft and delicate; her attire is loose and inviting. Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom fits temptation. She beckoneth them with her finger, she wooeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue, the endeavoureth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements, stop thy ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes; if thou hearest the softness of her voice; if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame
Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.
Enfeebled by dailiance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength will forfalse thy limbs, and health thy constitution: thy days shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compation.

The PASSIONS.

1. Hope and Fear.
The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.
Nevertheless, let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.
The terrors even of death are no terrors to the good; he that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.
In all thy undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despairst of success, thou shalt not succeed.
Terrify not thy soul with vain fears, neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.
From fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.
As the oilr ich when pursued, hideth his head, but forgetteth his body; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.
If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties.
A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise pursueth it not.
In all thy desires let reason go along with thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shalt successes attend thy undertakings, thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointment.

2. Joy and Grief.
Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thy heart. This world affordeth no good so transporting, nor inflicteth any evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.
Lo! yonder standeth the house of Joy. It is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayest know it from the continual noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.
The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that passes by; the finger shouth and laugheth without ceasing.
She inviteth them to go in and taste the pleasures of life, which the tel leth them are no where to be found but beneath her roof.
But enter not thou into her gate; neither associate thyself with those who frequent her house.
They call themselves the sons of Joy; they laugh and seem delighted: but madness and folly are in all their doings.
They are linked with mischief hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil. Dangers betet them round about, and the pit of destruction yaweth beneath their feet.
Look now on the other side, and behold, in that vale, overshadowed with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of Sorrow.
Her bosom heaveth with sighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation; she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.
She looketh on the common accidents of life and weepeth; the weaknesses and wickedness of man is the theme of her lips.
All nature to her teemeth with evil, every object she feeth is tinged with the gloom of her own mind, and the voice of complaint faddeneth her dwelling day and night.
Come not near her cell; her breath is contagious; she will blast the fruits, and wither the flowers, that adorn and sweeten the garden of life.
In avoiding the house of Joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion; but pursue with care the middle path, which shall lead thee by a gentle ascent to the bower of Tranquillity.
With her dwelleth Peace, with her dwelleth Safety and Contentment. She is cheerful but not gay; she is serious, but not grave; she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with an equal and steady eye.
From hence, as from an eminence, shalt thou behold the folly and the misery of those, who led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of Jollity and riotous Mirth; or infected with Gloomininess and Melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.
Thou
3. Anger.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and desformeth the face of nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth whole cities; so the rage of an angry man overthroweth mischief around him. Danger and destruction wait on his hand. But consider, and forget not thine own weakenss; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou hearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdome; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man lobetli his understanding? Whilt thou art yet in thy senes, let the wrath of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in a passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast, it will torment thy heart, and discolour its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive, than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wrath.

In folly or weakenss it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludes without repentance.

On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

4. Pity.

As blossoms and flowers are strewe upon the earth by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the finikles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distresse.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew drops falling from roses on the bottom of the spring.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow’s heart is sunk, and the impleth thy assistance with tears of sorrow; 0 pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou feedst the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilft the poor man groaneth on the bed of sicknes, whilft the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifteth up a feeble eye to thee for pity; 0 how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

5. Desire and Love.

Beware, young man, beware of the allurements of wantonness, and let not the harlot tempt thee to excess in her delights.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own purpusses; from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements, neither suffer thy soul to be enlaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up, and every spring of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life old age shall overtake thee; thy fun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to refit.

The whiteness of her bosom transcendanteth the lily; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of
the turtle; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kiss of her mouth is sweeter than honey; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

W O M A N.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart, so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form: and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispeth in thine ear the meaning of their looks: ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to affit him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recom pense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwellth mirth, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words, in her answers mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh modesty and love; but differtation with a scepter sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue: if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence retaineth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore the sinner seeketh no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife: happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She riseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper busines.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom: she fathioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; the pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she heal eth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments: she putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

C O N S A N G U I N I T Y, or Natural Relations.

1. Husband.

Take unto thyself a wife, and obey the ordinance of God; take unto thyself a wife, and become a faithful member of society.

But examine with care, and fix not suddenly. On thy present choice depends thy future happiness.

If much of her time is destroyed in drefs and adornments; if she is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighteth in her own praise;
Moral and Religious.

The foil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee; teach him modesty and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits; teach him charity and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance and he shall have health; teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful; teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

3. Son.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son; observe the young flocks of the wildernejrs; let him speak to thy heart; be the vulture on his wings his aged sire; he lodgeth him with safety, and suplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yet more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for the sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

4. Brothers.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let
PROVIDENCE; or the accidental Differences in Men.

1. Wise and Ignorant.

The gifts of the understanding are the treasures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what measure he seemeth good unto himself.

Hath he endued thee with wisdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? Communicate it to the ignorant, for their instruction; communicate it to the wife, for thine own improvement.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly. The wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination; and to talk much is the foolishness of folly. Nevertheless, it is the part of wisdom to bear with patience their impertinence, and to pity their absurdity.

Yet be not puffed up with thine own conceit, neither boast of superior understanding; the clearest human knowledge is but blindness and folly.

The wise man feeleth his imperfections, and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation: but the fool peepeth in the shallow stream of his own mind, and is pleased with the pebbles which he sees at the bottom: he bringeth them up and sheweth them as pearls; and with the applause of his brethren delighteth he himself.

He boasteth attainments in things that are of no worth; but where it is a shame to be ignorant, there he hath no understanding.

Even in the paths of wisdom he toileth after folly; and shame and disappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wise man cultivateth his mind with knowledge: the improvement of arts is his delight, and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour.

Nevertheless the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learning; and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

2. Rich and Poor.

The man to whom God hath given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly distinguished.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure, because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He seeketh out objects of compassion: he enquireth into their wants; he relieveth with judgment, and without ostentation.

He affieth and rewardeth merit: he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed; he formeth new schemes and the arts receive improvement.

He conferreth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof:

That grindeth the face of the poor, and conferreth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveith on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief or distress can make impression upon it.

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him: he liveth in continual fear; the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he has brought upon others.

O what are the miseries of poverty, in comparison with the gnawings of this man’s heart.

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons.

He fitteth down to his morsel in peace;
his table is not crowded with flattering and devourers.

He is not embarrased with a train of dependants, nor taunted with the clamours of solicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapist also their diseases.

The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his stomach? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious.

His labour preferveth his health, and procureth him a repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

He limiteth his desires with humility, and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than all the acquisitions of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich therefore presume on his riches, nor the poor in his poverty yield to his dependance; for the providence of God dispenses happiness to them both.

3. Masters and Servants.

Repine not, O man, at the state of servitude: it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages: it removeth thee from the cares and solicitudes of life.

The honour of a servant is his fidelity; his highest virtues are submission and obedience.

Be patient therefore under the reproofs of thy master; and when he rebuketh thee answer not again. The silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten.

Be studious of his interests, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him. Defraud him not thereof, nor he payeth thee for them.

And thou who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest from him fidelity; and reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest a ready obedience.

The spirit of a man is in him; severity and rigour may create fear, but can never command his love.

Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority: so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure.

He shall serve thee faithfully from the motive of gratitude; he shall obey thee cheerfully from the principle of love: and fail not thou, in return, to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward.

4. Magistrates and Subjects.

O thou, favourite of heaven, whom the sons of men, thy equals, have agreed to raise to sovereign power, and set as a ruler over themselves; consider the ends and importance of their trust, far more than the dignity and height of thy station.

Thou art clothed in purple, and seated on a throne: the crown of majesty investeth thy temples; the sceptre of power is placed in thy hand: but not for thyself were these en- signs given; not meant for thine own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion resteth on the hearts of his subjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his situation; he revolveth high things, and searcheth for business worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wise men of his kingdom, he consulteth amongst them with freedom, and heareth the opinions of them all.

He looketh among his people with discernment; he discovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magistrates are just, his ministers are wise, and the favourite of his bosom deceiveth him not.

He fineth on the arts, and they flourish; the sciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himself; he kindleth in their breasts emulation, and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The spirit of the merchant who extendeth his commerce; the skill of the farmer, who enricheth his lands; the ingenuity of the artist, the improvement of the scholar; all these he honoureth with his favour, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies, he buildeth strong ships, he openeth rivers for convenience, he formeth harbours for safety; his people abound in riches, and the strength of his kingdom encreaseth.

He frameth his statutes with equity and wisdom; his subjects enjoy the fruits of their labour, in security; and their happiness conflicts in the observance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the punishment of offenders he is strict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his subjects; he restraineth the hand of their oppressors, and deliverr them from their tyranny.
His people therefore look up to him as a father, with reverence and love: they consider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begeteth in his breast a love of the public; the security of their happiness is the object of his care.

No murmurs against him arise in their hearts: the machinations of his enemies endanger not his state.

His subjects are faithful, and firm in his cause; they stand in his defence as a wall of bras; the army of a tyrant fleith before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace blest the dwellings of his people; glory and strength encircle his throne for ever.

The SOCIAL DUTIES.

I. Benevolence.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy sloathing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyments of the comforts and the pleasures of life: all these thou owrest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty therefore to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breath, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto slander: the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppressions of another he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men: and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

2. Justice.

The peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals, on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation: let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property be sacred from thy touch.

Let no temptation allure thee, nor any provocation excite thee, to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witnesses against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forfake him; and the wife of his bosom, tempt not to sin.

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone for.

In thy dealings with men be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldest they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust, and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee; be assured it is less evil in the fight of God to steal than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make any advantage.

Pay the debts which thou owest, for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thine honour: and to with-hold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society! examine thy heart, call remembrance to thy aid; and if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

3. Charity.

Happy is the man who hath fown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble: he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He comforteth not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their flanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men, he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.
For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requitheth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the mischief of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

4. Gratitude.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, where his spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligations with cheerfulness; he looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nouriseth the memory of it in his breast with kindness, he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbages, and flowers: but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the flowers that fall, and burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envye not thy benefactor, neither strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred; for though the act of generosity commandeth admiration; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hands of the proud: to the selfish and avaricious have no obligation: the vanity of pride shall expel thee to shame, the greediness of avarice shall never be satisfied.

5. Sincerity.

O thou who art enamoured with the beauties of Truth, and haft fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her charms, hold fast thy fidelity unto her, and forsake her not; the conidency of thy virtue shall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart: hypocrisy and deceit have no place in his words.

He blusheth at falsehood, and is confounded:

but in speaking the truth he hath a steady eye.

He supporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocrisy he scorneth to stoop.

He is consistent with himself; he is never embarrassed; he hath courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meannesses of dissimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips; he studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He adviseth with friendship, he reproveth with freedom: and whatsoever he promiseth shall surely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breast; he maketh his words in the semblance of truth, while the business of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow, he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe; but he blundereth into light, and is betrayed and exposed, with his dirt on his head.

He paffeth his days with perpetual constraint; his tongue and his heart are for ever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man; and huggeth himself in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool, fool! the pains which thou takest to hide; what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldest seem; and the children of wisdom shall mock at thy cunning, when, in the midst of security, thy disguise is stripped off, and the finger of derision shall point thee to scorn.

RELIGION.

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and incomprehensible.

The sun is not God, though his noblest image. He enlivenceth the world with his brightness, his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth; admire him as the creature, the instrument of God; but worship him not.

To the One who is supreme, most wise and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise!

Who hath stretched forth the heavens with
his hand, who hath described his finger
the couries of the stars.
Who fetteth bounds to the ocean, that it
cannot pass; and faith unto the stormy
winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations
tremble; who darteth his lightnings, and
the wicked are dismayed.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of
his mouth; who finmeth with his arm, and
they sink into nothing.

"O reverence the Majesty of the Omni-
potent; and tempt not his anger, left
thou be destroyed!"

The providence of God is over all his
works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite
wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the govern-
ment of the world; he hath wonderfully
varied in them his beings; and each, by his
nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depths of his mind he revolveth all
knowledge; the secrets of futurity lie open
before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to
his view; he knoweth thy determinations
before they are made.

With respect to his preface, there is
nothing contingent; with respect to his pro-
vidence there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his coun-
fels are inerutable; the manner of his know-
ledge transcendeth thy conception.

"Pay therefore to his wisdom all honour
and veneration; and bow down thy.lef if
in humble and submissive obedience to
his supreme direction."

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he
hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his
works; he is the fountain of excellence, the
centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his
goodness, and all their enjoyments speak
his praise; he clotheth them with beauty,
he supporteth them with food, he preserving
them with pleasure from generation to
generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his
glory shineth forth; if we cast them down
upon the earth, it is full of his goodness;
the hills and the vallies rejoice and sing;
fields, rivers, and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguished
with peculiar favour; and exalted thy station
above all creatures.

He hath endued thee with reason, to
maintain thy dominion: he hath fitted thee
with language, to improve by society; and
exalted thy mind with the powers of medita-
tion to contemplate and adore his inimitable
perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the
rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy
duty to thy nature, that obedience to his
precepts is happiness to thyself.

"O praise his goodness with songs of
thanksgiving, and meditate in silence,
on the wonders of his love; let thy heart
overflow with gratitude and acknowledgment;
let the language of thy lips speak
praise and adoration; let the actions of
thy life shew thy love to his law."

The Lord is just and righteous, and will
direct the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he established his laws in goodnes
and mercy, and shall he not punish the
transgressors thereof?

O think not, bold man! because thy
punishment is delayed, that the arm of the
Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyself
with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart,
and he remembereth them for ever; he re-
specteth not the persons or the stations of
men.

The high and the low, the rich and the
poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the
foul hath shaken off the cumbersome shackles
of this mortal life, shall equally receive
from the sentence of God a just and ever-
lasting retribution, according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble and be
afraid; but the heart of the righteous shall
rejoice in his judgments.

"O fear the Lord, therefore, all the
days of thy life, and walk in the paths
which he hath opened before thee. Let
prudence admonish thee, let temperance
refrain, let justice guide thy hand, bene-
volence warm thy heart, and gratitude

to heaven inspire thee with devotion.
These shall give thee happiness in thy
present state, and bring thee to the mani-
factions of eternal felicity, in the paradise
of God."

This is the true Economy of Human
Life.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Part II. Man considered in the general—
Considered in regard to his infirmities and
their effects—The advantages he may ac-
quire over his fellow creatures—Natural
accidents.

MAN considered in the General.
1. Of the Human Frame and Structure.

Weak and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughtest to be, O child of the dust! wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? wouldst thou see Omnipotence displayed before thee? contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: praise therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou shouldst behold his works! wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayst admire them! wherefore to admire, but that thou mayst adore their and thy Creator!

Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone? and whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in flesh to think; it is not in bones to reason. The lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou seest: something informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy senses. Behold, what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is fled, therefore it is no part of it; it is immaterial, therefore it is eternal: it is free to act, therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the ass the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? or standeth the crocodile erect although his backbone is as straight as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed thee: after them all went thou created: superiority and command were given thee over all, and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyself then the pride of his creation, the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himself within thee; remember thine own dignity, nor dare to descend to evil or meanness.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent? who clothed the neck of the horse with thunder? even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purposes.

Of the Use of the Senses.

Vant not of the body, because it was first formed; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul refideth. Is not the matter of the house more honourable than its walls?

The ground must be prepared before corn be planted; the potter must build his furnace before he can make his porcelain.

As the breath of Heaven fayeth unto the waters of the deep, This way shall thy billows roll, and no other; thus high and no higher, shall they raise their fury; so let thy spirit, O man, actuate and direct thy flesh; so let it reprefs its wildnefs.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame; suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth, thy bones the pillars that sustaine it on its bails.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers, so runneth thy life from thy heart outwards, and so runneth it into its place again.

Do not both retain their course for ever? Behold, the same God ordaineth them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou that perfumes long smelt become offensive, that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the sentinels that watch for thee? yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error?

Keep thy soul in moderation, teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good; so shall these its ministers be always open to the conveyances of truth.

Thine hand is it not a miracle? is there in the creation aught like unto it? wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of blushing? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face: therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they the countenance of its ruddy splendor? Avoid guilt, and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee; that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? Revere them for know, that dreams are from on high.

Thou man alone canst speak. Wonder at thy glorious prerogative; and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praise, teaching thy children wisdom, instructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

3. The Soul of Man, its Origin and Affections.

The blessings, O man! of thy external part, are health, vigour, and proportion. The greatest of these is health. What

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health is to the body, even that is honestly to the soul.

That thou haft a soul, is of all knowledge the most certain, of all truths the most plain unto thee. Be meek, be grateful for it. Seek not to know it gratefully; it is inferrible.

Thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing, call not these the soul! They are its actions, but they are not its essence.

Raise it not too high, that thou be not despised. Be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing; neither debate it to the sense of brutes; nor be thou like unto the horse and the mule, in whom there is no understanding.

Search it by its faculties; know it by its virtues. They are more in number than the hairs of thy head; the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with Arabia, that one soul is parted among all men; neither believe thou with the scribes of Egypt, that every man hath many: know, that as thy heart, so also thy soul is one.

Dost not the fun harden the clay? dost it not also soften the wax? As it is one fun that worketh both, even so it is one soul that willeth contrariety

As the moon retaineth her nature though darknes spread itself before her face as a curtain, so the soul retaineth perfect even in the bofom of a fool.

She is immortal; she is unchangeable; she is alike in all. Health calleth her forth to shew her loveliness, and application anointeth her with the oil of wisdom.

Although she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee. She was concreted with thy flesh, and formed with thy brain.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer for them.

Suppose not death can shield thee from examination; think not corruption can hide thee from inquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowest not what, can he not raise thee to thou knowest not what again?

Perceivest not the cock the hour of midnight? Exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning? Knowest not the dog the footsteps of his master? and fieth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him? Yet when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust: thine alone surviveth.

Envy not to these their fenses, because quicker than thine own. Learn that the advantage lieth not in possesseing good things, but in the knowing to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of a flag, or were thine eye as strong and piercing as the eagle's; didst thou equal the hounds in finch, or could the ape resign to thee his talfe, or the tortoise her feeling; yet without reason, what would they avail thee? Perish not all these like their kindred?

Hast any one of them the gift of speech? Can any lay unto thee, Therefore did I so? The lips of the wife are as the doors of a cabinet; no sooner are they opened, but treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul? or can too much be said in its praise? It is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good may also do harm. Beware that thou direct her course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the crowd; suppose not that thou canst bury her in thy closet. Action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual; her attempts are universal; her agility is not to be suppressed. Is it at the uttermost parts of the earth? she will have it: Is it beyond the region of the stars, yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight. As one who travereth the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that searcheth after knowledge.

Guard her, for she is raih; restrain her, for she is irregular; correct her, for she is outrageous; more supplie is she than water, more flexible than wax, more yielding than air. Is there aught can bind her?

As a sword in the hand of a madman, even so is the soul to him who wanteth discretion.

The end of her search is truth; her means to discover it are reason and experience. But are not these weak, uncertain and fallacious? How then shall she attain unto it?

General opinion is no proof of truth, for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perceivest thou of thyself, the knowledge of him who created thee, the fense of the worship thou owest unto him? are not these plain before thy face? And behold! what is there more that man needeth to know?
Of the Period and Uses of Human Life.

As the eye of morning to the lark, as the shade of evening to the owl, as honey to the bee, or as the carcass to the vulture; even such is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not; though obscure, it diletteth not; though sweet, it cloyeth not; though corrupt, it forbidgeth not; yet who is he that knoweth its true value?

Learn to esteem life as it ought; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool, that nothing is more valuable: nor believe with the pretended wise, that thou oughtest to contemn it. Love it not for itself, but for the good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchafe back the moment thou hast now lost of it. Employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not, that it were best not to have been born; or if born, that it had been best to die early: neither dare thou to ask of thy Creator, Where had been the evil that I had not existed? Good is in thy power; the want of good is evil; and if the question be just, lo! it condemnette thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was hidden therein? Would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him? So neither were the soul to perish with this clay, would man wish to live; neither would a merciful God have created him: know hence thou shalt live afterward.

As the bird is inclosed in the cage before he feeth it, yet teareth not his flesh against its sides; so neither labour thou vainly to run from the state thou art in; but know it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Though its ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful. Accommodate thyself to all; and where there is least appearance of evil, suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in securitv; but when thou stretchest thyself on robes, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life: strive therefore to live as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst. While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool, of the shortness of thy time: remember that with thy days, thy cares are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it, and what remaineth? Take off the time of thine infancy, the second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness; and even at the fulness of years, how few seafons hast thou truly numbered!

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so. To what end would longer life have served thee? Wished thou to have had an opportunity of more vices? As to the good, will not he who limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it?

To what end, O child of sorrow! wouldst thou live longer? to breathe, to eat, to see the world? All this thou hast done often already. Too frequent repetition, is it not tiresome? or is it not superfluous?

Wouldst thou improve thy wisdom and thy virtue? Alas! what art thou to know? or who is it that shall teach thee? Badly thou employest the little that thou hast, dare not, therefore, to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge; it must perish with thee in the grave. Be honest here, thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to see my offspring to an hundredth generation? Art thine to be compared with thee in the abuse of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful? Learn from them rather, that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these? then let it of may suffice thee.

Man who dares enslave the world when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but a moment, what would he not aim at if he were immoral?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest it not: thou art not in want of it, O man! but thou art prodigal: thou wast thrown it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough; and yet thou repinet that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but economy.

The wise continueth to live from his first period; the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches first, and think thou afterwards wilt enjoy them. He who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all he hath. As the arrow passeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming; so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What
What then is life, that man should desire it? what breathing, that he should cover it? Is it not a scene of delusion, a series of misadventures, a pursuit of evils linked on all sides together? In the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is sorrow.

As one wave pufeth on another till both are involved in that behind them, even so succeedeth evil to evil in the life of man; the greater and the present swallow up the letter and the past. Our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals, and to desire as if immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us? Is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiounfns, and temerity? Is it age? then we are fond of infirmities.

It is said, grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles in the soul than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hatcheth riot? What justice is in this, when it is not age that despifeth pleasure, but pleasure that despifeth age.

Be virtuous while thou art young; so shalt thine age be honoured.

MAN considered in regard to his Infirmities, and their Effects.

I. VANNITY.

Inconstancy is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance swayeth it whither it will; despair engrosseth much of it; and fear proclaimeth, Behold, I fit unrivalled therein! but vanity is beyond them all.

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human state; rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to vanity, life is but the shadow of a dream.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakness! the public is unstable and ungrateful; why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools?

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himself with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station; and in more exalted ones thy face shall not be ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself like vanity? Lo! when thou feest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly.

As the tulip that is gaudy without finish, confpicious without use; so is the man who fetteth himself up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it feemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleasures.

His solicitude cannot rest with his bones; the grave is not deep enough to hide it; he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being; he bepeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone: but whoso promiseth it, deceived him.

As the man that engageth his wife to remain in widowhood, that she disturb not his soul; so is he who expecteth that praiseth shall reach his ears beneath the earth, or cherish his heart in its shroud.

Do well while thou livest; but regard not what issaid of it. Content thyself with deparing praise, and thy poiferity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly, who feeth not her own colours; as the jessamine, which feeleth not the feent it calleth around: so is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take note of it.

To what purpose, faith he, is my vesture of gold? to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them? if the world know it not? Give thy rainement to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry; so shalt thou be praised, and feel that thou deservedst it.

Why beloweft thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words! Thou knowest when returned thee, thou regardest it not. He knoweth he lieth unto thee; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it. Speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The vain delighteth to speak of himself; but he feeth not that others like not to hear him.

If he have done any thing worth praise, if he pooles that which is worthy admiration, his joy is to proclaim it, his pride is to hear it reported. The desire of such a man defeateth itself. Men say not, Behold, he hath done it: or, See, he pooles it: but, mark how proud he is of it!

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things. He who fixeth his foul on new, losteth reality. He pursueth bubbles which break in their flight, while he
treads to earth what would do him honour.

2. Inconstancy.

Nature urgeth thee to inconstancy, O man! therefore guard thyself at all times against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering. From the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability; how then shalt thou be firm?

Those who gave thee a body, furnished it with weaknefs; but he who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution. Employ it, and thou art wise; be wise, and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boasteth of it; for rarely is it of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without, born of uncertainty, enforced by accident, dependent on something else? To these men, and to accident, is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions, beware of instability in the execution; so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reason more than to act contrarieties? What can supprefs the tendencies to these, but firmnefs of mind?

The inconstant feeleth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why; he feeth that he escapeth from himself, but he perceiveth not how. Be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action, and fee that thou ever act according to them.

First know that thy principles are just, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee; so shalt thy constancy ensure thee the good thou possesses, and drive from thy doer misfortune. Anxiety and disappointment shall be strangers to thy gates.

Suspect not evil in any one, until thou feel it: when thou feel it, forget it not.

Who so hath been an enemy, cannot be a friend; for man mendeth not of his faults.

How should his actions be right who hath no rule of life? Nothing can be just which proceedeth not from reason.

The inconstant hath no peace in his soul; neither can any be at ease whom he concerneth himself with.

His life is unequal; his motions are irregular; his foul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee, to-morrow thou art detested by him: and why? himself knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day he is the tyrant; to-morrow thy servant is les humble: and why? he who is arrogant without power, will be servile where there is no subjection.

To-day he is profuse, to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it should eat. Thus it is with him who knoweth not moderation.

Who shall say of the camelone, he is black, when the moment after, the verdure of the grass overspreadeth him!

Who shall say of the inconstant, he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in fighting?

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream? In the morning he riseth happy, at noon he is on the rack: this hour he is a god, the next below a worm: one moment he laugheth, the next he weepeth; he now willeth, in an instant he willeth not, and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither eafe or pain have fixed themselves on him; neither is he waxed greater, or become les; neither hath he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow: therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand: the blowing of the wind carrieth away its foundation: what wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted form is this, that inwards directs its own, its uninterrupted course? whose foot is on the earth, whose head is above the clouds?

On his brow fitteth majesty; steadiness is in his port; and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Though obstacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look down upon them; though heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread; the waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

The tyger throweth herself across his way in vain; the spurs of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth through the embattled legions; with his hand he putreth aside the terrors of death.

Storms roar against his shoulders, but are not
not able to shake them; the thunder bursteth
over his head in vain; the lightning serveth
but to thw the glories of his countenance.
His name is Resolution! He cometh
from the utmost parts of the earth; he feeth
happiness afar off before him; his eye disco-
vereth her temple beyond the limits of the
pole.
He walketh up to it, he entereth boldly,
and he remaineth there for ever.
Etablish thy heart, O man! in that which
is right; and then know the greatest of hu-
man praise is to be immutable.

3. Weakness.

Vain and inconsistent as thou art, O child
of imperfection! how canst thou but be
weak? Is not inconstancy connected with
frailty? Can there be vanity without in-
firmity? avoid the danger of the one, and
thou shalt escape the mischief of the other.

Wherein art thou most weak? in that
wherein thou seemest most strong; in that
wherein most thou gloriest: even in pos-
fessing the things which thou hast: in using
the good that is about thee.

Are not thy desires also frail? or knowest
thou even what it is thou wouldest with?
When thou hast obtained what most thou
foughtest after, behold it contenteth thee
not.

Wherefore loveth the pleasure that is be-
fore thee its relish? and why appeareth that
which is yet to come the sweeter? Because
thou art wearied with the good of this, be-
cause thou knowest not the evil of that which
is not with thee. Know that to be content
is to be happy.

Couldst thou chuse for thyself, would
thy Creator lay before thee all that thine
heart could ask for? would happiness then
remain with thee? or would joy dwell al-
ways in thy gates?

Alas! thy weaknesses forbiddeth it; thy
infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to
thine in the place of pleasurc; but that
which permanently delighteth must be per-
manent.

When it is gone, thou repentest the loss
of it, though, while it was with thee, thou
defpised it.

That which succedeth it, hath no more
pleasure for thee; and thou afterwards
quarrellest with thyself for preferring it;
behold the only circumstance in which thou
errest not!

Is there anything in which thy weaknesses
appear more than in defiring things? It
is in the preferring, and in the thing them.

Good things cease to be good in our en-
joyment of them. What nature meant pure
sweets, are sources of bitterness to us; from
our delights arise pain; from our joys,
sorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment, and it
shall remain in thy possession; let thy joy be
founded on reason; and to its end shall sor-
row be a stranger.
The delights of love are ushered in by
sighs, and, they terminate in languishment
and dejection. The object thou burnest for,
naucmates with fatiety; and no sooner hast
thou possessed it, but thou art weary of its
preference.

Join esteem to thy admiration, unite
friendship with thy love; so shalt thou find
in the end, content so absolute, that it sur-
paseth raptures, tranquillity more worth
than ecstacy.

God hath given thee no good without
its admixture of evil; but he hath given
thee also the means of throwing off the evil
from it.

As joy is not without the alloy of pain,
so neither is sorrow without its portion of
pleasure. Joy and grief, though unlike,
are united. Our own choice only can give
them us entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth delight,
and the extremity of joy is mingled with
tears.
The best things in the hands of a fool
may be turned to his destruction; and out
of the word the wife will find the means of
good.

So blended is weakness in thy nature, O
man! that thou hast not strength either to
be good, or to be evil entirely. Rejoice
that thou canst not excel in evil, and let
the good that is within thy reach content
thee.
The virtues are allotted to various stations.
Seek not after impossibilities, nor grieve
that thou canst not possess them at all.

Wouldst thou at once have the liberality
of the rich, and the contentment of the
poor? or shali the wife of thy bosom be de-
spised, because she cheweth not the virtues
of the widow?

If thy father sink before thee in the divi-
sions of thy country, can at once thy justice
destroy him, and thy duty save his life?
If thou beholdest thy brother in the ago-
nies of a flow death, is it not mercy to put
a period to his life; and is it not also death
to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine
own raising. He who made virtues what they
they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence. Act as thy soul dictates to thee, and the end shall be always right.

4. Of the Insufficiency of Knowledge.

If there is any thing lovely, if there is any thing desirable, if there is any thing within the reach of man that is worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? and yet who is he that attains unto it?

The statefman proclaims that he hath it; the ruler of the people claims the praise of it; but findeth the subject that he possieth it?

Evil is not requisite to man; neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws? how many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wife, O ruler! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations! One crime authorized by thee, is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous, when thy foes increase about thy table; fendeft thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand, sayest thou not, I will have it? Surely thou forgettest that he who created thee, created also these; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou, that justice cannot be executed without wrong! surely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the criminal, that he may confess his guilt; art not thou unto him a criminal? or is thy guilt the least, because he cannot punish it?

When thou commendeft to the torture him who is but suspected of ill, darest thou to remember, that thou mayest rack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? is thy soul satisfied with his confession? Pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easily as what is; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without cause, thou dost worse than kill him: that thou mayest prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wife! know when thy judge shall bid thee account for this, thou shalt with ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool: If thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is the than pearls, therefore seek her carefully; the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports. But weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, Behold, truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; dissimulation rafeth friends, and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when it is before him, he will not apprehend it; and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weaknesses of man beareth not its splendour.

Wouldst thou see thine own insufficiency more plainly? view thyself at thy devotions! To what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine iniquities, to remind thee of thy weaknesses, to shew thee that from heaven alone thou art to hope for good?

Dost it not remind thee that thou art dust! dost it not tell thee that thou art a thief? And behold repentance is not built on frailty.

When thou givest an oath, when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive; behold it spreadeth flame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it. Learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten; learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The shorter follies are, the better: say not therefore to thyself, I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience, shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason, shall suffer a repulse with moderation.
If thou art suspected, answer with freedom: whom should suspicion affright, except the guilty? The tender of heart is turned from his purpose by supplications, the proud is rendered more obdurate by entreaty, the sense of thine insufficiency commanded thee to bear; but to be just, thou must bear without thy passions.

5. Misery.

Feeble and insufficient as thou art, O man, in good; frail and inconstant, as thou art in pleasure; yet there is a thing in which thou art strong and unshaken. Its name is Misery.

It is the character of thy being, the regenerative of thy nature; in thy breast alone it resideth; without thee there is nothing of it. And behold, what is its source, but thine own passions?

He who gave thee these, gave thee also reason to subdue them; extort it, and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful? thy destruction is it not glorious?

Lo! men adorn the instruments of death with gold and gems, and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man, hideth his face; but he who killeth a thousand is honoured.

Know thou, notwithstanding, that in this is error. Custom cannot alter the nature of truth; neither can the opinion of men destroy justice; the glory and the shame are misplaced.

There is but one way for man to be produced: there are a thousand by which he may be destroyed.

There is no praise, or honour, to him who giveth being to another; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children, hath as many blessings; and he who hath taken away the life of another, shall not enjoy his own.

While the savage curseth the birth of his son, and blesteth the death of his father, doth he not call himself a monster?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man; but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is sorrow; too much of this thou art born unto; add not unto it by thy own perverseness.

Grief is natural to thee, and is always about thee; pleasure is a stranger, and visiteth thee but by times: use well thy reason, and sorrow shall be cast behind thee; be prudent, and the visits of joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of sorrow; but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can be admitted only simply; but pains rush in a thousand at a time.

As the blaze of fire fadeth as soon as it is kindled, so passeth away the brightness of joy, and thou knowest not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent; pleasure is rare; pain cometh of itself; delight must be purchased: grief is unmixed; but joy wanteth not its alloy of bitterness.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the slightest malady, so the highest joy toucheth us less deep than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish; we often fly from pleasure; when we purchase it, coffeth it not more than it is worth?

Reflection is the busines of man: a sense of his state is his first duty; but who remembereth himself in joy? Is it not in mercy then that sorrow is allotted unto us?

Man foreseeth the evil that is to come; he remembereth it when it is past: he considereth not that the thought of affliction wondeth deeper than the affliction itself. Think not of thy pain, but when it is upon thee, and thou shalt avoid what most would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth: and why, but that he loveth weeping?

The flag weepeth not till the spear is lifted up against him; nor do the tears of the beaver fall, till the hound is ready to seize him: man anticipateth death, by the apprehensions of it; and the fear is greater misery than the event itself.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions; and the best death is that which is least premeditated.


The greatest bounties given to man, are judgment and will; happy is he who applieth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, dethroycth all that is borne away by it; so doth common opinion overwhelm reason in him who submittest to it, without saying, What is thy foundation?

See that thou receivest as truth but not the shadow of it; what thou acknowledgest as convincing, is often but plausible.

Be firm, be constant, determine for thyself;
...Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of the action: remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of another, because it differeth from thine own; may not even both be in an error?

When thou eatest am man for his titles, and contemnest the stranger because he wantest them, judgest thou not of the camel by its bridle?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou layest him: thou puttest him beyond thy reach, thou givest him quiet, and thou taketh from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it? Is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? He who despiseth thee for it, condemneth himself. Art thou answerable for the vices of another?

Disregard not a jewel, because thou possesseth it; neither enhance thou the value of a thing, because it is another's; possession to the wife addeth to the price of it.

Honour not thy wife the less, because she is in thy power; and despise him that hath said, Would thou love her less? marry her! What hath put her into thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue? shouldest thou love her the less for being more obliged to her?

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her, though thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her less be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh another blest, only because he possesseth her; if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy.

Weigh not the less thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddest for it, the greatest griefs are above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp; the noblest soul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame astonisheth the ear of him who heareth it; but tranquillity rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad caues: thou canst not know his heart; but the world will know by this, that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrify more vice than folly; to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to revenge an injury; so shalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate; so shalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

Be willing to commend, and be slow to cenfure; so shall praife be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou dost good, do it because it is good; not because men eeteem it: when thou avoidest evil, fly it because it is evil; not because men speake against it: be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so; he that doth it without principle, is wavering.

With rather to be reproved by the wise, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding; when they tell thee of a fault, they suppose thou canst improve; the other, when he praieth thee, thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified, lest he who knowest more of it despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant; when he feeth it, he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee; he who suffereth the wrong, may forgive it; but he who doth it, never will be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest thy friend; behold! the sense of them will drive him from thee: a little benefit gaineth friendship; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless, ingratitude is not in the nature of man; neither is his anger irreconcileable: he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay; he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a stranger, neither rejoice thou in the evil that befalleth thine enemy: wishest thou that others should do thus to thee?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good-will of all men, let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee: and know, though thou hast it not, thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.

7. Presumption.

Pride and meanness seem incompatible; but man reconcileth contrarieties: he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the
the nurse of error; yet it is congenial with
reason in us.

Who is there that judgeth not either too
highly of himself, or thinketh too meanly
of others.

Our Creator himself escapeth not our
presumption: how then shall we be safe
from one another?

What is the origin of superstition? and
whence ariseth false worship? From our
presuming to reason about what is above
our reach, to comprehend what is incom-
prehensible.

Limited and weak as our understandings
are, we employ not even their little forces
as we ought. We soar not high enough in
our approaches to God's greatness; we give
not wing enough to our ideas, when we
enter into the adoration of divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whisper
against his earthly sovereign, trembles not
to arraign the dispensations of his God; he
forgetteth his majesty, and rejudgeth his
judgments.

He who darest not repeat the name of his
prince without honour, yet blusheth not to
call that of his Creator to be witneses to a
lie.

He who would hear the sentence of the
magistrate with silence, yet darest to plead
with the Eternal; he attempteth to footh
him with intreaties, to flatter him with pro-
mises, to agree with him upon conditions;
may, to brave and murmur at him if his re-
quest is not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O man! in
thy impiety, but that this is not thy day of
retribution.

Be not like unto those who fight with the
thunder; neither dare thou to deny thy
Creator thy prayers, because he chastifieth
thee. Thy madness in this is on thine own
head; thy impiety hurleth no one but thyself.

Why boastest man that he is the fa-
ourite of his Maker, yet neglectest to
pay his thanks, and his adorations for it?
How suiteth such a life with a belief so
haughty?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide
expanses, believeth the whole earth and heav-
ven to be created for him; he thinketh the
whole frame of nature hath interest in his
well-being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on
the bosom of the water, thinketh that trees,
towns, and the wide horizon, are dancing
to do him pleasure; so man, while nature
performs her destined course, believes that
all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the sun to
warm him, he supposeth it made only to be
of use to him; while he tracest the moon
in her nightly path, he believeth that she
was created to do him pleasure.

Fool to thine own pride! be humble! I
know thou art not the cause why the world
holdeth its course; for thee are not made the
victitudes of summer and winter.

No change would follow if thy whole
race extolled not; thou art but one among
millions that are blessed in it.

Exalt not thyself to the heavens; for,
lo, the angels are above thee: nor disdain
thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, though
they are inferior to thee. Are they not the
work of the same hand?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy
Creator, how darest thou in wantonnesses put
others of his creatures to torture? Beware
that cruelty return not upon thee.

Serve they not all the same universal
Matter with thee? Hath he not appointed
unto each its laws? Hath he not care of
their preservation? and darest thou to in-
fringe it?

Set not thy judgment above that of all
the earth; neither condem as falsehood
what agreeth not with thine own apprehen-
sion. Who gave thee the power of deter-
mining for others? or who took from the
world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected,
which are now received as truths? How
many now received as truths, shall in their
turn be despised? Of what then can man be
certain?

Do the good that thou knowest, and hap-
niness shall be unto thee. Virtue is more
thy business here than wisdom.

Truth and falsehood, have they not the
same appearance in what we understand not?
what then but our presumption can deter-
mine between them?

We easily believe what is above our com-
prehension: or we are proud to pretend it,
that it may appear we understand it. Is not
this folly and arrogance?

Who is it that affirms most boldly? who
is it that holds his opinion most obstinately?
Even he who hath most ignorance: for he
also hath most pride.

Every man, when he layeth hold of an
opinion, desireth to remain in it; but most
of all he who hath most presumption. He
contenteth not himself to betray his own
soul; but he will impose on others to be-
lieve in it also,

Say
Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

Of the AFFECTIONS of MAN, which are hurtful to himself and others.

1. COVETOUSNESS.

Riches are not worthy a strong attention; therefore an earnest care of obtaining them is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good, the joy he taketh in possessing it, is grounded only in opinion. Form not thy opinion from the vulgar; examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison lodged in the soul. It contaminates and destroys everything that was good in it. It is no sooner rooted there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold; his parent might die ere he would open his coffers; nay, he considereth not himself in respect of it. In the search of happiness he maketh himself unhappy.

As the man who felleth his house to purchase ornaments for the embellishment of it, even so is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches, in hope that he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Whoso accounteth riches the principal good of man, will throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them. Whoso feareth poverty as the greatest evil of his nature, will purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool, is not virtue more worth than riches? is not guilt more base than poverty? Enough for his necessities is in the power of every man; be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the forrows of him who heareth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as if unworthy to be seen; silver hath the place where thou tramplest it under thy feet. Meanest thou by not to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard, that silver is beneath thy notice?

Covetousness burieth under the ground millions of wretches; these dig for their hard matters what returneth the injury; what maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things, where the hoardeth up treasure; where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the mule his provender; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters; even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wife; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold; it serveth not him. He possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him until death.

Hath not gold destroyed the virtue of millions? Did it ever add to the goodness of any?

Is it not most abundant with the worst of men? wherefore then shouldst thou desire to be distinguished by possessing it?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it? and is not wisdom happiness?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it? and hath not their end been miserable?

Poverty wanteth many things; but covetousness denieth itself all.

The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

If thou art industrious to procure gold, be generous in the disposal of it. Man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness to another.

2. PROFUSION.

If there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to useless purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth them a right unto.

He who squandereth away his treasure, refuseth the means to do good; he denieth himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand, whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them. Man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, patience, to support it; the rich, if he have not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.
The poor hath only the good of his own state committed unto him; the rich is intrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his trenure wisely, giveth away his plagues: he that retaineth their increafe, heapeth up forrosse.

Refuse not unto the stranger that which he wanteth; deny not unto thy brother even that which thou wantest thyself.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou hast given, than in poffefling millions which thou knowest not the use of.

3. Revenge.

The root of revenge is in the weaknesses of the soul: the most abject and timorous are the most addicted to it.

Who torture those they hate, but cowards? who murder those they rob but women?

The feeling an injury must be previous to the revenging it; but the noble mind disdaineth to say. It hurts me.

If the injury is not below thy notice, he that doth it unto thee, in that, maketh himself so: wouldst thou enter the lists with thine inferior?

Disdain the man who attempteth to wrong thee; condemn him who would give thee disquiet.

In this thou not only preservest thine own peace, but thou inflictest all the punishment of revenge, without flipping to employ it against him.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the fun or the stars, but expend their fury on ftones and trees below; fo injuries ascend not to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as are thieves who offer them.

Poenifs of spirit will actuife revenge; greatness of soul despifeth the offence: nay, it doth good unto him who intended to have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man! with what purpofe is it that thou pursueft it? Thinkest thou to pain thine adversary by it? Know that thy-self feelst its greatest torments.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it, while he against whom it is intended, remaineth eafe.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicts; therefore nature intended it not for thee: needest he who is injured more pain? or ought he to add force to the affliction which another has call upon him?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the mischief he hath received; he addeth to his anguish the punishment due unto another: while he whom he seeketh to hurt goeth his way laughing; he maketh himself merry at this addition to his misery.

Revenge is painful in the intent, and it is dangerous in the execution: seldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo, he remembereth not that it must recoil against him.

While the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction: while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo, he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it; if he succeed, he repenteth of it: the fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul; the care to hide him from it, destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satiate thy hatred? can the setting him at reft restore thy peace?

Wouldst thou make him forry for his offence, conquer him and spare him: in death he oweth not thy superiority; nor feelst he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there should be a triumph of the avenger; and he who hath injured him, should feel his displeasure; he should suffer pain from it, and should repent him of the caufe.

This is the revenge inspired from anger; but that which makes thee great is contempt.

Murder for an injury arising only from cowardice: he who inflictest it, feareth that the enemy may live and avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel; but it restorcth not the reputation: killing is an act of caution, not of courage; it may be safe, but it is not honourable.

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence; but nothing is so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain, is over himself; he that disdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth it upon him who offered it.

When thou meditatest revenge, thou confidest that thou feelst the wrong: when thou complaineft, thou acknowledgest thyself hurt by it; meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt; how then can he who despiseth it revenge it?

If thou think it dishonourable to bear an offence,
offence, more is in thy power; thou mayest conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy; greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory there is in pardoning it; and by how much more justifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honour is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause; to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? Before thou condemnest, let another say it is just.

The revengeful is scared, and therefore he is hated; but he that is endued with clemency, is adored: the praise of his actions remaineth for ever; and the love of the world attendeth him.


Revenge is detestable: what then is cruelty? Lo, it poufleth the mischiefs of the other; but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature; they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts: do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence then is her origin? unto what that is human oweth she her existence? Her father is Fear; and behold Difmay, is it not her mother?

The hero lifteth his sword against the enemy that refleth; but no noorer doth he submit, than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth; it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it: subdue the infolent, and spare the humble; and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end, he who hath not courage to ascend thus into it; lo, he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He who feareth all, striketh at all: why are tyrants cruel, but because they live in terror?

Civil wars are the most bloody, because those who fight in them are cowards: conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence. Is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

The cur will tear the carcase, though he dared not look it in the face while living: the hound that hunteth it to the death, mangleth it not afterwards.

That thou mayest not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred; that thou mayest not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every man may be viewed in two lights; in one he will be troublesome, in the other less offensive: chuse to see him in that in which he leal hurtheth thee; then shalt thou not do hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto his good? In that which offendeth us most, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Man would be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth: whom murdereth he, but him whom he hateth?

If thou art prevented of a benefit, fly not into rage: the los of thy reason is the want of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloak, wouldst thou stripp thyself of thy coat also?

When thou enifiest the man who poufleth honours; when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation; seek to know whence they came unto him; enquire by what means he was poufleth of them, and thine envy will be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee at the same price, be affured, if thou wert wife, thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the pay for titles, but flattery: how doth man purchase power, but by being a flave to him who giveth it?

Wouldst thou lose thine own liberty, to be able to take away that of another? or canst thou envy him who doth so?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superior but for a price; and that price is not more than the value? Wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world? wouldst thou have the purchase and the price also?

As thou canst not envy what thou wouldst not accept, disdain this cause of hatred; and drive from thy soul this occasion of the parent of cruelty.

If thou poufleth honour, canst thou envy that which is obtained at the expense of it? If thou knowest the value of virtue, pitiful thou not those who have bartered it so meanly?

When thou haft taught thyself to bear the seeming good of men without repining, thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou seest good things fall to one who deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice in it: for virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth by it his own.

5. Heaviness of Heart.

The soul of the cheerful forcteth a smile upon the face of affliction; but the defpotic
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book I.

As the oak falleth before the tempest, and raiheth not its head again; so boweth the heart of man to the force of sadness, and returneth unto his strength no more.

As the snow melteth upon the mountains, from the rain that trickleth down their sides, even so is beauty washed from off the cheek by tears; and neither the one nor the other refeth itself again.

The pearl is dissolv'd by the vinegar, which feemeth at first only to obscure its surface; so is thy happiness, O man! swallowed up by heavines of heart, though at first it feemeth only to cover it as with its shadow.

Behold sadness in the public streets; cast thine eye upon her in the places of repast; avoidest thou not every one? and doth not every one fly from her presence?

See how she droopeth her head, like the flower whose root is cut afunder! see how she fixeth her eyes upon the earth! see how they serve her to no purpose but for weeping!

Is there in her mouth discourse? is there in her heart the love of society? is there in her soul, reason? Ask her the cause, she knoweth it not; enquire the occasion, and behold there is none.

Yet doth her strength fail her: lo, at length the sinketh into the grave; and no one faith, What is become of her?

Hast thou understanding, and feest thou not this! hast thou piety, and perceived thou not thine error?

God created thee in mercy; had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into existence; how darest thou then to fly in the face of Majesty?

Whilst thou art most happy with innocence, thou dost him most honour; and what is thy discontent but murmuring against him?

Created he not all things liable to changes, and darest thou to weep at their changing?

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what shall we accuse but our blindness to what every moment giveth us proof of?

Know that it is not thou that art to give laws to the world; thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them. If they distreß thee, thy lamentation but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow healeth misfortune. It is a poison under the colour of a remedy; while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from...
from thy breast, lo, it plungeth it into thine heart.

While fadness separateth thee from thy friends, doth it not say, Thou art unfit for conversation? while she driveth thee into corners, doth she not proclaim that she is ashamed of herself?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt; nor doth reason require it of thee: it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but thou must first also feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, though virtue falleth not from thine heart: be thou careful only that there is cause, and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatness of the affliction is not to be reckoned from the number of tears. The greatest griefs are above these testimonies, as the greatest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakenth the soul like grief? what depriseth it like sadness?

Is the forrow prepared for noble enterprizes? or armeth he himself in the cause of virtue?

Subject not thyself to ills, where there are in return no advantages: neither sacrifice thou the means of good unto that which is in itself an evil.

Of the ADVANTAGES MAN may acquire over his Fellow-Creatures.

1. Nobility and Honour.

Nobility residieth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vice; rank and titles may be purchased for money: but these are not true honour.

Crimes cannot exalt the man, who committeth them, to real glory; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue, when the man is set on high who hath served his country; he who belloweth the honours hath glory, like as he who receiveth them; and the world is benefited by it.

Wouldst thou wish to be raised, and men know not for what? or wouldst thou that they should say, Why this?

When the virtues of the hero descend to his children, his titles accompany them well; but when he who possessteth them is unlike him who deserved them, lo, do they not call him degenerate?

Hereditary honour is accounted the most noble; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath acquired it.

He who, meriteth himself, appealeth to the actions of his ancestors for his greatness, is like the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the pagod.

What good is it to the blind, that his parents could see? what benefit is it to the dumb, that his grandfather was eloquent? even so, what is it to the mean, that their predecessors were noble?

A mind disposted to virtue, maketh great the posseffor: and without titles it will raise him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others receive it; and shall not peace unto them. Such were the men whom ye glory in being derived from?

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, even fo true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldness, nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price of it: it is not to the action that it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of fate; neither are there armes to be commanded by every one: do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain unto thee.

Say not that difficulties are necessary to be conquered, or that labour and danger must be in the way of renown. The woman who is chaste, is he not praised? the man who is honest, deserveth he not to be honoured?

The thirst of fame is violent; the desire of honour is powerful; and he who gave them to us, gave them for great purpuses.

When desperate actions are necessary to the public, when our lives are to be exposed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue, but ambition?

It is not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind; its pride is the deservings it.

Is it not better men should say, Why hath not this man a statute? than that they should ask, Why he hath one?

The ambitious will always be first in the crowd: he presseth forward, he looketh not behind him. More anguith is it to his soul, to see one before him, than joy to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of ambition is in every man; but it rifeth not in all: fear keepeth it down in some; in many it is suppreffed by modesty.

It is the inner garment of the soul; the
first thing put on by it with the flesh, and the left it layeth down at its separation from it.

It is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed; when thou directest it to wrong purposes, it shammeth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of the traitor ambition is covered; hypocrisy hideth its face under her mantle; and cool dissimulation furniseth it with smooth words; but in the end men shall see what it is.

The serpent lofeth not his sting though blemished with the froth, the tooth of the viper is not broken though the cold coldeth his mouth: take pity on his state, and he will shew thee his spirit; warm him in thy bosom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth virtue for herself; he disclaimeth the applause which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiful were the state of virtue, if she could not be happy but from another's praise? she is too noble to seek recompense, and no more will, than can be rewarded.

The higher the fun ariseth, the less shadow doth he make; even so the greater is the virtue, the less doth it covet praise; yet cannot it avoid its reward in honours.

Glory, like a shadow, slippeth him who pursueth it; but it followeth at the heels of him who would fly from it: if thou courseth it without merit, thou shalt never attain unto it; if thou deprec'st it, though thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

Pursue that which is honourable; do that which is right; and the applause of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee, than the shout of millions who know not that thou deprec'st them.


The noblest employment of the mind of man, is the study of the works of his Creator.

To whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God; every thing that proveth it giveth cause of adoration.

His mind is lifted up to heaven every moment; his life is one continued act of devotion.

Callet he his eye towards the clouds, fuddeth he not the heavens full of his wonders? Looketh he down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim to him, 'Less than omnipotence could not have formed me?'

While the planets perform their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth to its defined road again; who but thy God, O man! could have formed them? what but infinite wisdom could have appointed them their laws?

Behold how awful their splendor! yet do they not diminish: lo, how rapid their motions! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see her produce; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain: hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up? who watereth it at its due season? Behold the ox croppest it; the horse and the sheep, feed they not upon it? Who is he that provideth it for them?

Who giveth increase to the corn that thou pourest? who returneth it to thee a thousand fold?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in its time? and the grape, though thou knowest not the cause of it?

Can the meanest fly create itself; or wilt thou ought less than God, couldst thou have fashioned it?

The beasts feel that they exist, but they wonder not at it; they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end: each performeth its course in succession; nor is there a less of one species in a thousand generations.

Thou who feest the whole as admirable as its parts, canst thou better employ thine eye, than in tracing out thy Creator's greatnes in them? thy mind, than in examining their wonders?

Power and mercy are displayed in their formation; justice and goodnes shine forth in the provision that is made for them; all are happy in their several ways; nor envieth one the other.

What is the study of words compared with this? In what science is knowledge, but in the study of nature?

When thou hast adored the fabric, enquire into its use; for know the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee. Are not food and raiment, and the remedies for thy diseases, all derived from this source alone?

Who is wise then, but he that knoweth it? who hath understanding, but he that comtemplateth it? For the rest, whatever science hath most utility, whatever knowledge hath least vanity, prefer these unto the others; and profit from them for the sake of thy neighbour.

To live, and to die; to command, and to obey;
obey; to do, and to suffer; are not these all that thou hast farther to care about? Morality shall teach thee these; the Economy of Life shall lay them before thee.

Behold, they are written in thine heart, and thou needest only to be reminded of them: they are easy of conception; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is boast; lo, it is not necessary or beneficial to man; nor doth it make him more good, or more honest.

Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow creatures, are they not thy great duties? What shall teach thee the one, like the purity of his works? what shall inform thee of the other, like understanding thy dependencies?

**OF NATURAL ACCIDENTS.**

1. *Prosperity and Adversity.*

Let not prosperity elate thine heart above measure; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adversity well, is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the twofold by which thou art to know thy constancy; nor is there ought else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul; be therefore upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold prosperity, how sweetly the flat- tereth thee; how infinitely the robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigour?

Though thou hast been constant in ill fortune, though thou hast been invincible in distress; yet by her thou art conquered: not knowing that thy strength returneth not again; and yet that thou again mayst need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity; success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

Adversity is the feed of well-doing: it is the nurse of heroism and boldness; who that hath enough, will endanger himself to have more? who that is at ease, will set his life on the hazard?

True virtue will act under all circumstances; but men see most of its effects when accidents concur with it.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himself; he routeth his soul, he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancieth himself safe; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table; he groweth careless and remiss; he seeth not the danger that is before him; he trutheth to others, and in the end they deceiveth him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress, and after plungeth himself into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremes: moderation is the effect of wisdom.

Be upright in thy whole life; be content in all its changes: so shalt thou make thy profit out of all occurrences; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wife maketh every thing the means of advantage; and with the fame countenance beholdeth he all the faces of fortune: he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil: he is unmoved in all.

Pride not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity: court not dangers, nor meanly fly from before them: dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end, shall never attain unto it; and he who feeth not the pit, shall perish therein.

He who calleth prosperity his good; who hath paid unto her, With thee will I establish my happiness; lo! he anchoreth his vessel in a bed of sand, which the return of the tide wafeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains, kiseth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers; as it tarryeth not in any place; even so fortune visteth the fons of men; her motion is incessant, she will not stay; she is unstable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her? When the kiseth thee, thou art blest; behold, as thou turnest to thank her, she is gone unto another.

2. *Pain and Sickness.*

The sickness of the body afflieth even the soul; the one cannot be in health without the other.
Pain is of all ills that which is most felt; and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When thy constancy fail thee, call in thy reason; when thy patience quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

To suffer, is a necessity entailed upon thy nature; wouldst thou that miracles should protect thee from it? or shalt thou repine, because it happeneth unto thee, when it happeneth unto all?

It is injustice to expect exemption from that thouwert born unto; submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to the feasons, Pass not on, left I grow old? is it not better to suffer well that which thou canst not avoid?

Pain that endureth long, is moderate; blush therefore to complain of it: that which is violent, is short: behold thou seest the end of it.

The body was created to be subject to the soul; while thou afflictst the soul for its pains, behold thou seest that above it.

As the wife afflieth not himself, because a thorn teareth his garment; so the patient grieveth not his soul, because that which covereth it is injured.

3. DEATH.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchymist; so is death the test of our lives, the effay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt: and where diffimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have left all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that considereth he is to die, is content while he liveth: he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in any thing; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the busines of his life before his death: who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness: fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is: all that thou certainly knowest, is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed, doth man the most honour; himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

This is the complete ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.

§ 154. Introduction to the Catechism.

The Catechism begins with a recital of our baptismal vow, as a kind of preface to the whole. It then lays down the great christian principle of faith; and leaving all mysterious inquiries, in which this subject is involved, it passes on to the rules of practice. Having briefly recited these, it concludes with a simple, and very intelligible explanation of baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

The catechism then begins very properly, with a recital of our baptismal vow, as the best preface to that belief, and those rules of practice, in which that vow engaged us.—But before we examine the vow itself, two appendages of it require explanation—the use of sponsors—and the addition of a name.

With regard to the sponsor, the church probably imitates the appointment of the legal guardian, making the best provision it can for the pious education of orphans, and deserted children. The temporal and the spiritual guardian may equally betray their trust: both are culpable: both accountable: but surely the latter breaks the more sacred engagement.

As to promising and vowing in the name of another (which seems to carry so harsh a sound) the sponsor only engages for the child, as any one would engage for another, in a matter which is manifestly for his advantage: and on a supposition, that the child hereafter will see it to be so—that is, he promises, as he takes it for granted, the child itself would have promised, if it had been able.

With regard to the name, it is no part of the sacrament; nor pretends to scriptural authority. It rests merely on ancient usage. A custom had generally obtained, of giving a new name, upon adopting a new member into a family. We find it common among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews; nay, we read that even God himself, when he received Abram into covenant, giving an early funktion to this usage, changed his name.
BOOK I. MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

confiance, and faith unfeigned." Faith
(which is the act of believing upon rational
evidence) is the great fountain, from which
all Christian virtues spring. No man will
obey a law, till he hath informed himself
whether it be properly authorized: or, in
other words, till he believe in the jurisdi-
c tion that enacted it,—If our faith in Christ
doth not lead us to obey him; it is what the
scriptures call a dead faith, in opposition to
a living one.

To this inseparable connection between
faith and obedience, St. Paul's doctrine may
be objected, where he seems to lay the whole
fire on faith, in opposition to works:—
But it is plain, that St. Paul's argument re-
quires him to mean by faith, the whole
system of the Christian religion (which is in-
deed the meaning of the word in many other
parts of scripture); and by works, which he
lets in opposition to it, the moral law. So
that in fact, the apostle's argument relates not
to the present question; but tends only to
establish the superiority of Christianity. The
moral law, argues the apostle, which claimed
on the righteousness of works, makes no pro-
\vion for the deficiencies of man. Christianity
alone, by opening a door of mercy, gave him
hopes of that salvation, which the other could
not pretend to give.

Upon renouncing sin, believing the arti-
cles of the Christian faith, and keeping God's
holy commandments, as far as sinful man can
keep them, we are intitled to promise to all
the privileges of the gospel. We " become
members of Christ, children of God, and
inhabitants of the kingdom of heaven." We
are redeemed through the merits of Christ;
pardoned through the mercies of God; and
rewarded with a blessed immortality.

This account of our baptismal vow con-
cludes with a question, leading us to acknow-
ledge the necessity of observing this vow; and
to declare our belief, that our only hope of
keeping it rests upon the assistance of God.

Gilpin.

§ 155. On the Creed—the Belief of God.

The creed begins with a profession of our
belief in " God the Father almighty, maker
of heaven and earth."
The being of a God is one of those truths,
which scarce require proof. A proof seems
rather an injury, as it supposes doubt.
However, as young minds, though not scepti-
cal, are uninformed, it may not be impro-

* See Rom. iii. 28. and indeed great part of the
epistle.
per to select out of the variety of arguments, which evince this great truth, two or three of the most simple.

The existence of a Deity, we prove from the light of nature. For his attributes, at least in any perfection, we must look into scripture.

A few plain and simple arguments drawn from the creation of the world—the preservation of it—and the general content of mankind, strike us with more conviction, than all the subtilties of metaphysical deduction.

We prove the being of a God first from the creation of the world.

The world must have been produced either by design, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be supposed. Let us see then with which of these characters it is impreffed.

The characteristic of the works of design, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteristic of the works of chance is just the reverse. When we see flones, answering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately say, they were put together by design: but when we see them thrown about in a disorderly heap, we say as confidently, they have been thrown fo by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of design. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The sun, for instance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furnishing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper, loafs, and juices for their nourishment. These again are connected with animals, by supplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great end of sustaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is design fhewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally fhewn in every part. It is seen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is seen in every vegetable, furnished with parts exactly suited to its situation. In the leaf, as well as in the greatest of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nourishment from the crannies of the flones; and flourishes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of design, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of such design—of such amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wisdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What shall we say then of the author of the great original itself, in all its grandeur, and furnished with all its various inhabitants?

The argument drawn from the preservation of the world, is indeed rather the last argument advanced a step farther.

If chance could be supposed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the highest degree of credulity, to suppose, it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The sun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every seed produces now the same fruit it ever did. Every species of animal life is still the same. Could chance continue this regular arrangement? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God?

Laitly, we fee this great truth, the being of a God, witnessed by the general content of mankind. This general content must arise either from tradition, or it must be the result of men's own reasoning. Upon either supposition, it is an argument equally strong. If the first supposition be allowed, it will be difficult to assign any source of this tradition, but God himself. If the second, it can scarce be supposed that all mankind, in different parts of the world, should agree in the belief of a thing, which never existed. For though doubts have arisen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well ascertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been discovered, among whom some traces of religious worship have not been found.

Be it so, says the objector; yet still we find single persons, even in civilized countries, and some of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this subject; but have proclaimed aloud their disbelief of a divine being.

We answer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly settled. Bad men, rather endeavour to convince themselves, than are really convinced.—But even on a supposition, that a few such persons could be found, what
what is their testimony against so great a majority, as the rest of mankind? The light of the sun is universally acknowledged, though it happens, that, now and then, a man may be born blind.

But since, it seems, there are difficulties in supposing a divine creator, and preserver of the world, what symptom of things does the atheist suppose attended with fewer? He fee:s the world produced before him. He sees it hath been created; and is preserved. Some account of this matter must be given. If ours displease him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheistical creeds: none of which hath flood the test of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheist's great argument indeed against a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injustice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times: but it is one of the blessings, which attends christi-anity, that it satisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and easy solu- tion of this poignant objection. What if we observe an inaccurate distribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depresed, and vice triumphant? It is nothing, says the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an incomparable part of his being; a point only in the expanse of eternity: who believes he is sent into this world, merely to prepare himself for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward, nor punishment.

Happiness unquestionably attends virtue even here, and misery, vice: but it is not the happiness of a splendid station, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the misery of low circumstances, but of a guilty conscience. The things of this world are not, in their own nature, connected either with happiness or misery. Attended sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends neither an elevated, nor a depressed situation as the ultimate completion of his will.

Besides, if worldly prosperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudences enough about them to deserve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deserve success. Why should imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpose share in the pu-

nishmenl, though connected with vice?

Thus then we see the being of a God is the universal creed of nature. But though nature could investigate the simple truth, she could not preferve it from error. Nature merely takes her notions from what she sees, and what she hears, and hath ever moulded her gods in the likeness of things in heaven, and things on earth. Hence every part of the creation, animate and inanimate, hath, by turns, been an object of worship. And even the most refined nations, we know, had gross conceptions on this head. The wifelt of them indeed, by ob-
seruing the wonders of creation, could clothe the Deity with wisdom and power: but they could go no farther. The virtues of their heroes afforded them the highest ideas of perfection: and with these they arrayed their gods; mixing also with their virtues, such vices, as are found in the characters of the best of men.

For just notions of the Deity, we must have recourse then to revelation alone. Revelation removes all these absurdities. It dispels the clouds of ignorance; and unvelis the divine majesty, as far as it can be the object of human contemplation. The lax notions of libertinism, on one hand, which make the Deity an inobedient go-

vernor; and the gloomy ideas of superitious, on the other, which suppose him to be a dark malignant being, are equally exposed. Here we are informed of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God. Here we learn, that his wisdom and power are equalled by his goodness; and that his mercy is over all his works. In short, we learn from re-
velation, that we are in the hands of a being, whose knowledge we cannot evade, and whose power we cannot resist; who is merci-
ful, and good to all his creatures; and will be ever ready to assist and reward those, who endeavour to conform themselves to his will: but whose justice, at the same time, accom-
panying his mercy, will punish the bold and careless sinner in proportion to his guilt.

§ 156. On the Creed continued—the Belief of Jesus Christ.

After professing our belief in God, the creed proceeds with a profession of our be-

lief "in Jesus Christ, his son, our Lord." A person celebrated as Jesus Christ was, we may suppose, would naturally find a place in the profane history of his times. It may not be amifs, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the
the testimony of some of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at least inform us, that such a person lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—

I shall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius* tells us, that "the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the instigation of one Chriftian, were continually making disturbances."

Tacitus†, speaking of the perfecution of chriftians, tells us, "that the author of that name was Chrift, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius."

Pliny's ‡ testimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, defining his instructions with regard to chriftians. He blames their obstinacy in refusing to sacrifice to the Roman deities—but from their own confession can draw no thing, but that they assemble, on a certain day, before fun-rife—that they pay divine honours to Chrift as a God—that they bind themselves by a sacrament not to steal, nor to commit adultery, nor to deceive—and that, after the performance of these rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he examined, he says, two of them by torture: yet till he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, except their absurd superflitions. He thinks, however, the matter should be inquired into: for chriftianity had brought religion into great disufe. The markets were crowded with victims; and scarce a purchafe came near them.

These writers afford us sufficient testimony, that Jesus Chrift lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion. They had opportunities of being well informed; could have had interest in falsifying; were no converts to the new fet; but talk of Chrift, only as they would of any singular perfon, whom they had occasion to mention. Their testimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a step farther, and examine the scripture evidence of Chrift, which proves not only his existence; but that he is our Lord, or the Messiah—and not only that he was the author of a new religion; but that this religion is true.

Upon examining the grand scripture evidence on this head, we find the greatest stress laid upon miracles and prophecies: both of which are direct appeals to God, by a claim to supernatural power. And though both these modes of evidence are calculated as well for us who live in remoter times, as for those who lived in the earliest; yet the evidence from miracles seems more particularly addressed to them; as that from prophecy is to us. They were the eye-witnesjes of the miracles of the gospel, of which we have only the evidence at second-hand. Whereas prophecy is a mode of evidence, which increases through every age. The early chriftians had it in part; but to us this amazing web is still more unfolded; and more of its wonderful texture displayed.—Let us examine each in its order.

Among the eye-witnesjes of the gospel miracles, were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them; to trace out fraud, if any such were latent; and did unquestionably receive them with all that circumfpeftion which was due to such wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the chriftian faith: while the most ignorant fpectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour's miracles were such as could not possibly, from the nature of the facts themselves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a strange found to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor was the Saviour of the world; and we cannot suppose, that any man, much less that a multitude of men, would embrace such a belief without clear conviction: especially as no worldly advantage lay on the side of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world, and embraced a life of perfecution.—Let us consider the fingle miracle of Chrift's resurrection. Jesus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was so far in general credited, that the sepulchre was sealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well suppose, therefore, that his favours would naturally upon this occasion, reason thus: "Jesus hath now put his pretensions upon a fair issue. He hath told us, he will arise from the dead on the third day:—here then let us suspend our judgment, and wait the refult. Three days will determine whether he be an impostor, or the real Messiah."—

It is very natural to suppose, that the favours of Jefus would reafon, after his death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond credibility, that any of them would have continued his discifes, had they found

* In vita Claud. Cæs.
† Lib. 15.
‡ Lib. 10.
him falsifying in this point. But we know they did continue his disciples after this. We know also, that many proselytes, convinced by this very event, embraced the christian religion.—We have all the reason in the world therefore to believe, that they were fully satisfied. His miracles were to them a sufficient proof of his pretensions. All candid men would have acquiesced, as they did; and in their belief we have a very strong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we observe, that the writers of the Old Testament seem, in various parts, to characterize some extraordinary person, who was in process of time to make his appearance in the world. The marks are peculiar, and can neither be mistaken nor misapplied. "He was to be born of a virgin—he was to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just—though dignified with the characters of a prince, he was to be a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—though described to be without sin, he was to be numbered with transgressors—his hands and his feet were to be pierced—he was to be made an offering for sin—and was never to see corruption."—These prophecies were published many hundred years before the birth of Christ; and had been all along in the hands, not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters. The Old Testament had been early translated into the Greek language; and received into the polite libraries of those times.

With these ideas, let us open the New Testament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than these prophecies of Christ in one Testament, are to his history in the other. Here we see that extraordinary virgin-birth unvaried. Here we see a life spent in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just—Here we find the prince of his people, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Here we see the Lord of righteousness numbered with transgressors—we see his hands and his feet pierced—we see him made an offering for sin—and we see realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

It were an easy matter to carry this comparison through a more minute detail of circumstances: but I mean only to trace the outlines of this great resemblance. To compleat the picture would be a copious work.

Befides these predictions, which related immediately to the life and death of Christ; there were many others, which deserve notice. Among these the two great leading prophecies were those of the calling of the Gentiles, and of the dispersion of the Jews.

The calling of the Gentiles was one of the earliest prophecies of the Old Testament. The Jews were distinguished in appearance, as the favourite people of God; and they were sufficiently elated upon that distinction. But if they had attended closely to their prophets, they might have discovered, that all the prophecies, which described the happy state of the church, had evidently a more distant prospect, than to them. Those early promises, in particular, which were repeated to the patriarchs, were not merely confined to their posterity; but included "all the nations of the earth." And when the later prophets, as the great event approached, spoke a plainer, and a more intelligible language, the whole nation might have understood, as Simeon, and some of the wisest and most intelligible of them did understand, that "a light was sprung up to lighten the Gentiles."

The prophecy of the dispersion of the Jewish nation is also very antient, being attributed by Moses to the patriarch Jacob. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, until Shiloh come." Whatever may be the specific meaning of the word ' sceptre' in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly signify that idea of regal power, which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means some badge of authority, that implies a formed and settled government. And as to the word ' Shiloh,' all commentators, jewish as well as christian, explain it to mean the Messiah—The sense therefore of the prophecy is plainly this—that the Jews should continue in the form of a society, till the time of the Messiah. Accordingly we find that, soon after Christ's death, the sceptre did depart from Judah; the Jews lost all form of a political society; and are a singular instance of a people, scattered over the whole earth, preferred to this day separate from all other people, and yet without a settlement any where.

Our Saviour's prophecy of the growth of his church, is likewise among the more remarkable predictions. He told his disciples, that "his religion was like a grain of mustard-seed, which was the least of all seeds; but when it grew up, it should become a great tree, and the fowls of the air should lodge in the branches of it." He told them
also, that "the gates of hell should never prevail against it."

The Jewish religion was continually enforced by the idea of a jealous God, watching over it, and threatening judgments from heaven upon every transgression. The divine authority was stamped openly upon it. The people trembled, and worshipped.

When the impudic Mahomet set up for a reformer, he could not indeed enforce his religion by divine judgments; but he did it by temporal. He drew his sword, and held it to the breasts of his opposers; while he promised to the obedient a full gratification of their passions.

But in the christian religion, nothing of this kind appeared. No temporal judgments threatened on one hand: no sensual indulgences allured on the other. A few deponent ignorant mechanics, the disciples of a peron crucified as a common malefactor, were all the parade, with which this religion was ushered into the world; and all the human assistance which it had to boant.

And yet this religion, which opposed the strongest prejudices, and was opposed by the greatest princes, made its way in a few years, from a remote corner, through the whole Roman empire. Thus was our Saviour's prophecy, in opposition to all human calculation, exactly fulfilled. The leaf of all seeds became a spreading tree; and a church was establifh'd, which could not be destroyed by all the powers of hell.

But although the church of Chrift could not be destroyed, it was corrupted; and in a course of years fell from its genuine purity. This corrupt state of it—the delusions of popery—the efforts of reformation, and various other circumstances relating to it, are not unreasonably suppos'd to be held forth, in the prophetical parts of the New Testament.

But I forbear to dwell upon prophecies, which are not obvious enough to carry general conviction; though many of them have been well explained by those, who are versed in the histories to which they allude. Future times will, in all probability, reflect a stronger light upon them. Some of the great prophecies, which we have just considered, shone but with a feeble ray, during the times they were fulfilling, though they now strike us in so forcible a manner.

Gilpin.

§ 157. The Creed continued—Conception and Birth of Christ, &c.

We have now shewn upon what foundation we believe the second article of our creed; let us now consider the remaining articles—the history of Christ, as delivered in scripture, and the benefits which he procured for us—the alliteration of the Holy Spirit—the remission of our sins—and everlasting life.

First, then, we believe that Christ was "conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the virgin Mary." The manner of this miraculous conception we inquire not into. It is a point not only beyond the limits of human inquiry; but to us at least a point very unimportant. We believe just the Scripture-account of it, and affirme ourselves, that if it had concerned us, it would have been more plainly revealed. One thing, however, we may observe on this head, that nothing is said in Scripture of paying divine honours to the virgin Mary. Those rites are totally of popish origin.

We farther believe, that Christ "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; and that he descended into hell,"—that is, we declare our belief of the Scripture-account of the circumstances and the reality of Christ's death.

To make an action clear, it is necessary, first, to establifh its date. This is usually done by ranging it under the magistrate who then presided, the time of whose government is always registered in some public record. Thus we believe that Christ's death happened when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea. We believe also, with regard to the manner of his death, that he was crucified; that he died as really as any mortal ever did; and that he was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

The "descend into hell" is undoubtedly a more obscure expression than might be wished in a creed, and was not indeed added till many ages after the creed was first composed. But as creeds are human compositions, we believe this, and every other difficulty, only as consistent with Scripture.

* See Bishop Newton's Dissertations; and Bishop Hurd's sermons on prophecy.
† Isaiah foretold he should "make his grave with the rich." And St. Matthew tells us, that Christ "was given to death for sinners." Matt. xxvii. 57. Isaiah liii. 9.
‡ See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iii. c. 3.
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Now the scene which seems most agreeable to Scripture, is, that his soul remained till his resurrection in that place (whatever that place is) where the spirits of the blest reside: and the expression seems to have been added, only that we may the more strongly express our belief of the reality of his death. This we do, when we express our belief of the separation of his soul and body. "He was buried," and "defended into hell." The first expression relates to his body, which was laid in the grave; the second to his soul, which passed into the place of departed spirits.

We farther believe, that "on the third day he rose again from the dead." The resurrection of Christ from the dead is a point of the utmost importance to Christians. On the certainty of Christ's resurrection depend all hopes of our own. On this article, therefore, we shall be more large.

And, in the first place, what is there in it that need shock our reason? It was a wonderful event; but is not nature full of wonderful events? When we seriously weigh the matter, is it less strange, that a grain of corn thrown into the ground should die, and rise again with new vegetation, than that a human body, in the same circumstances, should assume new life? The commonness of the former makes it familiar to us, but not in any degree less unaccountable. Are we at all more acquainted with the manner in which grain germinates, than with the manner in which a body is raised from the dead? And is it not obviously striking, that the same power which can effect the one, may effect the other also?—But analogy, though it tend to convince, is no proof. Let us proceed then to matter of fact.

That the body was dead, and safely lodged in the tomb, and afterwards conveyed out of it, was agreed on, both by those who opposed, and by those who favoured the resurrection. In the circumstances of the latter fact, they differ widely.

The disciples tell their story—a very plain and simple one—that, fearing expecting the event, notwithstanding their matter had itself foretold it, they were surprized with an account that the body was gone—that they found afterwards, to their great astonishment, that their master was again alive—that they had been several times with him; and appealed for the truth of what they said to great numbers, who, as well as themselves, had seen him after his resurrection.

The chief priests, on the other side, declared the whole to be a forgery; asserting that the plain matter of fact was, the disciples came by night, and stole the body away, while the soldiers slept.

Such a tale, unsupported by evidence, would be listened to in no court of justice. It has not even the air of probability. Can it be supposed, that the disciples, who had fled with terror when they might have rescued their master's life; would venture, in the face of an armed guard, to carry off his dead body?—Or is it more probable, that they found the whole guard asleep; when we know, that the vigilance of centinels is secured by the strictest discipline?—Besides, what advantage could arise from such an attempt? If they miscarried, it was certain ruin, both to them and their cause. If they succeeded, it is difficult to say what use they could make of their success. Unless they could have produced their dead body alive, the second error would be worse than the first. Their master's prophecy of his own resurrection was an unhappy circumstance; yet still it was wrapped in a veil of obscurity. But if his disciples endeavoured to prove its completion, it was their business to look well to the event. A detection would be such a comment upon their master's text, as would never be forgotten.—When a cause depends on falsehood, every body knows, the less it is moved the better.

This was the case of the other side. Obscurity there was wanted. If the chief priests had any proof, why did they not produce it? Why were not the disciples taken up, and examined upon the fact? They never abandoned. Why were they not judicially tried? Why was not the trial made public? and why were not authentic memorials of the fraud handed down to posterity; as authentic memorials were of the fact, recorded at the very time, and place, where it happened? Christianity never wanted enemies to propagate its disparagement.—But nothing of this kind was done. No proof was attempted—except indeed the testimony of men asleep. The disciples were never questioned upon the fact; and the chief priests rested satisfied with spreading an inconsistent rumour among the people, impressed merely by their own authority.

Whatever records of heathen origin remain, evince the truth of the resurrection. One is very remarkable. Pontius Pilate sent the emperor Tiberius a relation of the death and resurrection of Christ; which were
This infinuation is founded upon a passage in the acts of the apostles, in which it is said, that “God shewed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witness chosen before of God.” The question is, what is meant by witnesses chosen before of God? Certainly nothing more than perfons expressly, and by particular designation, intended to be the witnesses of this event. Others might see him if they pleased; but these were not the people, to whom God shewed him openly: this particular designation was confined to the “chosen witnesses.”—And is there any thing more in this, than we see daily in all legal proceedings? Does not every body with to have the fact, about which he is concerned, authenticated by indubitable records; or by living testimony, if it can be had? Do we not procure the hands of witnesses, appointed to this purpose, in all our deeds and writings?—Let us not, however, answer the objection by an arbitrary explanation of the text; but let us compare this explanation with the matter of fact.

On the morning of the resurrection, the apostles, who ran to the sepulchre to make themselves acquainted with what they had heard, received a message from their matter, injoining them to meet him in Galilee. It does not appear, that this message was conveyed with any secrecy: it is rather probable it was not; and that the disciples told it to as many as they met. The women, it is expressly said, told it “to the eleven, and all the rest.” Who the rest were, does not appear: but it is plain, from the sequel, that the thing was generally known; and that as many as chose either to satisfy their faith, or gratify their curiosity, repaired for that purpose to Galilee. And thus we find St. Peter making a distinction between the voluntary and the chosen witnesses—between those who had companied with the apostles all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, from his baptism till his ascension, and those who were ordained to be the witnesses of his resurrection †.


† The acts of Pilate, as they are called, are often treated with contempt; for no reason, that I know. I never met with anything against them of more authority than a sneer. Probably they certainly were; and a bare probability, when nothing opposes it, has its weight. But here the probability is strengthened by no small degree of positive evidence; which, if the reader wishes to see collected in one point of view, I refer him to the article of “Christ’s suffering under Pontius Pilate,” in Bishop Pearson’s exposition of the Creed.

Among other authorities, that of the learned commentator on Eusebius, is worth remarking: “Fuere genuina Pilati acta; ad quae provocabant prudoni christiani, tanquam ad certissima fidei monumenta.”

† Acts i. 21.
St. Paul goes farther, and in express words tells us, that Christ was seen after his resurrection of above five hundred brethren at once; and it is probable, from the expression, "at once," that he was seen, at different times, by many more.

If then Christ thus appeared in Galilee to as many as chose to see him; or even if he appeared only to five hundred people, of whom St. Paul tells us the greatest part were still alive, when he wrote this epistle, there can surely be no reasonable caufe of offence at his appearing, besides these, to a few of his chosen companions, who attended by express appointment, as persons designed to record the event.

In fact, if the same method be pursued in this inquiry, which is usual in all others, the evidence of these chosen companions is all that is necessary. Here are twelve men produced (in general three or four men are thought sufficient) on whose evidence the fact depends. Are they competent witnesses? Have they those marks about them, which characterize men of integrity? Can they be challenged on any one ground of rational exception? If not, their evidence is as strictly legal, as full, and as satisfactory, as any reasonable man can require.

But in this great cause, we see the evidence is carried still farther. Here are five hundred persons waiting without, ready to add their testimony, if any one should require it, to what has already been more than legally proved. So that the argument even addresses itself to that absurd distinction, which we often find in the cavils of infidelity, between rem certam, and rem certissimam.

Upon the whole, then, we may affirm boldly, that this great event of the resurrection of Christ is founded upon evidence equal to the importance of it. If we expect still more, our answer is upon record: "If ye believe not Moses and the prophets," God's ordinary means of salvation, "neither will ye be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—There must be bounds in all human evidence; and he who will believe nothing, unless he have every possible mode of proof, must be an infidel in almost every transfiguration of life. With such persons there is no reasoning. They who are not satisfied, because Christ did not appear in open parade at Jerusalem; would farther have asked, if he had appeared in the manner they expected, why did he not appear to every nation upon earth? Or, perhaps, why he did not shew himself to every individual?

To these objections may be added a scruple, taken from a passage of Scripture, in which it is said, that "Christ should lie three days and three nights in the heart of the earth:" whereas, in fact, he only lay two nights, one whole day, and a part of two others.

But no figure in speech is more common than that of putting a part for the whole. In the Hebrew language perhaps this licence is more admissible, than in any other. A day and a night complete one whole day; and as our Saviour lay in the ground a part of every one of these three portions of time, he might be said, by an easy liberty of speech, to have lain the whole. Gilpin.

§ 158. Creed continued.—Christ's Ascent into Heaven.—Belief in the Holy Ghost.

We believe farther, that Christ ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God.

Christ's ascension into heaven rests on the same kind of proof, as his resurrection. Both of them are events, which the apostles were "ordained to witness." But though their testimony in this case, as well as in the resurrection, is certainly the most legal, and authentic proof, and fully sufficient for any reasonable man; yet this does not exclude the voluntary testimony of others. It is evident, that the apostles were not the sole eye-witnesses of this event: for when St. Peter called together the first assembly of the church to choose a successor to Judas Iscariot, he tells them, they must necessarily choose one, out of those men, who had been witnesses of all that Christ did, from his baptism till his ascension; and we find, there were in that meeting an hundred and twenty persons, thus qualified.

Be it however as it will, if this article should rest on a less formal proof, than the resurrection, it is of no great consequence: for if the resurrection be fully proved, nobody can well deny the ascension. If the testimony of the evangelists be allowed to prove the one; their word may be taken to establish the other.

With regard to "the right hand of God," it is a scriptural expression used merely in conformity to our gross conceptions; and is not intended to imply any

* 1 Cor. xv.

† See Acts i. 15.
distinction of parts, but merely the idea of pre-eminence.

We believe farther, that "Christ shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article contains the most serious truth, that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it was an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it seemed probable, that, as we had reason given us for a guide, we should hereafter be accountable for its abuse: and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durst deliver truths under the veil of fiction, which the philosopher kept more to himself, give us many traits of the popular belief on this subject*. But the gospel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curiosity of human nature, ever delighting to explore unvisited regions, hath often been tempted, beyond its limits, into fruitless inquiries; scrutinizing the time of this event; and settling, with vain precision, the circumstances of it. All curiosity of this kind is idle at least, if not presumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his dispensation, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aside.

Let us then leave all fruitless inquiries about this great event; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon such circumstances of it as most concern us.—Let us animate our hopes with the soothing reflection, that we have our sentence, in a manner, in our own power,—that the same gracious gospel, which directs our lives, shall direct the judgment we receive,—that the same gracious person shall be our judge, who died for our sins—and that his goodnes, we are assured, will still operate towards us; and make the kindest allowances for all our infirmities.

But let our hopes be too buoyant, let us consider, on the other hand, what an awful detail against us will then appear. The subject of that grand enquiry will be all our transgressions of known duty—all our omissions of knowing better—our secret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives, which often accompany our most plausible actions—and, we are told, even our idle words.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Then shall it be known, whether we have answered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world subservient to a better?—Whether we

* See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's Æn.
shall be dissolvo, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that we look for such things, let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless; that each of us may receive that blessed sentence, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We believe, farther, in "the Holy Ghost," that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God. We inquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have some kind of union, and some kind of distinction; because both this union and this distinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exist we enquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been necessary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (besides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apostles, and enabled them to propagate the gospel—and that it will assist all good men in the conscientious discharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine, with regard to the assistance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God (which is the most essential part of this article) is briefly this: Our best endeavours are insufficient. We are unprofitable servants, after all; and cannot please God, unless sanctified, and assisted by his Holy spirit. Hence the life of a good man hath been sometimes called a standing miracle; something beyond the common course of nature. To attain any degree of goodness, we must be supernaturally assisted.

At the same time, we are assured of this assistance, if we strive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we trust in ourselves, we shall fail. If we trust in God, without doing all we can ourselves, we shall fail likewise. And if we continue obstinate in our pervertences, we may at length totally incapacitate ourselves from being the temples of the Holy Ghost.

And indeed what is there in all this, which common life does not daily illustrate? Is anything more common, than for the intellect of one man to assist that of another? Is not the whole scheme of education an in-fusion of knowledge and virtue not our own? Is it not evident too, that nothing of this kind can be communicated without application on the part of the learner? Are not the efforts of the teacher in a manner necessarily proportioned to this application? If the learner becomes languid in his pursuits, are not the endeavours of the teacher of course discouraged? And will they not at length wholly fail, if it be found in the end they answer no purpose?—In a manner analogous to this, the Holy Spirit of God operates with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are necessary to obtain God's assistance; and the more earnestly these endeavours are exerted, the measure of this grace will of course be greater.

But, on the other hand, if these endeavours languish, the assistance of Heaven will lessen in proportion; and if we behave with obstinate pervertences, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always strive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner, in which this spiritual assistance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our souls upon our bodies. We are sensible, that our souls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally consonant to reason, that the divine influence may act upon our souls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The priests of every oracle were supposed to be inspired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were universally believed to act under the influence of a supernatural assistance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This shews, at least, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reason.

Giff. § 159. Creed continued.—The Holy Catho-
lic Church. &c.

We believe, farther, in the "holy catholic church," and the "communion of saints."

"I believe in the holy catholic church," is certainly a very obscure expression to a protestant; as it is very capable of a popish construction, implying our trust in the infallibility of the church; whereas we attribute infallibility to no church upon earth. The most obvious sense, therefore, in which it can be considered as a protestant article of our belief, is this, that we call no particular society of christians a holy catholic church; but believe, that all true and sincere christians, of whatever communion, or
particular opinion, shall be the objects of God's mercy. The patriarchal covenant was confined to a few. The Jewish church stood also on a very narrow basis. But the christian church, we believe, is truly catholic: its gracious offers are made to all mankind; and God, through Christ, will take out of every nation such as shall be faved.

The "communion of saints," is an expression equally obscure: and whatever might have been the original meaning of it, it certainly does not resolve itself into a very obvious one to us. If we say we mean by it, that good christians living together on earth, should exercise all offices of charity among themselves, no one will contradict the article; but many perhaps may ask, Why is it made an article of faith? It relates not so much to faith, as to practice: and the ten commandments might just as well be introduced as articles of our belief.

To this I can only suggest, that it may have a place among the articles of our creed, as a test of our enlarged ideas of christianity, and as opposed to the narrow-mindedness of some christians, who harbour very uncharitable opinions against all who are not of their own church; and fumple not to shew their opinions by uncharitable actions. The papists, particularly, deny salvation to any but thofe of their own communion, and persecute thofe of other persuasions where they have the power.—In opposition to this, we profess our belief of the great christian law of charity. We believe we ought to think charitably of good christians of all denominations; and ought to practice a free and unrestrained communion of charitable offices towards them.

In this light the second part of the article depends upon the first. By the "holy catholic church," we mean all sincere christians, of whatever church, or peculiarity of opinion; and by "the communion of saints," a kind and charitable behaviour towards them.

Though it is probable this was not the original meaning of the article, yet as the reformers of the liturgy did not think it proper to make an alteration, we are led to feck such a sense as appears most consistent with scripture.—We are assured, that this article, as well as the "defcent into hell," is not of the same antiquity as the rest of the creed.

We profess our belief farther in the "forgiveness of sins."—The Scripture-doctrine of sin, and of the guilt, which arises from it, is this:

Man was originally created in a state of innocence, yet liable to fall. Had he persevered in his obedience, he might have enjoyed that happiness, which is the consequence of perfect virtue. But when this happy state was lost, his passions and appetites became disordered, and prone to evil. Since that time we have all been, more or less, involved in sin, and are all therefore, in the Scripture-language, "under the curse;" that is, we are naturally in a state of unpardoned guilt.

In this mournful exigence, what was to be done? In a state of nature, it is true, we might be forry for our sins. Nature too might dictate repentance. But forrow and repentance, though they may put us on our guard, for the future, can make no atonement for sins already committed. A resolution to run no more into debt may make us cautious; but can never discharge a debt already contracted.

In this distress of nature, Jesus Christ came into the world. He threw a light upon the gloom that surrounded us.—He shewed us, that in this world we were lost—that the law of nature could not save us—that the tenor of that law was perfect obedience, with which we could not comply—but that God—through his mediation, offered us a method of regaining happiness—that he came to make that atonement for us, which we could not make for ourselves—and to redeem us from that guilt, which would otherwise overwhelm us—that faith and obedience were, on our parts, the conditions required in this gracious covenant—and that God promised us, on his, the pardon of our sins, and everlasting life—that we were first therefore to be made holy through the gospel of Christ, and then we might expect salvation through his death:

* See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iv. chap. 3.
† Thus Mr. Jenyns expresses the same thing: "The punishment of vice is a debt due to justice, which cannot be remitted without compensation: repentance can be no compensation. It may change a wicked man's dispositions, and prevent his offending for the future; but can lay no claim to pardon for what is past. If any one by profligacy and extravagance contracts a debt, repentance may make him wiser, and hinder him from running into farther distresses, but can never pay off his old bonds, for which he must be ever accountable, unless they are discharged by himself, or some other in his stead."
"Us, who were dead in trespasses and sins, would he quicken. Christ would redeem us from the curse of the law. By grace we should be saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it was the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Gilpin.

§ 160. Creed continued.—Resurrection of the Body.

We believe farther "in the resurrection of the body."—This article presumes our belief in the immortality of the soul.

What that principle of life is, which we call the soul; how it is distinguished from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what state it subsists, when its bodily functions cease; are among those indissoluble questions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithstanding the difficulties, which attend the discussion of these questions, the truth itself hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their souls were immortal from their own feelings, so impressed with an expectation of immortality—from observing the progressive state of the soul, capable, even after the body had attained its full strength, of still higher improvements both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their situation here, so apparently incomplete in itself; and from a variety of other topics, which the reason of man was able to suggest. But though nature could obscurely suggest this great truth; yet Christianity alone threw a clear light upon it, and impressed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds.

But the article before us proceeds a step farther. It not only implies the immortality of the soul; but afferts the resurrection of the body.—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature. In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the soul in an imbodyed state. It was airy; indeed, and bloodless; but still it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations. In these particulars the Scripture does not gratify our curiosity. From various passages we are led to believe, that the body shall certainly rise again; but in what manner, or of what substance, we pretend not to examine. We learn "that it is fown in corruption, and raised in incorruption; that it is sown in dishonour, and raised in glory; that it is sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body:" from all which we gather, that whatever sameness our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more spiritualized nature; and will not be subject to those infirmities, to which they were subject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Instead, therefore, of entering into any metaphysical disquisitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep subject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty, must end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical use: and the use we ought to make of it is, to pay that regard to our bodies, which is due to them—not vainly to adorn—not luxuriously to pamper them; but to keep them as much as possible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undiffiled, there to be sealed up in expectation of a blessed resurrection.

Lastly, we believe "in the life everlasting:" in which article we express our faith in the eternity of a future state of rewards and punishments.

This article is nearly related to the last, and is involved in the same obscurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will consist, after death, our reason gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which so nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages: but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expressions. We are told, "there will then reign fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore—that the righteous shall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away—where they shall shine forth, as the sun, in the presence of their father—where error, and sin, and misery shall be no more—where shall be assembled an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly of the church, the spirits of just men made perfect—that they shall neither hunger nor thirst any more—that all tears shall be wiped from their eyes—that there shall be neither death, nor sorrow, nor pain."

From these, and such expressions as these, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future state of happiness, yet we can easily gather a few circumstances, which must of course attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will last for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happiness of this world—that, as in this world, our passions and appetites prevail; in the next, reason and virtue will

P 3

have
have the superiority—"hunger and thirst, tears and sorrow," we read, "will be no more"—that is, all unceasing passions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will then be removed—alii anxious and intruding cares—and we shall feel ourselves complete and perfect; and our happiness, not dependent, as here, upon a thousand precarious circumstances, both within and without ourselves, but confident, uniform, and stable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the punishment of the wicked consists. In the Scripture we find many expressions, from which we gather, that it will be very great. It is there called, "an everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where shall be weeping, and gnashing of teeth—where the wicked shall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation—where they shall have no rest, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greatest caution and humility upon such passages as these; yet "the worm that never dieth," and "the fire that is never quenched," are strong expressions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticism. Let the devil bravely argue down his fears, by demonstrating the absurdity of confounding a spirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future punishment; and convince us, that where it cannot reform, it must be unjust. But let us, with more modesty, lay our hands humbly upon our breasts, confess our ignorance; reverence the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful submission to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future punishments appeared no such unreasonable doctrine. Their state of the damned was of eternal duration. A vulture for ever tore those entrails, which were for ever renewed*.

Of one thing, however, we may be well assured (which may set us entirely at rest in all our enquiries on this deep subject), that every thing will, in the end, be right—that a just and merciful God must act agreeably to justice and mercy—and that the first of these attributes will most assuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, the great and most convincing practical truth which arises, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourselves for the happiness of a future world. As this happiness will last for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange—this world, "which is but for a moment, for that everlasting weight of glory which faileth not away!"

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greatest discouragement from this doctrine, as every sin we commit in this world may be considered as an addition to an everlasting account in the next. Gilpin.

§ 61. On the Ten Commandments.

Having considered the articles of our faith, we proceed to the rules of our practice. These, we know, are of such importance, that, let our faith be what it will, unless it influence our lives, it is of no value. At the same time, if it be what it ought to be, it will certainly have this influence.

On this head, the ten commandments are first placed before us; from which the composers of the catechism, as well as many other divines, have drawn a compleat system of christian duties. But this is perhaps rather too much.+ Both Mofes, in the law, and Christ in the gospel, seem to have enlarged greatly on morals: and each of them, especially the latter, to have added many practical rules, which do not obviously fall under any of the commandments.

*—Rofftroque immaris vultur obunco
 Immortalis jejunus tendens, facundaque pans
 Vitera.-------------Æn. vi. 596.

—Sedet, aternarnque sedebat
 Infelix Theleus.-------------16. 616.

† In the fourth volume of Bishop Warburton's commentary on Pope's works, in the second satire of Dr. Donne, are these lines:

Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In which commandment's large contents they dwell.

"The original," says the bishop, "is more homorous."

In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;

"as if the ten commandments were so wide, as to stand ready to receive every thing, which either
the law of nature, or the gospel commands. A just ridicule on those practical commentators, as
they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within them."

But
Book I. Moral and Religious.

But though we cannot call the decalogue a complete rule of duty, we accept it with the utmost reverence, as the first great written law that ever God communicated to man. We consider it as an eternal monument, inscribed by the finger of God himself, with a few strong, indelible characters; not defining the minutiae of morals; but joining those great duties only, which have the most particular influence upon the happiness of society; and prohibiting those enormous crimes, which are the greatest sources of its disinterest.

The ten commandments are divided into two parts, from their being originally written upon two tables. From hence one table is supposed to contain our duty to God; the other our duty to man. But this seems to be an unauthorized division; and hath a tendency to a verbal mistake; as if some duties were owing to God; and others to man; whereas in fact we know that all duties are equally owing to God. However, if we avoid this misconception, the division into our duty to God, and our duty to man, may be a convenient one. The four first commandments are contained in the first table: the remaining six in the second.

At the head of them stands a prohibition to acknowledge more than one God.

The second commandment bears a near relation to the first. The former forbids polytheism; the latter idolatry; and with this belief, and practice, which generally accompanied each other, all the nations of the earth were tainted, when these commandments were given: especially those nations, by whom the Jews were surrounded.

The third commandment enjoins reverence to God's name. This is a strong religious restraint in private life; and as a solemn oath is the strictest obligation among men, nothing can be of greater service to society, than to hold it in general respect.

The fourth commandes the observance of the sabbath; as one of the best means of preserving a sense of God, and of religion in the minds of men.

The second table begins with injoining obedience to parents; a duty in a peculiar manner adapted to the Jewish state, before any regular government was erected. The temporal promise, which guards it, and which can relate only to the Jews, may either mean a promise of long life to each individual, who observed this precept; or, capability to the whole nation upon the general observance of it: which is perhaps a better interpretation.

The five next commandments are prohibitions of the most capital crimes, which pollute the heart of man, and injure the peace of society.

The first of them forbids murder, which is the greatest injury that one man can do another; as of all crimes the damage in this is the most irreparable.

The seventh commandment forbids adultery. The black infidelity, and injury which accompany this crime; the confusion in families, which often succeeds it; and the general tendency it hath to destroy all the domestic happiness of society, flattens it with a very high degree of guilt.

The security of our property is the object of the eighth commandment.

The security of our characters is the object of the ninth.

The tenth restrains us not only from the actual commission of sin; but from those bad inclinations, which give it birth.

After the commandments follows a commentary upon them, intitled, "our duty to God," and "our duty to our neighbour;" the latter of which might more properly be intitled, "Our duty to our neighbour and ourselves." These seem intended as an explanation of the commandments upon Christian principles; with the addition of other duties, which do not properly fall under any of them. On these we shall be more large.

The first part of our duty to God, is, "to believe in him;" which is the foundation of all religion, and therefore offers itself first to our consideration. But this great point hath been already considered.

The next branch of our duty to God, is to fear him. The fear of God is impressed equally upon the righteous man, and the sinner. But the fear of the sinner consists only in the dread of punishment. It is the necessary consequence of guilt; and is not that fear, which we consider as a duty. The fear of God here meant, consists in that reverential awe, that constant apprehension of his presence, which secures us from offending him.—When we are before our superiors, we naturally feel a respect, which prevents our doing any thing indecent in their sight. Such (only in a higher degree) should be our reverence of God, in whole sight, we know, we always stand. If a sense of the divine presence hath such an influence over us, as to check the bad tendency of our thoughts, words, and actions; we may properly be said
said to be impressed with the fear of God.—
If not, we neglect one of the best means of 
checking vice, which the whole circle of 
religious restraint affords.

Some people go a step farther; and say, 
that as every degree of light behaviour, 
though short of an indecency, is improper 
before our superiors; so is it likewise in 
the presence of Almighty God, who is so 
much superior to every thing that can be 
called great on earth.

But this is the language of superstitition. 
Mirth, within the bounds of innocence, 
cannot be offensive to God. He is offended 
only with vice. Vice, in the lowest degree, 
is hateful to him; but a formal set behav-
ior can be necessary only to preserve hu-
man distinctions.

The next duty to God is that of love, 
which is founded upon his goodness to his 
creatures. Even this world, mixed as it is 
with evil, it exhibits various marks of the 
goodness of the Deity. Most men indeed 
place their affections too much upon it, and 
rate it at too high a value: but in the opi-
nion even of wise men, it deferves some 
estimation. The acquisition of knowledge, 
in all its branches; the intercourse of so-
ciety; the contemplation of the wonderful 
works of God, and all the beautiful scenes 
of nature; nay, even the low inclinations 
of animal life, when indulged with sobriety 
and moderation, furnish various modes of 
pleasure and enjoyment.

Let this world however go for little. In 
contemplating a future life, the enjoyments 
of this are lost. It is in the contemplation of 
 futurity, that the christian views the 
goodness of God in the fullest light. When 
he sees the Deity engaging himself by cove-
nant to make our short abode here a prepara-
tion for our eternal happiness hereafter—
when he is assured that this happiness is not 
only eternal, but of the purest and most per-
f ect kind—when he sees God, as a father, 
opening all his stores of love and kindness, 
to bring back to himself a race of creatures 
fallen from their original perfection, and 
totally lost through their own folly, per-
verseness, and wickedness; then it is that 
the evils of life seem as atoms in the sun-
beam; the divine nature appears overflowing 
with goodness to mankind, and calls 
forth every exertion of our gratitude and 
love.

That the enjoyments of a future state, in 
whatever those enjoyments confit, are the 
gift of God, is sufficiently obvious: but 
with regard to the government of this world,
These are strong expressions, and seem to imply a greater warmth of affection, than many people may perhaps find they can exert. The affections of some are naturally cool, and little excited by any objects. The guilty perfon, is he, whose affections are warm in every thing but religion.—The obvious meaning therefore of the expression is, that whether our affections are cool or warm, we should make God our chief good—that we should set our affections more upon him, than upon any thing else—and that, for his sake, and for the sake of his laws, we should be ready to resign every thing we have, and even life itself. So that the words seem nearly of the same import with those of the apostle, “Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.”

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§ 162. Worship and Honour of God.

Our next duty to God is, to worship him, to give him thanks, to put our whole trust in him, and to call upon him.

Since the observance of the sabbath is founded upon many wise and just reasons, what have they to answer for, who not only neglect this institution themselves, but bring it by their example into contempt with others? I speak not to those who make it a day of common diversion; who, laying aside all decency, and breaking through all civil and religious regulations, spend it in the most licentious amusements: such people are past all reproof: but I speak to those, who in other things profess themselves to be serious people; and, one might hope, would act right, when they were convinced what was fit.

But our prayers, whether in public, or in private, are only an idle parade, unless we put our trust in God.

By putting our trust in God, is meant depending upon him, as our happiness, and our refuge.

Human nature is always endeavouring either to remove pain; or, if safe be obtained, to acquire happiness. And those things are certainly the most eligible, which in these respects are the most effectual. The world, it is true, makes us flattering promises: but who can say that it will keep them? We confit of two parts, a body, and a soul. Both of these want the means of happiness, as well as the removal of evil. But the world cannot even afford them to the body. Its means of happiness, to those who depend upon them as such, are, in a thousand instances, unsatisfying. Even, at
the bad man cannot be held by one. And this would be true, if mankind were divided into good and bad: but as they are generally of a mixed character, we may well suppose, that many would venture a simple falsehood, who would yet be startled at the idea of perjury.*

As an oath therefore taken in a solemn manner, and on a proper occasion, may be considered as one of the highest acts of religion; so perjury, or false swearing, is certainly one of the highest acts of impiety; and the greatest dishonour we can possibly shew to the name of God. It is, in effect, either denying our belief in a God, or his power to punish. Other crimes with to escape the notice of Heaven; this is daring the Almighty to his face.

After perjury, the name of God is most dishonoured by the horrid practice of curfing. Its effects in society, it is true, are not so mischievous as thole of perjury; nor is it so deliberate an act: but yet it conveys a still more horrid idea. Indeed if there be one wicked practice more peculiarly diabolical, than another, it is this: for no employment can be conceived more suitable to infernal spirits, than that of spreading their rage and impotence in curses, and execrations. If this shocking vice were not so dreadfully familiar to our ears, it could not fail to strike us with the utmost horror.

We next consider common swearing; a sin so universally practis'd, that one would imagine some great advantage, in the way either of pleasure or profit, attended it. The wages of iniquity afford some temptation: but to commit this sin without any wages, is a strange species of infatuation.—May we then ask the common swearer, what the advantages are, which arise from this practice?

It will be difficult to point our one.—Perhaps it may be said, that it adds strength to an affirmation. But if a man commonly strengthens his affirmations in this way, we may venture to affirm, that the practice will tend rather to lessen, than confirm his credit. It thaws plainly what he himself thinks of his own veracity. We never prop a building, till it becomes ruinous.

Some forward youth may think, that an oath adds an air and spirit to his discourse; that it is manly and important; and gives him consequence. We may whisper one secret in his ear, which he may be assured is a truth—These airs of manliness give him consequence with those only, whose commendation is disgrace: others he only convinces, at how early an age he wishes to be thought proficient.

Perhaps he may imagine, that an oath gives force and terror to his threatenings—In this he may be right; and the more horribly wicked he grows, the greater object of terror he may make himself. On this plan, the devil affords him a complete pattern for imitation.

Paltry as these apologies are, I should suppose, the practice of common swearing has little more to say for itself.—Though however, who can argue in favour of this sin, I should fear, there is little chance to reclaim.—But it is probable, that the greater part of such as are addicted to it, act rather from habit, than principle. To deter such persons from indulging so pernicious a habit, and to shew them, that it is worth their while to be at some pains to conquer it, let us now see what arguments may be produced on the other side.

In the first place, common swearing leads to perjury. He who is addicted to swear on every trifling occasion, cannot but often, I had almost said unavoidably, give the function of an oath to an untruth. And though I should hope such perjury is not a sin of so heinous a nature, as what, in judicial matters, is called wilful and corrupt; yet it is certainly stained with a very great degree of guilt.

But secondly, common swearing is a large stride towards wilful and corrupt perjury, inasmuch as it makes a solemn oath to be received with less reverence. If nobody dared to take an oath, but on proper occasions, an oath would be received with respect; but when we are accustomed to hear swearing the common language of our streets, it is no wonder that people make light of oaths on every occasion; and that judicial, commercial, and official oaths, are all treated with so much indifference.

Thirdly, common swearing may be considered as an act of great irreverence to God; and as such, implying also a great indifference to religion. If it would disgrace a chief magistrate to suffer appeals on every trifling, or ludicrous occasion; we may at least think it as disrespectful to the Almighty.—If we lose our reverence for God, it is impossible we can retain it for his laws. You fear remember a common swearer,
who was in other respects an exact christian.

But, above all, we should be deterred from common swearing by the positive command of our Saviour, which is founded unquestionably upon the wickedness of the practice: "You have heard," faith Christ, "that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself: but I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, neither by the earth, for it is his footstool: but let your communication" (that is, your ordinary conversation) "be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."—St. James also, with great emphasis pressing his matter's words, says, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea, be yea, and your nay, nay, lest you fall into condemnation." I shall just add, before I conclude this subject, that two things are to be avoided, which are very nearly allied to swearing.

The first is, the use of light exclamations, and invocations upon God, on every trivial occasion. We cannot have much reverence for God himself, when we treat his name in so familiar a manner; and may assure ourselves, that we are indulging a practice, which must weaken impressions, that ought to be preferred as strong as possible.

Secondly, such light expressions, and wanton phrases, as sound like swearing are to be avoided; and are often therefore indulged by silly people, for the sake of the sound; who think (if they think at all) that they add to their discourse the spirit of swearing without the guilt of it. Such people had better lay aside, together with swearing, every appearance of it. These appearances may both offend, and mislead others; and with regard to themselves, may end in realities. At least, they shew an inclination to swearing; and an inclination to vice indulged, is really vice. Gilpin.

§ 163. Honour due to God's Word—what it is to serve God truly, &c.

As we are enjoined to honour God's holy name, so are we enjoined also "to honour his holy word." By God's holy word we mean, the Old Testament and the New.

The books of the Old Testament open with the earliest accounts of time, earlier than any human records reach; and yet, in many instances, they are strengthened by human records. The heathen mythology is often grounded upon remnants of the sacred story, and many of the Bible events are recorded, however imperfectly, in prophane history. The very face of nature bears witness to the deluge.

In the history of the patriarchs is exhibited a most beautiful picture of the simplicity of ancient manners; and of genuine nature unadorned indeed by science, but impressed strongly with a sense of religion. This gives an air of greatness and dignity to all the sentiments and actions of these exalted characters.

The patriarchal history is followed by the Jewish. Here we have the principal events of that peculiar nation, which lived under a theocracy, and was set apart to preserve and propagate * the knowledge of the true God through those ages of ignorance antecedent to Christ. Here too we find those types, and representations, which the apostle to the Hebrews calls the shadows of good things to come.

To those books, which contain the legislation and history of the Jews, succeed the prophetic writings. As the time of the promise drew still nearer, the notices of its approach became stronger. The kingdom of the Messiah, which was but obscurely shadowed by the ceremonies of the Jewish law, was marked in stronger lines by the prophets, and proclaimed in a more intelligible language. The office of the Messiah, his ministry, his life, his actions, his death, and his resurrection, are all very distinctly held out. It is true, the Jews, explaining the warm figures of the prophetic language too literally, and applying to a temporal dominion those expressions, which were intended only as descriptive of a spiritual, were offended at the manner of Christ's appearance on earth; and would not own him for that Messiah, whom their prophets had foretold; though these very prophets, when they used a less figurative language, had described him, as he really was, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

To these books are added several others, poetical and moral, which administer much instruction, and matter of meditation to devout minds.

The New Testament contains first the simple history of Christ, as recorded in the four gospels. In this history also are delivered those excellent instructions, which our

* See the subject very learnedly treated in one of the first chapters of Jenius's Reasonableness of Christianity.

Saviour
Saviour occasionally gave his disciples; the precepts and the example blended together.

To the gospels succeeds an account of the lives and actions of some of the principal apostles; together with the early state of the christian church.

The epistles of several of the apostles, particularly of St. Paul, to some of the new established churches, make another part. Our Saviour had promised to endow his disciples with power from on high to complete the great work of publishing the gospel: and in the epistles that work is completed. The truths and doctrines of the christian religion are here still more unfolded, and enforced: as the great scheme of our redemption was now finished by the death of Christ.

The sacred volume is concluded with the revelations of St. John; which are supposed to contain a prophetic description of the future state of the church. Some of these prophecies, it is thought on very good grounds, are already fulfilled; and others, which now, as sublime descriptions only, amuse the imagination, will probably, in the future ages of the church, be the objects of the understanding also.

The last part of our duty to God is, "to serve him truly all the days of our life." "To serve God truly all the days of our life," implies two things: first, the mode of this service; and secondly, the term of it.

First, we must serve God truly. We must not rest satisfied with the outward action; but must take care that every action be founded on a proper motive. It is the motive alone that makes an action acceptable to God. The hypocrite "may fall twice in the week, and give alms of all that he possesses:" nay, he may fall the whole week, if he be able, and give all he has in alms; but if his falls and his alms are intended as matter of ostentation only, neither the one, nor the other, is that true service which God requires. God requires the heart: he requires that an earnest desire of acting agreeably to his will, should be the general spring of our actions; and this will give even an indifferent action a value in his sight.

As we are injoined to serve God truly, so are we injoined to serve him "all the days of our life." As far as human frailties will permit, we should persever in a constant tenor of obedience. That lax behaviour, which instead of making a steady progress, is continually relapsing into former errors, and running the same round of finning and repenting, is rather the life of an irreproducible sinner, than of a pious christian.

Human errors, and frailties, we know, God will not treat with too severe an eye; but he who, in the general tenor of his life, does not keep advancing towards christian perfection; but suffers himself, at intervals, entirely to lose sight of his calling, cannot be really serious in his profession: he is at a great distance from serving God truly all the days of his life; and has no scriptural ground to hope much from the mercy of God.

That man, whether placed in high estate, or low, has reached the summit of human happiness, who is truly serious in the service of his great Master. The things of this world may engage, but cannot engross, his attention; its favours and its joys may affect, but cannot disconcert him. No man, he knows, can faithfully serve two masters. He hath hired himself to one—that great Master, whose commands he reveres, whose favour he feeks, whose displeasure alone is the real object of his fears; and whose rewards alone are the real objects of his hope. Everything else is trivial in his sight. The world may foot; or it may threaten him: he perseveres steadily in the service of his God; and in that perseverance feels his happiness every day the more established.

§ 164. Duties owing to particular persons—duty of children to parents—respect and obedience—in what the former consists—in what the latter includes a parent—brotherly affection—obedience to law—founded on the advantages of society.

From the two grand principles of "loving our neighbour as ourselves; and of doing to others, as we would have them do to us," which regulate our social intercourse in general, we proceed to those more confined duties, which arise from particular relations, connections, and situations in life.

Among these, we are first taught, as indeed the order of nature directs, to consider the great duty of children to parents.

The two points to be inquired on, are respect and obedience. Both these should naturally spring from love; to which parents have the highest claim. And indeed parents, in general, behave to their children, in a manner both to deserve and to obtain their love.

But if the kindness of the parent be not such as to work upon the affections of the child, yet still the parent has a title to respect and obedience, on the principle of duty; a principle, which the voice of nature dictates; which reason inculcates; which human laws,
laws, and human customs, all join to inforce; and which the word of God strictly com-
mands.

The child will shew respect to his parent, by treating him, at all times, with deference. He will confult his parents' inclination, and shew a readiness, in a thousand nameless trifles, to conform himself to it. He will never peevishly contradict his parents; and when he offers a contrary opinion, he will offer it modestly. Respect will teach him also, not only to put the best colouring upon the infirmities of his parent; but even if those infirmities be great, it will soften and screen them, as much as possible, from the public eye.

Obedience goes a step further, and sup-
poses a positive command. In things un-
lawful indeed, the parental authority cannot bind: but this is a cafe that rarely happens. The great danger is on the other side, that children, through obstinacy or fullenefs, should refute their parents' lawful com-
mands; to the observance of all which, how-
ever inconvenient to themselves, they are tied by various motives; and above all, by the command of God, who in his sacred de-
cnunciation against sin, ranks disobedience to parents among the worst.*

They are farther bound, not only to obey the commands of their parents; but to obey them cheerfully. He does but half his duty, who does it not from his heart.

There remains still a third part of filial duty, which peculiarly belongs to children, when grown up. This the catechism calls succouring or administering to the necessi-
ties of the parent; either in the way of managing his affairs, when he is lets able to manage them himself; or in supplying his wants, should he need assistance in that way. And this the child should do, on the fimple principles of love, duty, and grati-
tude. The hypocritical Jew would some-
times evade this duty, by dedicating to fa-
cred uses what should have been expended in aflilting his parent. Our Saviour sharply rebukes this perversion of duty; and gives him to understand, that no pretence of serv-
ing God can cover the neglect of aflilting a parent. And if no pretence of serving God can do it, surely every other pretence must still be more unnatural.

Under this head also we may consider that attention, and love, which are due to other relations, efpecially that mutual affec-
tion which should subsist between brothers.

The name of brother expresses the highest degree of tenderness; and is generally used in scripture, as a term of peculiar endear-
ment, to call men to the practice of social virtue. It reminds them of every kindness, which man can shew to man. If then we ought to treat all mankind with the affection of brothers, in what light must they appear, who being really such, are ever at variance with each other; continually doing spiteful actions, and shewing, upon every occasion, not only a want of brotherly kind-
ness, but even of common regard?

The next part of our duty is "to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him."

By the "king, and all that are put in authority under him," is meant the various parts of the government we live under, of which the king is the head: and the mean-
ing of the precept is, that we ought to live in dutiful submission to legal authority.

Government and society are united. We cannot have one without the other; and we submit to the inconveniences, for the fake of the advantages.

The end of society is mutual safety and convenience. Without it, even safety could in no degree be obtained: the good would become a prey to the bad; nay, the very human species to the beasts of the field.

Still less could we obtain the conveni-
ences of life; which cannot be had without the labour of many. If every man depended upon himself for what he enjoyed, how de-
stitute would be the situation of human affairs!

But even safety and convenience are not the only fruits of society. Man, living merely by himself, would be an ignorant unpolished savage. It is the intercourse of society which cultivates the human mind. One man's knowledge and experience is built upon another's; and the great edifice of science and polished life is reared.

'To enjoy these advantages, therefore, men joined in society; and hence it became ne-
cessary, that government should be establish-
ed. Magistrates were created; laws made; taxes submitted to; and every one, instead of righting himself (except in mere self-defence) is enjoined to appeal to the laws he lives under, as the best security of his life and property.

Gilpin.

§ 165. Duty to our teachers and instruc-
tor—arising from the great importance of know-
edge and religion—and the great necessity of gaining habits of attention, and of virtue, in
our youth—analogy of youth and manhood to this world and the next.

We are next inquired "to submit ourselves to all our governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters." Here another species of government is pointed out. The laws of society are meant to govern our riper years: the instructions of our teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, are meant to guide our youth.

By our "teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters," are meant all those who have the care of our education, and of our instruction in religion; whom we are to obey, and listen to, with humility and attention, as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion. The instructions we receive from them are unquestionably subject to our own judgment in future life; for by his own judgment every man must stand or fall. But, during our youth, it is highly proper for us to pay a dutiful submission to their instructions, as we cannot yet be supposed to have formed any judgment of our own. At that early age it should be our endeavour to acquire knowledge; and afterwards unprejudiced to form our opinions.

The duty which young people owe to their instructors, cannot be shown better, than in the effect which the instructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to consider the advantages of an early attention to these two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great use of knowledge in all its various branches (to which the learned languages are generally considered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juicer, and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, you add the experience of others to your own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real superiority over another.

Besides, the mind must be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much ingrossed by those employments, in which the necessities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labourstands in the room of education; and fills up those vacancies of mind, which, in a state of idleness, would be ingrossed by vice. And if they, who have more leisure, do not substitute something in the room of this, their minds also will become the prey of vice; and the more so, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that house mentioned in the gospel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, they took possession. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each succeeding vice becomes more depraved—If then the mind must be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquisition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he hath afforded us; and not turn into a curse those means of leisure, which might become so great a blessing.

But however necessary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more so. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, superiority, and rank in life; but the other is absolutely essential to his happiness.

In the midst of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires; and in a degree satisfies them also. But it is wilful to consider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our taste for pleasure, at least sicknesses and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seafons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where shall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a studious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we shall never do it: that we shall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fittest season. The mind is then ready to receive any impression. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is then stronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more suited to those parts of learning which are convergent in words. Besides, there is sometimes in youth a modelland ductility, which in advanced years, if those years especially have been left a prey
to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge. But, above all, unless habits of attention and application are early gained, we shall scarce acquire them afterwards. — The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue. It will make everything smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation. Whereas he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion.

In a common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must route him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever. — How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best! And to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

There are, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themselves; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also; and the minds of youth left void of all impressions? The experiment, I fear, in both cases would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else should find entrance, vice certainly would; and it would make the larger floods, as the soil would be vacant. A boy had better receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind is set a thinking, it may deposit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last; but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which must qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood: to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted. If we have fainted away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life; and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If, again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and end in dissolve lives. But if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation, as it arises.

Gilpin.

§ 166. Behaviour to Superiors.

We are next enjoined "to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters."

By our betters are meant they who are in a superior station of life to our own; and by "ordering ourselves lowly and reverently towards them," is meant paying them that respect which is due to their station.

The word 'betters' indeed includes two kinds of persons, to whom our respect is due — those who have a natural claim to it; and those who have an acquired one; that is, a claim arising from some particular situation in life.

Among the first, are all our superior relations; not only parents, but all other relations, who are in a line above us. All these have a natural claim to our respect. — There is a respect also due from youth to age; which is always becoming, and tends to keep youth within the bounds of modesty.

To others, respect is due from those particular stations which arise from society and government. Fear God, says the text; and it adds, "honour the king."

It is due also from many other situations in life. Employments, honours, and even wealth, will exact it; and all may justly exact it, in a proper degree.

But it may here perhaps be enquired, why God should permit this latter distinction among men? That some should have more authority than others, we can easily see, is absolutely necessary in government; but among
among men, who are all born equal, why should the goods of life be distributed in so unequal a proportion?

To this inquiry, it may be answered, that in the first place, we see nothing in this, but what is common in all the works of God. A gradation is every where observable. Beauty, strength, swiftnefs, and other qualities, are varied through the creation in numberless degrees. In the same manner likewise are varied the gifts of fortune, as they are called. Why therefore should one man's being richer than another surprize us more than his being stronger than another, or more prudent?

Though we can but very inadequately trace the wisdom of God in his works, yet very wise reasons appear for this variety in the gifts of fortune. It seems necessary both in a civil, and in a moral light.

In a civil light, it is the necessary accompaniment of various employments; on which depend all the advantages of society. Like the stones of a regular building, some must range higher, and some lower; some must support, and others be supported; some will form the strength of the building, and others its ornament; but all unite in producing one regular and proportioned whole. If then different employments are necessary, of course different degrees of wealth, honour, and consequence, must follow; a variety of distinctions and obligations; in short, different ranks, and a subordination, must take place.

Again, in a moral light, the disproportion of wealth, and other worldly adjuncts, gives a range to the more extensive exercise of virtue. Some virtues could but faintly exist upon the plan of an equality. If some did not abound, there were little room for temperance; if some did not suffer need, there were as little for patience. Other virtues again could hardly exist at all. Who could practise generosity, where there was no object of it? Who humility, where all ambitious desires were excluded?

Since then Providence, in bestowing these various gifts, proposes ultimately the good of man, it is our duty to acquiesce in this order, and “to behave ourselves lowly and reverently” (not with servility, but with a decent respect) “to all our superiors.”

Before I conclude this subject, it may be proper to observe, in vindication of the ways of Providence, that we are not to suppose happiness and misery necessarily connected with riches and poverty. Each condition hath its particular sources both of pleasure and pain, unknown to the other. Those in elevated stations have a thousand latent pangs, of which their inferiors have no idea; while their inferiors again have as many pleasures, which the others cannot taste. I speak only of such modes of happiness or misery as arise immediately from different stations. Of misery, indeed, from a variety of other causes, all men of every station are equal heirs; either when God lays his hand upon us in sickness, or misfortune; or when, by our own follies and vices, we become the ministers of our own distress.

Who then would build his happiness upon an elevated station? Or who would envy the possettion of such happiness in another? We know not with what various differtes that station, which is the object of our envy, may be attended.—Befides, as we are accountable for all we possett, it may be happy for us that we possett so little. The means of happiness, as far as station can procure them, are commonly in our own power, if we are not wanting to ourselves.

Let each of us then do his duty in that station which Providence has assigned him; ever remembering, that the next world will soon destroy all earthly distinctions.—One distinction only will remain among the sons of men at that time—the distinction between good and bad; and this distinction it is worth all our pains and all our ambition to acquire.

Gilpin.

§ 167. Against wronging our neighbour by injurious words.

We are next instructed “to hurt nobody by word or deed—to be true and just in all our dealings—to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts—to keep our hands from picking and stealing—our tongues from evil speaking, lying, and flattering.”

The duties comprehended in these words are a little transfused. What should clafs under one head is brought under another. “To hurt nobody by word or deed,” is the general proposition. The under parts should follow: First, “to keep the tongue from evil speaking, lying, and flattering;” which is, “to hurt nobody by word.” Secondly, “to be true and just in all our dealings;” and “to keep our hands from picking and stealing,” which is, “to hurt nobody by deed.” As to the injunction, “to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts,” it belongs properly to neither of these heads; but is a distinct one by itself. The duties being thus separated, I shall proceed to explain them.

And, first, of injuring our neighbour by
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The use generally made of a lye, is to cover a fault; but as the end is seldom answered, we only aggravate what we wish to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honest confession would serve us better.

The meanest of lying arises from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly speak the truth; but have recourse to low subterfuges, which always argue a forbid and dijiligious mind. Hence it is, that in the fashionable world, the word lyar is always considered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedness of lying consists in its perverting one of the greatest blessings of God, the use of speech, in making that a mischief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the great bond of society. Falshood, of course, tends to its dilution. If one man may lye, why not another? And if there is no mutual truth among men, there is an end of all intercourse and dealing.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lye. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally speaking, are true; and is equally criminal with the most downright breach of truth. When St. Peter asked Sapphira (in the 5th chapter of the Acts) "whether her husband had told the land for so much?" She answered, he had; and literally spoke the truth; for he had told it for that sum, included in a larger. But having an intention to deceive, we find the apostle considered the equivocation as a lye.

In short, it is the intention to deceive, which is criminal: the mode of deception, like the vehicle in which poison is conveyed, is of no consequence. A nod, or a sign, may convey a lye as effectually as the most deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promise. While a resolution remains in our own breasts, it is subject to our own review; but when we make another person a party with us, an engagement is made; and every engagement, though only of the lightest kind, should be punctually observed. If we have added to this engagement a solemn promise, the obligation is so much the stronger: and he who does not think himself bound by such an obligation, has no pretensions to the character of an honest man. A breach of promise is still worse than a lye. A lye is simply a breach of truth; but a breach of promise is a breach both of truth and trust.

Forgetfulness is a weak excuse: it only
The law is intended only for bad men; and it is impossible to make the meshes of it so strict, but that many very great enormities will escape. The well-meaning man, therefore, knowing that the law was not made for him, consults a better guide—his own conscience, informed by religion. And, indeed, the great difference between the good and the bad man consists in this: the good man will do nothing, but what his conscience will allow; the bad man will do any thing which the law cannot reach.

It would, indeed, be endless to describe the various ways, in which a man may be dishonest within the limits of law. They are as various as our intercourse with mankind. Some of the most obvious of them I shall curiously mention.

In matters of commerce the knave has many opportunities. The different qualities of the same commodity—the different modes of adulteration—the specious arts of vending—the frequent ignorance in purchasing; and a variety of other circumstances, open an endless field to the ingenuity of fraud. The honest fair dealer, in the mean time, has only one rule, which is, that all arts, however common in businesfs, which are intended to deceive, are utterly unlawful. It may be added, upon this head, that if any one, conscious of having been a transgressor, is desirous of repairing his fault, restitution is by all means necessary: till that be done, he continues in a course of injustice.

Again, in matters of contract, a man has many opportunities of being dishonest within the bounds of law. He may be strict in observing the letter of an agreement, when the equitable meaning requires a laxer interpretation, when it serves his purpose; and at the loop-hole of some ambiguous expression exclude the literal meaning, though it be undoubtedly the true one.
The same iniquity appears in withholding from another his just right; or in putting him to expence in recovering it. The movements of the law are slow; and in many cases cannot be otherwise; but he who takes the advantage of this to injure his neighbour, proves himself an undoubted knave.

It is a species of the same kind of injustice to withhold a debt, when we have ability to pay; or to run into debt, when we have not that ability. The former can proceed only from a bad disposition; the latter, from suffering our desires to exceed our station. Some are excused, on this head, as men of generous principles, which they cannot confine. But what is their generosity? They affult one man by injuring another. And what good arises to society from hence? Such persons cannot act on principle; and we need not hesitate to rank them with those, who run into debt to gratify their own selfish inclinations. One man desires the elegancies of life; another desires what he thinks an equal good, the reputation of generosity.

Oppression is another species of injustice; by which, in a thousand ways, under the cover of law, we may take the advantage of the superiority of our power, either to crutch an inferior, or humble him to our designs. Ingratitude is another. A loan, we know, claims a legal return. And is the obligation less, if, instead of a loan, you receive a kindness? The law, indeed, says nothing on this point of immorality; but an honest conscience will be very loud in the condemnation of it.

We may be unjust also in our resentment; by carrying it beyond what reason and religion prescribe.

But it would be endless to describe the various ways, in which injustice discovers itself. In truth, almost every omission of duty may be resolved into injustice.

The next precept is, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts."

The malice and hatred of our hearts arise, in the first place, from injurious treatment; and surely no man, when he is injured, can at first help feeling that he is so. But Christianity requires, that we should subdue these feelings, as soon as possible; and not suffer the fun to go down upon our wrath. Various are the paffages of scripture, which inculcate the forgivenes of injuries. Indeed, no point is more laboured than this; and with reason, because no temper is more productive of evil, both to ourselves and others, than a malicious one. The sensations of a mind burning with revenge are beyond description; and as we are at these seasons very unable to judge coolly, and of course liable to carry our resentment too far, the consequence is, that, in our rage, we may do a thousand things, which can never be atoned for, and of which we may repent as long as we live.

Besides, one act draws on another; and retaliation keeps the quarrel alive. The gospel, therefore, ever gracious and kind to man, in all its precepts enjoins us to check all those violent emotions, and to leave our cause in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, faith the Lord;" and he who, in opposition to this precept, takes vengeance into his own hands, and cherishes the malice and hatred of his heart, may assure himself that he has not yet learned to be a Christian. These precepts, perhaps, may not entirely agree with modern principles of honour: but let the man of honour see to that. The maxims of the world cannot change the truth of the gospel.

Nay, even in recovering our just right, or in purfuing a criminal to justice, we should take care that it be not done in the spirit of retaliation and revenge. If these be our motives, though we make the law our instrument, we are equally guilty.

But besides injurious treatment, the malice and hatred of our hearts have often another source, and that is envy: and thus in the litany; "envy, malice, and hatred," are all joined together with great propriety. The emotions of envy are generally cooler, and less violent, than those which arise from the resentment of injury; so that envy is seldom so mischievous in its effects as revenge: but with regard to ourselves, it is altogether as bad, and full as destructive of the spirit of Christianity. What is the religion of that man, who instead of thanking Heaven for the blessings he receives, is fretting himself continually with a disagreeable comparison between himself and some other? He cannot enjoy what he has, because another has more wealth, a fairer fame, or perhaps more merit, than himself. He is miserable, because others are happy.

But to omit the wickedness of envy, how absurd and foolish is it, in a world where we must necessarily expect much real misery, to be perversely inventive in producing it!

Besides, what ignorance! We see only the glaring outside of things. Under all that
that envied glare, many unseen distresses may lurk, from which our situation may be free: for our merciful Creator seems to have bestowed happiness, as far as situation is concerned, with great equality among all his creatures.

In conclusion, therefore, let it be the great object of our attention, and the subject of our prayers, to rid our minds of all this cursed intrusion of evil thoughts—whether they proceed from malice, or from an envious temper. Let all our malicious thoughts soften into charity and benevolence; and let us “forgive one another, as God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven us.” As for our envious thoughts, as far as they relate to externals, let them subside in humility, acquiescence, and submission to the will of God. And when we are tempted to envy the good qualities of others, let us spurn so base a conception, and change it into a generous emulation—into an endeavour to raise ourselves to an equality with our rival, not to depress him to a level with us.

Gildon.

§ 169. Duties to ourselves.

Thus far the duties we have considered come most properly under the head of those which we owe to our neighbour; what follows, relates rather to ourselves. On this head, we are instructed “to keep our bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity.”

Though our souls should be our great concern, yet, as they are nearly connected with our bodies, and as the impurity of the one contaminates the other, a great degree of moral attention is, of course, due to our bodies also.

As our first station is in this world, to which our bodies particularly belong, they are formed with such appetites as are requisite to our commodious living in it; and the rule given us, “to use the world so as not to abuse it.” St. Paul, by a beautiful allusion, calls our bodies the “temple of the Holy Ghost:” by which he means to impress us with a strong idea of their dignity; and to deter us from debasing, by low pleasures, what should be the float of so much purity. To youth these cautions are above measure necessary, because their passions and appetites are strong; their reason and judgment weak. They are prone to pleasure, and void of reflection. How, therefore, thefe young adventurers in life may best steer their course, and use this sinful world so as not to abuse it, is a consideration well worth their attention. Let us then fee under what regulations their appetites should be restrained.

By keeping our bodies in temperance is meant avoiding excess in eating, with regard both to the quantity and quality of our food. We should neither eat more than our stomachs can well bear; nor be nice and delicate in our eating.

To preserve the body in health is the end of eating; and they who regulate themselves merely by this end, who eat without choice or distinction, paying no regard to the pleasure of eating, observe perhaps the best rule of temperance. They go rather indeed beyond temperance, and may be called abstemious. A man may be temperate, and yet allow himself a little more indulgence. Great care, however, is here necessary; and the more, as perhaps no precise rule can be affixed, after we have passed the first great limit, and let the palate loose among variety *. Our own discretion must be our guide, which should be constantly kept awake by considering the many bad consequences which attend a breach of temperance.—Young men, in the full vigour of health, do not consider these things; but as age comes on, and different maladies begin to appear, they may perhaps repent they did not a little earlier practise the rules of temperance.

In a moral and religious light, the consequences of intemperance are still worse. To enjoy a comfortable meal, when it comes before us, is allowable; but he who suffers his mind to dwell upon the pleasures of eating, and makes them the employment of his thoughts, has at leat opened one source of mental corruption †.

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* Nam variæ res,
Ut noceant homini, credas memer illius effe,
Quæ simplicis olim tibi fœderis. At simul affis
Misereris elia, simul conchylia turdis
Dulcia in bilem vertunt, homachoque tumultum
Lenta teret pituita.—Hor.

† Corpus onustum
Hefternis utis, animum quoque prægrarat una,
Atque aügit humo divinæ particulum aura.—Hor. Sat. Agec.
After all, he who would most perfectly enjoy the pleasures of the table, such as they are, must look for them within the rules of temperance. The palate, accustomed to fatiety, hath lost its tone; and the greatest sensualists have been brought to confess, that the costliest fare, with an appetite kept in order by temperance, affords a more delicious repast, than the most luxurious meal without it.

As temperance relates chiefly to eating, soberness or sobriety relates properly to drinking. And here the same observances recur. The strictest, and perhaps the best rule, is merely to satisfy the end of drinking. But if a little more indulgence be taken, it ought to be taken with the greatest circumspection.

With regard to youth indeed, I should be inclined to great strictness on this head. In eating, if they eat of proper and simple food, they cannot easily err. Their growing limbs, and strong exercise, require larger supplies than full-grown bodies, which must be kept in order by a more rigid temperance. But if more indulgence be allowed them in eating, less, surely, should in drinking. With strong liquors of every kind they have nothing to do; and if they should totally abstain on this head, it were so much the better. The languor which attends age, requires perhaps, now and then, some aids; but the spirits of youth want no recruits: a little rest is sufficient.

As to the bad consequences derived from excessive drinking, besides filling the blood with bloated and vicious humours, and debauching the purity of the mind, as in the cafe-of intemperate eating, it is attended with this peculiar evil, the loss of our sensæ. Hence follow frequent inconveniences and mortifications. We expose our follies—we betray our secrets—we are often imposed upon—we quarrel with our friends—we lay ourselves open to our enemies; and, in short, make ourselves the objects of contempt, and the topics of ridicule to all our acquaintance. Nor is it only the act of intoxication which deprives us of our reason during the prevalence of it; the habit of drunkenness soon begets and impairs the understanding, and renders us at all times less fit for the offices of life.

We are next enjoined "to keep our bodies in chastity," "Flee youthful lusts," says the apostle, "which war against thee soul." And there is surely nothing which carries on a war against the soul more successfully. Wherever we have a catalogue in scripture (and we have many such catalogues) of those sins which in a peculiar manner debauch the mind, these youthful lusts have always, under some denomination, a place among them.—To keep ourselves free from all contagion of this kind, let us endeavour to preserve a purity in our thoughts—our words—and our actions.

First, let us preserve a purity in our thoughts. These dark recesses, which the eye of the world cannot reach, are the receptacles of these youthful lusts. Here they find their first encouragement. The entrance of such impure ideas perhaps we cannot always prevent. We may always however prevent cherishing them; we may always prevent their making an impression upon us: the devil may be cast out as soon as discovered.

Let us always keep in mind, that even into these dark abodes the eye of Heaven can penetrate: that every thought of our hearts is open to that God, before whom we must one day stand; and that however secretly we may indulge these impure ideas, at the great day of account they will certainly appear in an awful detail against us.

Let us remember again, that if our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghost, our minds are the very sanctuaries of those temples: and if there be any weight in the apostle's argument against polluting our bodies, it urges with double force against polluting our minds.

But, above all other considerations, it behoves us most to keep our thoughts pure, because they are the fountains from which our words and actions flow. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Obscene words and actions are only bad thoughts matured, and spring as naturally from them as the plant from its seed. It is the same vicious depravity carried a step farther; and only thaws a more confirmed and a more mischiefous degree of guilt. While we keep our impurities in our thoughts, they debauch only ourselves; bad enough, it is true. But when we proceed to words and actions, we let our impurities loose: we spread the contagion, and become the corrupters of others.

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Ubive
Accedant anni, et tradari mollius etas
Imbecilla volet.
§ 170. On coveting and desiring other men's goods.

We are forbidden, next, "to covet, or desire other men's goods."

There are two great paths of vice, into which bad men commonly strike; that of unlawful pleasure, and that of unlawful gain.—The path of unlawful pleasure we have just examined; and have seen the danger of obeying the headstrong impulse of our appetites.—We have considered also an immoderate love of gain, and have seen dishonesty and fraud in a variety of shapes. But we have yet viewed them only as they relate to society. We have viewed only the outward action. The rule before us, "We must not covet, nor desire other men's goods," comes a step nearer home, and considers the motive which governs the action.

Covetousness, or the love of money, is called in scripture "the root of all evil;" and it is called so for two reasons; because it makes us wicked, and because it makes us miserable.

First, it makes us wicked. When it once gets possession of the heart, it will let no good principle flourish near it. Most vices have their fits; and when the violence of the passion is spent, there is some interval of calm. The vicious appetite cannot always run riot. It is fatigued at least by its own impetuousness: and it is possible, that in this moment of tranquillity, a whisper from virtue may be heard. But in avarice, there is rarely intermission. It hangs like a dead weight upon the soul, always pulling it to earth. We might as well expect to see a plant grow upon a flint, as a virtue in the heart of a miser.

It makes us miserable as well as wicked. The cares and the fears of avarice are proverbial; and it must needs be, that he, who depends for happiness on what is liable to a thousand accidents, must of course feel as many distresses, and almost as many disappointments. The good man depends for happiness on something more permanent; and if his worldly affairs go ill, his great dependance is still left. But as wealth is the god which the covetous man worships (for "covetousness," we are told, "is idolatry," a disappointment here is a disappointment indeed. Be he ever so profperous, his wealth cannot secure him against the evils of mortality; against that time, when he must give up all he values; when his bargains of advantage will be over, and nothing left but tears and despair.

But even a defiring frame of mind, though it be not carried to such a length, is always productive of misery. It cannot be otherwise. While we suffer ourselves to be continually in quest of what we have not, it is impossible that we should be happy with what we have. In a word, to abridge our wants as much as possible, not to increase them, is the truest happiness.

We are much mistaken, however, if we think the man who hoards up his money is the only covetous man. The prodigal, though he differ in his end, may be as avaricious in his means. The former denies himself every comfort; the latter grasps at every pleasure. Both characters are equally bad in different extremes. The miser is more detestable in the eyes of the world, because he enters into none of its joys; but it is a question, which is more wretched in himself, or more pernicious to society.

As covetousness is esteemed the vice of age, every appearance of it among young persons ought particularly to be discouraged; because if it gets ground at this early period, nobody can tell how far it may not afterwards proceed. And yet, on the other side, there may be great danger of encouraging the opposite extreme. As it is certainly right, under proper restrictions, both to save our money, and to spend it, it

* Sæviat, atque novos movet fortuna tumultus; 
Quantum hinc iminuet? ——— Hor. Sat.

† Alieni appetens, sui profusus. 
Sal. de Catal.

would
would be highly useful to fix the due bounds on each side. But nothing is more difficult than to raise these nice limits between extremes. Every man’s case, in a thousand circumstances, differs from his neighbour’s: and as no rule can be fixed for all, every man of course, in these disquisitions, must be left to his own conscience. We are indeed very ready to give our opinions how others ought to act. We can adjust with great nicety what is proper for them to do; and point out their mistakes with much precision; while nothing is necessary to us, but to act as properly as we can ourselves; observing as just a mean as possible between prodigality and avarice; and applying, in all our difficulties, to the word of God, where these great landmarks of morality are the most accurately fixed.

We have now taken a view of what is prohibited in our commerce with mankind: let us next see what is enjoined. (We are still proceeding with those duties which we owe to ourselves). Instead of spending our fortune therefore in unlawful pleasure, or increasing it by unlawful gain; we are required “to learn, and labour truly (that is honestly) to get our own living, and to do our duty in that first of life, unto which it shall please God to call us.”—These words will be sufficiently explained by considering, first, that we all have some station in life—some particular duties to discharge; and secondly, in what manner we ought to discharge them.

First, that man was not born to be idle, may be inferred from the active spirit that appears in every part of nature. Every thing is alive; every thing contributes to the general good: even the very inanimating parts of the creation, plants, stones, metals, cannot be called totally inactive, but bear their part like wise in the general usefulness. If then every part, even of inanimate nature, be thus employed, surely we cannot suppose it was the intention of the Almighty Father, that man, who is the most capable of employing himself properly, should be the only creature without employment.

Again, that man was born for active life, is plain from the necessity of labour. If it had not been necessary, God would not originally have imposed it. But without it, the body would become enervated, and the mind corrupted. Idleness, therefore, is justly esteemed the origin both of disfigure and vice. So that if labour and employment, either of body or mind, had no use, but what respected ourselves, they would be highly proper: but they have farther use.

The necessity of them is plain, from the want that all men have of the affittance of others. If so, this affittance should be mutual; every man should contribute his part. We have already seen, that it is proper there should be different situations in the world—that some should be placed high in life, and others low. The lowest, we know, cannot be exempt from labour; and the highest ought not: though their labour, according to their station, will be of a different kind. Some, we see, “must labour (as the catechism phrases it) to get their own living; and others should do their duty in that state of life, whatever that state is, unto which it hath pleased God to call them.” All are afflicted: all should afflict. God distributes, we read, various talents among men; to some he gives five talents, to others two, and to others one: but it is expected, we find, that notwithstanding this inequality, each should employ the talent that is given to the best advantage: and he who received five talents was under the same obligation of improving them, as he who had received only one: and would, if he had hid his talents in the earth, have been punished, in proportion to the abuse. Every man, even in the highest station, may find a proper employment, both for his time and fortune, if he please: and he may assure himself that God, by placing him in that station, never meant to exempt him from the common obligations of society, and give him a licence to spend his life in ease and pleasure. God meant assuredly, that he should bear his part in the general commerce of life—that he should consider himself not as an individual, but as a member of the community; the interest of which he is under an obligation to support with all his power:—and that his elevated station gives him no other preeminence than that of being the more extensively useful.

Having thus seen, that we have all some station in life to support—some particular duties to discharge; let us now see in what manner we ought to discharge them.

We have an easy rule given us in scripture on this head; that all our duties in life should be performed “as to the Lord, and not unto man”: that is, we should consider our stations in life as trusts reposed in us by our Maker; and as such should discharge the duties of them. What, though no worldly trust be reposed? What, though we are accountable to nobody upon earth? Can we
we therefore suppose ourselves in reality less accountable? Can we suppose that God, for no reason that we can divine, has singled us out, and given us a large portion of the things of this world (while others around us are in need) for no other purpose than to squander it away upon ourselves? To God undoubtedly we are accountable for every blessing we enjoy. What mean, in scripture, the talents given, and the use assigned; but the conscientious discharge of the duties of life, according to the advantages, with which they are attended?

It matters not whether these advantages be an inheritance, or an acquisition: still they are the gift of God. Agreeably to their rank in life, it is true, all men should live: human distinctions require it; and in doing this properly, every one around will be benefited. Utility should be considered in all our expences. Even the very amusements of a man of fortune should be founded in it.

In short, it is the constant injunction of scripture, in whatever station we are placed, to consider ourselves as God's servants, and as acting immediately under his eye, not expecting our reward among men, but from our great Master who is in heaven. This fanctifies, in a manner, all our actions: it places the little difficulties of our station in the light of God's appointments; and turns the most common duties of life into acts of religion.

Gilpin.

§ 171. On the Sacrament of Baptism.

The sacrament of baptism is next considered; in which, if we consider the inward grace, we shall fee how aptly the sign represents it.—The inward grace, or thing signified, we are told, is "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness:" by which is meant that great renovation of nature, that purity of heart, which the christian religion is intended to produce. And surely there cannot be a more significant sign of this than water, on account of its cleansing nature. As water refreshes the body, and purifies it from all contracted filth; it aptly represents that renovation of nature, which cleanses the soul from the impurities of sin. Water indeed, among the ancients, was more adapted to the thing signified, than it is at present among us. They used immersion in baptizing; so that the child being dipped into the water, and raised out again, baptism with them was more significant of a new birth unto righteousness. But though we, in these colder climates, think immersion an unsafe practice; yet the original meaning is still supposed.

* It is next asked, What is required of those who are baptized? To this we answer, "Repentance, whereby they forfake sin; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God, made to them in that sacrament."

The primitive church was extremely strict on this head. In those times, before christianity was establifh'd, when adults offered themselves to baptism, no one was admitted, till he had given a very satisfactory evidence of his repentance; and till, on good grounds, he could profess his faith in Christ: and it was afterwards expected from him, that he should prove his faith and repentance, by a regular obedience during the future part of his life.

If faith and repentance are expected at baptism; it is a very natural question, Why then are infants baptized, when, by reason of their tender age, they can give no evidence of either?

Whether infants should be admitted to baptism, or whether that sacrament should be deferred till years of discretion; is a question in the christian church, which hath been agitated with some animosity. Our church by no means looks upon baptism as necessary to the infant's salvation*. No man acquainted with the spirit of christianity can conceive, that God will leave the salvation of so many innocent souls in the hands of others. But the practice is considered as founded upon the usage of the earliest times: and the church observing, that circumcision was the introductory rite to the Jewish covenant; and that baptism was intended to succeed circumcision; it naturally supposes, that baptism should be administered to infants, as circumcision was. The church, however; in this case, hath provided sponsors, who make a profession of obedience in the child's name. But the nature and office of this proxy hath been already examined, under the head of our baptismal vow.

Gilpin.


The first question is an enquiry into the

* The catechism affords, the sacraments to be only generally necessary to salvation, excepting particular cases. Where the use of them is intentionally rejected, it is certainly criminal.—The Quakers indeed reject them on principle: but though we may wonder both at their logic and divinity, we should be sorry to include them in an anathema.
original of the institution: "Why was the sacrament of the Lord's supper ordained?"

It was ordained, we are informed,—
"for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ; and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

In examining a sacrament in general, we have already seen, that both baptism, and the Lord's supper, were originally instituted as the "means of receiving the grace of God; and as pledges to assure us thereof."

But besides these primary ends, they have each a secondary one; in representing the two most important truths of religion; which gives them more force and influence. Baptism, we have seen, represents that renovation of our sinful nature, which the gospel was intended to introduce: and the peculiar end, which the Lord's supper had in view, was the sacrifice of the death of Christ; with all the benefits which arise from it—the remission of our sins—and the reconciliation of the world to God. "This do," said our Saviour, (alluding to the passover, which the Lord's supper was designed to supercede) not as hitherto, in memory of your deliverance from Egypt; but in memory of that greater deliverance, of which the other was only a type: "Do it in remembrance of me."

The outward part, or sign of the Lord's supper, is "bread and wine"—the things signified are the "body and blood of Christ."

In examining the sacrament of baptism, I endeavoured to shew, how very apt a symbol water is in that ceremony. Bread and wine also are symbols equally apt in representing the body and blood of Christ: and in the use of these particular symbols, it is reasonable to suppose, that our Saviour had an eye to the Jewish passover; in which it was a custom to drink wine, and to eat bread. He might have instituted any other apt symbols for the same purpose; but it was his usual practice, through the whole system of his institution, to make it, in every part, as familiar as possible: and for this reason he seems to have chosen such symbols as were then in use; that he might give as little offence as possible in a matter of indifference.

As our Saviour, in the institution of his supper, ordered both the bread and the wine to be received; it is certainly a great error in papists, to deny the cup to the laity. They say, indeed, that, as both flesh and blood are united in the substance of the human body; so are they in the sacramental bread; which, according to them, is changed, or, as they phrase it, transubstantiated into the real body of Christ. If they have no other reason, why do they administer wine to the clergy? The clergy might participate equally of both in the bread. But the plain truth is, they are desirous, by this invention, to add an air of mystery to the sacrament, and a superstitious reverence to the priest, as if he, being endowed with some peculiar holiness, might be allowed the use of both.

There is a difficulty in this part of the catechism, which should not be passed over. We are told, that "the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper." This expression sounds very like the popish doctrine, just mentioned, of transubstantiation. The true sense of the words undoubtedly is, that the faithful believer only, verily and indeed receives the benefit of the sacrament; but the expression must be allowed to be inaccurate, as it is capable of an interpretation so entirely opposite to that which the church of England hath always professed.—I would not willingly suppose, as some have done, that the compilers of the catechism meant to manage the affair of transubstantiation with the papists. It is one thing to shew a liberality of sentiment in matters of indifference; and another to speak timidly and ambiguously, where essentials are concerned.

It is next asked, What benefits we receive from the Lord's supper? To which it is answered, "The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine." As our bodies are strengthened and refreshed, in a natural way, by bread and wine; so should our souls be, in a spiritual way, by a devout commemoration of the passion of Christ. By gratefully remembering what he suffered for us, we should be excited to a greater abhorrence of sin, which was the cause of his sufferings. Every time we partake of this sacrament, like faithful soldiers, we take a fresh oath to our leader; and should be animated anew, by his example, to persevere in the spiritual conflict in which, under him, we are engaged.

It is lastly asked, "What is required of them who come to the Lord's supper?" To which we answer, "That we should examine ourselves, whether we repeat us truly of our former sins—sledaftly purposing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God's mercy.
mercy through Christ—with a thankful remembrance of his death; and to be in charity with all men."

That pious frame of mind is here, in very few words, pointed out, which a christian ought to cherish and cultivate in himself at all times; but especially, upon the performance of any solemn act of religion. Very little indeed is said in scripture, of any particular frame of mind, which should accompany the performance of this duty; but it may easily be inferred from the nature of the duty itself.

In the first place, "we should repent us truly of our former sins; steadfastly purposing to lead a new life." He who performs a religious exercise, without being earnest in this point; adds only a pharisaical hypocrisy to his other sins. Unles he seriously resolve to lead a good life, he had better be all of a piece; and not pretend, by receiving the sacrament, to a piety which he does not feel.

These "steadfast purposes of leading a new life," form a very becoming exercise to christians. The lives even of the best of men afford only a mortifying retrospect. Though they may have conquered some of their worst propensities; yet the triumphs of sin over them, at the various periods of their lives, will always be remembered with sorrow; and may always be remembered with advantage; keeping them on their guard for the future, and strengthening them more and more in all their good resolutions of obedience.—And when can these meditations arife more properly, than when we are performing a rite, instituted on purpose to commemorate the great atonement for sin?

To our repentance, and resolutions of obedience, we are required to add "a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ; with a thankful remembrance of his death." We should impress ourselves with the deepest sense of humility—totally rejecting every idea of our own merit—hoping for God's favour only through the merits of our great Redeemer—and with hearts full of gratitude, trusting only to his all-sufficient grace.

Lastly, we are required, at the celebration of this great rite, to be "in charity with all men." It commemorates the greatest instance of love that can be conceived; and should therefore raise in us correspondent affections. It should excite in us that constant flow of benevolence, in which the spirit of religion consists; and without which indeed we can have no religion at all. Love is the very distinguishing badge of christianity: "By this," said our great Master, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

One species of charity should, at this time, never be forgotten; and that is, the forgiveness of others. No acceptable gift can be offered at this altar, but in the spirit of reconciliation.—Hence it was, that the ancient christians instiituted, at the celebration of the Lord's supper, what they called love-feasts. They thought, they could not give a better instance of their being in perfect charity with each other, than by joining all ranks together in one common meal. By degrees, indeed, this well-meaned custom degenerated; and it may not be amiss to observe here, that the passages* in which these enormities are rebuked, have been variously misconstrued; and have frightened many well meaning persons from the sacrament. Whereas what the apostle here says, hath no other relation to this rite, than as it was attended by a particular abuse in receiving it; and as this is a mode of abuse which doth not now exist, the apostle's reproof seems not to affect the christians of this age.

What the primary, and what the secondary ends in the two sacraments were, I have endeavoured to explain. But there might be others.

God might intend them as trials of our faith. The divine truths of the gospel speak for themselves: but the performance of a positive duty rests only on faith.

These institutions are also strong arguments for the truth of christianity. We trace the observance of them into the very earliest times of the gospel. We can trace no other origin than what the scriptures give us. These rites therefore greatly tend to corroborate the scriptures.

God also, who knows what is in man, might condescend so far to his weakness, as to give him these external badges of religion, to keep the spirit of it more alive. And it is indeed probable, that nothing has contributed more than these ceremonies to preserve a sense of religion among mankind. It is a melancholy proof of this, that no contents in the christian church have been more violent, nor carried on with more acrimony, and unchristian zeal, than the contents about baptism and the Lord's supper; as if the very essence of religion consisted in this

* See 1 Cor. xi.
or that mode of observing these rites. — But this is the abuse of them.

Let us be better taught: let us receive these sacraments, for the gracious purposes for which our Lord joined them, with gratitude, and with reverence. But let us not lay a greater stress upon them than our Lord intended. Heaven, we doubt not, may be gained, when there have been the means of receiving neither the one sacrament nor the other. But unless our affections are right, and our lives answerable to them, we can never please God, though we perform the externals of religion with ever so much exactness. We may err in our notions about the sacraments: the world has long been divided on these subjects; and a gracious God, it may be hoped, will pardon our errors. But in matters of practice we have no apology for error. The great lines of our duty are drawn so strongly, that a deviation here is not error, but guilt.

Let us then, to conclude from the whole, make it our principal care to purify our hearts in the sight of God. Let us beseech him to increase the influence of his Holy Spirit within us, that our faith may be of that kind "which worketh by love;" that all our affections, and from them our actions, may flow in a steady course of obedience; that each day may correct the last by a sincere repentance of our mistakes in life; and that we may continue gradually to approach nearer the idea of christian perfection. Let us do this, disclaiming, after all, any merits of our own; and not trusting in outward observances; but trusting in the merits of Christ to make up our deficiencies; and we need not fear our acceptance with God.

Gilpin.

§ 173. On Confirmation.

Acts viii. 17.

Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

The history, to which these words belong, is this. Philip the deacon, ordained at the same time with St. Stephen, had converted and baptized the people of Samaria; which the apostles at Jerusalem hearing, sent down to them Peter and John, two of their own body; who, by prayer, accompanied with imposition of hands, obtained for them a greater degree than they had yet received, of the sacred influences of the Divine Spirit, which undoubtedly was done on their signifying in some manner, so as to be understood, their adherence to the engagement into which they had entered at their baptism.

From this and the like instances of the practice of the apostles, is derived, what bishops, their successors, though every way beyond comparison inferior to them, have practiced ever since, and which we now call confirmation. Preaching was common to all ranks of ministers: baptizing was performed usually by the lower rank: but, perhaps to maintain a due subordination, it was referred to the highest, by prayer and laying on of hands to communicate further measures of the Holy Ghost. It was indeed peculiar to the apostles, that on their interference his extraordinary and miraculous gifts were bestowed: which continued in the church no longer, than the need of them did; nor can we suppose, that all were partakers of them. But unquestionably by their petitions they procured, for every sincere convert, a much more valuable, though less remarkable blessing, of universal and perpetual necessity, his ordinary and saving graces.

For these therefore, after their example, trusting that God will have regard, not to our unworthiness, but to the purposes of mercy which he hath appointed us to serve, we intercede now, when persons take upon themselves the vow of their baptism. For this good end being now come amongst you, though I doubt not but your ministers have given you proper instructions on the occasion; yet I am desirous of adding somewhat further, which may not only acquaint more fully tho'e, who are especially concerned, with the nature of what they are about to do, but remind you all of the obligations which christianity lays upon you. And I cannot perform it better, than by explaining to you the office of confirmation, to which you may turn in your prayer-books, where it stands immediately after the catechism.

There you will see, in the first place, a preface, directed to be read; in which notice is given, that for the more edifying of such as receive confirmation, it shall be administered to none but those, who can answer to the question of the catechism preceding: that if children may come to years of some discretion, and learn what the promise made for them in baptism was, before they are called upon to ratify and confirm it before the church with their own consent, and to engage that they will evermore observe it.

Prayers
Prayers may be offered up for infants with very good effect. Promises may be made in their name by such as are authorized to act for them; especially when the things promised are for their interest, and will be their duty; which is the case of those in baptism. But no persons ought to make promises for themselves, till they reasonably well understand the nature of them, and are capable of forming serious purposes. Therefore, in the present cafe, being able to say the words of the catechism, is by no means enough, without a competent general knowledge of their meaning, and intention of behaving as it requires them; which doublets they are supposed to have at the same time. And if they have not, making a profession of it, is declaring with their mouths what they feel not in their hearts at the instant, and will much less reflect upon afterwards: it is hoping to please God by the empty outward performance of a religious rite, from which if they had been withheld till they were duly qualified, their souls might have been affected, and their conduct influenced by it, as long as they lived.

Therefore I hope and beg, that neither ministers nor parents will be too eager for bringing children very early to confirmation: but first teach them carefully to know their duty sufficiently, and resolve upon the practice of it heartily: then introduce them to this ordinance: which they shall not fail to have opportunities of attending in their neighbourhood, from time to time, so long as God continues my life and strength.

But as there are some too young for confirmation, some also may be thought too old; especially, if they have received the holy sacrament without it. Now there are not indeed all the same reaons for the confirmation of such, as of others: nor hath the church, I believe, determined any thing about their cafe, as it might be thought unlikely to happen. But still, since it doth happen too frequently, that persons were not able, or have neglected, to apply for this purpose; so whenever they apply, as by doing it they express a desire to fulfill all righteousness;* and may certainly receive benefit, both from the profession and the prayers, appointed in the office; my judgment is, that they should not be rejected, but encouraged.

Only I must intreat you to observe, that

when you take thus on yourselves the engagement of leading a christian life, you are to take it once for all; and no more to think of ever being confirmed a second time, than of being baptized a second time.

After directing, Who are to be confirmed, the office goes on to direct, How they are to be confirmed. And here, the bishop is to begin with asking every one of those who offer themselves, whether they do, in the presence of God and of the Congregation, renew in their own Persons the solemn vow of their baptism; acknowledging themselves bound to believe and to perform all those things, which their god-fathers and god-mothers then undertook for them. On which, they are each of them to answer, with an audible voice, I do.

Now the things promised in our name were, to renounce whatever God hath forbidden, to believe what He hath taught, and to practice what He hath commanded. Nobody can promise for infants absolutely, that they shall do these things; but only, that they shall be instructed and admonished to do them; and, it is hoped, not in vain. This instruction and admonition, parents are obliged by nature to give; and if they do it effectually, god-fathers and god-mothers have no further concern, than to be heartily glad of it. But if the former fail, the latter must supply the failure, as far as they have opportunity of doing it with any reasonable prospect of success. For they were intended, not to release the parents from the care of their children, which nothing can; but for a double security, in a case of such importance.

If nothing at all had been promised in our names, we had still been bound, as soon as we were capable of it, to believe in God, and obey him. But we are more early and more firmly bound, as not only this hath been promised for us, but care hath been taken to make us sensible of our obligation to perform it: which obligation therefore, persons are called upon, in the question under consideration, to ratify and confirm. And great cause have they to answer that they do. For doing it is a duty, on which their eternal felicity peculiarly depends: as a little attention to what I am about to say will clearly shew you.

Our first parents, even while they were innocent, had no title to happiness, or to existence, but from God's notification of his good pleasure: which being conditional, when they fell, they lost it; and derived to us a corrupt and mortal nature, initiated to
to nothing; as both the diseases and the poverty of ancestors often descend to their distant posterity. This bad condition we fail not, from our first use of reason, to make worse, in a greater or less degree, by actual transgressions: and so perfonally deserve the displeasure, instead of favour, of him who made us. Yet we may hope, that, as he is good, he will, on our repentance, forgive us. But then, as he is also just and wise, and the ruler of the world; we could never know with certainty, of ourselves, what his justice and wisdom, and the honour of his government, might require of him with respect to sinners: whether he would pardon greater offences at all; and whether he would reward those, whom he might be pleased not to punish. But most happily the revelation of his holy word hath cleared up all these doubts of unjust reason; and offered to the world of sinners, on the condition of faith in Christ, added to repentance, and productive of good works (for all which he is ready to enable us) a covenant of pardon for sins past, assistance against sin for the future, and eternal life in return for a sincere, though imperfect, and totally undeserving obedience.

The method of entering into this covenant is, being baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: that is, into the acknowledgment of the mysterious union and joint authority of these three; and of the distinct offices, which they have undertaken for our salvation: together with a faithful engagement of paying suitable regard to each of them. In this appointment of baptism, the washing with water aptly signifies, both our promise to preserve ourselves, with the best care we can, pure from the defilement of sin, and God's promise to consider us as free from the guilt of it. Baptism then, through his mercy, secures infants from the bad consequences of Adam's transgression, giving them a new title to the immortality which he lost. It also secures, to persons grown up, the entire forgivenes of their own transgressions, on the terms just mentioned. But then, in order to receive these benefits, we must lay our claim to the covenant, which conveys them: we must ratify, as soon as we are able, what was promised in our name by others before we were able; and done for us then, only on pretension that we would make it our own deed afterwards. For if we neglect, and appear to renounce our part of the covenant, we have

plainly not the least right to God's performing his: but we remain in our sins, and Christ shall profit us nothing."'

You see then of what unspeakable importance it is, that we take on ourselves the vow of our baptism. And it is very fit and useful, that we should take it in such form and manner as the office prescribes. It is fit, that when persons have been properly instructed, by the care of their parents, friends, and ministers, they should with joyful gratitude acknowledge them to have faithfully performed that kind of duty. It is fit, that before they are admitted by the church of Christ to the holy communion, they should give public assurance to the church of their christian belief, and christian purposes. This may also be extremely useful to themselves. For consider: young persons are just entering into a world of temptations, with no experience, and little knowledge to guard them; and much youthful rashness to expose them. The authority of others over them is beginning to lessen, their own passions to increafe, evil communication to have great opportunities of corrupting good manners: and strong impressions, of one kind or another, will be made on them very soon. What can then be more necessary, or more likely to preserve their innocence, than to form the most deliberate resolutions of acting right; and to declare them in a manner, thus adapted to move them at the time, and be remembered by them afterwards: in the presence of God, of a number of his ministers, and of a large congregation of his people, assembled with more than ordinary solemnity for that very purpose?

But then you, that are to be confirmed, must either do your own part, or the whole of this preparation will be utterly thrown away upon you. If you make the answer, which is directed, without sincerity, it is lying to God: if you make it without attention, it is trifling with him. Watch over your hearts therefore, and let them go along with your lips. The two short words, I do, are soon said: but they comprehend much in them. Whoever uses them on this occasion, faith in effect as follows: "I do heartily renounce all the temptations of the devil; all the unlawful pleasures, profits, and honors of the world; all the immoral gratifications of the flesh. I do sincerely believe, and will constantly profess, all the articles of the christian
faith. I do firmly resolve to keep all
God's commandments all the days of my
life; to love and honour him; to pray to
him and praise him daily in private; to
attend conscientiously on the public wor-
ship and instruction, which he hath ap-
pointed; to approach his holy table, as
soon as I can qualify myself for doing it
worthily; to submit to his blessed will
meekly and patiently in all things; to
set him ever before my eyes, and ac-
knowledge him in all my ways. I do
further resolve, in the whole course of
my behaviour amongst my fellow-crea-
tures, to do justly, love mercy, * speak
truth, be diligent and useful in my fla-
tion, dutiful to my superiors, condecd-
ing to those beneath me, friendly to my
equals; careful, through all the relations
of life, to act as the nature of them re-
quires, and conduct myself so to all men
as I should think it reasonable that they
should do to me in the like case. Furt-
er yet: I do resolve, in the govern-
ment of myself, to be modest, sober,
temperate, mild, humble, contented; to
refrain every passion and appetite within
due bounds; and to set my heart chiefly,
not on the sensual enjoyments of this
transitory world, but the spiritual happy-
ness of the future endless one. Lastly, I
do resolve, whenever I fail in any of these
duties, as I am sensible I have, and must
fear I shall, to confess it before God with
unfeigned concern, to apply for his pro-
mised pardon in the name of his blessed
Son, to beg the promised assistance of his
Holy Spirit; and in that strength, not
my own, to strive against my faults, and
watch over my steps with redoubled
"care."

Observe then: it is not gloominess and
melancholy, that religion calls you to: it is
not unfeeled austerity, and abstinence from
things lawful and safe: it is not extravagant
flights and raptures: it is not unmeaning or
unedifying forms and ceremonies: much
less is it bitterness against those who differ
from you. But the fore-mentioned un-
questionable substantial duties are the things
to which you bind yourselves, when you
pronounce the awful words, I do. Utter
them then with the truest seriousness: and
say to yourselves, each of you, afterwards,
as Moses did to the Jews, Thou hast avouched
the Lord this day to be thy God, to walk in his
ways and keep his statutes, and to hearken to
his voice: and the Lord hath avouched thee
this day to be his; that thou shouldest keep all
his commandments, and be holy unto the Lord
thy God, as he hath spoken †. It is a certain
truth, call it therefore often to mind, and
fix it in your souls, that if breaking a solemn
promise to men be a sin; breaking that
which you make thus deliberately to God,
would be un speakably a greater sin.

But let us now proceed to the next part
of the office: in which, after persons have
confirmed and ratified the vow of their bap-
tism, prayers are offered up, that God
would confirm and strengthen them in their
good purpose; on both which accounts this
appointment is called confirmation.

Scripture teaches, and fad experience
proves, that of ourselves we can do nothing;
are not sufficient ‡ for the discharge of our
duty, without God's continual aid: by
which he can certainly influence our minds,
without hurting our natural freedom of will,
and even without our perceiving it: for we
can influence our fellow-creatures so.
Now is it any injustice in him to require of us
what exceeds our ability, since he is ready
to supply the want of it. Indeed, on the
contrary, as this method of treating us is
excellently fitted both to keep us humble,
and yet to give us courage, using it is
evidently worthy of God. But then, as
none can have reason to expect his help,
but those who earnestly desire it, so he hath
promised to give the holy spirit only to them
that ask him §. And to unite christians more
in love to each other, and incline them more
to assemble for public worship, our blessed
Redeemer hath especially promised, that
where two or three of them are gathered


together in his name, he will be in the midst
of them ‖. And further still, to promote a
doing regard in his people to their teachers
and rulers, the sacred writings ascribe a peculiar
efficacy to their praying over those who are
committed to their charge. Even under the
Jewish dispensation, the family of Aaron
were told, that them the Lord had separated
to minister unto him, and to blest in the name
of the Lord ‡: and they shall put my name,
faith God, upon the children of Israel, and I
will blest them **. No wonder then, if
under the christian dispensation we read, but
just before the text, that the apostles, when
they were come down to Samaria, prayed for
the new-baptized converts, that they might

* Mic. vi. 8.  † Deut. xxvi. 17, 18, 19.  ‡ John xv. 5. 2 Cor. iii. 5.  § Luke xi. 13.  ¶ Matth. xviii. 20.  ※ Deut. x. 2. xxl. 5.  ** Numb. vi. 27.
receive the Holy Ghost; and in the text, that they did receive it accordingly.

Therefore, pursuant to these great authorities, here is, on the present occasion, a number of young disciples, about to run the same common race, met together to pray for themselves and one another: here is a number of elder christians, who have experienced the dangers of life, met to pray for those who are just entering into them: here are also God's ministers, purposely come, to intercede with him in their behalf: and surely we may hope, their joint and fervent petitions will avail, and be effectual.

They begin, as they ought, with acknowledging, and in scripture words, that our belp is in the name of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth: it is not in man to direct his own steps; but his Creator only can preserve him. Then we go on to pronounce the name of the Lord blessed, henceforth world without end, for his righteousness to be revealed upon us the grace which we want. And lastly, in confidence of his goodness, we intreat him to hear our prayers, and let our cry come unto him.

After these preparatory ejaculations, and the usual admonition to be attentive, Let us pray; comes a longer act of devotion, which first commemorates God's mercy already bestowed, then petitions for an increase of it.

The commemoration sets forth, that he hath regenerated these his servants by water and the Holy Ghost: that is, initiated them by baptism to the enlivening influences of the spirit, and so, as it were, begotten them again into a new life, inexpensively happier than their natural one; a covenant-new-born, in which God will consider them, whilst they keep their engagements, with peculiar love, as his dear children. It follows, that he hath given unto them forgiveness of all their sins; meaning, that he hath given them assurance of it, on the gracious terms of the gospel. But that every one of them hath actually received it by complying with those terms since he sinned last, though we may charitably hope, we cannot presume to affirm: nor were these words intended to affirm it; as the known doctrine of the church of England fully proves. And therefore let no one misunderstand this expression in the office, which hath parallel ones in the New Testament, so as either to confute it, or delude himself with a fatal imagination, that any thing said before

him can possibly convey to him a pardon of sins, for which he is not truly penitent. We only acknowledge, with due thankfulness, that God hath done his part: but which of the congregation have done theirs, their own confidences must tell them.

After this commemoration, we go on to request for the persons before us, that God would strengthen them against all temptation, and support them under all affliction, by the Holy Ghost the comforter, and daily increase in them his manifold gifts of grace: which gifts we proceed to enumerate in seven particular parts, taken from the prophet Isaiah; by whom they are ascribed to our blessed Redeemer; but as the same mind ought to be in us which was in Christ Jesus, a petition for them was used, in the office of confirmation, 1400 years ago, if not sooner. The separate meaning of each of the seven, it is neither easy nor needful to determine with certainty. For indeed, if no more was designed, than to express very fully and strongly, by various words of nearly the same import, a pious and moral temper of mind; this is a manner of speaking both common and emphatical. But each of them may be taken in a distinct sense of its own. And thus we may beg for these our fellow-christians, a spirit of wisdom, to aim at the right end, the salvation of their souls; and of understanding, to pursue it by right means: of counsel, to form good purposes; and of glibly or spiritual strength, to execute them: of useful knowledge in the doctrines of religion; and true godliness, disposing them to a proper use of it. But chiefly, though lastly, we pray that they may be filled with the Spirit of God's holy fear; with that reverence of him, as the greatest, and purest, and best of beings, the rightful proprietor and just judge of all, which will effectually excite them to whatever they are concerned to believe or do.

For the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom**.

Having concluded this prayer for them all in general, the bishop implores the divine protection and grace for each one, or each pair of them, in particular: that as he is already God's professed child and servant, by the recognition which he hath just made of his baptismal covenant, so he may continue his for ever, by faithfully keeping it: and, far from decaying, daily increase in his Holy Spirit, that is, in the fruits of the Spirit, piety and
virtue, more and more: making greater and quicker advances in them, as life goes on, until he come to that decisive hour, when his portion shall be unchangeable in God's everlasting kingdom.

And, along with the utterance of these solemn words, he lays his hand on each of their heads: a ceremony used from the earliest ages by religious persons, when they prayed for God's blessing on any one; used by our Saviour, who, when children were brought to him, that he should put his hands on them, and pray, and bless them, was much displeased* with those who forbade it; used by the apostles, after converts were baptized, as the plain text plainly shews; reckoned in the epistle to the Hebrews among the foundations of the christian profession; constantly practised, and highly esteemed in the church from that time to this; and so far from being a popish ceremony, that the papists administer confirmation by other ceremonies of their own devising, and have laid aside this primitive one; which therefore our church very prudently restored. And the custom of it is approved, as apostolical, both by Luther and Calvin, and several of their followers, though they rashly abolished it, as having been abufed†. But I am credibly informed, that at Geneva it hath lately been restored.

The laying on of the hand naturally expresses good will and good wishes in the person who doth it: and in the present case is further intended, as you will find in one of the following prayers, to certify those, to whom it is done, of God's favour and gracious goodness towards them: of which goodness they will continually feel the effects, provided, which must always be understood, that they preserve their title to his care by a proper care of themselves. This, it must be owned, is a truth: and we may as innocently signify it by this sign as by any other, or as by any words to the same purpose. Further efficacy we do not ascribe to it: nor would have you look on bishops as having or claiming a power, in any cafe, to confer blessings arbitrarily on whom they please; but only as petitioning God for that blessing from above which he alone can give; yet we justly hope, will give the rather for the prayers of those whom he hath placed over his people, unless your own unworthinesse prove an impediment. Not that you are to expect, on the performance of this good office, any sudden and sensible change in your hearts, giving you, all at once, a remarkable strength or comfort in piety, which you never felt before. But you may reasonably promise yourselves, from going through it with a proper disposition, greater measures, when real occasion requires them, of such divine assistance as will be needful for your support and orderly growth in every virtue of a christian life.

'And now, the imposition of hands being signified, the bishop and congregation mutually recommend each other to God, and return to such joint and public devotions as are suitable to the solemnity. The first of these is the Lord's Prayer: a form reasonable always, but peculiarly now; as every petition in it will flow, to every one who considers it. In the next place, more especial supplications are poured forth, for the persons particularly concerned, to him who alone can enable them both to will and to do what is good; that, as the hand of his minister hath been laid upon them, so his fatherly hand may ever be over them, and lead them in the only way, the knowledge and obedience of his word, to everlasting life. After this, a more general prayer is offered up for them and the rest of the congregation together, that God would vouchsafe, unworthy as we all are, so to direct and govern both our hearts and bodies, our inclinations and actions, (for neither will suffice without the other) in the ways of his laws, and in the works of his commandments, that, through his most mighty protection, both here and ever, we may be preserved in body and soul: having the former, in his good time, raised up from the dead, and the latter made happy, in conjunction with it, to all eternity.

These requests being thus made, it only remains, that all be diffused with a solemn blessing: which will certainly abide with you, unless, by wilful sin, or gross negligence, you drive it away. And in that case, you must not hope, that your baptism, or your confirmation, or the prayers of the bishop, or the church, or the whole world, will do you any service. On the contrary, every thing which you might have been the better for, if you had made a good use of it, you will be the worse for, if you make a bad one. You do well to renew the covenant of your baptism in confirmation: but if you break it, you forfeit the benefit of it. You do well to repeat your vows in the sacrament of the Lord's supper: it is what all christians are commanded by their dying Saviour, for the strengthening and refreshing of their souls: it is what I beg all, who are confirmed, will re-

§ 174. The CHURCH CATECHISM explained, by way of Question and Answer.

PART I. The Christian Covenant.

SECT. I. Of the Benefits of Baptism; or the Mercies afforded on God's Part.

Quest. What is your name?

Anfw. N. or M.

Q. What do you call this name which you answer by?

A. I call it my christian name.

Q. Why do you call it your christian name?

A. Because it was given me when I was made a christian.

Q. Why are you here asked this name?

A. To put me in mind of the faith I professed, and the vows that I made at my baptism, when this name was given me.

Q. Who gave you this name?

A. My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Q. Why did your godfathers and godmothers give you your christian name?

A. Because they preferred me to my baptism, and gave security to the church for my christian education.

Q. What are the privileges you receive by being baptized?

A. I am thereby made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Q. Why are you said to be made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?

A. Because I was not so born, but made so by baptism.

Q. How do you prove this by scripture?

A. By Eph. ii. 3. 'And were by nature the children of wrath.'

John i. 12, 13. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power [privilege] to become the sons of God: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.'

John iii. 5, 6. 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh.'

Q. What is it to be a member of Christ?

A. It is to be a member of Christ's church, and thereby united to Christ as our head.

Q. Why is a member of Christ's church said to be a member of Christ?

A. Because the church is called the body.

R.
of Christ, and Christ is called the head of that body.
Q. Where is the church called the body of Christ, and Christ the head of the church?
A. In Eph. i. 22, 23. * The church, which is his body."

Eph. v. 23. * Christ is the head of the church.*

Q. How do you prove, that by baptism you are made a member of Christ's church?
A. Because Christ appointed, and his apostles always used baptism as the way of admittance into the church.

Q. What is it to be a child of God?
A. It is to be one whom God in an especial manner loves, as a father does his child.

Q. Why are you first said to be a member of Christ, and then a child of God?
A. Because it is through Christ that I am made a child of God.

Q. How do you prove from scripture, that by baptism you were made a child of God?
A. From Rom. viii. 15. * Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.*

Gal. iii. 26, 27. * Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus: for as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.*

Q. What is it to be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?
A. It is to be so by promise; so that I may surely, by leading a christian life, have the possession of an eternal inheritance.

Q. How is this proved by scripture?
A. From Luke xii. 32. * Fear not; little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.*

Rom. viii. 16, 17. * We are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.*

1 John ii. 25. * And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.*

Sect. II. Of the Vow of Baptism; or the Conditions required on our Part.
Q. You have told me what privileges you have by being baptized; but cannot you forfeit them?
A. Yes, I may lose them, if I do not keep the promises made for me when I was baptized.

Q. What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?
A. They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, That I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pompoms and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. Secondly, That I should believe all the articles of the christian faith. And thirdly, That I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Q. What is it that you here promise to renounce?
A. I promise to renounce the three spiritual enemies to my present and future happiness; which are the devil, the world, and the flesh.

Q. What is it to renounce them?
A. It is inwardly to hate, and actually to reject them, as not to follow, or to be led by them.

Q. What mean you by the word devil?
A. By that general word the devil, is meant all the fallen angels, who are under their prince combined for our ruin.

Q. What is meant by renouncing him?
A. The refusing all familiarity and contracts with the devil, whereof witches, conjurers, and such as resort to them are guilty.

Q. What is meant by the works of the devil?
A. All sin; particularly those sins which the devil himself is especially charged with; such as murder, cruelty, and malice; pride, envy, and lying, and seducing others to sin.

Q. Why is sin called the work of the devil?
A. Because he first sinned, then seduced men to sin, and doth still tempt to it.

Q. What proof have you from scripture of your obligation thus to renounce the devil and all his works?
A. From 1 John iii. 8. * He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.*

1 John v. 18. * We know that whatever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.*

2 Tim. ii. 19. * Let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity.*

Q. What is the second enemy you are to renounce?
A. This wicked world, with its pompoms and vanities.

Q. Why do you call it this wicked world?
A. Because of the evil it tempts to, and the evil use it is put to by bad men.

Q. What do you mean by pompoms?
A. Honour
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS

Q. What is it to renounce the pomps of this world?
A. It is to refrain from all immoderate desires of the honour and glory of this world, and from all pride and ostentation in what we enjoy of it.

Q. How do you prove from scripture, that you are obliged thus to renounce the pomps of the world?
A. From I John ii. 16. 'The pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world.'

Phil. ii. 3. 'Let nothing be done through vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.'

Q. What do you understand by the vanity of the world?
A. I understand by it covetousness, and all ungodly and vain customs of the world.

Q. What is it to renounce the vanities of the world?
A. It is to reject all unlawful means of gaining riches; to refuse to follow the sinful ways, customs, or fashions of the world, and to avoid all wicked company, which would lead us to them.

Q. What proof have you of being obliged to avoid all covetous desires of the world?
A. From I John ii. 15. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'

Luke xiii. 15. 'Take heed, and beware of covetousness.'

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to refuse to follow the sinful ways, customs, or fashions of the world?
A. From Rom. xii. 2. 'Be not conformed to this world.'

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to avoid all wicked company?
A. From I Cor. v. 11. 'Now have I written unto you, not to keep company; if any man that is called a brother [christian] be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a thief, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat.

Eph. v. 11. 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.'

Q. What do you understand by the sinful lusts of the flesh?
A. I understand by them, all unlawful pleasures to which we are provoked by our sensual inclinations; such as uncleanness, drunkenness, &c.

Q. What is it to renounce these?
his grace, that I may continue in the same
unto my life's end.
Q. Why do you think yourself bound to
believe and to do what your godfathers and
godmothers promiséd for you?
A. Because they acted in my stead, and
what they promised was in my name.
Q. Are you resolvido to do what they
promised for you?
A. Yes, by God's help; for otherwise I
shall forfeit the blessings of that state which I
was by my baptism admitted into.
Q. What is that state?
A. It is a state of salvation.
Q. Why do you call it a state of salva-
tion?
A. Because I have thereby all the means
necessary to salvation.
Q. How do you prove this from scriptu-
re?
A. From Rom. i. 16. 'The Gospel is
the power of God unto salvation, unto every
one that believeth.'
2 Tim. iii. 15. 'From a child thou hast
known the holy Scriptures, which are able
to make thee wise unto salvation.'
Q. How came you into this state of sal-
vation?
A. Our heavenly father called me to it
through Jesus Christ our Saviour, and in-
flated me into it by baptism.
Q. How do you prove this from scriptu-
re?
A. From Titus iii. 4, 5. 'The kindness
and love of God our Saviour towards man
appeared, not by works of righteousness
which we have done, but according to his
mercy he saved us by the washing of re-
generation, and renewing of the Holy
Ghost.'
2 Tim. i. 9. 'God who hath saved us,
according to his own purpose and grace,
which was given us in Christ Jesus, before
the world began.'
Eph. ii. 8. 'For by grace are ye saved,
through faith; and that not of yourselves;
it is the gift of God.'
Q. How do you think to be enabled to
do, and to continue in the performance of
this which you are obliged to?
A. I depend on God's grace to prevent,
assist, and confirm me.
Q. What reason have you for so doing?
A. From John xv. 5. 'Without me ye
can do nothing.'
2 Cor. iii. 5. 'Not that we are suffici-
et of ourselves to think any thing as of
ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.'
Phil. i. 6. 'Being confident of this very
thing, that he which hath begun a good work
in you, will perform [finish] it until the day
of Jesus Christ.'
Q. How do you think to obtain God's
grace?
A. I will pray unto God for it.
Q. What reason have you to think, that
by prayer you shall obtain it?
A. From Luke xi. 13. 'If ye being
evil know how to give good gifts unto your
children, how much more shall your heavenly
Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask
him?'
Heb. iv. 16. 'Let us come boldly un-
to the throne of grace, that we may obtain
mercy, and find grace to help in time of
need.'

PART II. The Christian Faith.

Sect. III. Of the Creed; particularly
what we are to believe concerning God the
Father.

Q. The second thing you promised, was
to believe all the articles of the Christian
faith; what do you mean by articles of the
Christian faith?
A. I thereby mean such points of the
doctrine revealed by Christ, and contained
in the Holy Scriptures, as are most neces-
sary to be believed.
Q. Where are those articles or points
briefly contained?
A. In the Apostles Creed.
Q. Rehearse the articles of thy belief.
A. I believe in God, the Father Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth;—and in Jesus
Christ his only Son our Lord; who was con-
ceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Vir-
gin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was
crucified, dead and buried; he descended
into hell; the third day he rose again from
the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sit-
teth at the right hand of God the Father
Almighty; from thence he shall come to
judge the quick and the dead,—I believe in
the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church;
the communion of saints; the forgiveness of
sins; the resurrection of the body, and the
everlasting life. Amen.
Q. What is the meaning of the word
Credo?
A. Credo is the same as belief.
Q. Why is it called the Apostles Creed?
A. Partly because of the apostolical doc-
trine contained in it; partly because it was
composed in or near the apostles time.
Q. What doth thou chiefly learn in these
articles of thy belief?
A. First,
A. First, I learn to believe in God the Father, who hath made me, and all the world. Secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed me and all mankind. Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the elect people of God.

Q. What do you observe from these three parts into which the creed or belief is divided?

A. 1. I observe a distinction of persons, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, 
2. A sameness of nature: the Father is God; the Son is God; the Holy Ghost is God.
3. A diversity of offices or operations: the Father creates, the Son redeems, the Holy Ghost sanctifies.

Q. What proof have you of such a distinction of persons in the same divine nature?

A. From Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

1 John v. 7. 'For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.'

2 Cor. xiii. 14. 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.'

Q. What does the first branch of the Creed treat of?

A. God the Father; and his work of creation.

Q. What is God?

A. God is an infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible Spirit, having all perfections in and of himself.

Q. What proof have you of God's being a Spirit?

A. From John iv. 24. 'God is a spirit.'

1 Tim. vi. 16. 'Whom no man hath seen, nor can see.'

Q. What proof have you for his being infinite?

A. From 1 Kings viii. 27. 'Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee.'

Jer. xxxiii. 24. 'Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.'

Q. How do you prove God to be eternal?

A. From Psal. xc. 2. 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.'

1 Tim. vi. 16. 'Who only hath immortality.'

Rev. iv. 8. 'Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'

Q. How do you prove God to be incomprehensible?

A. From Job xxxvi. 26. Behold, God is great, and we know him not.'

Job xxxvii. 23. 'Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out.'

Psal. cxiv. 3. 'Great is the Lord, and his greatness is unsearchable.'

Q. Are there more Gods than one?

A. There is but one living and true God.

Q. How do you prove that there is but one God?

A. From 1 Cor. iii. 4. 'There is none other God but one.'

Eph. iv. 6. 'One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.'

1 Tim. ii. 5. 'There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.'

Q. How is God said to be a Father?

A. 1. As he created all things; 1 Cor. viii. 6. 'God the Father, of whom are all things.'

2. As he is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. As he is our Father, by adopting us in him, having predestinated us to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ.'

Eph. i. 5.

Q. Why do you style God Almighty?

A. Because he has power to dispose of, and govern all things as he pleaseth.

Q. How do you prove God to be thus Almighty?

A. From Psal. lxii. 11. 'Power belongeth unto God.'

Psal. ciii. 19. 'The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.'

Q. What is meant by heaven and earth?

A. The world, and all things that are therein.

Q. What proof have you of God's being the maker of the heaven and the earth?

A. From Gen. i. 1. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

Acts iv. 24. 'Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that are therein.'

Heb. ix. 3. 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that the things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear.'

Q. Of what did God make the world?

R 3

A. He
A. He made it out of nothing.

Q. How is the world preferred?
A. By the same divine power that made it.

Q. How do you prove this?
A. From Neh. ix. 6. ‘Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, with all things that are therein; the seas, and all that is therein; and thou preferredst them all.

Sect. IV. Of God the Son; particularly his Names, Offices, and Relations.

Q. What does the second branch of the Creed treat of?
A. Of God the Son, and the work of Redemption.

Q. How is our Redeemer described?
A. By his names, offices, and relations.

Q. By what names is he called here?
A. Jesus and Christ.

Q. What doth the name Jesus signify?
A. It signifies a Saviour.

Q. Why was he called Jesus?
A. Because he was to ‘fave his people from their sins.’ Matt. i. 21.

Q. What doth the word Christ signify?
A. It is the same with Messiah, and signifies Anointed.

Q. Why is he called Christ, or the Anointed?
A. Because he was in a spiritual manner to perform the offices belonging to God’s anointed.

Q. What are those offices?
A. They are the offices of king, priest, and prophet.

Q. How is Christ a king?
A. As he governs and protects his church.

Q. How is he a priest?
A. As he did make atonement, and now intercedes for, and blesteth his church.

Q. How is Christ a prophet?
A. As he teacheth his church; which he did in his person, and continues to do by his Spirit, word, and ministration.

Q. How was Christ anointed?
A. He was anointed or set apart to these offices by the Holy Ghost, which he received without measure.

Q. What are the relations which Christ is described by here in the Creed?
A. They are two; the one relating to God the Father, as he is his only Son; the other to us, as he is our Lord.

Q. How is Christ the only Son of God?
A. As he derived his essence from the Father, and was conceived and born of a pure virgin, by the extraordinary power of God.

Q. How do you prove that Christ is the only Son of God?
A. From John i. 18. ‘No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.’

1 John iv. 9. ‘In this was manifested the love of God towards us; because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.’

Q. How is Christ said to be our Lord?
A. He is in a particular manner the Lord and head of his church; having ‘all power given unto him in heaven and in earth.’ Matt. xxviii. 18.

Sect. V. Of Christ’s Humiliation.

Q. What is the next thing relating to Christ?
A. His humiliation and exaltation.

Q. Wherein doth this humiliation consist?
A. In his becoming man and suffering death.

Q. How was Christ made man?
A. By the union of the human nature to the divine, in one person.

Q. How do you prove that Christ did thus become man?
A. From John i. 14. ‘The Word was made flesh.’

Gal. iv. 4. ‘God sent forth his Son, made of a woman.’

Heb. ii. 16. ‘Verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham.’

Q. How did Christ take on him our nature?
A. By being conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary.

Q. What proof have you of our Lord’s conception by the Holy Ghost?
A. From Matt. i. 20. ‘Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.’

Luke i. 35. ‘The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.’

Q. How do you prove that Christ was born of a virgin?
A. From Matt. i. 22, 23. ‘Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,'
A'loral... When Who It

> A. Because this death was of the worst fort, it was most infamous, painful, and accursed.

> Q. Why is it said that our Saviour died?
> A. To shew that his body, when alive, was vitally united to his soul.

> Q. Why is it said that he was buried?
> A. To shew the certainty of his death, and give testimony to the truth of his resurrection.

> Q. What is meant by his descending into hell?
> A. The disposal of his soul in its state of separation from the body.

> Q. How do you prove that Christ descended into hell?
> A. From Acts ii. 25, 27. 'David speaketh concerning him, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.'

**Sect. VI. Of Christ's Exaltation.**

Q. Wherein does our Saviour's exaltation consist?
A. 1. In his resurrection. 2d. His ascension. 3d. His glorification. 4th. His coming to judgment.

Q. What is the resurrection of Christ?
A. It is the restoring him to life by the union of the self-same soul to the self-same body.

Q. When did our Lord rise?
A. On the third day after he died, which was the first day of the week, which is thence called the Lord's Day.

Q. Why did our Lord rise from the dead?
A. To assure us that he had fully completed the whole work of our redemption.

Q. How do you prove from Scripture, that this was the end of our Saviour's resurrection?
A. From Romans iv. 25. 'Who was raised again for our justification.'

Q. What do you mean by saying, that Christ ascended into heaven?
A. I mean, that he did actually go up thither in a visible and triumphant manner.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?
A. From Acts i. 9. 'While they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.'

Q. What is meant by his sitting at the right hand of God?
A. By it is meant, that Christ is advanced...
to the highest dignity and authority under
God the Father.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?
A. From 1 Pet. iii. 22. 'Who is gone
into heaven, and is on the right hand of
God; angels, and authorities, and powers
being made subject unto him.'

Eph. i. 20, 21. 'He raised him from
the dead, and set him at his own right
hand in the heavenly places, far above all
principality, and power, and might, and
dominion.'

Heb. x. 12. 'This man, after he had
offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever fat
don the right hand of God.'

Q. This phrase then, of the right hand
of God, does not imply that God has hands?
&c.

A. No: This way of speaking is only
used in condescension to us; for God is a
Spirit, and hath no body, nor parts of a
body.

Q. What does Christ do at the right
hand of God?
A. He appears in the presence of God
for us, as our mediator, intercessor, and
advocate.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?
A. From Heb. ix. 24. 'Christ is entered
into heaven itself, now to appear in the
presence of God for us.'

Rom. viii. 34. 'Christ who is at the
right hand of God, who also maketh inter-
cession for us.'

1 John ii. 1. 'We have an advocate
with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.'

Q. Is Christ the only mediator?
A. Yes: 'There is one mediator be-
tween God and men, the man Christ Jesus.'

1 Tim. ii. 5.

Q. Why are the words, Father Almighty
added here?
A. To shew us the truth and fulness of
all that authority and dominion to which
Christ, as our mediator, is advanced.

Q. Whence shall Christ come to judg-
ment?
A. From heaven.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?
A. From 1 Thess. iv. 16. 'The Lord
himself shall descend from heaven.'

Q. Whom shall Christ judge?
A. All men; the quick, those who shall
then be alive, and the dead.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?
A. From Acts x. 42. 'It is he which
was ordained of God to be the judge of
quick and dead.'

Q. For what shall he judge them?

A. For all things, whether secret or open.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?
A. From 2 Cor. v. 10. 'We must all
appear before the judgment-seat of Christ,
that every one may receive the things done
in his body, according to that he hath done,
whether it be good or bad.'

Eccl. xii. 14. 'God shall bring every
work into judgment, with every secret
thing, whether it be good, or whether it be
evil.'

SECT. VII. Of God the Holy Ghost, and the
remaining Articles of the Creed.

Q. Who is the Holy Ghost?
A. He is the third person in the sacred
Trinity.

Q. How is this proved?
A. From Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Baptiz-
ing them in the name of the Father, and of
the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Q. What do you mean by the word
Ghost?
A. Ghost is the same with Spirit.

Q. Why is he called the Holy Ghost?
A. Because of his office, which is in
Christ's stead, to sanctify, or make holy the
church.

Q. How do you prove that our sancti-
cation proceeds from the Holy Ghost?
A. From 1 Cor. vi. 11. 'But ye are
washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are
justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and
by the Spirit of our God.'

Q. What do you mean by the church?
A. I mean a society of persons called by
God to the profession of true religion.

Q. What does the word catholic signify?
A. It signifies universal.

Q. Why is the term Catholic applied to
the Christian church?
A. To distinguish it from the Jewish
church, which was confined to one nation,
whereas the Christian church is extended to
all nations.

Q. How is the church said to be holy?
A. As it is dedicated to God by covenant
and profession, and is thereby obliged to be
holy,

Q. What are the privileges belonging to
the holy catholic church?
A. They are four: 1st, The communion
of saints. 2d, The forgiveness of sins. 3d,
The resurrection of the body. And 4th, The
life everlasting.

Q. What is the first privilege?
A. The communion of saints.

Q. How is the word Saints to be under-
fstood?

A. It
A. It is most properly to be understood of those, who are the true and living members of Christ's church, namely, such as do answer the end of their calling by a lively faith and holy conversation.

Q. In what does this communion consist? A. In a fellowship in all acts of divine worship, piety, and charity; and in a partaking of in common the privileges and benefits of the gospel.

Q. What are those privileges which christians have thus in common amongst them? A. They are, their making all but one body or church; their being all sanctified by one Spirit; their having all one hope of their calling; one lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and father of all.

Q. How do you prove this communion of saints to be the privilege of the church? A. From Acts ii. 42. 'They continued steadfastly in the apostles doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.'

1 Cor. xii. 26. 'Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.'

Eph. iii. 6. 'That the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel.'

Q. What is the second privilege of the church? A. Forgiveness of sin.

Q. What is sin? A. Sin is the transgression of the law of God.

Q. What is the punishment due to sin? A. Death temporal and eternal.

Q. What proof have you of this? A. From Rom. vi. 23. 'The wages of sin is death.'

Matt. xxv. 46. 'These [the wicked] shall go away into everlasting punishment.'

Q. What is the forgivenes of sin? A. It is God's not exacting the punishment due to sin from those that have committed it.

Q. On what terms is sin forgiven? A. On condition of our faith and repentance.

Q. How is this proved from scripture? A. From Acts xxvi. 18. 'That they may receive forgiveness of sins, by faith that is in me.'

Luke xxiv. 47. 'That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.'

Q. By what means is God thus reconciled to sinful man, as to forgive him his sins? A. It is through Jesus Christ, who has suffered in our stead, and thereby merited this benefit of pardon and forgivenes.

Q. How do you prove this from scripture? A. From Eph. iv. 32. 'God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.'

2 Cor. v. 19. 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself; not imputing their trespasses unto them.'

Eph. i. 7. 'In Christ we have redemption through his blood, the forgivenes of sins, according to the riches of his grace.'

Q. What is the third privilege of the church? A. The resurrection of the body.

Q. What do you understand by the resurrection of the body? A. I understand, that the body shall be raised out of the dust, and being again united to the soul, shall be glorious and immortal.

Q. How do you prove this from scripture? A. From John v. 28, 29. 'The hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.'

2 Cor. iv. 14. 'Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus, shall raise us also by Jesus.'

Phil. iii. 21. 'Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.'

1 Cor. xv. 53. 'This mortal must put on immortality.'

Q. What is the fourth privilege of the church? A. Life everlasting.

Q. What do you mean by the life everlasting? A. A state of most perfect happiness consisting in the perfection of our natures, and the enjoyment of God to all eternity.

Q. How do you prove from scripture that the righteous shall be placed in such a state? A. From John vi. 47. 'He that believeth on me, hath everlasting life.'

Matt. xxii. 30. 'In the resurrection, they are as the angels of God in heaven.'

1 Pet. v. 4. 'When the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.'

Q. How are the wicked to be disposed of hereafter? A. They
A. They are to be banished from the presence of God, and tormented eternally in hell, with the devil and his angels.

Q. How is this proved from scripture? A. From Matt. xxv. 41. "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

1 Cor. vi. 9. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?"

2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9. "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them, that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."

Q. Why do you say Amen at your concluding the Creed? A. To shew my steadfast belief of it, and my desire to live as one that heartily believes it.

Part III. The Christian Obedience.

Sec. VIII. Of the Ten Commandments; particularly of our duty towards God, contained in the four first commandments.

Q. What is the third thing that was promised in your name at your baptism? A. That I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Q. What are these commandments? A. The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Q. What proof have you that Christ has confirmed these commandments? A. From Matt. xix. 17. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments."

Rom. vii. 12. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good."

Q. How is it that you are to keep these commandments? A. I must observe all of them, make them my daily practice, and that as long as I live.

Q. Which is the first commandment? A. Thou shalt have none other Gods but me.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment? A. I am forbidden to have or own any more than one God, and to give the honour due to God to any other.

Q. How do you prove that you must worship none but God? A. From Matt. iv. 10. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Q. What is required of you in this first commandment? A. I am required to believe in God, to fear him, and to love him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength.

Q. How do you prove it to be your duty to believe in God? A. From Heb. xi. 6. "Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Rom. iv. 20. "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God."

Q. How do you prove it your duty to fear God? A. From Luke xii. 5. "I will forewarn you whom you shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him."

1 Pet. ii. 17. "Fear God."

Q. How do you prove it your duty to love God? A. From Mark xii. 30. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

Eph. vi. 24. "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Q. What is the second commandment? A. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shew mercy unto thousands, in them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment? A. The making of any image or picture to worship the true God by.

Q. What difference is there betwixt this and the first commandment? A. The first commandment forbids the worship of all false gods; and this forbids the worshipping the true God after a false manner.

Q. What
Q. What proof have you against idolatrous worship?  
A. From 1 Cor. x. 14. 'My dearly beloved, flee from idolatry.',  
2 Cor. vi. 16. 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?'  
1 John v. 21. 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?  
A. To worship him, to give him thanks, to put my whole trust in him, to call upon him.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to worship God?  
A. From John iv. 23. 'The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.'  
Matt. iv. 10. 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God.'

Q. What proof have you for bodily worship?  
A. From Luke xxii. 41. 'He [Christ] kneeled down, and prayed.'  
Acts xx. 36. 'He [Paul] kneeled down, and prayed with them all.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to give thanks unto God?  
A. From Eph. v. 20. 'Giving thanks always for all things unto God, and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Heb. xiii. 15. 'Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to put your whole trust in him?  
A. From 1 Tim. iv. 10. 'We trust in the living God.'

1 Pet. v. 7. 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to call upon God?  
A. From Matt. vii. 7. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

Eph. vi. 18. 'Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit; and watching thereunto with all perseverance.

Col. iv. 2. 'Continue in prayer; and watch in the same with thanksgiving.'

Q. What is the third commandment?  
A. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.

Q. What is meant here by the name of God?  
A. That by which he is made known to us; as his titles, attributes, ordinances, word, and works.

Q. What is it then that is forbidden in this commandment?  
A. All false swearing, and all rash or common swearing; all blasphemy, or speaking reproachfully of God or religion; and all irreverent use of the name of God, or of things belonging to him.

Q. How do you prove it unlawful to dis-honour God's name by rash or common swearing?  
A. From Matt. v. 34. 'I say unto you, Swear not at all.'

Jam. v. 12. 'Above all things, my brethren, swear not.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?  
A. To honour God's holy name and his word.

Q. What is it to honour God's name?  
A. It is to use it with reverence in our oaths, vows, promises, discourse, and worship.

Q. How do you prove it your duty thus to honour God's name?  
A. From Psalm cxix. 3. 'Let them praise thy great and terrible name, for it is holy.'

1 Tim. vi. 1. 'That the name of God be not blasphemed.'

1 Cor. x. 31. 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'

Q. What is it to honour God's word?  
A. It is reverently to read and hear the holy scriptures; and to use with respect whatever has a more immediate relation to God and his service.

Q. How do you prove it your duty thus to honour God's word?  
A. From Col. iii. 16. 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom.'

Jam. i. 21, 22. 'Receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.'

Lev. x. 3. 'I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me.'

Q. What is the fourth commandment?  
A. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day: Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou haft to do; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy
thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

Q. What doth the word Sabbath signify?
A. It signifies rest.

Q. What is meant by God's hallowing the seventh day?
A. 'Tis his setting it apart for holy uses.

Q. What are those holy uses which the Sabbath was set apart for?
A. It was set apart for the public and private worship of God.

Q. In what does the public worship of God consist?
A. It consists in prayer, hearing the word of God read and preached, and setting forth his praise, and in receiving the sacrament.

Q. Wherein does the private worship of God consist?
A. It consists in prayer, reading, and meditation on the word and works of God.

Q. What is required farther in this commandment?
A. It requires that we rest from all service and ordinary employments.

Q. Why do Christians observe the first day of the week as a sabbath, and not the seventh?
A. Because on the first day of the week Christ arose from the dead.

Q. What proof have you of this practice of observing the first day of the week as the sabbath?
A. From John xx. 19. 'The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.'

Q. What is the sum of what is required in these first four commandments?
A. To serve God truly all the days of my life.

Q. What is the fifth commandment?
A. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Q. What is required in this commandment?
A. I am required in it to love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him: to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to love, honour, and succour your father and mother?
A. From Matt. xv. 4. 'God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and mother.'

Eph. vi. 1. 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.'
1 Tim. v. 4. 'If any widow have children or nephews [grandchildren] let them learn first to shew piety [kindness] at home, and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God.'

Q. How do you prove what the parents duty is towards their children?
A. From Eph. vi. 4. 'Ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

Heb. xii. 7. 'What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him?
A. From Rom. xiii. 1. 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.'

Titus iii. 1. 'Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers; to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.'

1 Pet. ii. 13, 14. 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to submit yourself to your spiritual governors, teachers, and pastors?
A. From Heb. xiii. 17. 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you.'

1 Tim. v. 17. 'Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour; especially they who labour in the word and doctrine.'

Q. How
Q. How do you prove it the duty of servants to submit to their masters?  
A. From Eph. vi. 5, 6. * Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ: not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.  

Tit. ii. 9, 10. * Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answearing again, nor purloining, but shewing all good fidelity, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.  

i Pet. ii. 18. * Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.  

Q. How do you prove the duty of masters towards their servants?  
A. From Col. iv. 1. * Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a master in heaven.  

Eph. vi. 9. * Ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with him.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to order yourself lowly and reverently to all your betters?  
A. From 1 Pet. v. 5. * Ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder.  

Eph. v. 21. * Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.  

Q. What is the sixth commandment?  
A. Thou shalt do no murder.  

Q. What is the sin forbidden in this commandment?  
A. The sin of murder, or the wilful killing of our neighbour.  

Q. What is required in this commandment?  
A. To love my neighbour as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do to me; to hurt no body by word or deed; and to bear no malice or hatred in my heart.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to love your neighbour as yourself?  
A. From Jam. ii. 8. * If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well.  

John xiii. 34. * A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to do to all men as you would they should do unto you?  
A. From Matt. vii. 12. * All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.  

Luke vi. 31. * As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to hurt no body by word or deed?  
A. From Rom. xii. 17, 18. * Recompense to no man evil for evil. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.  

Eph. iv. 31. * Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to bear no malice or hatred in your heart?  
A. From Col. iii. 8. * Put off all these; anger, wrath, malice.  

i John iii. 15. * Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.  


Q. What is the seventh commandment?  
A. Thou shalt not commit adultery.  

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment?  
A. The acting any manner of uncleanness, and the encouraging any desire of and inclination to it.  

Q. What is required in this commandment?  
A. To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your body in temperance and soberness?  
A. From Luke xxii. 34. * Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life.  

Rom. xiii. 13. * Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness.  

Eph. v. 18. * Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.  

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your body in chastity?  
A. From 1 Theff. iv. 7. * God hath not called us to uncleanness, but unto holiness.  

1 Cor. vi. 18. * Flee fornication; be not partakers of the flesh罪 against itself own body.  

Eph.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,  Book I.

Eph. v. 5. 'This ye know, that no whommonger, nor unclean person, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, and of God.'

Heb. xiii. 4. 'Whommongers and adulterers God will judge.'

Col. iii. 8. 'Put—filthy communication out of your mouth.'

Q. What is the eighth commandment?
A. Thou shalt not steal.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment?
A. The taking away, or detaining from another by force or deceit, that which is his right.

Q. What is required of you in this commandment?
A. I am required to be true and just in all my dealings; to keep my hands from picking and stealing; to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call me.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to be true and just in all your dealings?
A. From Rom. xiii. 7, 8. 'Render to all their dues. Owe no man any thing.'

Lev. xxv. 14. 'If thou fell aught unto thy neighbour, or buyest aught of thy neighbour's hand, ye shall not oppress one another.'

Jer. xxii. 13. 'Wo to him who buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; who useth his neighbour's service without wages.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your hands from picking and stealing?
A. From Eph. iv. 28. 'Let him that stole, steal no more.'

1 Thess. iv. 6. 'That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to learn and labour to get your own living honestly, in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call you?
A. From Eph. iv. 28. 'Rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good.'

1 Thess. iv. 11. 'That ye study to be quiet, and to do your own busines, and to work with your own hands.'

2 Thess. iii. 12. 'We command, and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to relieve the poor, according to the state of life in which you are placed?
A. From Luke xi. 41. 'Give alms of such things as you have.'

Acts xx. 35. 'Ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Eph. iv. 28. 'Let him labour, working with his hands, that he may have to give to him that needeth.'

Q. What is the ninth commandment?
A. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Q. What is the sin here forbidden?
A. The unjust accusation of any body, whether on oath or otherwise.

Q. How do you prove that this is forbidden you?
A. From Luke iii. 14. 'Neither accuse any falsely.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?
A. To keep my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and flandering; to vindicate my neighbour when I know he is wronged: and to judge the most charitably of others.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your tongue from evil-speaking, and flandering?
A. From Jam. i. 26. 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain.'

Tit. iii. 2. 'Speak evil of no man.'

Jam. iv. 11. 'Speak not evil one of another.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your tongue from lying?
A. From Eph. iv. 25. 'Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour; for we are members one of another.'

Col. iii. 9. 'Lie not one to another.'

Rev. xxi. 8. 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.'

Q. How do you prove that you ought to judge charitably of others?
A. From Matt. vii. 1. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

1 Cor. iii. 5. 'Charity thinketh no evil.'

Q. What is the tenth commandment?
A. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his as, nor any thing that is his.

Q. What is the sin forbidden in this commandment?
A. I
A. I am forbidden to covet or desire to get other men's goods by any indirect means. I am not to entertain so much as the thoughts of doing any thing, that can be supposed to be to the prejudice of my neighbour.

Q. How do you prove it your duty not to covet or desire other men's goods?
A. From Luke xii. 15. 'Take heed and beware of covetousness.'

Heb. xiii. 5. 'Let your conversation be without covetousness.'

Acts xx. 33. 'I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?
A. I am required to be content in my present state and condition.

Q. How do you prove this to be your duty?
A. From Phil. iv. 11. 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'

1 Tim. vi. 8. 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.'

Heb. xiii. 5. 'Be content with such things as ye have.'

Q. The commandments, as you have repeated them, are ten; how then are they said by our Saviour, Matt. xxii. to be two?
A. They are said to be two, as they are divided into two tables, containing my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.

Q. What is thy duty towards God?
A. My duty towards God, is to believe in him, to fear him, and to love him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship him, to give him thanks, to put my whole trust in him, to call upon him, to honour his holy name and his word; and to serve him truly all the days of my life.

Q. What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?
A. My duty towards my neighbour, is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me: to love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him; to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; and to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; to hurt no body by word or deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking lying, and slander; to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

PART IV. The Christian Prayer.

SECT. X. Of the Lord's Prayer.

Q. My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer; let me hear therefore if thou canst say the Lord's prayer.

A. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Q. Why do you call it the Lord's prayer?
A. Because our Lord Jesus Christ was the author or composer of it.

Q. How does it appear that we are directed to use this prayer?
A. From Matt. vi. 9. 'After this manner pray ye.'

Luke xi. 2. 'When ye pray, say, Our Father, &c.'

Q. What desir'est thou of God in this prayer?
A. I desire my Lord God, our heavenly father, who is the giver of all goodnes, to send his grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship him, serve him, and obey him as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that he will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that he will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please him to save and defend us in all dangers, ghostly and bodily; and that he will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death; and this I trust he will do of his mercy and goodnes, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen. So be it.

Q. What are the general parts of this prayer?
A. They
A. They are three, viz. the preface, the petitions, and the conclusion.
Q. What is the preface?
A. Our Father, which art in heaven.
Q. What does this teach us?
A. It teaches us whom we are to pray to, and with what frame of spirit we should pray.
Q. Whom does it teach us to pray unto?
A. It teaches us to pray unto God only.
Q. What frame of spirit doth it teach us to pray with?
A. It teaches us to pray with reverence, charity, and confidence.
Q. How does it direct us to pray with reverence?
A. Because as God is our heavenly Father, he must be invocated with authority, majesty, and power, to require respect from us.
Q. How does it direct us to pray with charity?
A. Because it requires us to pray for others, as well as ourselves; and therefore we say, not My father, but Our father.
Q. How does it direct us to pray with confidence?
A. Because it represents God as the giver of all goodnes, and one whom we may claim a particular interest in, as being our father.
Q. How many petitions are there in the Lord's prayer?
A. Six.
Q. What desirest thou of God in these petitions?
A. In the three first, I desire that God may be glorified, by our worshipping him, serving him, and obeying him as we ought to do; and in the other three, that our wants may be supplied.
Q. What is the first petition?
A. Hallowed be thy name.
Q. What is meant by hallowing of God's name?
A. By it is meant, the treating of God himself, and whatever relates to him, after an holy manner.
Q. What do you pray for in this petition?
A. I pray that God may be honoured by us, and all men, in every thing; and that he would enable us to promote the honour of his name by an holy, useful, and exemplary life and conversation.
Q. What is the second petition?
A. Thy kingdom come.
Q. What is meant by the kingdom of God?
A. His sovereign authority in the world, the power of his grace in the church, and the perfection of glory in heaven.
Q. What do you mean in praying for the coming of his kingdom?
A. I pray that God would rule in our hearts, and enlarge the Christian church, by destroying the power of sin and Satan; and that he would hasten the kingdom of glory.
Q. What is the third petition?
A. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Q. What do you mean by the will of God?
A. Whatever he hath promised or commanded in his word, or does inflict in the course of his providence.
Q. What then do you pray for in this petition?
A. I pray that God will accomplish, in his good time, whatever he has promised; and make me, and all the world, to submit to, and serve him with our utmost care and diligence, as the angels and saints do in heaven.
Q. What is the fourth petition?
A. Give us this day our daily bread.
Q. What is meant by daily bread?
A. That which is every day necessary for our subsistence, and convenient for our comfort.
Q. Why do you every day pray, Give us this day?
A. Because we every day depend upon God for the supply of what we want, and for the blessing of what we have.
Q. Is this all you pray for in this petition, that which is necessary and convenient for the body?
A. No; bread is sometimes used in a spiritual sense; accordingly I pray, that God will send us all things that be necessary for our souls.
Q. What is the fifth petition?
A. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
Q. What is meant by trespasses?
A. All sins, of what sort or degree ever.
Q. Why do you add, as we forgive them that trespass against us?
A. As an argument for God to forgive us, and to shew the necessity of our forgiving our brethren, since 'tis a condition without which we shall not be forgiven ourselves.
Q. How do you prove that forgiving others is the condition of our expecting forgiveness from God?
A. From Matt. vi. 14, 15. If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father
father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses.'

Mark xi. 25. 'When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against: that your father also, which is in heaven, may forgive you your trespasses.'

Luke vi. 37. 'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.'

Q. What is the sixth petition? A. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Q. What do you pray against in this clause, Lead us not into temptation? A. I pray that God will either keep me from all temptations to sin, or would strengthen me under them.

Q. Why do you pray that God would not lead us into temptation, since he never tempteth any man to sin? A. Because all temptations are by God's permission, and he can strengthen at any time, and keep us from falling.

Q. What proof have you of God's power and goodness in this matter? A. From 1 Cor. x. 13. 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'

2 Pet. ii. 9. 'The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.'

Q. What is the evil you pray to be delivered from? A. The evil of sin and punishment, the evil of temptation, and the devil, the author of it.

Q. What is the sum of what you pray for in this petition? A. I pray, that it would please God to save and defend me in all dangers, whether of soul or body; and that he will keep me from all sin and wickedness, and from my spiritual enemy (the devil) and from everlasting death.

Q. What is the doxology, or conclusion of the Lord's prayer? A. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Q. What is meant by doxology? A. It is a solemn form of praise and thanksgiving used in the church of God.

Q. What is contained in this doxology? A. It contains an acknowledgment of God's excellencies, and of the honour and thanks which we are to render to him for whatever we receive; and of the end to which they are to be applied, to his glory.

Q. Why do you say Amen at the conclusion? A. Amen signifies So be it; and I here say it to signify that I trust God will of his mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ, grant all that I have prayed for.

Q. What reason have you for this your trust, that God will hear and grant your request? A. From Matt. vii. 8. 'Every one that asketh, receiveth.'

Matt. xxi. 22. 'All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'

John xvi. 23. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.'

1 John v. 14. 'This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.'

PART V. The Christian Sacraments.

SECT. XI. Of the Two Sacraments; and Sign of Baptism.

Q. How many sacraments hath Christ ordained in his church? A. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation, that is to say, baptism and the supper of the Lord.

Q. Why are they said to be generally necessary? A. Because no persons are excepted from the obligation of observing them, but those that are incapable, and have not an opportunity.

Q. What meanest thou by this word Sacrament? A. I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

Q. How many parts are there in a sacrament? A. Two; the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

Q. What is the outward visible sign, or form in baptism? A. Water; wherein the person is baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Q. What is the command for baptism? A. In Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Go ye, and teach [make disciples in] all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Q. What
Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace?  
A. A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

Q. What is the state you and all mankind were in before baptism?  
A. ‘We were by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath.’ Eph. ii. 3.

Q. What is the state you are brought into by baptism?  
A. We are hereby made the children of grace.

Q. How are you made a child of grace by baptism?  
A. As I am thereby adopted to be God’s child, and taken into covenant with him, and have a title to the grace and blessings of that covenant, which my baptism is the means and pledge of.

Q. Is baptism alone sufficient to salvation?  
A. No, not in grown persons; such must die unto sin, and live unto righteousness.

Q. What is it to die unto sin?  
A. It is to be changed from the pollution of sin, and to cease from it, as a dead man does from the actions of life.

Q. What is it to live unto righteousness?  
A. It is to have a change wrought in the soul, by receiving holy dispositions from the Spirit of God, and an ability to proceed in all virtue and godliness of living.

Q. How do you prove that in baptism there is a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness?  
A. From Rom. vi. 4. ‘We are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.’

Rom. vi. 11. ‘Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

2 Cor. v. 17. ‘If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.’

Q. What is required of persons to be baptized?  
A. Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament.

Q. What is repentance?  
A. A hearty sorrow for, and forsaking of sin.

Q. How do you prove that repentance is required of persons to be baptized?  
A. From Acts ii. 38. ‘Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins.’

Q. How do you prove that faith is required of persons to be baptized?  
A. From Acts ii. 41. ‘They that gladly received his word were baptized.’

Acts viii. 37. ‘If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest be baptized.’

Q. Why then are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?  
A. Because they promise them both [repentance and faith] by their services, which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform.

Q. If repentance and faith be required of persons to be baptized, how then are children capable of baptism?  
A. They are capable of a covenant-title to the blessings of pardon, grace, and salvation, on God’s part, and of being obliged by vow and promise on their part; but actual faith and repentance is then necessary, when they come of age to take this vow upon themselves.

Q. What proof have you that infants are capable of grace and salvation?  
A. From Matt. xix. 14. ‘Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

Q. What proof have you of infants being obliged to do a thing they do not actually consent to?  
A. From Gen. xvii. 14. ‘The uncircumcised man-child, whose flesh of his foreskin is not circumcised, that soul shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant.’

Deut. xxix. 20. 11, 22. ‘Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your captains of your tribes, your little ones, that thou shouldest enter into covenant with the Lord thy God.’

Q. What warrant is there for the baptism of infants born of Christian parents?  
A. Because the covenant, which baptism is the admission into, belongs to them.

Q. How do you prove that the covenant belongs to the children of Christian parents?  
A. From Acts ii. 39. ‘The promise is unto you, and to your children.’

1 Cor. vii. 14. ‘Now are your children holy,’ [or Christians.]

Sect. XII. Of the Lord’s Supper.

Q. Why was the sacrament of the Lord’s supper ordained?  
A. For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice
Facrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

Q. Why is this sacrament called the Lord's supper?
A. Because it was appointed by our Lord at supper, immediately before his death.

Q. For what end did our Lord appoint it?
A. As a means to keep up the remembrance of the facrifice of his death, and to convey and assure to us the benefits we receive thereby.

Q. How does this appear to be the end of appointing this sacrament?
A. From Luke xxii. 19, 'This is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.'

1 Cor. xi. 26. 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.'

Matt. xxvi. 28. 'This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins.'

Q. Why is Christ's death called a facrifice?
A. Because Christ was a facrifice for sin.

Q. How do you prove that Christ was a facrifice for sin?
A. From Heb ix. 26. 'He put away sin by the facrifice of himself.'

2 Cor. v. 21. 'He hath made him to be fin [a fin-offering] for us, who knew no fin.'

Q. How long is this ordinance to continue?
A. It is for the continual remembrance of the death of Christ, till he come to judge the world.

Q. How do you prove that the sacrament of the Lord's supper is to continue till Christ's second coming to judge the world?
A. From 1 Cor. xi. 26. 'As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.'

Q. What is the outward part, or sign of the Lord's supper?
A. Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

Q. What proof have you that the Lord hath commanded bread and wine to be received?
A. From 1 Cor. xi. 23, 24, 25. 'I have received of the Lord, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup.'

Q. What is the inward part, or thing signified?
A. The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper.

Q. How is the body and blood of Christ verily and indeed taken and received?
A. All who rightly receive this sacrament, do thereby actually partake of that great facrifice which Christ offered; and of all the benefits which he thereby merited for mankind, in order to the sanctifying and saving of their souls.

Q. How is this proved from scripture?
A. From 1 Cor. x. 16. 'The cup of blessing which we blesse, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?

Q. What are the benefits which we receive thereby?
A. The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

Q. How are our souls strengthened and refreshed by the body and blood of Christ?
A. By being meet partakers of the sacramental bread and wine, we are assured of Christ's favour and goodnefs towards us; that we are true and living members of his body the church, and alfo heirs, through hope, of his everlasting kingdom.

Q. What is required of them who come to the Lord's supper?
A. To examine themselves, whether they repent them truly of their former sins, ftedfastly purposing to lead a new life, have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and be in charity with all men.

Q. How do you prove this examination necessary?
A. From 1 Cor. xi. 27, 28. 'Whoover shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and fo let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.'

Q. Why is repentance necessary to the receiving of the Lord's supper?
A. Because without repentance we can hope for no benefit from the death of Christ, which we here remember.

Q. How is it proved that we ought to repent?
A. From 1 Cor. v. 8. 'Let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with
with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.'

1 Cor. xi. 31. 'If we would judge ourselves; we should not be judged.'

Q. Why is faith necessary to the receiving of the Lord's supper?
A. Because it is a sacrament appointed for such believers as own their baptism, and are ripe in knowledge; and for that therein they have a near communion with Christ, and feed on him by faith.

Q. What proof have you for this duty?
A. From 2 Cor. xiii. 5. 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.'

Heb. x. 22. 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith.'

Q. Why is our thankfulness necessary to the receiving of the Lord's supper?
A. Because the Lord's supper is a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God for our redemption by Christ.

Q. What proof have you for a thankful remembrance of Christ's death?
A. From Rom. v. 8. 'God commendeth his love towards us, in that whilst we were yet sinners Christ died for us.'

1 Cor. vi. 20. 'Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.'

Q. Why is the being in charity necessary to the Lord's supper?
A. Because it is a feast of love, and a communion of Christians one with another; and signifies their conjunction in one spiritual body.

Q. What proof have you for this duty?
A. From Matt. v. 23, 24. 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.'

1 Cor. x. 17. 'We being many, are one bread, and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread.'

Eph. v. 2. 'Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God.'

1 John iv. 11. 'If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.'

SECT. the last. On Confirmation.

Q. Is there any thing else required of those who come to the Lord's supper?
A. It is ordained by the church, 'that none shall be admitted to the holy communion until such time as he is confirmed, or ready and desirous to be confirmed.'

Q. What do you mean by confirmation?
A. I mean the solemn laying on of the hands of the bishop, accompanied with prayer, upon such as have been baptized, and are come to years of discretion.

Q. Why do you call this confirmation?
A. Because by this ordinance I confirm those vows and promises, which were made in my name when I was baptized.

Q. How are those vows and promises now confirmed by you?
A. I do in the presence of God, and of the congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in my name at my baptism; ratifying and confirming the same in my own person, and acknowledging myself bound to believe and to do all those things which my godfathers and godmothers then undertook for me.

Q. Have you no other reason for calling this ordinance by the name of confirmation?
A. Yes; I call it confirmation, because, by the bishop's laying his hands on me, and by the prayers of him and the congregation, I hope to be strengthened with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and defended with his heavenly grace, that I may continue the Lord's for ever.

Q. Why was this ordinance instituted?
A. It was instituted in order to make us, who were baptized in our infancy, more sensible of the obligations we are under to believe and do what was then promised for us.

Q. What are the benefits of this institution?
A. They who are duly confirmed have the benefit of God's grace procured for them, by the prayers of the bishop and the congregation in their behalf; are duly instructed in the principles of the Christian religion; and are engaged to begin betimes both to consider their duty, and to apply themselves to the discharge of it.

Q. Are all godfathers and godmothers obliged to see, that those for whom they answer be first duly instructed in the principles of their religion, and then brought to be confirmed by the bishop?
A. Yes, certainly. As they have received a solemn charge to see that the infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession he hath made by them; and to take care that the child be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him; so nothing can excuse them from the obligations of this duty, when they have power and opportunity to do either.
Q. What is required of persons to be confirmed?

A. That, when they are come to years of discretion, they be taught to know and understand what a solemn vow, promise, and profession they made by their godfathers and godmothers when they were baptized; and that they be ready and desirous, in their own names, to ratify and confirm the same.

Q. How often ought any Christian to be confirmed?

A. But once. As there is one baptism, so there is required but one solemn ratification or confirmation of it.

Q. Do they not then shew themselves very ignorant, who go to the bishop to be confirmed every time he confirms?

A. This proceeds from their not knowing what confirmation is, which accordingly they call by the name of being bishop’d, or receiving the bishop’s blessing.

Q. What foundation have you in scripture for the practice of confirmation?

A. The example of the Apostles. Acts viii. 17.—xix. 6. ‘Who laid their hands on those that had been baptized, that they might receive the Holy Ghost.’

Heb. vi. 1, 2. ‘The laying on of hands is reckoned among those principles of the doctrine of Christ, from whence his disciples may go on unto Christian perfection.’

Q. Does the bishop then give the Holy Ghost now, as the apostles did then, by their laying on of hands?

A. We do not say that the apostles gave the Holy Ghost; they laid on their hands, and God gave the Holy Spirit to those on whom they laid them. And so we hope, that by the fervent prayers of the bishop and the church, they on whom he now lays his hands shall also receive the Holy Ghost, if they do but worthily prepare themselves for it.

Q. Is there any promise of God on which to build such a hope?

A. Christ has declared, that God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him: and if so, we have more reason to hope, that he will give his Holy Spirit, when he is so earnestly and solemnly asked of him by the pastors of his church, whom he has appointed not only to pray for, but to bless his people.

§ 175. A Prayer to be said by a Child Morning and Evening.

O Lord my God, who art Lord of heaven and earth, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation; I desire to adore and praise thy goodnesse expressed towards me, who am less than the leaft of all thy mercies; for my creation, prefervation, and all the blessings of this life: but above all, I desire to praise thy name for thy wonderful love in Christ Jesus my Lord; for the means of grace which through him thou hast placed me in the poffeffion of; and those hopes of glory, which, by the covenant which thou wert graciously pleased to seal with me at my baptism, thou hast confirmed to me. O’ make me, I beseech thee, duly fenible of the value of thy favour, and accordingly to be desirous of it; and to this end, make me always mindful of that solemn vow which I made at my baptism; and give me grace to refit the ferval temptations of the devil, the world, and my own corrupt nature. Poffefs me with a hatred of all my former breaches of this sacred obligation, and to take care to walk more cautiously for the time to come. Purify my heart from all vain thoughts and desires. Keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and flattering; and my body in temperance, sobriety, and chastity; and, in every respect, let my conversation be as becometh the gospel. Keep me by thy power, through faith, unto salvation.

Enlarge and bless thy holy catholic church with more abundant peace and purity: pardon the sins of the nation I live in, and make us a holy people, zealous of good works. Bless the king, and all that are put in authority under him. Bless the ministers of thy holy word and sacraments: bless all my relations and benefactors, and forgive all my enemies.

Take me into thy protection this day (or night). It is thou only, Lord, thatmaketh me to dwell in safety. But whether I sleep or wake, live or die, let me be found thine own, to thy eternal glory, and my everlasting salvation, through Jesus Christ; in whose blessed name and words I sum up my imperfect prayers; saying, ‘Our Father,’ &c.

§ 176. Prayers for the Use of Schools.

A Morning Prayer, to be used by the Masters or Mistress, and Scholars.

Praised be the Lord, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same. Thou art our God, and we will praise thee: thou art our God, and we will thank thee.

Thou hast made us after thine own image; thou daily preservest and providest.
for us; thou hast redeemed us by the precious blood of thy dear Son; thou hast given us thy holy word for our direction, and promised thy Holy Spirit for our assistance: thou hast raised up to us friends and benefactors, who have taken care of our education and instruction; thou hast brought us together again this morning, to teach and to learn that which may be profitable to us.

For these and all thy favours, spiritual and temporal, our souls do bless and magnify thy holy name, humbly beseeching thee to accept this our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And do thou, O Lord, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, defend us in the fame by thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that which is righteous in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Particularly we beg thy blessing upon our present undertaking. Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help, that in these and all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We humbly acknowledge, O Lord, the great imperfection and disorder, both of our minds and of our lives; that we are unable to help ourselves, and unworthy of thy assistance: but we beseech thee, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, to pardon our offences, to enlighten our understandings, to strengthen our memories, to sanctify our hearts, and to guide our lives. Help us, we pray thee, to learn and to practice those things which are good, that we may become serious Christians, and useful in the world; to the glory of thy great name, the satisfaction of those who have so kindly provided for our souls and bodies, and our own present and future well being. Bellow thy blessings, we beseech thee, upon all our friends and benefactors; particularly those who are concerned in the care of this school. Prosper thou the works of their hands: O Lord, prosper thou their handy-work.

These prayers, both for them and ourselves, we humbly offer up in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, concluding in his most perfect form of words:

'O our Father,' &c.

§ 177. An Evening Prayer, to be used by the Masters or Mistresses, and Scholars.

Accept, we beseech thee, O Lord, our evening sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us: particularly for the blessings of this day, for thy gracious protection and preservation, for the opportunities we have enjoyed for the instruction and improvement of our minds, for all the comforts of this life, and the hope of life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

We humbly acknowledge, O Lord, that we are altogether unworthy of the least of all thy favours, that we continually fall short of our duty, and have too often transgressed thy holy laws.

Forgive, most merciful Father, we humbly pray thee, all the errors and transgressions which thou hast beheld in us the day past; and help us to express our unfeigned sorrow for what has been amiss, by our care to amend it.

What we know not, do thou teach us; instruct us in all the particulars of our duty, both towards thee, and towards men; and give us grace always to do those things which are good and well pleasing in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Whatsoever good instructions have been here given us this day, grant that they may be carefully remembered, and duly followed; and whatsoever good desires thou hast put into any of our hearts, grant that by the assistance of thy grace they may be brought to good effect, that thy name may have the honour, and we, with those who are amiable to us in this work of our instruction, may have comfort at the day of account, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; continue to us the blessings which we enjoy, and help us to testify our thankfulness for them, by a due use and improvement of them.

Blesse all those in authority in church and state, together with all our friends and benefactors, particularly those who are concerned in the care of this school, for whom we are bound in especial manner to pray. Blesse this and all other schools for religious and truly Christian education. And direct and prosper all pious endeavours for the propagation of the gospel of Jesus Christ.
§ 178. A Morning Prayer to be used daily by every Child at Home.

Glory be to thee, O Lord, who hast preferred me from the perils of the night past, who hast refreshed me with sleep, and raised me up again to praise thy holy name.

I humbly worship thee, O God, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer; and I do again devote myself to thee, desiring to serve thee faithfully this, and all the days of my life.

I was made thy child, and the disciple of thy Son Jesus, by baptism, and then received the promise of thy Holy Spirit. Let that good Spirit, throughly cleanse me from all the corruption of my nature.

Help me to remember thee, my Creator, in the days of my youth.

Prevent me from those errors and follies to which the frailty of my age does most expose me, and keep me innocent from every great offence.

Deliver me from the vanity of mine own heart, and from the temptations of evil company.

Incline my heart to all that is good; that I may be modest and humble, true and just, temperate and diligent, respectful and obedient to my superiors; that I may fear and love thee above all, and that I may love my neighbour as myself, and do to every one as I would they should do unto me.

Let thy good providence defend me this day from all evil; let the grace of thy Holy Spirit continually prevent and afflict me.

Bless me, I pray thee, in my learning; and help me daily to increase in knowledge, and wisdom, and all virtue.

I humbly beg thy blessing also upon all our spiritual pastors and masters, all my relations and friends (particularly my father and mother, my brothers and sisters) and every one in this house. Grant to them whatsoever may be good for them in this life, and guide them to life everlasting.

I humbly commit myself to thee, O Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ my Saviour, and in the words which he himself hath taught me.— Our Father, &c.*

§ 179. An Evening Prayer, to be used daily by every Child at Home.

Glory be to thee, O Lord, who hast preferred me the day past, who hast defended me from all the evils to which I am constantly exposed in this uncertain life; who hast continued my health, who hast bestowed upon me all things necessary for life and godliness.

I humbly beseech thee, O heavenly Father, to pardon whatsoever thou hast seen amiss in me this day, in my thoughts, words, or actions.

Make me, O Lord, thoroughly sensible of the great weakness and corruption of my nature, and the many errors of my life.

Afflict me, I pray thee, in making it my constant endeavour to resist and conquer every evil inclination within me, and every temptation from without.

Help me daily to increase in the knowledge and love of thee, my God, and of my Saviour Jesus Christ.

Show me the way in which I should walk, whilst I am young; and grant that I may never depart from it.

Bless me to, I pray, whatsoever good instructions have been given me this day; help me carefully to remember them, and duly to improve them, that I may be ever growing in knowledge, and wisdom, and good sense.

I humbly beg thy blessing also upon all our spiritual pastors and masters; all my relations and friends (particularly my father and mother, my brothers and sisters) and every one in this house. Let it please thee to guide us all in this life present, and to conduct us to thy heavenly kingdom.

I humbly commit my soul and body to thy care this night, begging thy gracious protection and blessing, through Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Saviour; in whose words I conclude my prayers. ‘Our Father, &c.’

§ 180. A Short Prayer for Children, when they first come into their Seats at Church.

Lord, I am now in thy house; afflict, I pray thee, and accept of my services; let thy Holy Spirit help my infirmities, disposing my heart to sincerity, attention, and devotion, to the honour of thy holy name, and the benefit of my soul, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Before they leave their Seats, thus,

Blessed be thy name, O Lord, for this opportunity of attending thee in thy house and service.

* Here let every child mention his or her particular relations.
Make me, I pray thee, a doer of thy word, not a hearer only. Accept both us and our services, through our only Mediator Jesus Christ. Amen.

A Grace before Meat.
Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech thee, these thy good creatures to our use, and us to thy service, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Grace after Meat.
Blessed and praised be thy holy name, O Lord, for these and all thy other blessings, bestowed upon us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 181, Of the Scriptures, as the Rule of Life.

As you advance in years and understanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourself the evidences of the Christian religion; and that you will be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority. At present, such enquiries would demand more study, and greater powers of reasoning, than your age admits of. It is your part, therefore, till you are capable of understanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the holy Scriptures are writings inspired by God, containing a true history of facts, in which we are deeply concerned—a true recital of the laws given by God to Moses, and of the precepts of our blessed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his disciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epistles of his apostles—who were men chosen from amongst those who had the advantage of conversing with our Lord, to bear witness of his miracles and resurrection—and who, after his ascension, were affiliated and inspired by the Holy Ghost. This sacred volume must be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths necessary to be believed; and plain and easy directions for the practice of every duty. Your Bible, then, must be your chief study and delight: but as it contains many various kinds of writing—some parts obscure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent perusal such parts of the sacred writings as are most adapted to your understanding, and most necessary for your instruction. Our Saviour's precepts were spoken to the common people: amongst the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner easy to be understood, and equally striking and instructive to the learned and unlearned: for the most ignorant may comprehend them, whilst the wisest must be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majestic simplicity with which they are expressed. Of the same kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moses; which, as they were designed for universal laws, are worded in the most concise and simple manner, yet with a majesty which commands our utmost reverence.

I think you will receive great pleasure, as well as improvement, from the historical books of the Old Testament—provided you read them as an history, in a regular course, and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, true or fictitious, that is equally wonderful, interesting, and affecting; or that is told in so short and simple a manner as this, which is, of all histories, the most authentic.

I shall give you some short directions, concerning the method and course I wish you to pursue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God—this sacred treasure of knowledge!—May you read the Bible, not as a talk, nor as the dull employment of that day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but with a sincere and ardent desire of instruction: with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalms so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue! Though I speak this of the Bible in general, I would not be underfoot to mean, that every part of the volume is equally interesting. I have already said that it contains of various matter; and various kinds of books, which must be read with different views and sentiments. The having some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them, and will heighten your relish of them. I shall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole; for so I wish you to consider yourself; because the time and manner in which children usually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people, who have read it thus, without understanding it, in their youth, satisfy themselves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention, when they come to a maturing age.

If the feelings of your heart, whilst you read, correspond with those of mine, whilst

I write,
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

I write, I shall not be without the advantage of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 182. Of Genesis.

I now proceed to give you some short sketches of the matter contained in the different books of the Bible, and of the course in which they ought to be read.

The first book, Genesis, contains the most grand, and, to us, the most interesting events, that ever happened in the universe:—The creation of the world, and of man:—The deplorable fall of man, from his first state of excellence and bliss, to the distressful condition in which we see all his descendants continue:—The sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race—with the reviving promise of that deliverance which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour:—The account of the early state of the world:—Of the universal deluge:—The division of mankind into different nations and languages:—The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trial human nature could sustain, obtained such favour in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to style him his friend, and promised to make of his posterity a great nation, and that in his seed—that is in one of his descendants—all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed. This, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations.—It is amazing that the Jews, poffessing this prophecy, among many others, should have been so blinded by prejudice, as to have rejected, from this great personage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the subjection to which they were reduced under the Romans: It is equally amazing, that some Christians should, even now, confine the blessed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular fact or profession, when he is so clearly and emphatically described as the Saviour of the whole world.—The story of Abraham's proceeding to sacrifice his only son, at the command of God is affecting in the highest degree; and sets forth a pattern of unlimited resignation, that every one ought to imitate, in those trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquiescence under afflicting dispensations, which fall to their lot. Of this we may be assured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us: if we have not Abraham's strength of mind, neither shall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife against the bosom of an only child; but if the almighty arm should be lifted up against him, we must be ready to resign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will.—This action of Abraham has been denounced by some, who do not attend to the distinction between obedience to a special command, and the detestably cruel sacrifices of the Heathens, who sometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeasing the anger of their gods. An absolute command from God himself—as in the case of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action; since he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his instrument of destruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a delusion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of him who made our souls as well as bodies, and who can control and direct every faculty of the human mind: and we may be assured, that if he was pleased to reveal himself so miraculously, he would not leave a possibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation. Thus the sacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all superstition: and remains the noblest instance of religious faith and submifion, that was ever given by a mere man: we cannot wonder that the blessings bestowed on him for it should have been extended to his posterity.—This book proceeds with the history of Isaac, which becomes very interesting to us, from the touching scene I have mentioned—and still more so, if we consider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and history of his two sons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Esau, the father of the Edomites, or Idumæans—the exquisitely affecting story of Joseph and his brethren—and of his transplanting the Israelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 183.
§ 183. Of Exodus.

In Exodus, you read of a series of wonders, wrought by the Almighty, to rescue the oppressed Israelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having first received them as guests, by degrees reduced them to a state of slavery. By the most peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his chosen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, this solemn restitution of those primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate descendants; or, at least, he had made known by the dictates of confidence; but which time, and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obscured. This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderness of Sinai; there, assembled before the burning mountain, surrounded "with blackness, and darkness, and tempest," they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impressing it on their hearts with circumstances of terror, but without those encouragements, and those excellent promisés, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through them transmitted to other nations; and by that means a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To those moral precepts, which are of perpetual and universal obligation, were superadded, by the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions, wisely adapted to different ends—either, to fix the memory of those past deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater salvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by whom they were surrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this series of events, and to establishe these laws with his people, God raised up that great prophet Moses, whose faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the most arduous enterprises; and to pursue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour still prevailed: his last moments were employed in fervent prayers for their prosperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpe vouchsafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himself, whom God would one day raise up to his people.

Thus did Moses, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the saints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the first of those benefactors to mankind, whose labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages. Mrs. Chapone.

§ 184. Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little besides the laws for the peculiar ritual observance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great instruction to us now: you may pass it over entirely—and, for the same reason, you may omit the first eight chapters of Numbers. The rest of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the history, with some ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moses makes a recapitulation of the foregoing history, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worship and obey that God, who had worked such amazing wonders for them; he promises them the noblest temporal blessings, if they prove obedient; and adds the most awful and striking denunciations against them, if they rebel, or forfake the true God. I have before observed, that the functions of the Mosaic law were temporal rewards and punishments: those of the New Testament are eternal; these law, as they are so infinitely more forcible than the first, were reserved for the last, best gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Mediator, in the fullest and clearest manner. Moses, in this book, directs the method in which the Israelites were to deal with the seven nations, whom they were appointed to punish for their prodigality and idolatry, and whose land they were to possess, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the standing municipal laws of that people.—This book concludes with Moses's song and death.

Ibid.

§ 185. Of Joshua.

The book of Joshua contains the conquests of the Israelites over the seven nations, and their establishment in the promised land. Their treatment of these conquered nations must appear to you very cruel and unjust, if you consider it as their own act, unauthorized by a positive command:
mand: but they had the most absolute in-
junctions, not to spare these corrupt peo-
ple—"to make no covenant with them, nor 
shew mercy to them, but utterly to 
destroy them:" and the reason is given, 
"left they should turn away the Isra-
mites from following the Lord, that they 
might serve other gods." The children 
of Israel are to be considered as instruments, 
in the hand of the Lord, to punish those, 
whose idolatries and wickedness had de-
favored brought destruction on them: this 
example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in 
behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation 
on the character of the Jews. With re-
gard to other cities, which did not belong 
to these seven nations, they were directed 
to deal with them according to the common 
law of arms at that time. If the city sub-
mitted, it became tributary, and the people 
were spared; if it resisted, the men were 
to be slain, but the women and children 
faved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty 
cannot be justly laid to their charge on this 
occaion, you will observe, in the course 
of their history, many things recorded of 
them, very different from what you would 
expect from the chosen people of God, if 
you supposed them selected on account of 
their own merit: their national character 
was by no means amiable; and we are re-
petedly told, that they were not chosen 
for their superior righteousness—"for they 
were a stiff-necked people, and provoked 
the Lord with their rebellions from the day 
they left Egypt."—"You have been re-
bellious against the Lord," says Moses, "from the day that I knew you." And he 
vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter 
themselves that their success was, in any 
degree, owing to their own merits. They 
were appointed to be the scourge of other 
nations, whose crimes rendered them fit ob-
jects of divine chastisement. For the sake 
of righteous Abraham, their founder, and 
perhaps for many other wise reasons, un-
discovered to us, they were selected from 
a world over-run with idolatry, to preserve 
upon earth the pure worship of the one only 
God, and to be honoured with the birth of 
the Messiah, amongst them. For this end 
they were precluded, by divine command, 
from mixing with any other people, and 
defended, by a great number of peculiar 
rites and obsevances, from falling into the 
corrupt worship practiced by their neigh-
bours.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 186. Of Judges, Samuel and Kings.

The book of Judges, in which you will 
find the affecting stories of Sampson and 
Jephtha, carries on the history from the 
death of Joshua, about two hundred and 
fifty years; but the facts are not told in 
the times in which they happened, which 
makes some confusion; and it will be ne-
necessary to consult the marginal dates and 
notes, as well as the index, in order to get 
any clear idea of the succession of events 
during that period.

The history then proceeds regularly 
through the two books of Samuel, and 
those of Kings: nothing can be more in-
teresting and entertaining than the reigns 
of Saul, David, and Solomon: but, after 
the death of Solomon, when ten tribes re-
volted from his son Rehoboam, and be-
came a separate kingdom, you will find 
some difficulty in understanding distinctly 
the histories of the two kingdoms of Israel 
and Judah, which are blended together; 
and by the likeness of the names, and other 
particulars, will be apt to confound your 
mind, without great attention to the dif-
f erent threads thus carried on together: 
the index here will be of great use to you. 
The second book of Kings concludes with 
the Babylonish captivity, 588 years before 
Christ—till which time the kingdom of Ju-
dah had defended uninterrupted in the 
line of David.

Ibid.

§ 187. Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and 
Esther.

The first book of Chronicles begins with 
a genealogy from Adam, through all the 
tribes of Israel and Judah; and the re-
mainder is the same history which is con-
tained in the books of Kings, with little or 
no variation, till the separation of the ten 
tribes. From that period, it proceeds with 
the history of the kingdom of Judah alone, 
and gives therefore a more regular and 
clear account of the affairs of Judah than 
the book of Kings. You may pass over 
the first book of Chronicles, and the nine 
first chapters of the second book; but, by 
all means, read the remaining chapters, as 
they will give you more clear and distinct 
ideas of the history of Judah, than that 
you read in the second book of Kings. 
The second of Chronicles ends, like the 
second of Kings, with the Babylonish cap-
tivity.

You must pursue the history in the book 
of Ezra, which gives an account of the re-
turn
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book I.

turn of some of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord’s temple.

Nehemiah carries on the history for about twelve years, when he himself was governor of Jerusalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The story of Esther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah; as you will see by the marginal dates; however, as it happened during the seventy years captivity, and is a kind of episode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the last of the canonical books that is properly historical; and I would therefore advise, that you pass over what follows, till you have continued the history through the apocryphal books. Mrs. Chapm.

§ 188. Of Job.

The story of Job is probably very ancient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: It is dated, however, 1520 years before Christ: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written: many parts of it are obscure; but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of the dispute between Job and his pretended friends seems to be, whether the Providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer, from Job’s uncommon calamities, that, notwithstanding his apparent righteousness, he was in reality a grievous sinner. They aggravate his supposed guilt, by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment. Job affirms his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alleging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man should comprehend the ways of the Almighty; and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of; and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirl-

wind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of man.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life.

§ 189. Of the Psalms.

Next follow the Psalms, with which you cannot be too conversant. If you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and will afford you a continual feast. The bible translation is far better than that used in the common-prayer book, and will often give you the sense, when the other is obscure. In this, as well as in all other parts of the scripture, you must be careful always to consult the margin, which gives you the corrections made since the last translation, and it is generally preferable to the words of the text. I would wish you to select some of the Psalms that please you best, and get them by heart: or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments contained in them. Dr. Delany’s Life of David will shew you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them with the events of David’s life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs, which, being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must suffer from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful thefe must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfix into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer!—to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think “one day in his courts better than a thousand.”—But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved! Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners would counterbalance the hundredth part
part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprised at the folly of those who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who prefer their innocence unfulfilled by any great or willful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.—

There are many very striking prophecies of the Messiah in those divine fongs, particularly in Psalm xxii.—such may be found scattered up and down almost throughout the Old Testament. To bear testimony to him, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers;—but this will appear more plainly to you, when you enter on the study of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake. Mrs. Chapone.

§ 190. Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and the Apocrypha.

The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are rich stores of wisdom, from which I wish you to adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use both to your temporal and eternal interest. But detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well chosen and digested, will do you much more service, than to read half a dozen chapters together. In this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its mystical reference to religion lies too deep for a common understanding; if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity than of edification.

Next follow the Prophecies; which though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance. Dr. Newton on the prophecies will help you much, whenever you undertake this study—which you should by all means do, when your understanding is ripe enough; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament; besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the advantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them must be useful to all.

Though I have spoken of these books in the order in which they stand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the history is to be pur chased, from Nehemiah to the first book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha; taking care to observe the chronology regularly, by referring to the index, which supplies the deficiencies of this history from Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The first of Maccabees carries on the story till within 15 years of our Lord's incarnation: the second book is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so forward as the first; so that it may be entirely omitted unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

You must then connect the history by the help of the index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the state of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Messiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of sacred authority, have many things well worth your attention: particularly the admirable book called Ecclesiasticus, and the book of Wisdom. But, in the course of reading which I advise, these must not be admitted till after you have gone through the Gospels and Acts, that you may not lose the historical thread.

§ 191. Of the New Testament, which is constantly to be referred to, as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.

We come now to that part of scripture, which is the most important of all, and which you must make your constant study, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with
with it, but all your life long; because, how often ever repeated, it is impossible to read the life and death of our blessed Saviour, without renewing and increasing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is so justly due for all he did and suffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They must therefore be laid up in your heart, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly those very comprehensive moral precepts he has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct as aright, if fairly and honestly applied: such as, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them."—"There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness.

The two great commandments, which contain the summary of our duty to God and man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard by which to judge our own hearts—"To love the Lord our God, with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our strength; and our neighbour (or fellow-creature) as ourselves." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever are (in their remoter consequences at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live. It is impossible to love God without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to retemble him; therefore the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree; and, we may be sure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do these few words direct us to the highest Christian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the Gospel is to offer us every help, direction, and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 192. Of the Example set by our Saviour, and his Character.

What an example is set before us in our blessed Master! How is his whole life, from earliest youth, dedicated to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the practice of the most exalted virtue! When you see him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongst the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions on the subject of religion, and answering them all with his understanding and answers—you will say, perhaps,—"Well might the Son of God, even at those years, be far wiser than the aged; but, can a mortal child emulate such heavenly wisdom? Can such a pattern be proposed to my imitation?"—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wisdom, as far as concerns your own good. He has left you such declarations of his will, and of the consequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to understand, if you will but attend to them. If, then, you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement; you may even now become "wife unto salvation."—Unmoved by the praise he acquired amongst these learned men, you see him meekly return to the subject of a child, under those who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality their Lord: you see him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and solace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that scene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had fitted him from his own right hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's son. What a lesson of humility is this, and of obedience to parents!—When, having received the glorious testimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Most High, he enters on his public ministry, what an example does he give us, of the most extensive and conflant benevolence!—How are all his hours spent in doing good to the souls and bodies of men!—not the meanest sinner is below his notice!—to reclaim and save them, he condescends to converse familiarly with the most corrupt, as well as the most abject. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to punish and afflict them. Instead of using the almighty power, which accompanied him, to the purpose of exalting himself, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other use of it than to heal and to save.

When you come to read of his sufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the sorrow of mind, and torment of body, which he submitted to—when you consider that it was all for our sakes—"that by his stripes we
we are healed"—and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life—what can I say, that can add any thing to the sensations you must then feel?—No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evangelists. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be scarcely human;—but the emotions of tendernefs and compunction, which almost every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unless applied to the true end—unless it inspires you with a sincere and warm affection towards your bleffed Lord—with a firm resolution to obey his commands;—to be his faithful disciple—and ever to renounce and abhor thofe fins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at fo dear a rate. Remember that the title of Christian, or follower of Chriff, implies a more than ordinary degree of holiness and goodness. As our motives to virtue are stronger than thofe which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purpoarf, in defending from his glory, and dwelling amongst men. The first, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The second, to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it, by "bringing life and immortality to light," by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain, by his death, the remiffion of all our sins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of believing on his sincere followers the infallible gift of immortal happiness. Mrs. Chapone.

§ 193. A comparative View of the Bleffed and Curfed at the Last Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.

What a tremendous scene of the last day does the gospel place before our eyes!—of that day, when you and every one of us shall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celestial beings, of whose superior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—when, in presence of all mankind, of thofe holy angels, and of the great Judge himself, you must give an account of your past life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which must determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the defolation, shame, and anguish, of thofe wretched souls, who shall hear these dreadful words:—"Depart from me, ye curfed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—Oh!—I cannot support even the idea of your becoming one of thofe undone, loft creatures!—I trust in God's mercy, that you will make a better ufe of that knowledge of his will, which he has vouchfafed you, and of thofe amiable dispoftions he has given you. Let us therefore turn from this hideous, this infupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is possible, what will be the sensations of your foul, if you fhall hear our Heavenly Judge address you in these transporting words:—"Come, thou bleffed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."—Think, what it must be, to become an object of the feele and applaufe—not only of all mankind assembled together—but of all the hoft of heaven, of our bleffed Lord himself—nay, of his and our Almighty Father:—to find your frail flesh changed, in a moment, into a glorious celestial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your foul cleaned from all its faults and infirmities; exalted to the purefl and noblefl affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your understanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power and disposition of mind and body adapted to the highest relifh of virtue and happiness!—Thus accomplished, to be admitted into the society of amiable and happy beings, all united in the most perfect peace and friendship, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in scenes more delightful than the richest imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all possibility of change or satiety:—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate presence of God himself—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though full far fhort of their infinity—to be conscious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his conuenience!—But here all imagination fails:—we can form no idea of that bliss, which may be communicated to us by such a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we must content ourselves with believing, "that it is what mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it en-
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tered into the heart of man to conceive." The crown of all our joys will be, to know that we are secure of posseffing them for ever—what a transporting idea!

Can you reflect on all these things, and not feel the most earnest longings after immortality?—Do not all other views and desires seem mean and trifling, when compared with this?—And does not your inmost heart resolve, that this shall be the chief and constant object of its wilhes and pursuit, through the whole course of your life?—If you are not inenfible to that de- fire of happiness which seems woven into our nature, you cannot surely be unmoved by the prospect of such a transcendant degree of it; and that continued to all eternity—perhaps continually increasing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of such an inheritance, as the most insupportable evil!—Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give to vice, to carelesnesfs, or sloth, the prize he has proposed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Christ and his disciples to encourage you—the most awakening motives to engage you—and you have besides, the comfortable promise of constant assistance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and sincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be lost upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the ineffinable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four Gospels are each of them a narration of the life, sayings, and death of Christ; yet as they are not exactly alike, but some circumstances and sayings, omitted in one, are recorded in another, you must make yourself perfectly master of them all.

The Acts of the holy Apostles, endowed with the Holy Ghost, and authorized by their divine Master, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more interesting and edifying, than the history of their actions—of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of salvation; and of the various exertions, of the wonderful powers conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, for the confirmation of their mission.

Mrs. Chapone.


The Character of St. Paul, and his miracu-

lous conversion, demand your particular attention: most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was considered as a high distinction, in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught,—He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed: this zeal, before his conversion, shewed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent Christians: but, though his actions were bad, we may be sure his intentions were good; otherwise we should not have seen a miracle employed to convince him of his mistake, and to bring him into the right way. This example may affure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken confciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good-will towards those whose erroneous principles misled their conduct: instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active wish of assisting them to find the truth; since we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, chosen vessels to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my intention to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Christianity; otherwise it would be impossible wholly to pass over that, which arises from this remarkable conversion, and which has been so admirably illustrated by a noble writer, whose tract on this subject is in every body's hands. Mrs. Chapone.

§ 195. Of the Epistles.

Next follow the Epistles, which make a very important part of the New Testament; and you cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the most excellent precepts and admonitions; and are of particular use in explaining more at large several doctrines of Christianity, which we could not so fully comprehend without them. There are, indeed, in the Epistles of St. Paul, many passages hard to be understood: such, in particular, are the first eleven chapters.
ters to the Romans; the greater part of his Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians; and several chapters of that to the Hebrews. Instead of perplexing yourself with these more obscure passages of scripture, I would wish you to employ your attention chiefly on those that are plain; and to judge of the doctrines taught in the other parts, by comparing them with what you find in these.

It is through the neglect of this rule, that many have been led to draw the most absurd doctrines from the holy scriptures. Let me particularly recommend to your careful perusal the xii. xiii. xiv. and xv. chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. In the xiv. chapter St. Paul has in view the difference between the Jewish and Gentile (or Heathen) converts, at that time: the former were disposed to look with horror on the latter, for their impurity in not paying the same regard to the distinctions of days and meats that they did; and the latter, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the former, for their weakness and superstition. Excellent is the advice which the Apostle gives to both parties: he exhorts the Jewish converts not to judge, and the Gentiles not to despise; remembering, that the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Endeavour to conform yourself to this advice; to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all the sects of Christians—and that, to his own matter, every one must stand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the several points discussed by St. Paul in his various Epistles—most of them too intricate for your understanding at present, and many of them beyond my abilities to state clearly. I will only again recommend to you, to read those passages frequently, which, with so much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the most exalted piety and benevolence. If the effusions of a heart, warmed with the tenderest affection for the whole human race—if precept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence which such affection only could inspire, are capable of influencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in such parts of his Epistles as are adapted to your understanding, the strongest persuasives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature.

Mrs. Chappel.

§ 196. The Epistle of St. James.

The epistle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you cannot study it too much. It seems particularly designed to guard Christians against misunderstanding some things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependance on faith alone, without good works. But the more rational commentators will tell you, that, by the works of the law, which the apostle afferts to be incapable of justifying us, he means, not the works of moral righteousness, but the ceremonial works of the Mosaic law; on which the Jews laid the greatest stress, as necessary for salvation. But St. James tells us, that "if any man among us seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain;"—and that "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Faith in Christ, if it produce not these effects, he declareth is dead, or of no power.

Ibid.


The Epistles of St. Peter are also full of the best instructions and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life; amongst which, are set forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his second Epistle is prophetical; warning the church of false teachers, and false doctrines, which should undermine morality, and disgrace the cause of Christianity.

The first of St. John is written in a highly figurative style, which makes it, in some parts, hard to be understood; but the spirit of divine love, which it so fervently expresseth, renders it highly edifying and delightful.—That love of God and of man, which this beloved apostle so pathetically recommends, is in truth the efficacy of religion, as our Saviour himself informs us.

Ibid.

§ 198. Of the Revelations.

The book of the Revelations contains a prophetical account of most of the great events relating to the Christian church, which were to happen from the time of the writer,
writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it; and they have done this, in many instances, very successfully; but I think it is yet too soon for you to study this part of scripture; some years hence, perhaps, there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the best expositions, to assist you in reading such of the most difficult parts of the New Testament, as you cannot now be supposed to understand.—May Heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation!—May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happy events to all the truly virtuous, through Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Deliverer of the world!

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 199. PRAYERS, &c.

Before morning-prayer, read a chapter of the Gospels, appointed by the Calendar; before evening-prayer, a chapter of the Epistles; and meditate on those chapters, or consult some good exposition of them, in the course of the day.

Begin with these sentences, kneeling; and use such of the prayers, more or fewer, as may best suit your leisure and disposition, varying them, in order to excite the more earnest attention.

I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Psal. li. 3.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Ver. 9.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Ver. 17.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Psal. cxliii. 2.

1. Confession.

 Almighty and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

O Lord, we beseech thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their sins unto thee; that they whose confessions by sin are accepted, by thy merciful pardon may be absolved, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. For Peace.

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom: defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. For Grace.

O Lord our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with thy mighty power, and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance to do always that is righteous in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give: that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

5. For Aid against all Perils.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

6. For
Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workst great marvels; send down upon our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge, the healthful spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing. Grant this, O Lord, for the honour of our advocate and mediator Jesus Christ. Amen.

O God, merciful Father, that dost not the sighting of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; mercifully affit our prayers that we may make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whenever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and fubtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought, and by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no perfections, may evermore give thanks unto thee, in thy holy church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of thy name turn from us all those evils that we moit righteously have deserved; and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory, through our only mediator and advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7. For all Conditions of Men.

O God, the creator and preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all forts and conditions of men, that thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways known unto them; thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for the good estate of the catholic Church; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distrested in mind, body, or estate, that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ his sake. Amen.

8. Thanksgiving.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodnes and loving kindneces to us and to all men. We beseech thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech thee give us that due sense of all thy mer- cies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.


In Advent.

1. Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty, to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

2. Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy scriptures to be written for our learning; grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

3. O Lord Jesus Christ, who at thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before thee; grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at thy second coming to judge the world, we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

4. O Lord, raise up, we pray thee, thy power, and come among us, and with great
might succour us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are fore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us, through the satisfaction of thy Son our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

Epiphany.

1. O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people which call upon thee, and grant that they may both receive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth; mercifully hear the supplications of thy people, and grant us thy peace all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. Almighty and everlasting God, mercifully look upon our iniquities, and in all our dangers and necessities stretch forth thy right hand to help and defend us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature, we cannot always stand upright; grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5. O Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy church and household continually in thy true religion, that they, who do lean only upon the hope of thy heavenly grace, may evermore be defended by thy mighty power, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

6. O God, whose blessed Son was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; grant us, we beseech thee, that having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, he liveth and reigneth ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Sequituresima.

1. O Lord, we beseech thee, favourably hear the prayers of thy people, that we who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by thy goodness, for the glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

2. O Lord God, who feest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do; mercifully grant that by thy power we may be defended against all adversity, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. O Lord, who hast taught us, that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace, and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. Grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

In Lent.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgivenes, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

1. O Lord, who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights; give us grace to use such abstinence, that our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness, to thy honour and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

2. Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. We beseech thee, Almighty God, look upon the hearty desires of thy humble servants, and stretch forth the right hand of thy majesty, to be our defence against all our enemies, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of thy grace may mercifully be relieved, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

5. We
5. We beseech thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon thy people; that by thy great goodness they may be governed and preferred evermore, both in body and soul, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

6. Almighty and everlasting God, who of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Good Friday.

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose Spirit the whole body of the church is governed and sanctified; receive our supplications and prayers which we offer before thee for all estates of men in thy holy church, that every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, may truly and godly serve thee, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Easter Even.

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ; so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with him; that through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection, for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us; thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Easter Day.

1. Almighty God, who through thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech thee, that as by thy special grace preventing us, thou dost put into our minds good desires; so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

2. Almighty Father, who hast given thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may always serve thee in pureness of living and truth, through the merits of the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

3. Almighty God, who hast given thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an example of godly life: give us grace, that we may always thankfully receive that his inimitable benefit, and also daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blest steps of his most holy life, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. Almighty God, who vouchest to them that be in error the light of thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; grant unto all them that are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's religion, that they may avoid those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

5. O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto thine people, that they may love the thing which thou commandst, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

6. O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Ascension-day.

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

WhitSunday.

God, who as at this time didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by the sending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit; grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort, through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

Trinity-Sunday.

1. Almighty and everlasting God, who
haft given unto us thy servants grace, by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the divine Majesty to worship the Unity; we beseech thee, that thou wouldest keep us steadfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, who livest and reignest one God world without end. Amen. 

2. O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in thee; mercifully accept our prayers; and because, through the weakness of our mortal nature, we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping thy commandments we may please thee both in will and deed, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. O Lord, who never failst to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in thy steadfast fear and love; keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to hear us; and grant that we, to whom thou hast given an hearty desire to pray, may by thy mighty aid be defended and comforted in all dangers and adversities, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5. O God, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; increase and multiply upon us thy mercy, that thou being our ruler and guide, we may go safely through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal; grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. Amen.

6. Grant, O Lord, we beseech thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by thy governance, that thy church may joyfully serve thee in all godly quietness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7. O God, who hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love towards thee, that we loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

8. Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; grant in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

9. O God, whose never-failing providence ordreth all things both in heaven and earth; we humbly beseech thee to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us those things which are profitable for us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

10. Grant to us, Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do any thing that is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

11. Let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

12. O God, who declarwest thy Almighty power most chiefly in shewing mercy and pity; mercifully grant unto us such a measure of thy grace, that we running through the way of thy commandments, may obtain thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of thy heavenly treasure, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

13. Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy, forgiving us those things whereof our confidence is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. Amen.

14. Almighty and merciful God, of whose whole gift it cometh, that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service; grant, we beseech thee, that we may so faithfully serve thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain thy heavenly promises, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

15. Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and that we may obtain that which thou dost promise, make us to love that which thou dost command, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

16. Keep, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy church with thy perpetual mercy. And because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

17. O Lord, we beseech thee, let thy continual
continual pity cleanse and defend thy church; and because it cannot continue in safety without thy succour, preserve it evermore by thy help and goodnes, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

18. Lord, we pray thee, that thy grace may always prevent and follow us; and make us continually to be given to all good works, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

19. Lord, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

20. O God, forasmuch as without thee we are not able to please thee; mercifully grant, that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

21. O Almighty and most merciful God, of thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech thee, from all things that may hurt us: that we being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things that thou wouldst have done, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

22. Grant, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

23. Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy church in continual godliness, that through thy protection it may be free from all adversities, and devoutly given to serve thee in good works, to the glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

24. O God, our refuge and strength, who art the author of all goodnes; be ready, we beseech thee, to hear the devout prayers of thy church; and grant that those things which we ask faithfully, we may obtain effectually, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

25. O Lord, we beseech thee, absolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins, which by our frailty we have committed: grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

26. Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people, that they plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Collected for the Festivals.

1. The Nativity of our Lord.

Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin; grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit, through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee, and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.


Grant, O Lord, that in all our sufferings here upon earth, for the testimony of thy truth, we may fledgily look up to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed; and being filled with the Holy Ghost, may learn to love and bless our persecutors by the example of thy first martyr Saint Stephen, who prayed for his murderers to thee, O blessed Jesus, who standest at the right hand of God, to succour all them that suffer for thee, our only mediator and advocate. Amen.


Merciful Lord, we beseech thee to cast thy bright beams of light upon thy church, that it being enlightened by the doctrine of thy blessed Apostle and Evangelist Saint John, may so walk in the light of thy truth, that it may at length attain to the light of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. Innocents' Day.

O Almighty God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify thee by their deaths; mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by thy grace, that by the innocence of our lives, and constancy of our faith, even unto death, we may glorify thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5. Circumcision.

Almighty God, who madest thy blessed Son to be circumcised, and obedient to the law for man; grant us the true circumcision of the Spirit, that our hearts and all our members being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, we may in all things obey thy blessed will, through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O God, who by the leading of a star didst
didst manifest thy only begotten Son to the Gentiles: mercifully grant, that we, which know thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of thy glorious godhead, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7. St. Andrew.

Almighty God, who didst give such grace unto thy holy Apostle Saint Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed him without delay; grant unto us all, that we being called by thy holy word, may fortwith give up ourselves obediently to fulfill thy holy commandments, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

8. St. Thomas.

Almighty and everliving God, who for the more confirmation of the faith, didst suffer thy holy Apostle Thomas to be doubtful in thy Son’s resurrection; grant us so perfectly, and without all doubt, to believe in thy Son Jesus Christ, that our faith in the sight may never be reproved. Hear us, O Lord, through the same Jesus Christ, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for evermore. Amen.


O God, who through the preaching of the blessed Apostle Saint Paul, hast caused the light of the gospel to shine throughout the world; grant, we beseech thee, that we having his wonderful conversion in remembrance, may faw forth our thankfulness unto thee for the same, by following the holy doctrine which he taught, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


Almighty and everliving God, we humbly beseech thy Majesty, that as thy only begotten Son was this day presented in the temple in substance of our flesh; so we may be presented unto thee with pure and clean hearts, by the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O Almighty God, who into the place of the traitor Judas didst choose thy faithful servant Matthias to be of the number of the twelve apostles; grant that thy church, being always preferred from falfe apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

12. Annunciation.

We beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy grace into our hearts, that as we have known the incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an angel: so by his cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O Almighty God, who hast instructed thy holy church with the heavenly doctrine of thy Evangelist Saint Mark; give us grace, that being not like children carried away with every blast of vain doctrine, we may be established in the truth of thy holy gospel, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.


O Almighty God, whom truly to know is everlasting life; grant us perfectly to know thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life: that following the steps of thy holy Apostles, Saint Philip and Saint James, we may steadfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life, through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O Lord God Almighty, who didst endue thy holy Apostle Barnabas with singular gifts of the Holy Ghost; leave us not, we beseech thee, del伍tute of thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them alway to thy honour and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


Almighty God, by whose providence thy fervant John Baptist was wonderfully born, and sent to prepare the way of thy Son our Saviour, by preaching of repentance; make us so to follow his doctrine and holy life, that we may truly repent according to his preaching, and after his example constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth’s sake, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

17. St. Peter.

O Almighty God, who by thy Son Jesus Christ didst give to thy Apostle Saint Peter, many excellent gifts, and commanded him to feed thy flock; make, we beseech thee, all bishops and pastors diligently to preach thy holy word, and the people obediently to follow the same, that they may receive the crown of everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

15. St.

Grant, O merciful God, that as thine holy Apostle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay was obedient unto the calling of thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed him; so we, forsaking all worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow thy holy commandments, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O Almighty and everlasting God, who didst give to thine Apostle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and to preach thy word; grant, we beseech thee, thy church to love that word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O Almighty God, who by thy blessed Son didst call Matthew from the receipt of custom, to be an Apostle and Evangelist; grant us grace to forfacke all covetous desires, and inordinate love of riches, and to follow the same thy Son Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.


O everlasting God, who haft ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order; mercifully grant, that as thy holy angels alway do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


Almighty God, who calledst Luke the physician, whose praise is in the gospel, to be an evangellist and physician of the soul; may it please thee, that by the wholesome medicines of the doctrine delivered by him, all the diseases of our souls may be healed, through the merits of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


O Almighty God, who haft built thy church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head corner-stone; grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made an holy temple acceptable unto thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

24. All Saints.

O Almighty God, who haft knit togetherness of thee in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; grant us grace so to follow thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unwiegncely love thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

250. A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Use of a School.

Father of All! we return thee most humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night seaon, and for the refreshment of our souls and bodies, in the sweet reposer of sleep. Accept also our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helplesse age of infancy.

Continue, we beseech thee, to guard us under the shadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and, without the influence of thy grace, we shall surely fall.

Let that influence descend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard us from temptations to dece, and grant that we may abhor a lye, both as a fin and as a disgrace.

Inspire us with an abhorrence of the leathomenes of vice, and the pollutions of sensual pleasure. Grant, at the same time, that we may early feel the delight of consciof purity, and wash our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of dut.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taste for the pure and sublime pleasures of the understanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehension, and grant that we may lay up such a store of learning, as may fit us for the station to which it shall please thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and shine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our studies, and that whatever we read we may strongly mark, and inwardly digest it.

Bles our parents, guardians, and instrutors; and grant that we may make them the best return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They ask no return, but that we should make ufe of those opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that
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that we may not disappoint their anxious expectations.

Afflict us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go through them cheerfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

204. An Evening Prayer.

O Almighty God! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions. Grant that the words of various instructions which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, so let our souls thirst for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-use of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, attended with Christian charity, and that peculiar generosity of mind, which becomes a liberal scholar and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us, even though we should omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindness of our hearts we should desire it.

Into thy hands we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest; hoping by thy mercy, to rise again with renewed spirits, to go through the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, through the merits and intercession of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

§ 104. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

AND OF THE FIRST BOOK.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
IN PROSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.
CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.


Belles Lettres and criticism chiefly consider Man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They stir up flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that too fatiguing labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth. Blair.

§ 2. Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of Taste.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to disfurn with any of that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sensuality, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high
high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyment of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to inculcate them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly confirmed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

Blair.

§ 3. Improvement of Taste connected with Improvement in Virtue.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

— Ingenuus dicitæfæideliter artes

Emollit mores, nec finit efferos *

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correcitives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercize of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without posseting the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind.

They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Blair.

§ 4. On Style.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that fort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Aftatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like fort of characteristic differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a ner-
vour, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer’s manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to discourse, but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse.

Blair.

§ 5. On Perspicuity.

Perspicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style; a quality so essential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richest ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, instead of pleasing, the reader. This, therefore, must be our first object, to make our meaning clearly and fully understood, and understood without the least difficulty.

"Oratio," says Quintilian, "debet negoti-""ligenter quoque auditentibus esse aperta; ut in animum auditentis, ficto fol in oculos, etiam in cum non intentatur, occurrat. Quare, non folum ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere, curandum;" If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, or pause, and to read over his sentences a second time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never please us long. Mankind are too indolent to relish so much labour. They may pretend to admire the author’s depth after they have discovered his meaning; but they will seldom be inclined to take up his work a second time.

Authors sometimes plead the difficulty of their subject, as an excuse for the want of Perspicuity. But the excuse can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into distinct propositions, or to express clearly to others: and upon no subject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excusably, be on some subjects incomplete or inadequate; but still, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the case, Perspicuity in expressing them is always attainable. The obscurity which reigns so much among many metaphysical writers, is, for the most part, owing to the indistinctness of their own conceptions. They see the object but in a confused light; and, of course, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perspicuity in writing, is not to be considered as merely a fort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of positive beauty. We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion; whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom.

Blair.


Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms, or low expressions; and to words and phrases, which would be least significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be strictly English, without Scotchisms or Gallicisms, or ungrammatical, irregular

* "Nobis, prima fit virtus, perspicuitas, propria verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata con-
culo; nihil neque defis, neque superflius." Quinctill. Lib. viii.
† "Discourse ought always to be obvious, even to the most careless and negligent learner; so that the sense shall strike his mind, as the light of the sun does our eyes, though they are not directed upwards to it. We must study, not only that every hearer may understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us."
regular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chosen; not adapted to the subject, nor fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perpicious, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mentioned obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some exceptions are to be made. On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or, at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Barren Languages may need such assistances; but ours is not one of these. Dean Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth: and his Language may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally strong and expressive with this Latinized English.

§ 7. On Precision.

The exact import of Precision may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off: it imports retrenching all superfluities, and pruning the expression so, as to exhibit neither more nor less than the exact copy of his idea who uses it. I observed before, that it is often difficult to separate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found so in this instance. For in order to write with Precision, though this be properly a quality of Style, one must possess a very considerable degree of distinctness and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uses to express his ideas; may be faulty in three respects: They may either not express that idea which the author intends, but some other which only resembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may express that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may express it, together with something more than he intends. Precision stands opposed to all these three faults; but chiefly to the last. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults seems implied. The words which he uses are proper; that is, they express that idea which he intends, and they express it fully; but to be Precise, signifies, that they express that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any superfluous, unbecoming accidency, fo as to mix it confusedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object loose and indistinct. This requires a writer to have, himself, a very clear apprehension of the object he means to present to us; to have laid fast hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain.

Blair.

§ 8. On the Use and Importance of Precision.

The use and importance of Precision, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together, especially objects among which there is resemblance or connection, it finds itself confused and embarrassed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus, were any object, suppose some animal, to be presented to me, of whose structure I wanted to form a distinct notion, I would desire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itself, and to stand alone, that there might be nothing to distract my attention. The same is the case with words, If, when you
you would inform me of your meaning, you
also tell me more than what conveys it; if
you join foreign circumstances to the prin-
cipal object; if, by unnecessarily varying
the expression, you shift the point of view,
and make me fee sometimes the object itself,
and sometimes another thing that is con-
neled with it; you thereby oblige me to
look on several objects at once, and I lose
fight of the principal. You load the animal
you are showing me with so many trappings
and collars, and bring so many of the same
species before me, somewhat resembling,
and yet somewhat differing, that I see none
of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Loose Style:
and is the proper opposite to Precifion. It
generally arises from using a superfluity of
words. Fecble writers employ a multitude
of words, to make themselves understood,
as they think, more difficultly; and they
only confound the reader. They are sen-
fible of not having caught the precise ex-
pression, to convey what they would signify;
they do not, indeed, conceive their own
meaning very precisely themselves; and,
therefore, help it out, as they can, by this
and the other word, which may, as they
suppose, supply the defect, and bring you
somewhat nearer to their idea: they are al-
ways going about it, and about it, but
never just hit the thing. The image, as
they set it before you, is always seen double;
and no double image is distinct. When an
author tells me of his hero's courage in the
day of battle, the expression is precise, and
I understand it fully. But if, from the desire
of multiplying words, he will needs praise
his courage and fortitude; at the moment he
joins these words together, my idea begins
to waver. He means to express one quality
more strongly; but he is, in truth, expres-
fing two. Courage refiits danger; fortitude
supports pain. The occasion of exerting
each of these qualities is different; and being
led to think of both together, when only
one of them should be in my view, my view
is rendered unsteady, and my conception of
the object indistinct.

From what I have said, it appears that
an author may, in a qualified sense, be per-
spicuous, while yet he is far from being
precise. He uses proper words, and proper
arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear
as he conceives it himself; and so far he is
perspicuous: but the ideas are not very clear
in his own mind: they are loose and ge-
neral; and therefore, cannot be expressed
with Precifion. All subjects do not equally
require Precifion. It is sufficient, on many
occasions, that we have a general view of
the meaning. The subject, perhaps, is of the
known and familiar kind; and we are in no
hazard of mistaking the sense of the author,
though every word which he utes be not pre-
cise and exact. Blair.

The great source of a Loose Style, in
opposition to Precifion, is the injudicious
use of those words termed Synonymous.
They are called Synonymous, because they
agree in expressing one principal idea: but,
for the most part, if not always, they ex-
prefs it with some diversity in the circum-
stances. They are varied by some accessory
idea which every word introduces, and
which forms the diffinition between them.
Hardly, in any Language, are there two
words that convey precisely the same idea;
a person thoroughly conversant in the pro-
perity of the Language, will always be able
to observe something that distinguishes them.
As they are like different shades of the same
colour, an accurate writer can employ them
to great advantage, by using them so as to
heighten and finish the picture which he
gives us. He supplies by one, what was
wanting in the other, to the force, or to the
lustre of the image which he means to ex-
hibit. But in order to this end, he must
be extremely attentive to the choice which
he makes of them. For the bulk of writers
are very apt to confound them with each
other; and to employ them carelessly, merely
for the sake of filling up a period, or of
rounding and diversifying the Language, as
if the signification were exactly the same,
while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain
mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown
over Style.

Ibid.

§ 10. On the general Characters of Style.
That different subjects require to be
treated of in different forts of Style, is a
position so obvious, that I shall not stay to
illustrate it. Every one sees that Treatises
of Philosophy, for instance, ought not to
be composed in the same Style with Ora-
tions. Every one sees also, that different
parts of the same composition require a va-
riation in the Style and manner. In a fer-
mon, for instance, or any harangue, the
application or peroration admits of more
ornament, and requires more warmth, than
the didactic part. But what I mean at pre-
fent to remark is, that, amidst this variety,
we still expect to find, in the compositions
of
of any one man; some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Lettres Perianes," and "L'Esprit de Doix," are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand, so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception. Blair.

§ 12. On the Concise Style.

One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise Styles. A concise writer compresses his thought into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the sake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express.


A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into the same length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

* De Compositione Verborum, Cap. 25.
Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure; it is apt also to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him; and under the general character of a concise, or of a more open and diffuse Style, may polishing much beauty in his composition.

For illustrations of these general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I was wont formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know, of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the Histrian, and the President Montesquieu in "L'Esprit de Loix." Arisotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Arisotle; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison, also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class.

Blair.


The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the same import with the Concise and the Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a concise expression. This, however, does not always hold; and there are instances of writers, who, in the midst of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example; and in the English language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but withal, for force and expressiveness uncommonly distinguished. On every subject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth.

Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy; but, if he has only an indistinct view of his subject; if his ideas be loose and wavering; if his genius be such, or, at the time of his writing, so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indifferent and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive: every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete.

Blair.

§ 15. On Harshness of Style.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inverisons in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English Language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentence: "Though for no other cause, yet for this, that politeness may know we have not looely, through slence, permitted things to pass away as in dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant this much, concerning the present state of the church U
"of God established amongst us, and their
"careful endeavours which would have un-
"held the fame." Such a sentence now
found's harfth in our ears. Yet some advan-
tages certainly attended this fort of Style;
and whether we have gained, or loft, upon
the whole, by departing from it, may bear
a question. By the freedom of arrange-
ment, which it permitted, it rendered
the Language susceptible of more strength, of
more variety of collocation, and more har-
mony of period. But however this be,
such a Style is now obfolute; and no mo-
dern writer could adopt it without the cen-
sure of harshnes and affectation. The pre-
fent form which the Language has attained,
has, in some meafe, facrifícéd the study
of strength to that of perspicuity and cafe.
Our arrangement of words has become less
forcible, perhaps, but more plain and na-
tural: and this is now understood to be the
geniuse of our Language. Blair.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of
every kind. Content with being under-
stood, it has not the leaft aim to please either
the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only
in pure didactic writing; and even there,
to make us bear it, great weight and solidi-
ity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicu-
y of Language. Aristotle is the complete ex-
ample of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps,
was there any author who adhered so rigidly
to the strictness of a didactic manner,
throughout all his writings, and conveyed
so much instruction, without the leaft ap-
proach to ornament. With the most pro-
found genius, and extenfive views, he writes
like a pure intelligence, who addresses him-
sclf folely to the understanding, without
making any ufe of the channel of the ima-
gination. But this is a manner which deferves
not to be imitated. For, although the
goodness of the matter may compensate the
dryness or harshnes of the Style, yet is that
dryness a considerable defect; as it fatigues
attention, and conveys our sentiments, with
difadvantage, to the reader or hearer.
Blair.

§ 17. On the Plain Style.
A Plain Style rifes one degree above a
dry one. A writer of this character em-
ploys very little ornament of any kind, and
refls almost entirely upon his feme. But,
if he is at no pains to engage us by the
employment of figures, didfical arrange-
ment, or any other art of writing, he
studies, however, to avoid dish gutting us,
like a dry and a harfh writer. Befides
Perfpicuity, he pursues Propriety, Purity,
and Precision, in his language; which form
one degree, and no inconsiderable one, of
beauty. Liveliness too, and force, may be
confident with a very Plain Style: and,
therefore, such an author, if his sentiments
be good, may be abundantly agreeable.
The difference between a dry and plain
writer, is, that the former is incapable of
ornament, and seems not to know what it
is; the latter feeks not after it. He gives
us his meaning, in good language, distinct
and pure; any further ornament he gives
himself no trouble about; either, because
he thinks it unnecessary to his subject; or,
because his genius does not lead him to de-
light in it; or, because it leads him to de-
spife it *.

This laft was the cafe with Dean Swift,
who may be placed at the head of thofe that
have employed the Plain Style. Few writers
have discovered more capacity. He treats
every subject which he handles, whether
foious or ludicrous, in a manner.
He knew, almost beyond any man, the
Purity, the Extent, the Precision of the
English Language; and, therefore, to fuch
as wifh to attain a pure and correct Style,
he is one of the moft ufeful models. But
we must not look for much ornament and
grace in his Language. His haughty and
morofe genius made him despife any em-
bellishment of this kind, as beneath his
dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a
plain, downright, polite manner, like one
who is fure he is in the right; and is very
indifferent whether you are plefed or not.
His sentences are commonly negligentlly ar-
anged; distinctly enough as to the feme,
but without any regard to smoothnefs of
found; often without much regard to com-
pafteus or elegance. If a metaphor, or
any other figure, chance to render his
figure more poignant, he would, perhaps,
vouchsafe to adopt it, when it came in his
way; but if it tended only to embellish and
illuftrate, he would rather throw it aside.

* On this head, of the General Characters of Style, particularly the Plain and the Simple, and the
caracters of fome English authors who are classed under them, in this, and the following Lectures
(xix) feveral ideas have been taken from a manuscript treatife on rhetoric, part of which was fhewn to
me, many years ago, by the learned and ingenious Author, Dr. Adam Smith, and which, it is hoped,
will be given by him to the Public.

Hence,
Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it seems native and unfudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever so much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we must remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole composition, great weight of matter, and great force of sentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader’s attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author. Blair.

§ 18. On the Neat Style.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the highest or most sparkling kind. A writer of this character flews, that he does not despise the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is shown in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His sentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of superfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a swelling structure; closing with propriety; without any tails, or adjecitions dragging after the proper close. His cadence is varied; but not of the studied musical kind. His figures, if he uses any, are short and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by industry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It prints a character of moderate elevation on our composition; and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unsuitable to any subject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the driest subject, may be written with neatness; and a sermon, or a philosophical treatise, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleasure. Blair.

§ 19. On an Elegant Style.

An Elegant Style is a character, expressing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to Style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will easily be understood, that complete Elegance implies great perspicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of ornament spread over Style, as far as the subject admits it; and all the illustration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery. In this class, therefore, we place only the first rate writers in the language; such as Addison, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place. Blair.

§ 20. On the Florid Style.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the subject; when they return upon us too fast and strike us either with a dazzling lustre, or a false brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly used to signify the excess of ornament. In a young composer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promising symptom, in young people, that their Style should incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: “Volo ‘ce efferat in adolescentc facunditas,” says Quintillian; “Multum inde decoquent ‘anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut ‘ufu ipso detereitur; fit modo unde excedit ‘poetit et quod exculpit.—Audent haec etas ‘plura, et inveniat, et inventis gaudeat, ‘fint licet illa non satis interim ficca et ‘severa. Facile remedium est ubiertas: ‘sterilia nullo labore vincuntur”*. But, although

* "In youth, I wish to see luxuriancy of fancy appear. Much of it will be diminished by years; much will be corrected by ripening judgment; some of it, by the mere practice of composition, will be worn away. Let there be only sufficient matter, at first, that can bear some pruning and lopping off, —
although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their first essays, it must not receive the fame indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, should change imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all such ornaments as are redundant, unsuitable to the subject, or not conducive to illustrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinsel splendour of language, which some writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be ascribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We should then have something to amuse us, at least, if we found little to instruct us. But the work is, that with those frothy writers, it is a luxuriancy of words, not of fancy. We see a laboured attempt to rise to a splendour of composition, of which they have formed to themselves some loose idea; but having no strength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to supply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by commonplace figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has escaped these writers, that frothiness in ornament, is one great secret for rendering it pleasing; and that without a foundation of good sense and solid thought, the most Florid Style is but a childish imposition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be so imposed on; at least, the mob of readers, who are very ready to be caught, at first, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious turn, and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have got so great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on some occasions, appears, justly merited applause: but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swollen imagery, and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his style; and, in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, "from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occasion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this course of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers against the affected and frivolous use of ornament; and, instead of that flight and superficial taste in writing, which I apprehend to be at present too fashionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taste for more solid thought, and more manifest simplicity in Style. 

§ 21. On the different Kinds of Simplicity.

The first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.*

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished from double plots, and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Aeneid, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the fame with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unaffected; and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to produce; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being recherche, or far sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we say, Mr. Locke is a simple, Mr. Hervey a florid, writer;

" off. At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and pride itself in its efforts, though these " should not, as yet, be correct. Luxuriancy can easily be cured; but for barrenness there is no " remedy." 

† " Then learn the wandering humour to control, " And keep one equal tenour through the whole."
This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like simplicity of manners, it shows us a man's sentiments and turn of mind laid open without disguise. More studied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this disadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the splendour of drefs, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal those peculiarities which distinguish one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like conversing with a person of distinction at home, and with ease, where we find natural manners, and a marked character. *Ibid.*

§ 23. On Naiveté.

The highest degree of this Simplicity, is expressed by a French term to which we have none that fully answers in our language, Naiveté. It is not easy to give a precise idea of the import of this word. It always expresses a discovery of character. I believe the best account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That sort of amiable ingenuity, or undisguised openness, which seems to give us some degree of superiority over the person who shews it; a certain infantile Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which displays some features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to smile at the person who discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of such Naiveté. This, however, is to be understood, as descriptive of a particular species only of Simplicity. *Blair.*


With respect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark, that the ancient original writers are always the most eminent for it. This happens from a plain reason, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful Simplicity than among the Roman. Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are *Francis.*

* "From well-known tales such fictions would I raise;"
"As all might hope to imitate with ease;"
"Yet, while they strive the same success to gain;"
"Should find their labours and their hopes in vain."

† "Let this Style have a certain softness and ease, which shall characterise a negligence, not unpleasing in an author who appears to be more solicitous about the thought than the expression."

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all distinguished for it. Among the Romans, also, we have some writers of this character; particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phædrus, and Julius Cæsar. The following passage of Terence's Andria, is a beautiful instance of Simplicity of manner in description.

--- Funus interim

Proceedit; sequimur ad tepulchrum venimus;
In ignem imposita est; fretur; interea hæc foror Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentius Satis cum periculo. Ibi tum examinatus Pamphilus

Bené diffimulatum amorem, & celatum indicat; Occurrunt præcep, mulierum ab igne retrahit, Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? Cur te is perditum? Tum illa, ut consuetud facili amorem cerneres, Rejecit in eum, fluent quam familiariter.

ACT. S. C. 1.

All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: and convey a most lively picture of the scene described: while, at the same time, the Style appears wholly artless and unlaboured. Let us next consider some English writers, who come under this clafs.

§ 25. Simplicity the Characteristic of Tillotson's Style.

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbilhop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbilhop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but carelefs and remifs, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suf-fered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbilhop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner.

Ibid.


Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amanity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometomes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remifs Style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him, we become thoroughly acquainted with him; not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity, and the highest de-

* " Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;" "Come to the sepulchre: the body's placed;" "Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon;" "This lover I was speaking of, all wild;" "Ran to the flames with peril of her life;" "There! there! the frightened Pamphilus betrays;" "His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;" "Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries;" "Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do?" "Why, why endeavor to destroy yourself?" "Then she, in such a manner that you think;" "Might easily perceive their long, long love;" "Threw herself back into his arms, and wept;" "Oh! how familiarly!"
gree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. Blair.

§ 27. Simplicity of Mr. Addison's Style.

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct, and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr. Addison is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the fairest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Periphrastic and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similes and metaphors; which are so employed, as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and fascinating manner; and the great regard which he everywhere shews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength, and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is intituled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on Milton. Ibid.

§ 28. Simplicity of Style never wearis.

Such authors as thofe, whose characters I have been giving, one never tires of reading. There is nothing in their manner that strains or fatigues our thoughts: we are pleased, without being dazzled by their luftre. So powerful is the charm of Simplicity in an author of real genius, that it atones for many defects, and reconciles us to many a careless expression. Hence, in all the most excellent authors, both in prose and verse, the simple and natural manner may be always remarked; although, other beauties being predominant, this forms not their peculiar and distinguishing character. Thus Milton is simple in the midst of all his grandeur; and Demosthenes in the midst of all his vehemence. To grave and solemn writings, Simplicity of manner adds the more venerable air. Accordingly, this has often been remarked as the prevailing character throughout all the sacred Scriptures: and indeed no other character of Style, was so much suited to the dignity of inspiration. Ibid.

§ 29. Lord Shaftsbury deficient in Simplicity of Style.

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftsbury. This is an author on whom I have made observations several times before; and shall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Considerable merit, doubts, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon degree: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly shewed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual trifles and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordsip can express nothing with Simplicity. He seems to have considered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality, to speak like other men. Hence he is ever in bawling; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every sentence, we see the marks of labour and art; nothing of that ease which expresses a sentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of
figures and ornament of every kind he is exceedingly fond; sometimes happy in them; but his fondness for them is too visible; and having once laid hold of some metaphor or allusion that pleased him, he knows not how to part with it. What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and cenfuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftsbury poftessed delicacy and refinement of taste, to a degree that we may call excessive and fickly; but he had little warmth of passion; few strong or vigorous feelings; and the coldness of his character led him to that artificial and flaty manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is stiff, even in his pleafantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man. 

From the account which I have given of Lord Shaftsbury's manner, it may easily be imagined, that he would mislead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who with many imposing beauties, has also fome very conliderable blemihes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the Life of Homer, the Letters on Mythology, and the Court of Augustus; a writer of confiderable learning, and of ingenuity also; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of language which diftinguifhes the Shaftsburean manner.

Having now fayd fo much to recommend Simplicity, or the eafy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an oppofite manner; in order to prevent mistakes on this fubjedt, it is necejfary for me to obfcrve, that it is very possible for an author to write fimply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity fuppofes an author to poftfes real genius; to write with folidity, purify, and liveliness of imagination. In this cafe, the simplicitv or unaflecdednefs of his manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the drefs of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere unaflectednefs were sufficient to conftitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. And accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dulclft writers on account of what they call the "Chafe Simplicity of their manner;" which, in truth, is no other than the abfence of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We muft diftinguish, therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a carelesfs and flowenly manner. Indeed the dftincfion is easily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to interest the reader; the other is infipid and fìrftime. Blair.

§ 30. On the vehemcnt Style.

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet fpoken of; which may be diftinguifhed by the name of the Vehement. This always implies ftrength; and is not, by any means, inconsistent with Simplicity; but, in its predominant character, is diftinguifhable from either the frong or the fimple manner. It has a peculiar airour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whose imagination and passions are heated, and strongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of leffer graces, but pours himself forth with the rapidity and fulnefs of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man, who is speaking, than from one who is writing in his clofet. The orations of Demofthenes furnith the full and perfect example of this species of Style. Blair.

§ 31. Lord Bolingbroke excelled in the Vehement Style.

Among English writers, the one who has moft of this character, though mixed, indeed, with severa! defects, is Lord Boling-
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broke. Bolingbroke was formed by nature to be a Jacobian leader; the demagogue of a popular assembly. Accordingly, the Style that runs through all his political writings, is that of one declaring with heat, rather than writing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures; and pours himself forth with great impetuosity. He is copious to a fault; places the same thought before us in many different views; but generally with life and ardour. He is bold, rather than correct; a torrent that flows strong, but often muddy. His sentences are varied as to length and shortness; inclining, however, most to long periods, sometimes including parentheses, and frequently crowding and heaping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of speaking. In the choice of his words, there is great felicity and precision. In exact construction of sentences, he is much inferior to Lord Shaftesbury; but greatly superior to him in life and grace. Upon the whole, his merit, as a writer, would have been very considerable, if his matter had equalled his Style. But whilfte we find many things to commend in the latter, in the former, as I before remarked, we can hardly find any thing to commend. In his reasonings, for the most part, he is flimsy and false; in his political writings, factious: in what he calls his philosophical ones, irreligious and sophistical in the highest degree.  

Ibid.

§ 32. Directions for forming a Style.

It will be more to the purpose, that I conclude these dissertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the subject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The first direction which I give for this purpose, is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good Style, is good sense, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confounded, our Style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quintilian’s observation, Lib. vii. c. 1. “Heramque optima verba ‘rebus cohaerent, etcernuntur fio lumeine. ‘At nos quarimus illa, tanquam latentem ‘temper, feeque subducant. Ita nunquam ‘putamus circa id effe de quo dicendum eft: ‘fed ex aliis locis petimus, et inventis vim ‘affectimus.”’

Ibid. 

§ 33. Practice necessary for forming a Style.

In the second place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensably necessary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve Style. This is to far from being the case, that by frequent careless and hasty composition, we shall acquire certainly a very bad Style; we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning, therefore, we ought to write slowly, and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. “Moram et sollicitudinem em,” says Quintilian with the greatest reason, L. x. c. 3. “initiis impro. Nam ‘primum hoc constituentes hoc obtinetens ‘datum cit, ut quam optimo fcribamus. Celeb- ‘ritatem dabitam confuetudo. Paulatim res

* * * The most proper words for the most part adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed by them, and may be discovered as by their own light. But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden; and only to be found in a corner. Hence, instead of conceiving the words to be near the subject, we go in quest of them to some other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have found out.”

facilius
We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expense of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "Lima " Labor" must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a Style.*

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarity of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison’s Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, throw us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. *Blair.*

§ 36. *A servile Imitation to be avoided.*

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author’s faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author’s noted phrases, or transplanting passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of compounding, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quintillian has delivered in the Tenth Book.

* "I enjoin that such as are beginning the practice of composition, write slowly, and with anxious deliberation. Their great object at first should be, to write as well as possible; practice will enable them to write speedily. By degrees matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; composition will flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered family, will present itself in its proper place. The sum of the whole is this; by hasty composition, we shall never acquire the art of compounding well; by writing well, we shall come to write speedily."*
of his Institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that well deserve attention. Blair.

§ 37. Style must be adapted to the Subject.

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with respect to Style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of Style, as, what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our Style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-tempered ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are underrateable; and though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our Style.

Ibid.

§ 38. Attention to Style must not detract from Attention to Thought.

In the last place, I cannot conclude the subject without this admonition, that, in any cafe, and on any occasion, attention to Style must not engross us so much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the Thoughts. "Curam verborum," says the great Roman Critic, "rerum volo esse solicitudinem." A direction the more necessary, as the present taste of the age, in writing, seems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much easier to dress up trivial and common sentiments with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and useful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former may be attained by industry, with the help of very superficial parts. Hence, we find so many writers frivolously rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in sentiment. The public ear is now so much accustomed to a correct and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with safety, neglect the study of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to something beyond it; who does not lay the chief stress upon his matter, and employ such ornaments of Style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppish. "Majore animo," says the writer whom I have so often quoted, "aggregianda est eloquentia; qua si toro corpore valet, ungules pollice et capillum compone, non exilitabit ad curam suam pertinere. Ornatus et virillis et fanctus sit; nec effe minatam levitatem et suco eminentum com lorem amet; fanguine et viribus niteat."

Blair.

§ 39. Of the Rise of Poetry among the Romans.

The Romans, in the infancy of their state, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were incautious from the refuge of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of infolence than courage, in some of their most celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen: roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senatorial house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories, very often in settling the balance of power among themselves, and not unfrequently in both these at the same time, it was long before the polite arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a
poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, buffered, unpolished people.

Not to enquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus’s time, there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numia: a prince, who pretended to converse with the Muses, as well as with Egeria; and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Sullan priests sung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had also a sort of prophetic or sacred writers, who seem to have wrote generally in verse; and were so numerous, that there were above two thousand of their volumes remaining even to Augustus’s time. They had a kind of plays too, in these early times, derived from what they had seen of the Tuscan actors, when sent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. These seem to have been either like our dumb-shows, or else a kind of extemporary farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy, and in Tuscany. In a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues begun at their harvest and vintage feasts; and carried on so rudely and abusively afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousnes—and those lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer fort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and song there, to some instrument of music, the achievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almost all these poets sleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loss to us. One of their best poets represents them as very obscure and very contemptible; one of their best historians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their most judicious emperors ordered the greatest part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All these poets therefore may very well be dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works; and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And so we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the first of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themselves seem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Augustan age.

The first kind of poetry that was followed with any success among the Romans, was that for the stage. They were a very religious people; and stage plays in those times made no inconsiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greatest number of their old poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almost all of them, are dramatic poets.

Spence.

§ 40. Of Livius, Naevius, and Ennius.

The foremost in this list, were Livius, Naevius, and Ennius. Livius’s first play (and it was the first written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him Livius Scriptor) was acted in the 414th year from the building of the city. He seems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their first, than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired these old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and says, that his pieces did not deserve a second reading. He was for some time the sole writer for the stage; till Naevius rose to rival him, and probably far exceeded his master. Naevius ventured too on an epic, or rather an historical poem, on the first Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his steps in this, as well as in the dramatic way; and seems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius; so much at least, that Lucretius says of him, “That he was the first of their poets who deserved a lauding crown from the Muses.” These three poets were actors as well as poets; and seem all of them to have wrote whatever was wanted for the stage, rather than to have consulted their own turn or genius. Each of them published, sometimes tragedies, sometimes comedies, and sometimes a kind of dramatic satires; such satires, I suppose, as had been occasioned by the extempore poetry that had been in fashion the century before them. All the most celebrated dra-
mantic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and no comedy of Aëtius, or Euripides. But these first dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; just as the present fancy, or the demand of the people, led them. The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the second Punic war, when they had humbled their great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conquests afterwards, without any great difficulties, into Greece,—gave them leisure and opportunities for making very great improvements in their poetry. Their dramatic writers began to act with more steadiness and judgment; they followed one point of view; they had the benefit of the excellent patterns the Greek writers had set them; and formed themselves on those models.

§ 41. Of Plautus.

Plautus was the first that consulted his own genius, and confined himself to that species of dramatic writing, for which he was the best fitted by nature. Indeed, his comedy (like the old comedy at Athens) is of a ruder kind, and far enough from the polish that was afterwards given it among the Romans. His jests are often rough, and his wit coarse; but there is a strength and spirit in him, that make one read him with pleasure: at least he is much to be commended for being the first that considered what he was most capable of excelling in, and not endeavouring to shine in too many different ways at once. Cæcilius followed his example in this particular; but—improved their comedy so much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the best of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himself as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the strength and weight of his sentiments.

§ 42. Of Terence.

Terence made his first appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is said, that when he offered his first play to the Ediles, they sent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at supper when he came to him; and as Terence was drest very meanly, he was placed on a little stool, and desired to read away: but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himself at the table. They all admired him as a rising genius; and the applause he received from the public, answered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may see by that, and the rest of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactness and elegance the Roman comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful simplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no searching after wit, and no ostentation of ornament in him. All his speakers seem to say just what they should say, and no more. The story is always going on; and goes on just as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence and long after, is rather remarkable for strength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compositions of this would appear to those of the Augustan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to those of the Augustan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order: it is not so ornamented, or so rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleasing. The Roman language itself, in his hands, seems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect; and to be advanced almost a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are some who look upon this as one of the strangest phenomena in the learned world: but it is a phenomenon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those times;" and instances particularly in the families of the Lælii and the Scipio's. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both these families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar conversation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare conversations. That is not at all impossible; and indeed the Romans themselves seem generally to have imagined, that he was afflicted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays: because Terence himself was born out of Italy; and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part.
part of his education in a family, where they might not speak with so much correctness as Lælius and Scipio had been used to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the rest, it seems, from what he says himself, that his most usual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Those who say that he translated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though, I suppose, it would scarce hold, were we to take both of them together.

§ 43. Of Afranius.

We have a very great loss in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Augustan Age, as the most exact imitator of Menander. He owns himself, that he had no restraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they set him a good example. Afranius's stories and personages were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as so material a point in those days, that it made two different species of comedy. Those on a Greek story were called, Palliata; and those on a Roman. The excellence all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter. *Ibid.*

§ 44. Of Pacuvius and Actius.

About the same time that comedy was improved so considerably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a contemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it ever arrived in Roman hands. The step from Ennius to Pacuvius was a very great one; so great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the best of all their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of Lælius and Scipio: but he did not profit so much by it, as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his style was not to be the common conversation style, as Terence's was; and all the stiffenings given to it, might take just as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is, that he was almost as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny speaks of some paintings by him, in a temple of Hercules, as the most celebrated works of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publish when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not so fine, nor his verses so well-turned, even as those of his predecessor. There is a remarkable story of him in an old critic, which, as it may give some light into their different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the soft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on some affairs, to make a journey into Asia, he took Tarentum in his way, and stayed there some days with Pacuvius. It was in this visit that he read his tragedy of Ateus to him, and desired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honestly, that the poetry was honorious and majestic, but that it seemed to him too stiff and harsh. Actius replied, that he was himself very sensible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all sorry for it: "for," says he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the fame with writers as with fruits: among which, those that are most soft and palatable, decay the soonest; whereas those of a rough taste last the longer, and have the finer relish, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether his style ever came to be thus mellowed, I very much doubt; however, that was, it is a point that seems generally allowed, that he and Pacuvius were the two best tragic poets the Romans ever had. *Spence.*


All this while, that is, for above one hundred years, the stage, as you see, was almost solely in possession of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the first that sprung up and flourished to any degree, was that of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by some of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was so altered and so improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was so; and even as to this, Lucilius improved a good deal by the side lights he borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philosophy; and Catullus began to shew the Romans...
Romans something of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius discovers a great deal of spirit wherever his subject will give him leave; and the first moment he steps a little aside from it, in all his digressions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himself; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter seems to pay him in his Georgics. His subject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together: but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightness. His character, in this, agrees with what is said of him: that a philtrum he too had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flourish at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wise to rival him; and was the most admired of all his contemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the least valuable part of his works. The strokes of satire in his epigrams are very severe; and the descriptions in his Idylliums, very full and picturesque. He paints strongly; but all his paintings have more of force than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With these I shall chuse to close the first age of the Roman poetry: an age more remarkable for strength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and succession of these poets wanted much to be settled: and I was obliged to say something of each of them, because I may have recourse to each on some occasion or another, inewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miscellaneous poems of Catullus; the philosophical poem of Lucretius; six comedies of Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the rest, there is nothing left as, except such passages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics.

Ibid.

§ 46. Of the Criticisms of Cicero, Horace, and Quintilian on the above Writers.

The best way to settle the characters and merits of these poets of the first age, where so little of their own works remains, is by considering what is said of them by the other Roman writers, who were well acquainted with their works. The best of the Roman critics we can consult now, and perhaps the best they ever had, are Cicero, Horace, and Quintilian. If we compare their sentiments of these poets together, we shall find a disagreement in them; but a disagreement which I think may be accounted for, without any great difficulty. Cicero, (as he lived before the Roman poetry was brought to perfection, and possibly as no very good judge of poetry himself) seems to think more highly of them than the others. He gives up Livius indeed; but then he makes it up in commending Naevius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with respect; and as to the tragic, he carries it so far as to see strongly inclined to oppose old Ennius, to Æschylus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Astius to Euripides. This high notion of the old poets was probably the general fashion in his time; and it continued afterwards (especially among the more elderly sort of people) in the Augustan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epistle to Augustus, combats it as a vulgar error in his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himself was not wholly free. However that be, Horace, on this occasion, enters into the question very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets (which indeed includes all the poets I have been speaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus) is perhaps rather too severe. He says, "That their language was in a great degree superannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent and incorrect; and that there is generally a stiffness in their compositions: that people indeed might pardon these things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they should think of condemning them for those very faults." In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the same subject, he gives Lucilius's character much in the same manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very superfluous and incorrect; his language is dashed affectedly with Greek; and his verses are hard and unharmonious." Quintilian flees the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little milled by his nearness to their times; and Horace by his subject, which was pro-

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feedly to speak against the old writers. Quinellian, therefore, does not commend them so generally as Cicero, nor speaks against them so strongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon, in this case, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to some sacred grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleasing. He commends Pacuvius and Aesbius, for the strength of their language and the force of their sentiments; but says, "they wanted that polish which was set on the Roman poetry afterwards." He speaks of Pausius and Aemilius, as applauded writers; of Terence as a most elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, says he, fall infinitely short of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude: According to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace; Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his style; and Catullus is remarkable in the satirical part of his works, but scarce so in the rest of his lyric poetry.

§ 47. Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the Romans.

The first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Caesar. The state, which had been so long tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at least concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister, too, under him (who though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the belt; and who admitted the belt poets, in particular, into a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in this list; who, at his first getting out, grew soon their most applauded writer for gentle pastoral; then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was written in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (so beautiful, that some of the ancients seem to accuse Virgil of having studied beauty too much in that piece); and, last of all, undertook a political poem, in support of the new establishment. I have thought this to be the intent of the Æneid, ever since I first read Boffu; and the more one considers it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Anthony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him; and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his Æneid, shews that Æneas was called into their country by the express order of the Gods; that he was made king of it, by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be; that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Caesar was of the royal race, and that Augustus was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Augustus, the Romans, if they would obey the Gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuade themselves, that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effect with many, about a century ago; and fleets not to have quite lost all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to support the new form of government in the family of the Caesars. That poem, therefore may very well be considered as a religious and political work; or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was scarce anything more than an engine of state) it may
may fairly enough be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, Virgil was not so highly encouraged by Augustus and Mæcenas for nothing. To speak a little more plainly: He wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state: and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the usurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution, at that time, was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or another; and might possibly, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of some one else mild and indulgent than Augustus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his service. But whatever may be said of his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day; and though left unfinished by its author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks.

Spence.


It preserves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as strongly as if we had so many pictures of them preferred to us, done by some of the best hands in the Augustan age. It is remarkable, that he is commended by some of the ancients themselves, for the strength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet even of his time; in which all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much less, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old Ennius; and often infers whole verses from him, and some other of their earliest writers. The obfolenees of their style, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt incurred many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in chusing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the skill of making his own, by weav-
several of the satires might just as well be called epistles, as several of his epistles have the spirit of satire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you please to call them (whether satires and epistles, or discourses in verse on moral and familiar subjects) is what, I must own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in these that he shews that talent for criticism, in which he so very much excelled; especially in his long epistle to Augustus; and that other to the Piso's, commonly called his Art of Poetry. They abound in strokes which shew his great knowledge of mankind, and in that pleasing way he had of teaching philosophy, of laughing away vice, and infinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may serve, as much as almost any writings can, to make men wiser and better: for he has the most agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was in general, an honest good man himself; at least he does not seem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wish to have been acquainted with, so much as Horace. One cannot be very conversant with his writings, without having a friendship for the man; and longing to have just such another as he was for one's friend.

Spence.

§ 50. Of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

In that happy age, and in the same court, flourished Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epistles. Tibullus is evidently the most exact and most beautiful writer of love-verse, among the Romans, and was esteemed so by their best judges; though there were some, it seems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent seems to have been only for elegiac verse; at least his compliment on Melfala (which is his only poem out of it) shews, I think, too plainly, that he was neither designed for heroic verse, nor panegyr. Elegance is as much his distinguishing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's, among the comic writers of the former: and if his subject will never let him be sublime, his judgment at least always keeps him from being faulty.—His rival and contempory, Propertius, seems to have fet himself too many different models, to copy either of them so well as he might otherwise have done. In one place, he calls himself the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivaling Philetas: and he is said to have studied Mimnermus, and some other of the Greek lyric writers, with the same view. You may see by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the confiant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to fet some great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have succeeded better, had he fixed on any one of these; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the elegiac writers of this age; and is more loose and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many matters, Ovid endeavoured to shine in too many different kinds of writing at the same time. Besides, he had a redundant genius; and almost always chose rather to indulge, than to give any restraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his several works, one should not perhaps be much befide the truth, in saying, that he excels most in his Fasti; then perhaps in his love verses; next in his heroic epistles; and lastly, in his Metamorphoses. As for the verses he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite loft his spirit in them: and though you may discover some difference in his manner, after his banishment came to fit a little lighter on him, his genius never shines out fairly after that fatal stroke. His very love of being witty had forsaken him; though before it seems to have grown upon him, when it was least becoming, toward his old age: for his Metamorphoses (which was the last poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finishead when he was sent into banishment) has more instances of falfe wit in it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him most cried up for, in that piece, is his transitions from one story to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quinctillian, where he is speaking of them, endeavours rather to excuse than to commend him on that head. We have a considerable loss in the latter half of his Fasti; and in his Medea, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry seems not to have flourished, in proportion to the other sorts of poetry, in the Augustan age. We scarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated
cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it, to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of Aetius and Paeonius. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the Medea of Ovid, and Varrius's Thyestes. However, if it was not this age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome. Spence.

§ 51. Of Phædrus.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to infer Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. FabulaÆsopae, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in them; and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was so short and plain; for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The tale was so much fallen, at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long, tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others, who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. Ibid.

§ 52. Of Manilius.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have written in these lower ages, so long since Latin has ceased to be a living language. There is at least, I believe, no instance, in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language; or such verification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that speaks one word of any such poet about those times. I doubt not, there were bad poets enough in the Augustan age; but I question whether Manilius may deserve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What must be said, then, to the many passages in the poem, which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Augustan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not see how one can deny his being of that age: and if it be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it should agree so exactly, in so many little particulars, with the ancient globe of the heavens, in the Parnese palace. Allowing Manilius's poem to pass for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Augustan age, besides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Gratius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus. Spence.

§ 53. Of the Poets whose Works have not come down to us.

These are but small remains for an age in which poetry was so well cultivated and followed by very great numbers, taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, most of the best have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus; that Præculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a sort of picaresque eclogues; and Maçon, a poem on the nature of birds, beasts, and plants. That the same Maçon, and Rabirinus, and Marius, and Ponticus, and Pedo Albionvanus, and several others, were epic writers in that time (which, by the way, seems to have signified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verse); that Fundanius was the best comic poet then, and Meliillus no bad one: that Varrius was the most esteemed for epic poetry, before the Æneid appeared; and one of the most esteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (besides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of state) is much commended for tragedy; and Varus, either for tragedy or epic poetry; for it does not quite appear which of the two he wrote. These last are great names; but there remain some of still higher dignity, who were, or at least desired to be thought, poets in that time. In the former part of Augustus's reign, his first minister for home affairs, Mæceus; and in the latter part, his grand-son, Germanicus, were of this number. X 2 Germanicus
Germanicus in particular translated Aratus; and there are some (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a considerable part of his translation. The emperor himself seems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in prose; but some things in verse too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called Ajax.

It is no wonder, under such encouragements; and so great examples, that poetry should arise to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Augustus found a prince, whose own inclinations, the temper of whose reign, and whose very politics, led him to nurse all the arts; and poetry in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got so far toward perfection, that they should fall as it were all at once; and from their greatest purity and simplicity, should degenerate so immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing, than had been ever known among them. Spence.

§ 54. Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.

There are some who affect, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been speaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Augustus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula.

Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Augustus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at least a mildness, that gave a calm to the state during his time: the succeeding emperors flung off the mask; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monsters than men. We need not go to their historians for proofs of their prodigious vileness: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under such heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All discipline in war, all domestic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taste for found eloquence and good poetry, funk gradually; and faded away, as they had flourished, together. Instead of the sensible, chaste, and manly way of writing, that had been in use in the former age, there now rose up a desire of writing smartly, and an affectation of shining in every thing they said. A certain prettiness, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what distinguished their most applauded writers in prose; and their poetry was quite loft in high flights and obscurity. Seneca, the favourite prose writer of those times; and Petronius Arbiter, so great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the prose in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to say, that they had then Lucan and Persius, instead of Virgil and Horace. 

§ 55. Of Lucan.

Persius and Lucan, who were the most celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well serve for examples of the faults I just mentioned, one of the swelling, and the other of the obscure fyle, then in fashion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into futilian and bombastic. His muse has a kind of dropy, and looks like the soldier described in his own Pharfalia, who in passing the defect sands of Africa, was bit by a serpent, and swelled to such an immoderate size, "that he was loft (as he expresseth it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haste to make Quinftilian say some good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always, and what he will ever deserve to be admired for, are the several philosophical passages that abound in his works; and his generous sentiments, particularly on the love of liberty and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wise; but he is often in his rants, and never more so than when he has got into a battle, or a storm at sea: but it is remarkable, that even on those occasions, it is not so much a violence of rage, as a madness of affectation, that appears most strongly in him. To give a few instances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's storm, when Caesar ventured to cross the sea in so small a vessel; "the swift stars themselves seem to be put in motion." Then "the waves ride over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next step is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I suppose to increase their force. The sea opens in several places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the universe are shaken; and nature is afraid of a second chaos. His little skiff, in the mean time, sometimes cuts along the clouds with her fails; and sometimes seems in danger of being stranded on the sands at the bottom of the sea; and must inevitably have been loft, had not the storm (by good fortune) been so strong from every
quarter, that she did not know on which side to bulge first.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of Pharsalia, we are told, that all the soldiers were incapable of any fear for themselves, because they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey and the commonwealth. On this great occasion, the hills about them, according to his account, seem to be more afraid than the men; for some of the mountains looked as if they would thrust their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themselves under the valleys at their feet. And these disturbances in nature were universal: for that day, every single Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a strange gloom spread all over his mind, on a sudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore.

Spence.

§ 56. *His Description of the Sea-fight off Marseilles.*

The sea-fight off Marseilles, is a thing that might divert one, full as well as Erasmus’s *Naufragium Juculare*; and what is still stranger, the poet chooses to most diverting in the wounds he gives the poor soldier. The first perfon killed in it, is pierced at the same instant by two spears; one in his back, and the other in his breast, so nicely, that both their points meet together in the middle of his body. They each, I suppose, had a right to kill him; and his soul was for some time doubtful which it should obey. At last, it compounds the matter; drives out each of the spears before it, at the same instant; and whips out of his body, half at one wound, and half at the other.—A little after this, there is an honest Greek, who has his right hand cut off, and fights on with his left, till he can leap into the sea to recover the former; but there (as misfortunes seldom come single) he has his left arm chopped off too; after which, like the hero in one of our ancient ballads, he fights on with the trunk of his body, and performs actions greater than any Withington that ever was.—When the battle grows warmer, there are many who have the same misfortune with this Greek. In endeavouring to climb up the enemies ships, several have their arms stuck off; fall into the sea; leave their hands behind them! Some of these swimming combatants encounter their enemies in the water; some supply their friends ships with arms; some, that had no arms, entangle themselves with their enemies; cling to them, and sink together to the bottom of the sea; others ftick their bodies against the beaks of their enemies ships: and scarce a man of them flung away the use of his car-cake, even when he should be dead.

But among all the contrivances of these pithomous warriors, the thing most to be admired, is the sagacity of the great Tyrrenus. Tyrrenus was standing at the head of one of the vessels, when a ball of lead, flung by an artful slinger, struck out both his eyes. The violent dash of the blow, and the deep darkness that was spread over him all at once, made him at first conclude that he was dead: but when he had recovered his senses a little, and found he could advance one foot before the other, he defied his fellow soldiers to plant him just as they did their Balitæ: he hopes he can still fight as well as a machine; and seems mightily pleased to think how he shall cheat the enemy, who will fling away darts at him, that might have killed people who were alive.

Such strange things as these, make me always wonder the more, how Lucan can be so wise as he is in some parts of his poem. Indeed his sentences are more solid than one could otherwise expect from so young a writer, had he wanted such an uncle as Seneca, and such a master as Cornutus. The dwellings in the other parts of his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being born in Spain, and in that part of it which was the farthest removed from Greece and Rome; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly overrun with a bad taste. After all, what I most dislike him for, is a blotted in his moral character. He was at first pretty high in the favour of Nero. On the discovery of his being concerned in a plot against him, this philosopher (who had written so much, and so gallantly, about the pleasure of dying) behaved himself in the most despicable manner. He named his own mother as guilty of the conspiracy, in hopes of saving himself. After this, he added several of his friends to his former confession; and thus continued labouring for a pardon, by making sacrifices to the tyrant of such lives, as any one, much less of a philosopher than he seems to have been, ought to think dearer than their own. All this bafinets was of no use to him: for, in the end, Nero
ordered him to execution too. His veins were opened; and the last words he spoke, were some verses of his own. Spence.

§ 57. Of Persius.

Persius is said to have been Lucan's school-fellow under Cornutus; and like him, was bred up more a philosopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but scarce defends that of a good writer, in any other than the moral sense of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetic. His great fault is obscurity. Several have endeavoured to excuse or palliate this fault in him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the necessity a satirist then lay under, of writing so, for his own security. This may hold as to some passages in him; but to say the truth, he seems to have a tendency and love to obscurity in himself: for it is not only to be found where he may speak of the emperor, or the state; but in the general course of his satires. So that, in my conscience, I must give him up for an obscure writer; as I should Lucan for a timid and swelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero. The three emperors after him were made in an hurry, and had short tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Vespasian, the first emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover something of the good taste that had formerly flourished in Rome; his son Titus, the delight of mankind, in his short reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities: and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the muses. After him, there was a succession of good emperors, from Nerva to the Antonines. And this extraordinary good fortune (for indeed, if one considers the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been such, to have had any two good ones only together) gave a new spirit to the arts, that had long been in so languishing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raise up its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now; but they were better, at least, than they had been under the reign of Nero. Ibid.

§ 58. Of Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus.

This period produced three epic poets, whose works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almost always on the ground, and scarce once attempts to soar throughout his whole work. It is plain, however, though it is low; and if he has but little of the spirit of poetry, he is free at least from the affectation, and obscurity, and bombast, which prevailed so much among his immediate predecessors. Silius was honoured with the Consulship; and lived to see his son in the same high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and statues; some of which he worshipped; especially one he had of Virgil. He used to offer sacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his spirit in his writings: for he had scarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet.—Statius had more of spirit, with a less share ofprudence: for his Thebaid is certainly ill conducted, and scarcely well written. By the little we have of his Achilleid, that would probably have been a much better poem, at least as to the writing part, had he lived to finish it. As it is, his description of Achilles's behaviour at the feast which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambassadors, and some other parts of it, read more pleasingly to me than any part of the Thebaid. I cannot help thinking, that the passage quoted so often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a satire on him. Martial seems to strike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finish his Achilleid, he may deserve more reputation perhaps as a miscellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verses in his Sylvæ are not without their faults, they are not so faulty as his Thebaid. The chief faults of Statius, in his Sylvæ and Thebaid, are said to have proceeded from very different causes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haste; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greatest fault of all, or rather the greatest sign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan so extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more finely in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to see his son obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himself.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfinished. We have but seven books of his Argonautics, and part of the eighth, in which the Argonauts
nauts are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion; for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius; and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly less embarrassed and confused than the Thebaid. Some of the ancients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quinctilian, who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of 'several others,' whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annaeus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one should do no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian. Spence.

§ 59. Of Martial.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest flop of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there, in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a dishc with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric; and these were his highest employments. He was, however, a good writer in his way; and there are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions.

§ 60. Of Juvenal.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any thing of the gentility of Horace; yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he flashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his faires have a great deal of spirit in them; and they a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his faires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far loft and extinguished among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an enquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength: when they loft much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous; in its middle age,
Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.

Chapter 62. The Condition of the Romans in the Second Punic War.

Such was the state of this imperial city, when its citizens had made so great a progress in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a war with the Carthaginians; the strongest power then by land, and the absolute masters by sea. The Romans, in the first Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the second, they greatly increased their strength, both by sea and land; and acquired a taste of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For though before this they were masters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of several cities in the eastern part of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and statues, and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the rest of the world so much; they had hitherto looked upon them with so careless an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This insensibility they preserved so long, either from the grossness of their minds, or perhaps from their superfluous, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the most likely of all) out of mere politics, and the desire of keeping up their martial spirit and natural roughness, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Greeks were but too apt to destroy.

However that was, they generally preserved themselves from even the least fulpiation of taste for the polite arts, pretty far into the second Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the scales were turned on their side. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and statues. Among others, there were some very fine colossal figures of the gods, represented as fighting against the rebel giants. These were made by some of the most eminent masters in Greece; and the Jupiter, not improbably, by Lygippos. When Fabius was disposing of the spoil, he ordered the money and plate to be sent to the treasury at Rome, but the statues and pictures to be left behind. The secretary who
who attended him in his survey, was some-
what struck with the largeness and noble air
of the figures just mentioned; and asked,
Whether they too must be left with the rest?
"Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their
"angry gods to the Tarentines; we will
"have nothing to do with them." Spence.

§ 63. Marcellus attacks Syracuse,
and sends all its Pictures and Statues to
Rome.

Marcellus had indeed behaved himself
differently very differently in Sicily, a year or two be-
fore this happened. As he was to carry on
the war in that province, he bent the whole
force of it against Syracuse. There was at
that time no one city which belonged to the
Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned,
than the city of Syracuse; it abounded in
the works of the best masters. Marcellus,
when he took the city, cleared it entirely,
and fent all their statues and pictures to
Rome. When I say all, I use the language
of the people of Syracuse; who soon after
laid a complaint against Marcellus before
the Roman senate, in which they charged
him with flripping all their houses and
temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls
throughout the city. Marcellus himself did
not at all difown it, but fairly confessed
what he had done; and used to declare,
that he had done so, in order to adorn
Rome, and to introduce a taste for the fine
arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their
two greatest leaders, soon occasioned two
different parties in Rome. The old people
in general joined in crying up Fabius.—
Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were;
but temperate in his conquests. In
what he had done, he had acted, not only
with that moderation which becomes a Ro-
man general, but with much prudence and
forethought. "These fineries," they cried,
"are a pretty diversion for an idle effemi-
nate people: let us leave them to the
"Greeks. The Romans desire no other
"ornaments of life, than a simplicity of
"manners at home, and fortitude against
"our enemies abroad. It is by these arts
"that we have raised our name so high,
"and spread our dominion so far: and
"shall we suffer them now to be exchanged
"for a fine taste, and what they call ecle-
"gance of living? No, great Jupiter, who
"predested over the capitol! let the Greeks
"keep their arts to themselves, and let the
"Romans learn only how to conquer and
"to govern mankind."—Another fet, and
particularly the younger people, who were
extremely delighted with the noble works of
the Grecian artists that had been set up for
some time in the temples, and porticos, and
all the most public places of the city, and
who used frequently to spend the greatest
part of the day in contemplating the beauties
of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the
pleasure he had given them. "We
"shall now," said they, "no longer be
"reckoned among the Barbarians. That
"ruft, which we have been so long con-
"tracting, will soon be worn off. Other
"generals have conquered our enemies, but
"Marcellus has conquered our ignorance.
"We begin to see with new eyes, and have
"a new world of beauties opening before
"us. Let the Romans be polite, as well
"as victorious; and let us learn to excel
"the nations in taste, as well as to con-
"quer them with our arms."

Whichever side was in the right, the
party for Marcellus was the successful one;
for, from this point of time we may date
the introduction of the arts into Rome. The
Romans by this means began to be fond of
them; and the love of the arts is a passion,
which grows very fast in any breast, where-
ever it is once entertained.

We may see how fair and how greatly it
prevailed at Rome, by a speech which old
Cato the cenmre made in the senate, not
above seventeen years after the taking of
Syracuse. He complains in it, that their
people began to run into Greece and Asia;
and to be infected with a desire of playing
with their fine things: that as to such spoils,
there was less honour in taking them, than
there was danger of their being taken by
them: that the gods brought from Syracuse,
had revenged the caufe of its citizens, in
spreading this taste among the Romans:
that he heard but too many daily crying up
the ornaments of Corinth, and Athens; and
ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who
had hitherto been propitious to them; and
who, he hoped, would still continue so, if
they would but let their statues remain in
peace upon their pedestals. Spence.

§ 64. The Roman Generals, in their seve-
ral Conquests, convey great Numbers of
Pictures and Statues to Rome.

It was in vain too that Cato spoke against
it; for the love of the arts prevailed every
day more and more; and from henceforward
the Roman generals, in their several con-
quests, seem to have strove who should bring
away the greatest number of statues and pic-
tures,
tours, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what
accretions of this kind were made in the
combs of a little more than half a century
after Marcellus had set the example. The
elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great
number of wrought vases from Spain and
Africa, toward the end of the second Punic
war; and the very year after that was
finished, the Romans entered into a war
with Greece, the great school of all the
arts, and the chief repository of most of the
finest works that ever were produced by
them. It would be endless to mention all
their acquisitions from hence; I shall only
put you in mind of some of the most con-
siderable. Flaminius made a great thief
both of statues and vases in his triumph over
Philip king of Macedon; but he was much
exceeded by Memilius, who reduced that
kingdom into a province. Memilius's tri-
umph lasted three days; the first of which
was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine
statues he had selected in his expedition; as
the chief ornaments of the second consisted
in vases and sculptured vessels of all forts,
by the most eminent hands. These were
all the most choicer things, culled from the
collection of that successor of Alexander the
Great; for as to the inferior spoils of no
less than seventy Grecian cities, Memilius
had left them all to his soldiery, as not
worthy to appear among the ornaments of his
triumph. Not many years after this,
the young Scipio Africanus (the person who
is most celebrated for his polite taste of all
the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce
exceeded by any one of them in all the suc-
ceeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and
transferred many of the chief ornaments of
that city, which had so long bid fair for
being the seat of empire, to Rome, which
soon became undoubtedly so. This must
have been a vast acception: though that great
man, who was as just in his actions as he
was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the
finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great
part of them in Sicily, from whence they
had formerly been taken by the Carthagin-
ians. The very same year that Scipio
freed Rome from its most dangerous rival,
Carthage, Mummius (who was as remark-
able for his rudicity, as Scipio was for elege-
tance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman
flate; and sacked, among several others,
the famous city of Corinth, which had been
long looked upon as one of the principal re-
svoirs of the finest works of art. He cleared
it of all its beauties, without knowing any
thing of them: even without knowing, that
an old Grecian statue was better than a new
Roman one. He used, however, the freeret
method of not being mislaken; for he took
all indifferently as they came in his way;
and brought them off in such quantities,
that he alone is said to have filled Rome
with statues and pictures. Thus, partly
from the taste, and partly from the vanity
of their generals, in less than seventy years
time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of
Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was
destroyed) Italy was furnished with the
noblest productions of the ancient artists,
that before lay scattered all over Spain,
Africa, Sicily, and the rest of Greece.
Sylla, beside many others, added vastly to
them afterwards; particularly by his taking
of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia;
where, by his too great indulgence to his
armies, he made taste and rapine a general
thing, even among the common soldiers, as
it had been, for a long time, among their
leaders.

In this manner, the first considerable ac-
quisions were made by their conquering
armies; and they were carried on by the
persons sent out to govern their provinces,
when conquered. As the behaviour of these
in their governments, in general, was one
of the greatest blots on the Roman nation,
we must not expect a full account of their
transactions in the old historians, who treat
particularly of the Roman affairs: for such
of these that remain to us, are either Ro-
mans themselves, or else Greeks who were
too much attached to the Roman interest,
to speak out the whole truth in this affair.
But what we cannot have fully from their
own historians, may be pretty well supplied
from other hands. A poet of their own,
who seems to have been a very honest man,
has set the rapaciousness of their governors
in general in a very strong light; as Cicero
has set forth that of Verres in particular, as
strongly. If we may judge of their general
behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily,
they were more like monsters and harpies,
than men. For that public robber (as Ci-
cero calls him, more than once) hunted over
every corner of his island, with a
couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and
the other a statue of the same nation) to
get together his collection; and was so cu-
rious and so rapacious in that search, that
Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue,
or relieve, or picture, in all Sicily, which
he did not see; nor any one he liked, which
he did not take away from its owner. What
he
he thus got, he sent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their spoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their praetors and proconsuls acted but in half so abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all these sorts of things secretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals.

Spence.

§ 65. The Methods made use of in drawing the Works of the best ancient Artists into Italy.

There was another method of augmenting these treasures at Rome, not so intimate as this, and not so glorious as the former. What I mean, was the custom of the Ædiles, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of statues and pictures: which they bought up or borrowed, for that purpose, all over Greece, and sometimes even from Asia. Scaurus, in particular, in his edilship, had no less than three thousand statues and reliefs for the mere ornamenting of the stage, in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the fame Scaurus who (whilst he was in the same office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been so long one of the most eminent schools in Greece for painting; in lieu of debts owing, or pretended to be owed, from that city to the Roman people.

From these public methods of drawing the works of the best ancient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almost every body that could afford it, to adorn their houses, their porticos, and their gardens, with the best statues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Asia. None went earlier into this taste, than the family of the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who carried on the war against Mithridates. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life gave himself up so much to collections of this kind, that Plutarch reckons it among his follies. *As I am speaking of his faults (says that hiftorian in his life) I should not omit his vast baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed; nor his excessive fondness for statues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his works and gardens, at an immense expense; and with the vast riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war.*

There were several other families which fell about that time into the same sort of excels; and, among the rest, the Julian. The first emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his successor, Augustus, was of Corinthian vases.

This may be called the first age of the flourishing of the polite arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there; for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps some particular persons in it of a very good taste; but in general one may say, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the first part of it, in greater numbers than can be easily conceived; and in some time, everybody began to look upon them with pleasure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the several methods I have mentioned; and I doubt not but a good taste would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulsions in their state, and the perpetual struggles of some great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. These continued quite from Sylla’s time to the establishment of the state under Augustus. The peaceful times that then succeeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leisure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taste in all the elegancies of life. The artists, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a style greatly superior to what they had done even in Julius Cæsar’s time: so that it is under Augustus that we may begin the second, and most perfect age of sculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Augustus changed the whole appearance of Rome itself; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings, extremely finer than any it could boast before his time, and set off all those buildings, and even the common streets, with an addition of some of the finest statues in the world.

Spence.

§ 66. On

On the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish; and the four reign of Tiberius, was as a sudden frost that checks their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the bad taste of the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by flower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The series of so many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as never to rise again under any future Roman emperor.

You may see by these two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their rise, their flourishing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their style was prepared, and a vast collection of fine works laid in, under the first period, or in the times of the republic: In the second, or the Augustan age, their writers and artists were both in their highest perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languish; and then revived a little; and at last sunk totally together.

In comparing the descriptions of their poets with the works of art, I should therefore chuse to omit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whose omission need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be considered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taste of poetry was strangely corrupted and lost; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before and long after him. It is therefore much better to conjoin one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two; whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight.

Spence.

§ 67. On Demosthenes.

I shall not spend any time upon the circumstances of Demosthenes's life; they are well known. The strong ambition which he discovered to excel in the art of speaking; the unsuccessfulness of his first attempts; his unwearied perseverance in surmounting all the disadvantages that arose from his person and address; his flattering himself up in a cave, that he might study with less distraction; his declining by the sea-shore, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a tumultuous assembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his speech; his practicing at home with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was subject; all those circumstances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to such as study Eloquence, as they shew how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature seemed unwilling to grant us.

Blair.

§ 68. Demosthenes imitated the manly Eloquence of Pericles.

Defying the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demosthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and strength and vehemence form the principal characteristics of his Style. Never had orator a finer field than Demosthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations: and, no doubt, to the nobleness of the subject, and to that integrity and public
public spirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The subject is, torouze the indignation of his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them against the infamous measures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them asleep to danger. In the prosecution of this end, we see him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for justice, humanity and valour, but in many instances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indemnence, and indifference to the public cause; while, at the same time, with all the art of an orator, he recals the glory of their ancestors to their thoughts, shews them that they are full of a flourishing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themselves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his contemporary orators, who were in Philip's interest, and who persuaded the people to peace, he keeps no measures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactness, the measures of execution. This is the strain of these orations. They are strongly animated; and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, consequences, and demonstrations, founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses, are never sought after; but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly indeed; for splendour and ornament are not the distinctions of this orator's composition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and ostentation; no methods of infuination; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience, by a sentence or two for hearing plain truths, enters directly on business. Blair.

§ 69. Demosthenes contrasted with Aeschines.

Demosthenes appears to great advantage, when contrasted with Aeschines, in the celebrated oration "pro Corona." Aeschines was his rival in business, and perfonal enemy; and one of the most distinguished orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Aeschines is feeble in comparison of Demosthenes, and makes much less impression on the mind. His reasonings concerning the law that was in question, are indeed very subtile; but his invective against Demosthenes is general, and ill-supported. Whereas Demosthenes is a torrent, that nothing can reft. He bears down his antagonist with violence; he draws his character in the strongest colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the descriptions in it are highly picturesque. There runs through it a strain of magnanimity and high honour: the orator speaks with that strength and conscious dignity which great actions and public spirit alone inspire. Both orators use great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unrestrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abusive names and downright surliness, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What those ancient orators gained by such a manner in point of freedom and boldness, is more than compensated by want of dignity; which seems to give an advantage, in this respect, to the greater decency of modern speaking. Blair.

§ 70. On the Style of Demosthenes.

The Style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissimulated, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, though far from being unmufical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that fluid, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His action and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the auteur, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleafantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace; which Dionyfus of
Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty, eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophists. Demetrius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, attained indeed some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. "Delectatbat Athenienfes," says Cicero, "magis quam inflammabat."—"He amused the Athenians, rather than warmed them." And after his time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note.

§ 71. On Cicero.

The object in this period most worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himself; whose name alone suggests every thing that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and, in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and, with much preparation and inculcation propofes the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and in moving, especially the softer passions, he is very successful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greatest beauty and pomp; and in the structure of his sentences, is curious and exact to the highest degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every subject; magnificent, and in his sentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuse, yet it is often happily varied, and suited to the subject. In his four orations, for instance, against Catiline, the tone and style of each of them, particularly the first and last, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occasion, and the situation in which they were spoken. When a great public object roused his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs considerably from that loose and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the case in his orations against Anthony, and in those too against Verres and Catiline.

§ 72. Defects of Cicero.

Together with those high qualities which Cicero poiffeles, he is not exempt from certain defects, of which it is necessary to take notice. For the Ciceronian Eloquence is a pattern so dazzling by its beauties, that, if not examined with accuracy and judgment, it is apt to betray the unwary into a faulty imitation; and I am of opinion, that it has sometimes produced this effect. In most of his orations, especially those composed in the earlier part of his life, there is too much art; even carried the length of otentation. There is too visible a parade of eloquence. He seems often to aim at obtaining admiration, rather than at operating conviction, by what he says. Hence, on some occasions, he is showy, rather than solid; and diffuse, where he ought to have been pressing. His sentences are, at all times, round and sonorous; they cannot be accused of monotonv, for they poifle a variety of cadence; but from too great a study of magnificence, he is sometimes deficient in strength. On all occasions, where there is the least room for it, he is full of himself. His great actions, and the real services which he had performed to his country, apologize for this in part; ancient manners, too, imposed fewer restraints from the side of decorum; but, even after these allowances made, Cicero's oration of himself cannot be wholly palliated; and his orations, indeed all his works, leave on our minds the impression of a good man, but withal, of a vain man.

The defects which we have now taken notice of in Cicero's eloquence, were not unobserved by his own cotemporaries. This we learn from Quinctilian, and from the author of the dialogue, "de Caesaribus Corruptis" "Eloquentia." Brutus we are informed called
called him, "fractum et clumbem," broken and enervated. "Suorum temporum homines," says Quintillian, "incellere atque debant eum ut tumidiorum & Aftanum, et redundandum, et in repetitiohnibus nimium, et in falsibus aliquando frigidum, & in compositone fractum et exulantem, & penes vita molliorum." These censures were undoubtedly carried too far; and favour of malignity and personal enmity. They saw his defects, but they aggravated them; and the source of these aggrandizations can be traced to the difference which prevailed in Rome, in Cicero's days, between two great parties, with respect to eloquence, the "Attici," and the "Afani." The former, who called themselves the Attics, were the patrons of what they conceived to be the chaste, simple, and natural style of eloquence; from which they accused Cicero, as having departed, and as leaning to the florid Aftatic manner. In several of his rhetorical works, particularly in his "Orator ad Brutum," Cicero, in his turn, endeavours to expose this feft, as substituting a frigid and jejune manner, in place of the true Attic eloquence; and contends, that his own composition was formed upon the real Attic Style. In the tenth Chapter of the last Book of Quinctilian's Institutions, a full account is given of the disputes between these two parties; and of the Rhodian, or middle manner between the Attics and the Aftatics. Quinctilian himself declares on Cicero's side; and, whether it be Attic or Aftatic, prefers the full, the copious, and the amplifying style. He concludes with this very just observation: "Plures sunt eloquentiae facies; sed fluitidumum est quaerere, ad quam rectas est fit orator; cum omnis species, quae modo recta est, habeat ufcum.—Uterum enim, ut res exi gest, omnibus; nec pro causa modo, sed pro partibus cause." Blair.

§ 72. Comparison of Cicero and Demosthenes.

On the subject of comparing Cicero and Demosthenes, much has been said by critical writers. The different manners of these two princes of eloquence, and the distin-
guishing characters of each, are so strongly marked in their writings, that the comparison is, in many respects, obvious and easy. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity; that of Cicero is gentleness and intimation. In the one, you find more manliness; in the other more ornament. The one is more harth, but more spirited and cogent; the other more agreeable, but withal, looser and weaker.

To account for this difference, without any prejudice to Cicero, it has been said, that we must look to the nature of their different auditorities; that the refined Athenians followed with ease the concise and convincing eloquence of Demosthenes; but that a manner more popular, more flowery, and declamatory, was requisite in speaking to the Romans, a people less acute, and less acquainted with the arts of speech. But this is not satisfactory. For we must observe, that the Greek orator spoke much oftener before a mixed multitude, than the Roman. Almost all the public business of Athens was transacted in popular assemblies. The common people were their hearers, and his judges. Whereas Cicero generally addressed himself to the Patres Conscripti, or, in criminal trials, to the Praetor, and the Select Judges; and it cannot be imagined, that the persons of highest rank and best education in Rome, required a more diffi9ce manner of pleading than the common citizens of Athens, in order to make them understand the cause, or relish the speaker. Perhaps we shall come nearer the truth, by observing, that to unite together all the qualities, without the least exception, that form a perfect orator, and to excel equally in each of those qualities, is not to be expected from the limited powers of human genius. The highest degree of strength is, I suspect, never found united with the highest degree of smoothness and ornament: equal attentions to both, are incompatible; and the genius that carries ornament to its utmost length, is not of such a kind, as can excel as much in vigour. For there plainly lies the characteristic difference between these two celebrated orators.

It is a disadvantage to Demosthenes, that, besides his conciseness, which sometimes
produces obscurity, the language, in which he writes, is less familiar to most of us than the Latin, and that we are less acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more ease, and of course with more pleasure. Independent of this circumstance too, he is no doubt, in himself, a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithstanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the state in danger, or some great public interest at stake, which drew the serious attention of men, an oration in the spirit and strain of Demosthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effects, than one in the Ciceronian manner. Were Demosthenes's Philippics spoken in a British assembly, in a similar conjunction of affairs, they would convince and persuade at this day. The rapid flow, the vehement reaoning, the disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their success infallible over any modern assembly. I question whether the same can be said of Cicer- ro's orations; whose eloquence, however beautiful, and however well suited to the Roman taste, yet borders often on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to hear real business and causes of importance treated.

In comparing Demosthenes and Cicero, most of the French critics incline to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin the Jefuit, in the parallels which he has drawn between some of the most eminent Greek and Roman writers, uniformly decides in favour of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero, he assigns, and lays stress on one reason of a pretty extraordinary nature; viz. that Demosthenes could not possibly have so complete an insight as Cicero into the manners and passions of men; Why? Because he had not the advantage of perusing Ariflotle's treatise of Rhetoric, wherein, says our critic, he has fully laid open that mystery; and, to support this weighty argument, he enters into a controversy with A. Gallius, in order to prove that Ariflotle's Rhetoric was not published till, after Demosthenes had spoken, at least, his most considerable orations. Nothing can be more childifh. Such orators as Cicero and Demosthenes, derived their knowledge of the human passions, and their power of moving them, from higher sources than any treatise of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after bestowing on Cicero those just praises, to which the consent of so many ages shews him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demosthenes. This is Fenelon, the famous archbishop of Cambray, and author of Telemanachus; himself, surely, no enemy to all the arts and flowers of composition. It is in his Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry, that he gives this judgment; a small tract, commonly published along with his Dialogues on Eloquence *. These dialogues and reflections are particularly worthy of perusal, as containing, I think, the juftest ideas on the subject, that are to be met with in any modern critical writer.

Blair.

§ 74. On the Means of improving in Eloquence.

Next to moral qualifications, what, in the second place, is most necessary to an orator, is a fund of knowledge. Much is this inculcated by Cicero and Quinételain: "Quod omnibus discipulis et artibus debet eft infrae Orator." By which they mean, that he ought to have what we call a Liberal Education; and to be formed by a regular study of philosophy,

* In this judgment I concur with Mr. David Hume, in his Essay upon Eloquence. He gives it as his opinion, that, of all human productions, the Orations of Demosthenes prefer to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection.

† As his expressions are remarkably happy and beautiful, the passage here referred to deserves to be inferred. "Je ne crains pas dire, que Demosthene me paroit superieur a Ciceron. Je protefte que personne n'admirer plus que Ciceron que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. Il fait honneur a la parole. Il fait des mots ce qu'un autre n'en favorit faire. Il a je ne fais combien de fortes d'esprit. Il est membre court, et vehemens, toutes les fois qu'il veut effeire; contre Catiline, contre Verres, contre Antoine. Mais on remarque quelque parure dans fons discours. L'art y est merveilleux; mais on l'entrevoit. L'orateur en pentant au salut de la republice, ne s'oblige pas, et ne se laisse pas oublier. Demosthene paroit fortir de foy, et ne voir que la patrie. Il ne cherche point le beau; il le fait, sans y penfer. Il est au-deflus de l'admirarion. Il fe fert de la parole, comme un homme medite de fon habitude, pour fe couvrir. Il tonne; il fouduyre. C'est un torrent qui entraire tout.

On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on est faif. On penfe aux chofes qu'il dit, et non a fes paroles.

On le parr de vue. On n'eft occupé que de Philippe qui envahit tout. Je fuis charme de ces deux orateurs; mais j'avoue que je fuis moins touché de l'art infini, & de la magnifique eloquence de Ciceron, que de la rapide simplicité de Demosthene."
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and the polite arts. We must never forget that,

Scribendi reeō, sapere et principium & fons.

Good sense and knowledge are the foundation of all good speaking. There is no art that can teach one to be eloquent, in any sphere, without a sufficient acquaintance with what belongs to that sphere; or if there were an art that made such pretensions, it would be mere quackery, like the pretensions of the sophists of old, to teach their disciples to speak for and against every subject; and would be deservingly exploded by all wise men. Attention to style, to composition, and all the arts of speech, can only afflict an orator in setting off, to advantage, the stock of materials which he poiffeles; but the stock, the materials themselves, must be brought from other quarters than from rhetoric. He who is to plead at the bar, must make himself thoroughly master of the knowledge of the law; of all the learning and experience that can be useful in his profession, for supporting a cause, or convincing a judge. He who is to speak from the pulpit, must apply himself closely to the study of divinity, of practical religion, of morals, of human nature; that he may be rich in all the topics both of instruction and of persuasion. He who would fit himself for being a member of the suprême council of the nation, or of any public assembly, must be thoroughly acquainted with the business that belongs to such assembly; he must study the forms of court, the course of procedure; and must attend minutely to all the facts that may be the subject of question or deliberation.

Besides the knowledge that properly belongs to that profession to which he adds himself, a public speaker, if ever he expects to be eminent, must make himself acquainted, as far as his necessary occupations allow, with the general circle of polite literature. The study of poetry may be useful to him on many occasions, for embellishing his style, for suggesting lively images, or agreeable allusions. The study of history may be still more useful to him; as the knowledge of facts, of eminent characters, and of the course of human affairs, finds place on many occasions*. There are few great occasions of public speaking, in which one will not derive assistance from cultivated taste, and extensive knowledge. They will often yield him materials for proper ornament; sometimes, for argument and real use. A deficiency of knowledge, even in subjects that belong not directly to his own profession, will expose him to many disadvantages, and give better qualified rivals a great superiority over him. Blair.

§ 75. A Habit of Industry recommended to the intended Speaker.

Allow me to recommend, in the third place, not only the attainment of useful knowledge, but a habit of application and industry. Without this, it is impossible to excel in any thing. We must not imagine, that it is by a fort of mushroom growth, that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry. This is the fixed law of our nature; and he must have a very high opinion of his own genius indeed, that can believe himself an exception to it. A very wise law of our nature it is; for industry is, in truth, the great "Condimentum," the seasoning of every pleasure; without which life is doomed to languish. Nothing is so great an enemy both to honourable attainments, and to the real, to the brilk, and spirited enjoyment of life, as that relaxed state of mind, which arises from idleness and dissipation. One that is destined to excel in any art, especially in the arts of speaking and writing, will be known by this more than by any other mark whatever, an enthuafiasm for that art; an enthuafiasm, which, firing his mind with the object he has in view, will dispose him to relish every labour which the means require. It was this that characterized the great men of antiquity; it is this, which must distinguish the moderns who would tread in their footsteps. This honourable enthuafiasm, it is highly necessary for such as are study-

* "Imprimis vero, abundare debet Orator exemplorum copiâ, cum veterum, tum etiam novorum; ad eō ut non modo quœ conscripta sunt historiis, aut sermonibus velut per manus tradita, quaœ quotidianum aguntur, debeat nócte; verum ne ea quidem, quœ a clarissibus probabiliter sunt fiéta neglegère." Quinct. Li. xii. Cap. 4.
ing oratory to cultivate. If youth wants it,
minuhood will flag miserably.

§ 75. Attention to the best Models recom-
manded to the Student in Eloquence.

Attention to the best models will con-
tribute greatly towards improvement. Every
one who speaks or writes should, indeed,
eavour to have somewhat that is his
own, that is peculiar to himself; and that
characterizes his composition and style.
Slavish imitation deftroy genius, or
rather betrays the want of it. But withal,
there is no genius so original, but may be
profited and assisted by the aid of proper
examples, in style, composition, and del-
ivery. They always open some new ideas;
they serve to enlarge and correct our own.
They quicken the current of thought, and
excite emulation.

§ 77. Caution necessary in choosing Mo-
dels.

Much, indeed, will depend upon the
right choice of models which we purpose
to imitate; and supposing them rightly
chosen, a farther care is requisite, of not
being seduced by a blind universal admira-
tion. "For, " decipit exemplar, vitis
imitable." Even in the most finished mo-
dels we can select, it must not be forgotten,
that there are always some things improp-
er for imitation. We should study to ac-
quire a just conception of the peculiar cha-
racteristic beauties of any writer, or public
speaker, and imitate these only. One ought
never to attach himself too closely to any
single model: for he who does so, is almost
sure of being seduced into a faulty and af-
fected imitation. His business should be,
to draw from several the proper ideas of
perfection.

§ 78. On the Style of Bolingbroke and
Swift.

Some authors there are, whose manner
of writing approaches nearer to the style
of speaking than others: and who, there-
fore, can be imitated with more safety.
In this class, among the English authors,
are Dean Swift, and Lord Bolingbroke.
The Dean, throughout all his writings, in
the midst of much correctness, maintains the
casy natural manner of an unaffected speaker;
and this is one of his chief excellencies.
Lord Bolingbroke's style is more splendid,
and more declamatory than Dean Swift's;
but still it is the style of one who speaks, or
rather who harangues. Indeed, all his
political writings (for it is to them only
and not to his philosophical ones, that this
observation can be applied) carry much
more the appearance of one declaiming with
warmth in a great assembly, than of one
writing in a closet, in order to be read by
others. They have all the copiosities, the
fervors, the incalculating method, that is al-
lowable and graceful in an orator; perhaps
too much of it for a writer: and it is to be
regretted, as I have formerly observed, that
the matter contained in them should have
been so trivial or so false; for, from the
manner and style, considerable advantage
might be reaped.

§ 79. Frequent Exercise in composmg and
speaking necessary for Improvement in Elo-
quence.

Besides attention to the best models, fre-
cuent exercise, both in composing and
speaking, will be admitted to be a necessary
mean of improvement. That sort of com-
position is, doubtless, most useful, which
relates to the profession, or kind of public
speaking, to which persons addict them-
selves. This they should keep ever in their
eye, and be gradually improving themselves to
it. But let me also advise them, not to al-
low themselves in negligent composition of
any kind. He who has it for his aim to
write, or to speak correctly, should, in the
most trivial kind of composition, in writing a
letter, say, even in common discourse,
study to acquit himself with propriety. I
do not at all mean, that he is never to write,
or to speak correctly, should, in the most
trivial kind of composition, in writing a
letter, say, even in common discourse,
study to acquit himself with propriety. I
do not at all mean, that he is never to write,
or to speak correctly, but in elaborate and
artificial language. This would form him
to a stiffness and affectation, worse, by ten
thousand degrees, than the greatest negli-
gence. But it is to be observed, that there
is, in every thing, a manner which is be-
coming, and has propriety; and opposite to
it, there is a clumsy and faulty performance
of the same thing. The becoming manner
is very often the most light, and seeming
ly careless manner; but it requires taste and
attention to seize the just idea of it. That
idea, when acquired, we should keep in our
eye, and form upon it whatever we write or
say.

§ 80. Of what Use the Study of critical and
rhetorical Writers may be.

It now only remains to enquire, of what
use may the study of critical and rhetorical
writers be, for improving one in the prac-
tice of eloquence? These are certainly not
to be neglected; and yet, I dare not say
thus
that much is to be expected from them. For
professed writers on public speaking, we
must look chiefly among the ancients. In
modern times, for reasons which were before
given, popular eloquence, as an art, has
never been very much the object of study;
it has not the same powerful effect among
us that it had in more democratical states;
and therefore has not been cultivated with
the same care. Among the moderns, though
there has been a great deal of good criticism
on the different kinds of writing, yet much
has not been attempted on the subject of elo-
quence, or public discourse; and what has
been given us of that kind, has been drawn
mostly from the ancients. Such a writer as
Joannes Gerardus Vossius, who has gathered
into one heap of ponderous lumber, all the
trifling, as well as the useful things, that
are to be found in the Greek and Roman
writers, is enough to disgust one with the
study of eloquence. Among the French,
there has been more attempted, on this sub-
ject, than among the English. The Bishop
of Cambrai’s writings on eloquence, I be-
fore mentioned with honour. Rollin, Bat-
teux, Crever, Gibert, and several French
writers, have also written on oratory; but
though some of them may be useful, none
of them are so considerable as to deserve
particular recommendation. Blair.

§ 81. Recourse must chiefly be had to the
original Writers.

It is to the original ancients that we
must chiefly have recourse; and it is a
reproach to any one, whose profession calls
him to speak in public, to be unacquainted
with them. In all the ancient rhetorical
writers, there is, indeed, this defect, that
they are too sylleptical, as I formerly
flewed; they aim at doing too much; at
reducing rhetoric to a complete and per-
fect art, which may even supply invention
with materials on every subject; insomuch
that one would imagine they expected to
form an orator by rule, in as mechanical
a manner as one would form a carpenter.
Whereas, all that can, in truth be done, is
to give openings for affilling and enlighten-
ing taste, and for pointing out to genius the
course it ought to hold.

Aristotle laid the foundation for all that
was afterwards written on the subject.
That amazing and comprehensive genius,
which does honour to human nature, and
which gave light into so many different
sciences, has investigated the principles of
rhetoric with great penetration. Aristotle
appears to have been the first who took rhe-
toric out of the hands of the sophists, and
introduced reasoning and good sense into the
art. Some of the profoundest things which
have been written on the passions and man-
ners of men, are to be found in his Treatise
on Rhetoric; though in this, as in all his
writings, his great brevity often renders him
obscure. Succeeding Greek rhetoricians,
most of whom are now lost, improved on
the foundation which Aristotle had laid.
Two of them still remain, Demetrius Pha-
lerus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus; both
write on the construction of sentences, and
defere to be perused; especially Dionysius,
who is a very accurate and judicious critic.

I need scarcely recommend the rhetorical
writings of Cicero. Whatever, on the sub-
ject of eloquence, comes from so great an
orator, must be worthy of attention. His
most considerable work on this subject is
that De Oratore, in three books. None of
Cicero’s writings are more highly finisht
than this treatise. The dialogue is polite;
the characters are well supported, and the
conduct of the whole is beautiful and agree-
able. It is, indeed, full of digressions,
and his rules and observations may be
thought sometimes too vague and general.
Useful things, however, may be learned
from it; and it is no small benefit to be
made acquainted with Cicero’s own idea of
elocution. The “Orator ad M. Brutum,”
is also a considerable treatise; and, in gen-
eral, throughout all Cicero’s rhetorical
works there run those high and sublime ideas
of eloquence, which are fitted both for
forming a just taste, and for creating that
enthusiasm for the art, which is of the
greatest consequence for excelling in it.

But, of all the ancient writers on the
subject of oratory, the most instructive,
and most useful, is Quintilian. I know few
books which abound more with good sense,
and discover a greater degree of just and ac-
curate taste, than Quintilian’s Institutions.
Almost all the principles of good criticism
are to be found in them. He has digested into
excellent order all the ancient ideas con-
cerning rhetoric, and is, at the same time,
himself an eloquent writer. Though some
parts of his work contain too much of the
technical and artificial system then in vogue,
and for that reason may be thought dry and
tedious, yet I would not advise the omitting
to read any part of his Institutions. To
pleaders at the bar, even these technical
parts may prove of some use. Seldom has
any person, of more found and distinct judg-
ment
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book II.

§ 82. On the Necessity of a Classical Education.

The fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crushed over like diamonds in the rock, they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worse for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress, and aptest scholar; but nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising greatness, and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In those countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined: but in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is most instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choke them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection, without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repelling every superfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in time: an untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rude, forced and uncouth, and art must be applied to make it natural.

§ 83. On the Entrance to Knowledge.

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access: we must proceed at once by step and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to press boldly on, and enter: it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you; the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished: the country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have strait avenues, when the regions of happiness, like those of knowledge, are impervious, and shut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itself is narrow.

Common things are easily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will easily be persuaded to put forth your hand to the utmost stretch, and reach whatever you aspire at.

§ 84. Classics recommended.

Many are the subjects which will invite and deserve the steadiest application from those who would excel, and be distinguished in them. Human learning in general; natural philosophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of science. But there is no necessity of leading you through these several fields of knowledge: it will be most commendable for you to gather some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, and found reason, of great probity, and solid virtue. This is the true use of knowledge, to make it subservient to the great duties of our most holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and saving knowledge of a Christian, you may use the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and mistaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many instances of greatnes of mind, of unshaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a most passionate love of their country, prodigality of life, disdain of servitude, inviolable truth, and the most public disinterested souls, that ever threw off all regards in comparison with their country's good: you will discern the flaws and blemishes of their fairest actions, see the wrong apprehensions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble spirit from the writings and histories of the ancients.
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cients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation.

If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find, that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other: I do not mean so much for expression, as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ranfacked the Grecian store, and, as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is easier to strike out a new course of thought, than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to usurp, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own devises; but if he had attempted upon the Cartons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less.

Felton.

§ 85. A Comparison of the Greek and Roman Writers.

If I may detain you with a short comparison of the Greek and Roman authors, I must own the last have the preference in my thoughts; and I am not singular in my opinion. It must be confessed, the Romans have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majesty of the Grecian stage; the best comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far lost to be compared with Terence; only if we may judge by the method Terence used in forming two Greek plays into one, we shall naturally conclude, since his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I shall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Aristophanes, for wit and humour, variety of characters, plot and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has cenfured him for low wit.

Virgil has been so often compared with Homer, and the merits of those poets so often canvassed, that I shall only say, that if the Roman shines not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolness of his judgment, rather than the want of heat. You will generally find the force of a poet's genius, and the strength of his fancy, displayed themselves in the descriptions they give of battles, forms, prodigies, &c. and Homer's fire breaks out on these occasions in more dread and terror; but Virgil mixes compasion with his terror, and, by throwing water on the flame, makes it burn the brighter; so in the storm; so in his battles on the fall of Pallas and Camilla; and that scene of horror, which his hero opens in the second book; the burning of Troy; the ghost of Hector; the murder of the king; the massacre of the people; the sudden sur-prise, and the dead of night, are so relieved by the piety and pity that is everywhere intermixed, that we forget our fears, and join in the lamentation. All the world acknowledges the Aeneid to be most perfect in its kind; and considering the disadvantage of the language, and the severity of the Roman muse, the poem is still more wonderful, since, without the liberty of the Grecian poets, the diction is so great and noble, so clear, so forcible and expressive, so chaste and pure, that even all the strength and compass of the Greek tongue, joined to Homer's fire, cannot give us stronger and clearer ideas, than the great Virgil has set before our eyes; some few instances excepted, in which Homer, through the force of genius, has excelled.

I have argued hitherto for Virgil; and it will be no wonder that his poem should be more correct in the rules of writing, if that strange opinion prevails, that Homer wrote without any view or design at all; that his poems are loose independent pieces tacked together, and were originally only so many songs or ballads upon the gods and heroes, and the siege of Troy. If this be true, they are the completest string of ballads I ever met with, and whoever collected them, and put them in the method we now read them in, whether it were Pindar, or any other, has placed them in such order, that the Iliad and the Odysseis seem to have been composed with one view and design, one scheme and intention, which are carried on from the beginning to the end, all along uniform and consistent with themselves. Some have argued, the world was made by a wise Being, and not jumbled together by chance, from the very absurdity of such a supposition; and they have illustrated their argument, from the impossibility that such a poem
poem as Homer's and Virgil's should rise in such beautiful order out of millions of letters eternally shaken together: but this argument is half spoiled, if we allow, that the poems of Homer, in each of which appears one continued formed design from one end to the other, were written in loose scraps on no settled premeditated scheme. Horace, we are sure, was of another opinion, and so was Virgil too, who built his Aeneid upon the model of the Iliad and the Odyssey. After all, Tully, whose relation of this passage has given some colour to this suggestion, says no more, than that Piæus (whom he commends for his learning, and condemns for his tyranny) observing the books of Homer to lie confused and out of order, placed them in the method the great author, no doubt, had first formed them in: but all this Tully gives us only as report. And it would be very strange, that Aritotle should form his rules on Homer's poems; that Horace should follow his example, and propose Homer for the standard of epic writing, with this bright testimony, that he "never undetook any thing inconsiderately, nor ever made any foolish attempts;" if indeed this celebrated poet did not intend to form his poems in the order and design we see them in. If we look upon the fabric and construction of those great works, we shall find an admirable proportion in all the parts, a perpetual coincidence, and dependence of one upon another; I will venture an appeal to any learned critic in this cause; and if it be a sufficient reason to alter the common readings in a letter, a word, or a phrase, from the consideration of the context, or propriety of the language, and call it the restoring of the text, is it not a demonstration that these poems were made in the same course of lines, and upon the same plan we read them in at present, from all the arguments that connexions, dependence, and regularity can give us? If those critics, who maintain this odd fancy of Homer's writings, had found them loose and undigested, and restored them to the order they stand in now, I believe they would have gloried in their art, and maintained it with more unconquered reasons, than they are able to bring for the discovery of a word or a syllable hitherto falsely printed in the text of any author. But, if any learned men of singular fancies and opinions will not allow these buildings to have been originally designed after the present model, let them at least allow us one poetical supposition on our side, That Homer's harp was as powerful to command his scattered incoherent pieces into the beautiful structure of a poem, as Amphil's was to summon the stones into a wall, or Orpheus's to lead the trees a dance. For certainly, however it happens, the parts are so justly disposed, that you cannot change any book into the place of another, without spoiling the proportion, and confounding the order of the whole.

The Georgics are above all controversy with Hesiod; but the Idyllums of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of the pastoral.

In Lyrics the Grecians may seem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are superior in the number of their poets, and variety of their verse. Orpheus, Alceus, Sappho, Simonides, and Steffichorus are almost entirely lost. Here and there a fragment of some of them is remaining, which, like some broken parts of ancient statues, preserve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, strength, and skill of the great master's hand.

Pindar is sublime, but obscure, impetuous in his course, and unfathomable in the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. Anacreon flows soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indulgence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and plesant temper of his soul. Horace alone may be compared to both; in whom are reconciled the loftiness and majesty of Pindar, and the gay, careless, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I suppose, however Pindar may be admired for greatness, and Anacreon for delicateness of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth and love, surpasses them both in justness, elegance, and happiness of expression. Anacreon has another follower among the choicest wits of Rome, and that is Catullus, whom, though his lines be rough, and his numbers inharmionious, I could recommend for the softness and delicacy, but must decline for the loftiness of his thoughts, too immodeft for chaffe ears to bear.

I will go no farther in the poets; only, for the honour of our country, let me observe to you, that while Rome has been contented to produce some fingly rivals to the Grecian poetry, England hath brought forth the wonderful Cowley's wit, who was beloved
loved by every muse he courted, and has rivalled the Greek and Latin poets in every kind, but tragedy.

I will not trouble you with the historians any further, than to inform you, that the contest lies chiefly between Thucydides and Sallust, Herodotus and Livy; though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more justly be compared: the critics have been very free in their cenfures, but I shall be glad to suspend any farther judgment, till you shall be able to read them, and give me your opinion. Oratory and philosophy are the next disputed prizes; and whatever praisés may be justly given to Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, and Demosthenes, I will venture to say, that the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philosophers in one. 

§ 86. A Short Commination of the Latin Language.

And now, having possibly given you some prejudice in favour of the Romans, I must beg leave to assure you, that if you have not leisure to matter them, you will find your pains well rewarded in the Latin tongue, when once you enter into the elegancies and beauties of it. It is the peculiar felicity of that language to speak good sense in suitable expressions; to give the finest thoughts in the happiest words, and in an easy majesty of style, to write up to the subject. "And in this, lies the great secret of writing well. It is that elegant simplicity, that ornamental plainness of speech, which every common genus thinks so plain, that any body may reach it, and findeth so very elegant, that all his sweat, and pains, and study, fail him in the attempt."

In reading the excellent authors of the Roman tongue, whether you converse with poets, orators, or historians, you will meet with all that is admirable in human composition. And though life and spirit, propriety and force of style, be common to them all, you will fee that nevertheless every writer shines in his peculiar excellencies; and that wit, like beauty, is diversified into a thousand graces of feature and complexion.

I need not trouble you with a particular character of these celebrated writers. What I have said already, and what I shall say farther of them as I go along, renders it lefs necessary at present, and I would not pre-engage your opinion implicitly to my side. It will be a pleasant exercise of your judgment to distinguish them yourself; and when you and I shall be able to depart from the common received opinions of the critics and commentators, I may take some other occasion of laying them before you, and submitting what I shall then fay of them to your approbation.

Felon.

§ 87. Directions in reading the Classics.

In the mean time, I shall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to some people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very necessary to be observed.

The first is, that you would never be persuaded into what they call Common-places; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under proper heads, that you may readily find what he has said upon any point, by consulting an alphabet. This practice is of no use but in circumstantial times of place and place, custom and antiquity, and in such instances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exercised. In these cases it is of great use: it helps the memory, and serves to keep those things in a sort of order and succession. But, common-placeing the sense of an author is such a stupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in saying it, they want common sense that practises it. What heaps of this rubbish have I seen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have said, that is taken by those who have nothing to say themselves! You may depend upon it, the writings of these men are never worth the reading; the fancy is cramped, the invention spoilt, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happiness of these collectors of sense, that they can write without thinking.

I do most readily agree, that all the bright sparkling thoughts of the ancients, their finest expressions, and noblest sentiments, are to be met with in these transcriptions: but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miserably put together! Indeed, I can compare such productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, sewed together with pickthread.

When I see a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themselves, it puts me in mind of these commonplace men. The materials are certainly very good, but they understand not the rules of architecture so well, as to form
them into just and masterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they stand in another model upon another plan!

For, we must confess the truth: We can say nothing new, at least we can say nothing better than has been said before; but we may nevertheless make what we say our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourselves to remember in what page or what book we have read such a passage: but it falls in naturally with the course of our own thoughts, and takes its place in our writings with as much ease, and looks with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thousand years ago.

This is the best way of remembering the ancient authors, when you relish their way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their sense. There is no need of tying ourselves up to an imitation of any of them; much less to copy or transcribe them. For there is room for vast variety of thought and style; as nature is various in her works, and is nature still. Good authors, like the celebrated masters in the several schools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the same use of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourselves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be esteemed originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with those ancient streams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by such a strong infusion, yet the spirit, the thought, the fancy, the expression, which shall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own.

Felton.

§ 88. The Methods of Schools vindicated.

It has been a long complaint in this polite and excellent age of learning, that we lose our time in words; that the memory of youth is charged and overloaded without improvement; and all they learn is mere cant and jargon for three or four years together. Now, the complaint is in some measure true, but not easily remedied; and perhaps, after all the exclamation of so much time lost in mere words and terms, the hopeful youths, whose love of time is so much lamented, were capable of learning nothing but words at those years. I do not mind what some quacks in the art of teaching say; they pretend to work wonders, and to make young gentlemen masters of the languages, before they can be masters of common sense; but this to me is a demonstration, that we are capable of little else than words, till twelve or thirteen, if you will observe, that a boy shall be able to repeat his grammar over, two or three years before his understanding opens enough to let him into the reason and clear apprehension of the rules; and when this is done, sooner or later, it ceaseth to be cant and jargon: so that all this clamour is wrong founded, and the cause of complaint lies rather against the backwardness of our judgment, than the method of our schools. And therefore I am for the old way in schools still, and children will be furnished there with a flock of words at least, when they come to know how to use them.

Ibid.

§ 89. Commendation of Schools.

I am very far from having any mean thoughts of those great men who preside in our chiefest and most celebrated schools; it is my happiness to be known to the most eminent of them in a particular manner, and they will acquit me of any difrespect, where they know I have the greatest veneration: for with them the genius of classic learning dwells, and from them it is derived. And I think myself honoured in the acquaintance of some masters in the country, who are not less polite than they are learned, and to the exact knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues, have joined a true taste, and delicate relish of the classic authors. But should you ever light into some formal hands, though your sense is too fine to relish those pedantries I have been recommending against, when you come to understand them, yet for the present they may impose upon you with a grave appearance; and, as learning is commonly managed by such persons, you may think them very learned, because they are very dull: and if you should receive the tincture while you are young, it may sink too deep for all the waters of Helicon to take out. You may be sensible of it, as we are of ill habits, which we regret but cannot break, and so it may mix with your studies for ever, and give bad colours to every thing you design, whether in speech or writing.

For these meaner critics dress up their entertainments so very ill, that they will spoil your palate, and bring you to a vicious taste. With them, as with distempered phomas, the finest food and noblest juices turn to nothing but crudities and indigestion.
tion. You will have no notion of delicacies, if you table with them; they are all for rank and soul feeding; and spoil the best provisions in the cooking; you must be content to be taught par fimory in senfe, and for your most inoffensive food to live upon dry meat and inipid ftuff, without any poignancy or relifh.

So then these gentlemen will never be able to form your talete or your flyle; and those who cannot give you a true relifh of the best writers in the world, can never instruct you to write like them. Felton.

§ 90. On forming a Style.

Give me leave to touch this subject, and draw out, for your use, some of the chief frokes, some of the principal lineaments, and faireft features, of a jüft and beautiful ftyle. There is no neceflicity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry fyltem upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleafure, and, I hope, with equal profit, fome defultory thoughts in their native order, as they rife in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marshalled according to art.

To affit you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I shall proceed to fay something of what is required in a finifhed piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and mafterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable schemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we must make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and fince none is without his faults, the moft that can be faid is, That he is the best writer, againft whom the feweft can be alledged.

"A compofition is then perfect, when "the matter rifes out of the subject; "when the thoughts are agreeable to the "matter, and the expreffions, fuitable to "the thoughts; where there is no incom- "ficiency from the beginning to the end; "when the whole is perfpicuous in the "beautiful order of its parts, and formed "in due fimmetry and proportion." "

Ibid.

§ 91. Expression failed to the Thought.

In every fpriightly genius, the expreffion will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful fhou'd run out into unnecessary branches; but when it is matured by age, and cor- rected by judgment, the writer will prun the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greateft felf-denial in the world; to confine the fancy, to ftifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the moft delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praffe, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavifh: the chippings and filings of these jewels, could they be preferved, are of more value than the whole mafs of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to fpare.

It is by no means neceffary for me to run out into the feveral forts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the flyle of an orator be different from that of an historian, and a poet's from both. Ibid.

§ 92. On Embellifhments of Style.

The design of expreffion is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in fuch a manner as is moft probable to attain the end we propofe, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unless they wrote agreeably, fo as to en- gage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the under- standing of their readers: for which rea- fon, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleasing, as well as profit- able; and thofe arts are very commend- able and honest; they are no trick, no deferion, or imposition on the fifes and understanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon ob- serving her operations in all the various passions, and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and em- bellifhments of flyle; all figures and schemes of speech, and thofe several decorations that are used in writings to enliven and adorn the work. The flourifhes of fancy reemble the flourifhes of the pen in me- chanic writers; and the illuminators of manu- scripts, and of the prefs, borrowed their title, perhaps, from the illumina tion which a bright genius every where gives to his work, and differfes thro' his compofition.

The commendation of this art of en- lightening and adorning a fubjeft, lies in a right
a right distribution of the shades and light. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to observe where the lights will fall, to produce the most beautiful parts to the day, and cast in shades what we cannot hope will shine to advantage.

It were endles to pursue this subject through all the ornaments and illustrations of speech; and yet I would not dismiss it without pointing at the general rules, and necessary qualifications required in those, who would attempt to shine in the productions of their pen. And therefore you must pardon me if you seem to go back, for we cannot raise any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation.

\textit{Fellow.}

§ 93. \textit{On the first Requisite, a Mastery of Language.}

The first thing requisite to a just style, is a perfect mastery in the language we write in; this is not so easily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taste of strength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expression. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical observations in the world will never bring a man to a just style, who has not of himself a natural easy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature lends the way, provided he is not too scrupulous, and does not make himself a slave to his rules; for that will introduce a stiffness and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.

By a perfect mastery in any language, I understand not only a ready command of words, upon every occasion, not only the force and propriety of words as to their sense and significance, but more especially the purity and idioms of the language; for in this a perfect mastery does consist. It is to know what is English, and what is Latin, what is French, Spanish, or Italian, to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in, to point out the distinguishing characters, and the peculiar phrases of each tongue; what expressions or manner of expressing is common to any language and our own, and what is properly and peculiarly our phrase, and way of speaking. For this is to speak or write English in purity and perfection, to let the streams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the current; in English, therefore, I would have all Gallicisms (for instance) avoided, that our tongue may be sincere, that we may keep to our own language, and not follow the French mode in our speech as we do in our cloaths. It is convenient and profitable sometimes to import a foreign word, and naturalize the phrase of another nation, but this is very sparingly to be allowed; and every sylable of foreign growth ought immediately to be discarded, if its use and ornament to our language be not very evident. \textit{Ibid.}

§ 94. \textit{On the Purity and Idiom of Language.}

While the Romans studied and used the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flourished, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expressive; but in a few years after the ladies and beauts of Rome affected to speak Greek, and regarding nothing but the fineness and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monstrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to speak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to drefs, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and English mixed together that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of sense. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not against any real improvement of our own language from that or any other; but we are always so foolish, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs, but what is silly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the substantial use of their language, we only enervate and spoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply the place of those words that are continually falling off through disuse: and since it is so, I think 'tis better to raise them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own, troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have sufficient strength and numbers within ourselves: there is a vast treasure, an inexhaustible fund in the old English, from whence authors may draw constant supplies, as our officers make their surest recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the strength and significance of many antiquated words, should recommend them to use again. 'Tis only wiping off the rust they have contracted, and separating them from the dross they lie mingled with, and
and both in value and beauty they will rise above the standard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not so musical to
the ear, nor so abundant in multiplicity of
words; but its strength is real, and its
words are therefore the more expressive:
the peculiar character of our language is,
that it is close, compact, and full; and our
writings (if you will excuse two Latin
words) come nearest to what Tully means
by his *Præfa Ora». They are all weight
and substance, good measure pressed to-
together, and running over in a redundance
of sense, and not of words. And therefore
the purity of our language consists in
preserving this character, in writing with the
English strength and spirit: let us not envy
others, that they are more soft and diffuse,
and raiased; be it our commendation to
write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want
supplies, we had better revive old
words, than create new ones. I look upon
our language as good bullion, if we do not
debase it with too much allay; and let me
leave this censure with you, That he who
 corrupteth the purity of the English tongue
with the most specious foreign words and
phrases, is just as wise as those modifith
ladies that change their plate for china;
for which I think the laudable traffic of old
cloaths is much the fairest barter.

Fellow.

95. On Plainness and Perspicuity.

After this regard to the purity of our
language, the next quality of a just style,
is its plainnes and perspicuity. This is
the greatest commendation we can give an
author, and the best argument that he is
mater of the language he writes in, and
the subject he writes upon, when we under-
stand him, and see into the scope and ten-
dency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obscurity of expression, and darknes
of sense, do arise from the confusion of the
writer's thoughts, and his want of proper
words. If a man hath not a clear percep-
tion of the matters he undertakes to treat
of, be his style never so plain as to the
words he ues, it never can be clear; and
if his thoughts upon this subject be never
so just and distinct, unless he has a ready
command of words, and a facility of ely
writing in plain obvious expressions, the
words will perplex the sense, and cloud the
clarennes of his thoughts.

It is the unhappiness of some, that they
are not able to express themselves clearly:
their heads are crowded with a multiplicity
of undigested knowledge, which lies con-
fused in the brain, without any order or
distinction. It is the vice of others, to af-
fect obscurity in their thoughts and lan-
guage, to write in a difficult crabb'd style,
and perplex the reader with an intricate
meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending against
plainnes and perspicuity of style, is an af-
fection of hard unusual words, and of
iscoe contracted periods: the faults of pe-
dants and fenfentious writers! that are
 vainly ostentatious of their learning, or
their wisdom. Hard words and quaint
expressions are abominable: wherever you
meet such a writer, throw him aside for
a coccomb. Some authors of reputation have
ufed a short and concise way of expression,
I must own; and if they are not so clear
as others, the fault is to be laid on the brev-
ity they labour after: for while we study
to be concise, we can hardly avoid being
obscure. We crowd our thoughts into too
small a compass, and are so sparing of our
words, that we will not afford enou to ex-
press our meaning.

There is another extreme in obscure
writers, not much taken notice of, which
some empty conceited heads are apt to run
out of a prodigality of words, and
a want of sense. This is the extravagance
of your copious writers, who lose their
meaning in the multitude of words, and
bury their sense under heaps of phrases.
Their understanding is rather rarified than
condensed: their meaning, we cannot say,
is dark and thick; it is too light and subtle
to be discerned; it is spread too thin, and
diffused too wide, that it is hard to be col-
lected. Two lines would express all they
say in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt
yllabob and froth, a little varnish and
gilding, without any solidity or substan-

§ 96. On the Decorations and Ornaments
of Style.

The deepest rivers have the plainest sur-
fase, and the purest waters are always
clearfed. Crystal is not the lefs solide for
being transparent; the value of a style rifes
like the value of precious stones. If be
dark and cloudy, it is in vain to poli hit it:
it bears its worth in its native looks, and
the fame art which enhances its price when
it is clear, only debases it if it be dull.

You see I have borrowed some metaphors
to explain my thoughts; and it is, I be-
lieve, impossible to describe the plainnes
and
and clearness of style, without some expressions clearer than the terms I am otherwise bound up to use.

You must give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of style: there is no inconsistency between the plainest and peripety, and the ornament of writing. A style resembles beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to symmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements, as to features and complexion. If I may transfer griefs in too frequent allusions, because I would make every thing plain to you, I would pass on from painters to statuaries, whose excellence it is at first to form true and just proportions, and afterwards to give them that softness, that expression, that strength and delicacy, which make them almost breathe and live.

The decorations of style are formed out of those several schemes and figures, which are contrived to express the passions and motions of our minds in our speech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expressions. I shall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and those several ornaments of writing, whose grace and commendation lie in being used with judgment and propriety. It were endless to pursue this subject through all the schemes and illustrations of speech; but there are some common forms, which every writer upon every subject may use, to enliven and adorn his work.

These are metaphor and similitude; and those images and representations, that are drawn in the strongest and most lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive, more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the use of these, your ordinary writers are most apt to offend. Images are very sparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations; and their use is to move pity or terror, admiration, compassion, anger, and resentment, by representing something very affecting or very dreadful, very astonishing, very miserable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the subject, where they are painted by a masterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unskilfully placed, they raise no passion but indignation in the reader.

§ 97. On Metaphors and Similitudes.

The most common ornaments are metaphor and similitude. One is an allusion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the most familiar and best known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obscure in them, the purpose of using them is defeated; and that which is not clear itself, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of some poor brains, to run out perpetually into a course of similitudes, contounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses; and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himself; and, while he is likening his subject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in some simile men; which is, drawing their comparisons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the resemblance holds or not. But the true art of illustrating any subject by similitude, is, first to pitch on such a resemblance as all the world will agree in; and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the strongest lines, and the nearest likeness. And this will secure us from all stiffness and formality in similitude, and deliver us from the nauseous repetition of as and so, which some fo fo writers, if I may beg leave to call them so, are continually founding in our ears.

I have nothing to say to those gentle men who bring similitudes and forget the resemblance. All the pleasure we can take, when we meet these promising sparks, is in the disappointment, where we find their fancy is fo like their subject, that it is not like at all. Ibid.

§ 98. On Metaphors.

Metaphors require great judgment and consideration in the use of them. They are a shorter similitude, where the likeness is rather implied than expressed. The signification of one word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there must be a common resemblance, some original likeness in nature, some
some correspondence and easy transition, or metaphors are shocking and confused.

The beauty of them displays itself in their easiness and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not rise out of the course of thought, but are constrained and pressed into the service, instead of making the discourse more lively and cheerful, they make it dull, dull, and gloomy.

You must form your judgment upon the best models, and the most celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and strength, shedding a lustre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be used but when it gives greater force to the sentence, an illustration to the thought, and infinuates a silent argument in the allusion. The use of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleasing manner, but to give it a stronger impression, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling trash; and in a due observance of this, in a pure, chaste, natural expression, confilt the justness, beauty, and delicacy of style.

§ 99. On Epithets.

I have said nothing of Epithets. Their business is to express the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to distinguish what are the most proper titles to be given on all occasions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of most ornament when they are of use: they are to determine the character of every person, and decide the merits of every cause; conscience and justice are to be regarded; and great skill and exactness are required in the use of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of fatire and strains of compliment, depend upon it; otherwise we may make an as of a lion, commend a man in fatire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here also there is room for genius: common justice and judgment should direct us to say what is proper at least; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the most lively and most forcible epithets than can be applied: 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies.

§ 100. On Allegories.

Allegories I need not mention, because they are not so much any ornament of style, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed shape, and a drefs more agreeable to the fancy, than naked truth herself can be. Truth is ever most beautiful and evident in her native dresses: and the arts that are used to convey her to our minds, are no argument that she is deficient, but so many testimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is forced to gain admittance to us in disguise, and court us in masquerade.

Ibid.


There is one ingredient more required to the perfection of style, which I have partly mentioned already, in speaking of the suitableness of the thoughts to the subject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to consider it in another light, with regard to the majesty and dignity of the subject.

It is fit, as we have said already, that the thoughts and expressions should be suited to the matter on all occasions; but in nobler and greater subjects, especially where the theme is sacred and divine, it must be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majesty of the things we presume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no childish thoughts, or boyish expressions, will be endured; all must be awful and grave, and great and solemn. The noblest sentiments must be conveyed in the weightiest words: all ornaments and illustrations must be borrowed from the richest parts of universal nature; and in divine subjects, especially when we attempt to speak of God, of his wisdom, goodness, and power, of his mercy and justice, of his dispensations and providence (by all which he is pleased to manifest himself to the sons of men) we must raise our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and search all the treasures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only express our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation: and the brightnes of these can only give us some faint shadows of his greatness and his glory. The strongest figures are too weak, the most exalted language too low, to express his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in so sublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolic. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in
supplying thought on an infinite subject. How poor and mean, how base and groveling, are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity! something sublime and noble must needs be paid on so great an occasion; but in this great article, the most celebrated of the Heathen pens seem to flag and sink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depressed by the weight, and dazzled with the splendour of the subject.

We have no instances to produce of any writers that rife at all to the majesty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the sacred penmen. No less than Divine Inspiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of God knew how to express his greatness, and display his glory: in comparison of these divine writers, the greatest geniuses, the noblest wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The sublime majesty and royal magnificence of the scripture poems are above the reach, and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the best and liveliest poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the scriptures, in a prose translation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, lose their spirits and their strength in the translusion, to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But the sacred writings, even in our translation, preserve their majesty and their glory, and very far surpafs the brightest and noblest compositions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richness and solemnity of the eastern eloquence (for it holds in no other instance) but to the divine direction and assistance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the most literal translation of the scriptures, in the most natural significance of the words, is generally the best; and the same punctualness, which debases other writings, preserves the spirit and majesty of the sacred text: it can suffer no improvement from human wit; and we may observe, that those who have presumed to heighten the expressions by a poetical translation or paraphrase, have funk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verse, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majesty, and solemnity of our prose: so that the prose of scripture cannot be improved by verse, and even the divine poetry is most like itself in prose. One observation more I would leave with you: Milton himself, as great a genius as he was, owes his superiority over Homer and Virgil, in majesty of thought and splendour of expression, to the scriptures; they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the sacred treasure that enriched his fancy, and furnished him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to discover or conceive: and in him of all human writers, you will meet all his sentiments and words raised and fitted to the greatness and dignity of the subject.

I have detained you the longer on this majesty of style, being perhaps myself carried away with the greatness of pleasure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt so much on with respect to divine subjects, is more easily to be observed with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall short; and in adorning all other subjects, our words and sentiments may rife in a just proportion to them; nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the same wit can raise a human subject, that only debases a divine.


After all these excellencies of style, in purity, in plainness and perspicuity, in ornament and majesty, are considered, a finished piece of what kind ever must shine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light rifes out of order, and beauty from Proportion. In architecture and painting, these fill and relieve the eye. A just disposition gives us a clear view of the whole at once; and the due symmetry and proportion of every part in itself, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes; nothing is wanting, every thing is complete, and we are satisfied in beholding.

But when I speak of order and proportion, I do not intend any stiff and formal method, but only a proper distribution of the parts in general, where they follow in a natural course, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a scheme, and marking out the divisions and subdivisions of a discourse, are only necessary in systems, and some pieces of controversy and argumentation: you see, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable, where the method opens as you read, and the order discovers itself in the progress of the subject: but certainly, of all pieces that
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were ever written in a professed and stated method, and distinguished by the number and succession of their parts, our English sermons are the completest in order and proportion; the method is so easy and natural, the parts bear so just a proportion to one another, that among many others, this may pass for a peculiar commendation of them; for those divisions and particulars which obscure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would infinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not necessary to lay the method we use before the reader, only to write, and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the subject, a distinct view, to keep it always in light; or else, without some method first designed, we should be in danger of losing it, and wandering after it, till we have lost ourselves, and bewildered the reader.

A prescribed method is necessary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is its freedom and unconstraint: it must be dispersed and shine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no necessity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at ease without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be measured out like the proportions of a horfe, where every part must be drawn in the minutest respect to the size and bigness of the reft; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and consideration of the whole. The statuary that carves Hercules in stone, or calls him in brafs, may be obliged to take his dimensions from his foot; but the poet that describes him is not bound up to the geometrical rule; nor is an author under any obligation to write by the scale.

These hints will serve to give you some notion of order and proportion; and I must not dwell too long upon them, lest I transgress the rules I am laying down.

Felon.

§ 103. A Recapitulation.

I shall make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all these rules together, arises a just style, and a perfect composition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to shine in gold and jewels; there is a moderation to be used in the pomp and trappings of a discourse: it is not necessary that every part should be embellished and adorned; but the decoration should be skilfully distribut ed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offensive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itself there are vacancies and spaces between the stars; and the day is not less beautiful for being inter- persisted with clouds; they only moderate the brightness of the sun, and, without diminishing from his splendour, gild and adorn themselves with his rays. But to descend from the skies: it is in writing as in dress; the richest habits are not always the completest, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain suit, than in an embroidered coat; the dress depends upon the imagination, but must be adjusted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy in the choice of their cloaths. The first excellence is to write in purity, plainly, and clearly; there is no dispensation from these: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your subject as you please.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one social bond, and joined, like the moral virtues, and liberal arts, in a sort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain English, must never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to drefs and adorn his discourse; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other side, let a man write in the exactest purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work some force and spirit, it is nothing but a mere corpse, and a lumpish, unwieldy mass of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect master of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richest vein, and gives his pieces such lively colours, and so beautiful a complexion, that you would almost say his own blood and spirits were transfused into the work.

Ibid.

§ 104. How to form a right Taste.

A perfect mastery and elegance of style is to be learned from the common rules, but must be improved by reading the orators and poets, and the celebrated masters in every kind; this will give you a right taste, and a true relish; and when you can distinguish the beauties of every finished piece, you will write yourself with equal commendation.

I do not affer that every good writer must
must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception: but I will venture to affirm, that a soul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taste that way, is too dull and lumpish ever to write with any prospect of being read. It is a fatal mistake, and simple superstition, to discourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them against it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no refraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite smitten and bewitched with love of verse, they should be trained to it, to make them matters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception, and a true taste of their authors: and being able to write in verse upon occasion, I can assure you, is no disadvantage to profè; for without relishing the one, a man must never pretend to any taste of the other.

Taste is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or dislike what we eat and drink, from the agreeableness or disagreeableness of the relish in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common use, and every body can tell sweet from bitter, what is sharp or sour, or vapid, or naufeous; but it requires senses more refined and exercised, to discover every taste that is most perfect in its kind; every palate is not a judge of that, and yet drinking is more useful than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that wine should be, like a style, clear, deep, bright, and strong, sincere and pure, found and dry (as our advertisements do well express it) which last is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richest spirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampness.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to music, and a taste for painting; which are nothing but a just discernment of what is excellent and most perfect in them. The first depends entirely on the ear; a man can never expect to be a matter, that has not an ear tuned and sent to music; and you can no more sing an ode without an ear, than without a genius you can write one. Painting, we should think, requires some understanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the best masters' manner, to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the rest, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent conversation with the best originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural gacity and aptness, experience will be of no great service. A good taste is an argument of a great soul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor spirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that sparkles: but to pass by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is most perfect and excellent in its kind, speaks a superior genius, and a true discernment: a new picture by some meaner hand, where the colours are fresh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleasure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at first with eagerness, we presently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not so inviting at first, open to the eye by degrees; and the longer and oftener we look, we still discover new beauties and find new pleasure. I am not a man of so much severity in my temper as to allow you to be pleased with nothing but what is in the last perfection; for then, possibly, so many are the infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you could never be pleased. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refusing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakness of stomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taste judges of defects as well as perfections, and the best judges are always the perons of the greatest candour. They will find none but real faults, and whatever they commend, the praise is justly due.

I have intimated already, that a good taste is to be formed by reading the best authors; and when you shall be able to point out their beauties, to discern the brightest passages, the strength and elegance of their language, you will always write yourself, and read others by that standard, and must therefore necessarily excel.

Felton.

§ 105. Taste to be improved by Imitation.

In Rome there were some popular orators, who with a false eloquence and violent action, carried away the applause of the people; and with us we have some popular men, who are followed and admired for the loudness of their voice, and a false pathos both in utterance and writing. I have been sometimes in some confusion to hear such persons commended by those of superior sense, who could distinguish, one would think, between empty, pompous, specious harangues, and those pieces in which
which all the beauties of writing are combined. A natural taste must therefore be improved, like fine parts, and a great genius; it must be attested by art, or it will be easily vitiated and corrupted. False eloquence paffes only where true is not understood; and no body will commend bad writers, that is acquainted with good.

These are only some cursory thoughts on a subject that will not be reduced to rules. To treat of a true taste in a formal method, would be very insipid; it is best collected from the beauties and laws of writing, and must rise from every man’s own apprehension and notion of what he hears and reads.

It may be therefore of farther use, and most advantage to you, as well as a relief and entertainment to refresh your spirits in the end of a tedious discourse, if besides mentioning the classic authors as they fall in my way, I lay before you some of the correctest writers of this age and the last, in several faculties, upon different subjects. Not that you should be drawn into a servile imitation of any of them: but that you may see into the spirit, force, and beauty of them all, and form your pen from those general notions of life and delicacy, of fine thoughts and happy words, which rise to your mind upon reading the great masters of style in their several ways, and manner of excelling.

I must beg leave, therefore, to defer a little the entertainment I promised, while I endeavour to lead you into the true way of imitation, if ever you shall propose any original for your copy; or, which is infinitely preferable, into a perfect mastery of the spirit and perfections of every celebrated writer, whether ancient or modern.

§ 106. On the Historical Style.

History will not admit those decorations other subjects are capable of; the passions and affections are not to be moved with anything, but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty must lie in the order and expression. To relate every event with clearness and perspicacity, in such words as best express the nature of the subject, is the chief commendation of an historian’s style. History gives us a draught of facts and transactions in the world. The colours these are painted in; the strength and significance of the several faces; the regular confusion of a battle; the distractions of tumult senfibly depicted; every object and every occurrence so presented to your view, that while you read, you seem indeed to see them: this is the art and perfection of an historical style. And you will observe, that those who have excelled in history, have excelled in this especially; and what has made them the standards of that style, is the clearness, the life and vigour of their expression, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the subjects they wrote on: for history and narration are nothing but just and lively descriptions of remarkable events and accidents.

Ibid.

§ 107. Of Herodotus and Thucydidcs.

For this reason we praise Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them; and upon this account we commend Sallust and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their style, yet they all agree in these common excellencies. Herodotus displays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearness of a numerous and solemn dictation; he flows with a full and majestic pace, with an easy current, and a pleasing stream. Thucydides does sometimes write in a style so close, that almost every word is a sentence, and every sentence almost acquires us with something new; so that from the multitude of caues, and variety of matter crowded together we should suspect him to be obscure: but yet so happy, so admirable a matter is he in the art of expression, so proper, and so full, that we cannot lay whether his dictation does more illustrate the things he speaks of, or whether his words themselves are not illustrated by his matter, so mutual a light doth his exprefion and subject reflect on each other. His dictation, though it be pressed and close, is nevertheless great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his subject. He first, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the historian’s style, to make the narration more pleasing, by leaving the flatness and nakedness of former ages. This is most observ’d in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial spirit, as if he stood in the hottest of the engagement; and what is most excellent, as remarkable in so close a style, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their most proper situation.

Ibid.

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§ 108.
§ 108. Of Sallust and Livy.

Sallust and Livy you will read, I hope, with so much pleasure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Sallust are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus; and, since I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the comparisons. Sallust is represented as a concise, a strong, and nervous writer; and so far he agrees with Thucydides's manner; but he is also charged with being obscure, as concise writers very often are, without any reason. For, if I may judge by my own apprehensions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can observe, one redundant expression; but his words are all weighed and chosen, so expressive and significant, that I will challenge any critic to take a sentence of his, and to express it clearer or better; his contractions seem wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that considered and studied perspicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to express his meaning, nor suffer one to stand, if his sense were clear without it. Being more diffuse, would have weakened his language, and have made it obfcurer rather than clearer: for a multitude of words only serve to cloud or dissipate the sense; and though a copious style in a master's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciseness and perspicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge the expressions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebleer. Sallust is all life and spirit, yet grave and majestic in his dictio: his use of old words is perfectly right; there is no affectation, but more weight and significance in them: the boldness of his metaphors are among his greatest beauties; they are chosen with great judgment, and threw the force of his genius; the colouring is strong; and the strokes are bold; and in my opinion he chose them for the sake of the brevity he loved, to express more clearly and more forcibly, what otherwise he must have written in looser characters with less strength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the justest and exactest of the Roman writers.

Livy is the most considerate of the Roman historians, if to the perfection of his style, we join the compas of his subject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewish, especially over Thucydides; whose history, however drawn out into length, is confined to the shortest period of any, except what remains of Sallust. No historian could be happier in the greatnes and dignity of his subject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majesty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not so copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expression, grave, majestic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would say his style flows with milk and honey, in such abundance, such pleasure and sweetness, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to resume him. We may resemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his dictio; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majesty of expression; and if we observe the multitude of clauses in the length of his periods, perhaps, Thucydides himself is not more crowded; only the length of the periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have been induced to think this writer was copious, because his sentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his descriptions, not lavish in the number, but exuberant in the richness and significance of his words. You will observe, for I speak upon my own observation, that Livy is not so easy and obvious to be understood as Sallust; the experiment is made every where in reading five or six pages of each author together. The shortness of Sallust's sentences, as long as they are clear, shews his sense and meaning all the way in an instant: the progress is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another, with so swift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read distinctly, run faster than we understand him. This is the brightest testimony that can be given of a clear and obvious style. In Livy we cannot pass on so readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the sentence, and have so many clauses to sort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I must own I cannot read him so readily at sight as I can Sallust; though with attention and consideration I understand him as well.
He is not so easy, nor so well adapted to young proficients, as the other: and is ever plainest, when his sentences are shortest; which I think is a demonstration. Some, perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quintilian; but I do not conceive so myself; for Quintilian recommends Livy before Salluit, rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history; for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficients, which of them is more open to their apprehension. Distinction of sentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expressive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermost; but long periods, and a multiplicity of clauses, however they abound with the most obvious and significant words, do necessarily make the meaning more retired, less forward and obvious to the view: and in this Livy may seem as crowded as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauses, which, so dispofed, do rather obscurc than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a writer, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still increases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness, and nobleness of his diction, his happiness in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his style, if we were to decide, is certainly the standard of Roman history. For Salluit, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others.

§ 109. Their Use in Style.

Reading these celebrated authors will give you a true taste of good writing, and form you to a just and correct style upon every occasion that shall demand your pen. I would not recommend any of them to a strict imitation; that is servile and mean; and you cannot propose an exact copy of a pattern, without falling short of the original: but if you once read them with a true relish and discernment of their beauties, you may lay them aside, and be secure of writing with all the graces of them all, without owing your perfection to any. Your style and manner will be your own, and even your letters upon the most ordinary subjects, will have a native beauty and elegance in the composition, which will equal them with the best originals, and set them far above the common standard.

Upon this occasion, I cannot pass by your favourite author, the grave and facetious Tatler, who has drawn mankind in every dref and every disguise of nature, in a style ever varying with the humours, fancies, and follies he describes. He has showed himself a master in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be light or serious, and has laid down the rules of common life with so much judgment, in such agreeable, such lively and elegant language, that from him you at once may form your manners and your style. "Ibid."

§ 110. On Spencer and Shakespear.

I may add some poets of more ancient date: and though their style is out of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spencer, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verse has music in it to ravish any ears, that can be sensible of the softest, sweetest numbers, that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakespear is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and sets his reader on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleasure; but he delights most in terror. "Ibid."

§ 111. On Milton and Philips.

Milton is the asserter of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like finners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music; and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was fatter bound than ever; but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips has trod the nearest in his great master's steps, and
and has equalled him in his verse more than he falls below him in the compass and dignity of his subject. The Shilling is truly splendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfinished castle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digressed from Milton; and that I may return, and say all in a word; his style, his thoughts, his verse, are as superior to the generality of other poets, as his subject. —Felon.

§ 112. Great Men have usually appeared at the same Time.

It is a remarkable phenomenon, and one which has often employed the speculations of curious men, that writers and artists, most distinguished for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in considerable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them; while, at other periods, Nature seems to have exerted herself with a more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuse fertility. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the moral causes lie obvious; such as favourable circumstances of government and of manners; encouragement from great men; emulation excited among the men of genius. But as these have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, physical causes have been also assigned; and the Abbé du Bôs, in his reflections on Poetry and Painting, has collected a great many observations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other such natural causes, may be supposed to have upon genius. But whatever the causes be, the fact is certain, that there have been certain periods or ages of the world much more distinguished than others, for the extraordinary productions of genius. —Blair.

§ 113. Four of these Ages marked out by the Learned.

Learned men have marked out four of these happy ages. The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period, we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demo- thenes, Æschylus, Lylyas, Iocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Antonacren, Theocritus, Lylypos, Agyllas, Phidias, Praxiteles. The second is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Caesar and Augustus; affording us, Catullus, Lucrertius, Terence, Virgill, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phaedrus, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is, that of the reformation of learning, under the Popes Julius II. and Leo X. when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, San- nazarios, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael An- gelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth, comprehends the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne; when flourished, in France, Cor- nelle, Racine, De Retz, Miolier, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiste Roufseau, Boffuet, Fel- nelon, Burdaloue, Pascal, Malebranche, Maffillon, Bruyere, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vert- tot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addi- son, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftes- bury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke. —Ibid.

§ 114. The Reputation of the Ancients esta- blished too firmly to be shaken.

If any one, at this day, in the eighteenth century, takes upon him to decry the ancient Classics; if he pretends to have dis- covered that Homer and Virgil are poets of insconsiderable merit, and that Demothenes and Cicero are not great Orators, we may boldly venture to tell such a man, that he is come too late with his discovery. The reputation of such writers is established upon a foundation too solid to be now shaken by any arguments whatever; for it is esta- blished upon the almost universal taste of mankind, proved and tried throughout the succession of so many ages. Imperfections in their works he may indeed point out; passages that are faulty he may shew; for where is the human work that is perfect? But if he attempts to discredit their works in general, or to prove that the reputation which they have gained is on the whole unjust, there is an argument against him, which is equal to full demonstration. He must be in the wrong; for human nature is against him. In matters of taste, such as poetry and oratory, to whom does the ap- peal lie? where is the standard? and where the authority of the last decision? where is it to be looked for, but, as I formerly shewed, in those feelings and sentiments that are found, on the most extensive exami- nation, to be the common sentiments and feelings of men? These have been fully confuted on this head. The Public, the unprejudiced Public, has been tried and ap- pealed to for many centuries, and throughout almost all civilized nations. It has pro-
It is not to commentators and universitites, that the classics are indebted for their fame. They became classics and school-books, in consequence of the high admiration which was paid them by the best judges in their own country and nation. As early as the days of Juvenal, who wrote under the reign of Domitian, we find Virgil and Horace become the standard books in the education of youth.

Quod stabant pueri, cum totus decorat effuerit Flaccus, & haec eret nigro fulgo Maroni.

SAT. 7.

From this general principle, then, of the reputation of great ancient Classics being so early, so lasting, so extensive, among all the most polished nations, we may justly and boldly infer, that their reputation cannot be wholly unjust, but must have a solid foundation in the merit of their writings.

§ 116. In what Respects the Moderns excel the Ancients.

Let us guard, however, against a blind and implicit veneration for the Ancients in every thing. I have opened the general principle, which must go far in instituting a fair comparison between them and the Moderns. Whatever superiority the Ancients may have had in point of genius, yet in all arts, where the natural progress of knowledge has had room to produce any considerable effects, the Moderns cannot but have some advantage. The world may, in certain respects, be considered as a person, who must needs gain somewhat by advancing in years. Its improvements have not, I confess, been always in proportion to the centuries that have passed over it; for, during the course of some ages, it has sunk as into a total lethargy. Yet, when roused from that lethargy, it has generally been able to avail itself, more or less, of former discoveries. At intervals, there arose some happy genius, who could both improve on what had gone before, and invent something new. With the advantage of a proper stock of materials, an inferior genius can make greater progres than a much superior one, to whom these materials are wanting.

Hence, in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, and other sciences that

* "Then thou art bound to smell, on either hand,
  "As many flaming lamps as school-boys stand,
  "When Horace could not read in his own fully'd book,
  "And Virgil's sacred page was all besmeared with smoke." *
depend on an extensive knowledge and observation of facts, modern philosophers have an unquestionable superiority over the ancient. I am inclined also to think, that in matters of pure reasoning, there is more precision among the moderns, than in some instances there was among the ancients; owing perhaps to a more extensive literary intercourse, which has improved and sharpened the faculties of men. In some studies too, that relate to taste and fine writing, which is our object, the progress of society must, in equity, be admitted to have given us some advantages. For instance, in history; there is certainly more political knowledge in several European nations at present, than there was in ancient Greece and Rome. We are better acquainted with the nature of government, because we have seen it under a greater variety of forms and revolutions. The world is more laid open than it was in former times; commerce is greatly enlarged; more countries are civilized; pofts are every where established; intercourse is become more easy; and the knowledge of facts, by consequence, more attainable. All these are great advantages to historians; of which, in some measure, as I shall afterwards shew, they have availed themselves. In the more complex kinds of poetry, likewise, we may have gained somewhat, perhaps, in point of regularity and accuracy. In dramatic performances, having the advantage of the ancient models, we may be allowed to have made some improvements in the variety of the characters, the conduct of the plot, attentions to probability, and to decorum. Blair.

§ 117. We must look to the Ancients for elegant Composition, and to the Moderns for accurate Philosophy.

From whatever cause it happens, so it is, that among some of the ancient writers, we must look for the highest models in most of the kinds of elegant composition. For accurate thinking and enlarged ideas, in several parts of philosophy, to the moderns we ought chiefly to have recourse. Of correct and finished writing in some works of taste, they may afford useful patterns; but for all that belongs to original genius, to spirited, masterly, and high execution, our best and most happy ideas are, generally speaking, drawn from the ancients. In epic poetry, for instance, Homer and Virgil, to this day, stand not within many degrees of any rival. Orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, we have none. In history, notwithstanding some defects, which I am afterwards to mention in the ancient historical plans, it may be safely ascertained, that we have no such historical narration, so elegant, so picturesque, so animated, and interesting as that of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust. Although the conduct of the drama may be admitted to have received some improvements, yet for poetry and sentiment we have nothing to equal Sophocles and Euripides; nor any dialogue in comedy, that comes up to the correct, graceful, and elegant simplicity of Terence. We have no such legacies as those of Tibullus; no such pastorals as some of Theocritus’s: and for Lyric poetry, Horace stands quite unrivalled. The name of Horace cannot be mentioned without a particular encomium. That "curiosa felicitas," which Petronius has remarked in his expression; the sweetness, elegance, and spirit of many of his odes, the thorough knowledge of the world, the excellent sentiments, and natural easy manner which distinguishes his Satires and Epistles, all contribute to render him one of those very few authors whom one never tires of reading; and from whom alone, were every other monument destroyed, we should be led to form a very high idea of the taste and genius of the Augustan age. Ibid.

§ 118. The affiduous Study of the Greek and Roman Classics recommended.

To all such then, as with to form their taste, and nourish their genius, let me warmly recommend the assiduous study of the ancient classics, both Greek and Roman,

Nocturna verste manu, verste diurna.*

Without a considerable acquaintance with them, no man can be reckoned a polite scholar; and he will want many assistances for writing and speaking well, which the knowledge of such authors would afford him. Any one has great reason to suspect his own taste, who receives little or no pleasure from the perusal of writings, which so many ages and nations have confented in holding up as objects of admiration. And I am persuaded, it will be found, that in proportion as the ancients are generally studied and admired, or are unknown and disregarded in any country, good taste and good composition will flourish, or decline.

* "Read them by day, and study them by night."  

Francis.  

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They are commonly none but the ignorant or superficial, who undervalue them.

§ 119. The ancient Historians excel in picturesque Narration.

In all the virtues of narration, particularly in that of picturesque descriptive narration, several of the ancient historians eminently excel. Hence, the pleasure that is found in reading Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus. They are all conspicuous for the art of narration. Herodotus is, at all times, an agreeable writer, and relates every thing with that naivete and simplicity of manner, which never fails to interest the reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harsh, yet, on great occasions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the siege of Platea, the sedition in Corcyra, the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he displays a very strong and masterly power of description. Xenophon's Cyropedia, and his Anabasis, or retreat of the ten thousand, are extremely beautiful. The circumstances are finely selected, and the narration easy and engaging; but his Hellenics, or continuation of the history of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Sallust's art of historical painting in his Catilinarian, but, more especially, in his Jugurthine war, is well known; though his style is liable to censure, as too studied and affected.

§ 120. Livy remarkable for Historical Painting.

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner; and is excelled by no historian whatever in the art of narration; several remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for instance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites, at the Furcae Caudinae, in the beginning of the ninth book, affords one of the most beautiful exemplifications of historical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have first, an exact description of the narrow pass between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find themselves caught, and no hope of escape left, we are made to see, first, their astonishment, next, their indignation, and then, their dejection, painted in the most lively manner, by such circumstances and actions as were natural to persons in their situation. The refilings and unquiet manner in which they pass the night; the confutations of the Samnites; the various measures proposed to be taken; the messages between the two armies, all heighten the scene. At length, in the morning, the confid flies return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of surrendering their arms, and passing under the yoke, which was considered as the last mark of ignominy for a conquered army.

§ 121. Tacitus remarkable for Historical Painting.

Tacitus is another author eminent for historical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's descriptions are more full, more plain, and natural; those of Tacitus confid in a few bold strokes. He selects one or two remarkable circumstances, and sets them before us in a strong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the situation of Rome, and of the Emperor Galba, when Otho was advancing against him: "Agebatur hic illuc "Galba, vario turbae fluctuantes impulsa, "completis undique basilicis et templis, "lugubri prospectu. Neque populi aut "plebis uila vox; sed attoniti vultus, et "conversae ad omnia aures. Non tumul-
tus, non quiues; sed quale magni metis, "et magnae irae, silentium etf."

No image, in any poet, is more strong and expressive than this last stroke of the description: "Non tumulus, non quies, sed quale," &c. This is a conception of the sublime kind, and discovers high genius. Indeed, throughout all his work, Tacitus shews the hand of a master. As he is profound in reflection, so he is striking in description, and pathetic in sentiment. The philosopher, the poet, and the historian, all meet in him. Though the period of which he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for a historian, he has made it afford us many interesting exhibitions of human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths of several eminent personages, are as affecting as the deepest tragedies. He paints

* "Galba was driven to and fro by the tide of the multitude, shoving him from place to place. "The temples and public buildings were filled with crowds, of a dismal appearance. No clamours "were heard, either from the citizens, or from the rabble. Their countenances were filled with con-

ervation; their ears were employed in listening with anxiety. It was not a tumult; it was not "quietness; it was the silence of terror, and of wrath."
with a glowing pencil; and posesse, beyond all writers, the talent of painting, not to the imagination merely. but to the heart. With many of the most distinguished beauties, he is, at the same time, not a perfect model for history; and such as have formed themselves upon him, have seldom been successful. He is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections he is too refined; in his style too concise, sometimes quaint and affected, often abrupt and obscure. History seems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner.

Blair.

§ 122. On the Beauty of Epistolary Writing.

Its first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters, just as they are in conversation; when they flow easily, and without being studied; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays fludy; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows ready; but where there is no subject to warm or interest thee, constraint appears; and hence, those letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolence, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they perhaps consider as their master-pieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers.

Ibid.

§ 123. Ease in writing Letters must not degenerate to Carelessness.

It ought, at the same time, to be remembered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in epistolary correspondence, are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a disfiguring mark of want of respect. The liberty, besides, of writing letters with so careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. The first requisite, both in conversation and correspondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others, demand. An imprudent expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we must remember, that "Litera scripta manet."

Ibid.


Pliny's letters are one of the most celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend.

Ibid.


Cicero's Epistles, though not so showy as those of Pliny, are, on several accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real business, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freedman Tyro, for the large collection that was made, after his death, of those which are now extant, amounting to near a thousand *.

* See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in answer to some enquiries concerning his epistles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about seventy of them. Ad Att. 16. 5.
They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state; the greatest part of them being written during that important crisis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart, with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero’s correspondents, as well as himself, are elegant and polite writers; which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age.

 Blair.

§ 126. On Pope’s and Swift’s Letters.

The most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly published in Mr. Pope’s works, and partly in those of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is nor, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny’s Epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean Swift’s also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Belingbrooke’s, and of Bishop Atterbury’s Letters, are matter. The cenure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr. Pope himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addison: “I am more joyed at your return, than I should be at that of the Sun, as much as I with for him in this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be diff " pleasing to owls and obscene animals, " who cannot bear his lustre.” How stiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Bishop Atterbury: “Though the noise and daily "bufle for the Public be now over, I dare " fay, you are still tendering its welfare; " as the Sun in winter, when seeming to " retire from the world, is preparing " warmth and benedictions for a better " feason.” This sentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unfitting to the style of one friend corresponding with another.

Ibid.


The gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their letters, and have given birth to several agreeable publications. In the last age, Balzac and Voiture were the two most celebrated epistolary writers. Balzac’s reputation indeed soon declined, on account of his swelling periods and pompous style. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His composition is extremely sparkling; he shows a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the most entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and professed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigne are now esteemed the most accomplished model of a familiar correspondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expressions of fondness, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they shew such perpetual spright lines, they contain such easy and varied narration, and so many strokes of the most lively and beautiful painting, perfectly free from any affectation, that they are justly entitled to high praise. The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after those of Mad. de Sevigne. They have much of the French cafe and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epistolary style, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the English language.

Ibid.


Pindar, the great father of lyric poetry, has been the occasion of leading his imitators into some defects. His genius was sublime; his expressions are beautiful and happy:
happy; his descriptions picturesque. But finding it a very barren subject to sing the praises of those who had gained the prize in the public games, he is perpetually digressive, and fills up his poems with fables of the gods and heroes, that have little connection either with his subject, or with one another. The ancients admired him greatly; but as many of the histories of particular families and cities, to which he alludes, are now unknown to us, he is so obscure, partly from his subjects, and partly from his rapid, abrupt manner of treating them, that, notwithstanding the beauty of his expression, our pleasure in reading him is much diminished. One would imagine, that many of his modern imitators thought the best way to catch his spirit, was to imitate his disorder and obscurity. In several of the choruses of Euripides and Sophocles, we have the same kind of lyric poetry as in Pindar, carried on with more clearness and connection, and at the same time with much sublimity.

Blair.

§ 129. On Horace, as a Lyric Poet.

Of all the writers of odes, ancient or modern, there is none that, in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has defeended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation; and joins connected thought, and good sense, with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond that middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes, in which he attempts the sublime, are perhaps not always his best*. The peculiar character, in which he excels, is grace and elegance; and in this style of composition, no poet has ever attained to a greater perfection than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of tripping more agreeably, when he chooses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet, he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he ever has been, and ever will continue to be, a favourite author with all persons of taste.

Ibid.

§ 130. On Casimir, and other modern Lyric Poets.

Among the Latin poets of later ages, there have been many imitators of Horace. One of the most distinguished is Casimir, a Polish poet of the last century, who wrote four books of odes. In graceful ease of expression, he is far inferior to the Roman. He often affects the sublime; and in the attempt, like other lyric writers, frequently becomes harsh and unnatural. But, on several occasions, he discovers a considerable degree of original genius, and poetical fire. Buchanan, in some of his lyric compositions, is very elegant and classical.

Among the French, the odes of Jean Baptiste Rousseau have been much and justly celebrated. They possess great beauty, both of sentiment and expression. They are animated, without being rhapsodical; and are not inferior to any poetical productions in the French language.

In our own language, we have several lyric compositions of considerable merit. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia, is well known. Mr. Gray is distinguished in some of his odes, both for tenderneefs and sublimity; and in Dodfley's Miscellanies, several very beautiful lyric poems are to be found. As to professed Pindaric odes, they are, with a few exceptions, so incoherent, as seldom to be intelligible. Cowley, at all times harsh, is doubly so in his Pindaric compositions. In his Anacreontic odes, he is much happier. They are smooth and elegant; and, indeed, the most agreeable and the most perfect, in their kind, of all Mr. Cowley's poems.

Ibid.

§ 131. On the different Kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; and of the distinguishing Characters of the chief Writers. 131. Of the Didactic.

The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in scripture, are chiefly the didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The nine first chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces, and figures of expression. At the roth chapter, the style is sensibly altered,

* There is no ode whatever of Horace's, without great beauties. But though I may be singular in my opinion, I cannot help thinking that in some of those odes which have been much admired for sublimity (such as Ode iv. Lib. iv. "Qualem minitrium fulminis alitem, &c.") there appears something of a strained and forced effort to be lofty. The genius of this amiable poet shews itself, according to my judgment, to greater advantage, in themes of a more temperate kind.
and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end; retaining however that sententious, pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguishes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular. Blair.

§ 132. Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture.

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in Scripture; such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetical books; and several of David's Psalms, composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book, entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the Temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their forrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people fend up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimorous strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a mythical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds: and, suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end. Ibid.

§ 133. Of the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.

Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetical books, such as the song of Moses, the song of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Psalms is to be considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the ode exhibited in all the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these influences, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy scriptures full exemplifications of several of the chief kinds of poetical writing. Ibid.

§ 134. A Diversify of Style and Manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books. On Job, David, and Isaiah.

Among the different composers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a fort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The psalms in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or fends up moving and affectionate supplications to heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of Scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He poetizes, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which are altogether unparallelled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetical writings. Ibid.

§ 135. On
§ 135. On Jeremiah.

When we compare him with the rest of the poetical prophets, we immediately see in Jeremiah a very different genius. Isaiah employs himself generally on magnificent subjects. Jeremiah seldom discovers any disposition to be sublime, and inclines always to the tender and elegant. Ezekiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to them both; but he is distinguished by a character of uncommon force and ardour. To use the elegant expressions of Bishop Lowth, with regard to this Prophet: "Est atrox, vehemens, tragilimus; in senibus, fervidus, acerbus, indignabundus; in imaginibus, secundus; truculentus, et nonnunquam penes deformis; in dictione, grandiloquus, gravis, austerus, et interdum incultus; frequent in repetitionibus, non decoris aut gratiae causa, sed ex indignatione et violentia. Quicquid suceperit tractandum, id sedulo persequerit; in eo unice haret desexus; a proposito raro deflectet. In ceteris, a plerisque vitibus fortasse frequentatam; sed in eo gener, ad quod vitetur, a natura unice comparatur, nimium rum, vi, pondere, impetu, granditate, nemo unquam eum superavit." The same learned writer compares Isaiah to Homer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Ezekiel to Aeschylus. Most of the book of Isaiah is strictly poetical; of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, not above one half can be held to belong to poetry. Among the minor prophets, Hosea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, and especially Nahum, are distinguished for poetical spirit. In the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah, there is no poetry.

Blair.


It only now remains to speak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the most ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connexion with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumea, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before shewed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no allusions to the great events of sacred history, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judaea. We find few comparisons founded on rivers or torrents; these were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longest comparison that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a book that fails in the season of heat, and disappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the sacred writings, but is superior to them all, except those of Isaiah alone. As Isaiah is the most sublime, David the most pleasing and tender, so Job is the most descriptive, of all the inspired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and strength of description, characterize the author. No writer whatever abounds so much in metaphors. He may be said, not to describe, but to render visible, whatever he treats of. A variety of influences might be given. Let us remark only those strong and lively colours, with which, in the following passages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; observe how rapidly his figures rise before us; and what a deep impression, at the same time, they leave on the imagination. "Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite, but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chafed away, as a vision of the night. The eye also which faw him, shall see him no more; they which have seen him, shall say, where is he?—He shall suck the poison of asps, the viper's tongue shall flay him. In the fulcns of his sufficiency he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of fleed shall strike him through. All darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increafe of his house shall depart. His goods shall flow away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net, by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Ter-
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"Bottshall make him afraid on every side; and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the fleet. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty."

Blair.

§ 137. On the Iliad of Homer.

The subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions, concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer groundd his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written record, traditions, must by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they took up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shewn the pernicious effect of discord among confederate princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the Æneid includes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the Iliad is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The dilfrefs thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet.

Ibid.

§ 138. On the Odyssey of Homer.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time, poiseffes so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories; and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes; and warlike achievements; but in recompence, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

Ibid.
§ 139. On the Beauties of Virgil.

Virgil poiffeles beauties which have jutly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he poiffeles beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and, by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the Iliad, is the interview of Hecthor with Andromache. But, in the Aeneid, there are many such. The second Book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, prefented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Aeneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the Ened, the fame pathetic spirit fines; and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Aeneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the episdes of Pallas and Evander, of Nifus and Euryalus, of Laufus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we muft observe, that though the Ened be an unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all; and not a few, even in the last six books. The bft and moft finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth.

Blair.

§ 140. On the comparative Merit of Homer and Virgil.

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of those two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil; the former muft, undoubtedly, be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness, more nature and cafe, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligence in composition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places he has not so much imitated, as he has literally translated him. The description of the form, for instance, in the first Aeneid, and Aeneas's speech upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the Odylle; not to mention almost all the similes of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer. The pre-emience in invention, therefore, muft, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-emience in judgment, though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman staidnees. Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The bft has, on many occasions, a sublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot fo clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both these great poets, moft of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the Aeneid, this excuse ought to be admitted, that the Aeneid was left an unfinished work.

Ibid.

To the admirers of polite learning, the Lectures of Dr. Blair, at large, are strongly recommended. The Extracts in this book are designed only as specimens of that elegant and useful work, and for the use of Schools. It would be unjust, and indeed impracticable, to give any more Extracts, consistently with the necessary limits prescribed to this book.

§ 141.
The ancients (of whom we speak) had
good natural parts, and applied them right;
they understood their own strength, and
were masters of the subject they under-
took; they had a rich genius carefully
cultivated: in their writings you have na-
ture without wildness, and art without of-
tentation. For it is vain to talk of nature
and genius, without care and diligent
application to refine and improve them. The
finest paradise will run wild, and lose both
its pleasure and usefulness, without a skil-
ful hand constantly to tend and prune it.
Though these generous spirits were inspir-
ed with the love of true praise, and had a
modest assurance of their own abilities; yet
they were not so self-sufficient, as to ima-
gine their first thoughts were above their
own review and correction, or their last
above the judgment of their friends. They
submitted their compositions to the cen-
sure of private persons and public assem-
bles. They reviewed, altered, and pol-
ished, till they had good hopes they could
present the world with a finifhed piece. And
so great and happy was their judgment,
that they understood when they had done
well, and knew the critical feaon of laying
aside the file.

For, as those excellent masters, Pliny
and Quintilian, observe, there may be an
intemperance in correction; when an in-
genious man has such an excess of modesty
and faulty distrust of himself, that he wears
off some of the necessary and ornamental
parts of his discourse, instead of polishing
the rough, and taking off the superfluous.

These immortal wits did not preposter-
ously resolve first to be authors, and then
immediately fall to writing without study
and experience; but took care to furnish
themselves with knowledge by close thought,
select conversation, and reading; and to
gain all the information and light that was
necessary to qualify them to do justice to
their subject. Then, after they had be-
gun to write, they did not hurry on their
pen with speed and impatience to appear
in the view of the world; but they took
time and pains to give every part of their
discourse all possible strength and ornament,
and to make the whole composition uni-
form and beautiful. They wisely con-
dered, that productions which come before
their due time into the world, are seldom
perfect or long-lived; and that an author
who designs to write for posterity, as well
as the present generation, cannot study a
work with too deep care and refolute in-
dustry.

Varus tells us of his incomparable friend
Virgil, that he composed but very few
verses in a day. That consummate philo-
sopher, critic, and poet, regarded the va-
ue, not number of his lines; and never
thought too much pains could be bestowed
on a poem, that he might reasonably ex-
pect would be the wonder of all ages, and
last out the whole duration of time. Quin-
tilian affures us, that Sallust wrote with
abundance of deliberation and prudent
cautions; and indeed that fully appears
from his complete and exquisite writings.
Democritus laboured night and day, out-
watched the poor mechanic in Athens (that
was forced to perpetual drudgery to sup-
port himself and his family) till he had ac-
quired such a mastery in his noble profes-
sion, such a rational and over-ruling vehe-
mence, such a perfect habit of nervous and
convincing eloquence, as enabled him to
defy the strongest opposition, and to tri-
umph over envy and time.

Plato, when he was eighty years old,
was busily employed in the review and
amendment of his divine dialogues: and
some people are severe upon Cicero, that
in imitation of Plato, he was so scrupulous
whether he ought to write ad Pirem, or in
Perea, ad Pireum, or in Pireum, that now in
the sixtieth year of his age, in the fury of
the civil wars, when he knew not how to
dispose of his family, and scarce expected
safety, he earnestly intreated his noble and
learned friend Atticus to resolve that diffi-
culty, and ease him of the perplexity which
it created him. Whatever railly or re-
flexion some humourfome wits may make
upon that great man's exactness and nicety
in that respect, and at such a time; 'tis a
plain proof of his wonderful care and dili-
gence in his composition, and the strict re-
gard he had to the purity and propriety of
his language. The ancients so accur-
ately understood, and so indefatigably
studied their subject, that they scarce ever
fail to finish and adorn every part with
strong sense, and lively expression.

Blackwall.

§ 142. On Homer.

'Tis no romantic commendation of Ho-
mer, to say, that no man understood per-
sions and things better than he; or had a
deeper insight into the humours and pas-
sions
sions of human nature. He represents great things with such sublimity, and little ones with such propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleasant.

He is a perfect master of all the lofty graces of the figurative style, and all the purity and easiness of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and historian, affures us, that Homer has described the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not seen them; and no man but must admire and be astonished who has. His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the universe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and style scattered through his writings; he is scarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehension of genius, elevation of fancy, and immense copiousness of invention. Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients efeemed and admired him as the great High Priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praiies of Homer; and old Zonius has only a few followers in these later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a spirit of conceit and contradiction.

These gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himself banished him out of his commonwealth; which, say they, must be granted to be a blemish upon the poet's reputation. The reason why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the subjects of that government, was because he did not esteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a sense. Plato frequently declares, that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the poets; and studiously imitates his figurative and mythical way of writing. Though he forbade his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own closet. Though the philosopher pretends, that for reasons of state he must remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all possible respect while he lived; and dismifs him laden with presents, and adorned with garlands (as the priests and suppliants of their gods used to be); by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to esteem his person sacred, and receive him with due veneration.

Blackwall.

§ 143. On Theocritus.

If we mention Theocritus, he will be another bright instance of the happy abilities and various accomplishments of the ancients. He has writ in several sorts of poetry, and succeeded in all. It seems unnecessary to praise the native simplicity and easy freedom of his pastoral; when Virgil himself sometimes invokes the muse of Sycrauce; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in several passages translates him. Quintillian says of our Sicilian bard, that he is admirable in his kind; but when he adds, that his muse is not only thy of appearing at the bar, but in the city too, "tis evident this remark must be confined to his pastorals. In several of his other poems, he shews such strength of reason and politeness, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his smaller poems of Cupid flung, Adonis killed by the Boar, &c. you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and Combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetic, clear, and pleasant, than Apollonius on the fame, or any other subject. In his conversation of Alcmena and Tirefias, of Hercules and the old servant of Augeas, in Cynicea and Thyronichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the easines of and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue, which reign in the Odyssey; and in Hercules destroying the lion of Nemea, the spirit and majesty of the Iliad. The panegyrick upon king Ptolemy is justly esteemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble hymn upon Cato and Pollux, he has praised his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of address, with those sublime and graceful expressions of devotion and respect, that in politeness, smoothness of turn, and a refined art of praising without offence.
fence, or appearance of flattery, he has equaled Callimachus; and in loftiness and flight of thought, scarce yields to Pindar or Homer.

Blackwall.

§ 144. On Herodotus.

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace, and Scythia; he travelled likewise to Arabia, Palæstine, and Egypt; where he carefully viewed the chief curiosities and most remarkable places, and conversed with the Egyptian priests, who informed him of their ancient history, and acquainted him with their customs, sacred and civil. Indeed he speaks of their religious rites with such plainness and clearness in some cases, and with reserve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and consecrated a priest of some of their orders.

Thus, being acquainted with the most famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the most considerable persons of the age, he applied himself to write the history of the Greeks and Barbarians: and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulnes, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applause of the most august assembly in the world, at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

His history opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives light to all her authors.

Ibid.

§ 145. On Livy.

We do not find that Livy had travelled much, or been employed in military affairs; yet what he might want in experience, was happily supplied by wonderful parts and eloquence, by severe study, and unwearyed endeavours after knowledge and information; so that he describes all the countries, towns, seas, and ports, whether the Roman Legions and navies came, with near the same accuracy and perfection (if possible) which he could any place in Italy; lays a siege, draws up an army, with skill and conduct scarce inferior to Cæsar himself. Was there as much charm in the conversation of this extraordinary man, as there is in his writings, the gentleman of Cæles would not repent of his long journey, who came from thence only to see Livy, upon the fame of his incomparable eloquence, and other celebrated abilities; and we have reason to believe he received satisfaction, because, after he had seen Livy, and conversed with him, he had no curiosity to see Rome, to which he was so near; and which at that time was, for its magnificence and glories, one of the greatest wonders of the whole earth.

These two princes of Greek and Roman history, tell a story, and make up a description, with inexpressible grace; and so dexterously mix the great and little circumstances, that there is both the utmost dignity and pleasure in it.

Ibid.

§ 146. Much of their Beauty arises from Variety.

The reader is always entertained with an agreeable variety, both of matter and style, in Herodotus and Livy. And indeed every author that expects to please, must gratify the reader with variety: that is the universal charm, which takes with people of all tastes and complexions. "Tis an appetite planted in us by the Author of our being; and is natural to an human soul, whole immense defires nothing but an infinite good, and unexhausted pleasure, can fully gratify. The most palatable dish becomes nauseous, if it be always set before a man: the most musical and harmonious notes, too often and unfeasonably struck, grate the ear like the jarring of the most harsh and hateful discord.

These authors, and the rest of their spirit and elevation, were sensible of this; and therefore you find a continual change, and judicious variation, in their style and numbers.

One passage appears to be learned, and carefully laboured; an unstudied easiness, and becoming negligence, runs through the next. One sentence turns quick and short; and another, immediately following, runs into longer measures, and spreads itself with a sort of elegant and beautiful luxuriancy. They seldom use many periods together, confiting of the same number of members; nor are the members of their periods of equal length, and exact measure, one with another.

The reflections that are made by these noble writers, upon the conduct and humours of mankind, the interests of courts, and the intrigues of parties, are so curious and instructive, so true in their substance, and so taking and lively in the manner of their expression, that they satisfy the foundest

§ 147. Perspicuity a principal Beauty of the Classicks.

Another excellency of the true classicks is, perspicuity, and clear style; which will excuse and cover several faults in an author; but the want of it is never to be atoned by any pretence of loftiness, caution, or any consideration whatever.

And this is the effect of a clear head, and vigorous understanding; of close and regular thinking, and the diligence of select reading. A man should write with the same design as he speaks, to be understood with ease, and to communicate his mind with pleasure and instruction. If we select Xenophon out of the other Greek classicks, whether he writes of the management of family affairs, or the more arduous matters of state and policy; whether he gives an account of the wars of the Grecians, or the morals of Socrates; the style, though so far varied as to be suitable to every subject, yet is always clear and significant, sweet without lusciousness, and elegantly easy.

In this genteel author we have all the politeness of a studied composition; and yet all the freedom and winning familiarity of elegant conversation.

Here I cannot but particularly mention Xenophon's Symposium, wherein he has given us an easy and beautiful description of a very lively and beautiful conversation. The pleasant and serious are there are so happily mixed and tempered, that the discourses is neither too light for the grave, nor too solemn for the gay. There is mirth with dignity and decorum; and philosophy attended and enlivened by all the graces.

§ 148. Of Cicero.

If among the Latin Classicks we name Tully, upon every subject he equally shews the strength of his reason and the brightness of his style. Whether he addresses his friend in the most graceful negligence of a familiar letter, or moves his auditors with laboured periods, and passionate strains of manly oratory; whether he proves the Majesty of God, and immortality of human souls, in a more sublime and pompous eloquence; or lays down the rules of prudence and virtue, in a more calm and even way of writing; he always expresses good sense in pure and proper language: he is learned and easy, richly plain, and neat without affectation. He is always copious, but never runs into a faulty luxuriance, nor tires his reader: and though he says almost every thing that can be said upon his subject, yet you will scarce ever think he says too much.

Ibid.

§ 149. On the Obscurities in the Classicks.

Those few obscurities which are in the best authors, do not proceed from haste and confusion of thought, or ambiguous expressions, from a long crowd of patenttheses, or perplexed periods; but either the places continue the same as they were in the original, and are not intelligible to us only by reason of our ignorance of some customs of those times and countries; or the passages are altered and spoiled by the presumption and buxy impertinence of foolish transcribers and conceited critics. Which plainly appears from this, that since we have had more accurate accounts of the Greek and Roman antiquities, and old manuscripts have been searched and compared by able and diligent hands, innumerable errors have been rectified, and corruptions, which had crept into the text, purged out: a various reading happily discovered, the removal of a verse, or a point of distinction out of the wrong into the right place, or the adding a small mark where it was left out, has given clear light to many passages, which for ages had lain overspread with an error, that had obscured the sense of the author, and quite confounded all the commentators. The latter part of the thirty-second verse of the hymn of Callimachus on Apollo was in the first editions thus, Της ἂν ἠκαίνεν Φόαον ἀείον; "who can sing of Phoebus in the mountains?" which was neither sense of itself, nor had any connexion with what went before. But Stephens's amendment of it set right both the sense and the connection, without altering a letter; Της ἂν ἠκαίνεν Φόαον ἀείον; "Phoebus is an unhaukted subject of praise."—among all his glorious qualifications and exploits, what poet can be so dull, what wit so barren, as to want materials for an hymn to his honour?—In the fourth verse of the eleventh epigram of Theocritus, there wanted a little point in the word ἢμποτείης, which took off all the sprightliness and turn of the thought; which
It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want, and abject dependance. They were perfons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, poftified of the highest dignities and polls of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatic relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they prefided; of those actions in which they were present and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, besides the advantages of his travels, and general knowledge, was fo confiderable in power and intereft, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had usurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by severe study in their advanced years: in short, they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies; and in strength of parts, and nobleness of thought and expression, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who by his commanding wisdom and eloquence influenced all Greece, and was sord to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in, the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The smoothness of his composition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the foundness of his morals, conveyed in the sweetest numbers, were so universally admired, and his glory so far spread, that the Athenians, who were taken prisoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preferred from perpetual exile and ruin, by the astonifhing respect that the Sicilians, enemies and strangers, paid

Blackwall.

§ 150. On several Advantages which the Classics enjoyed.
to the wit and fame of their illustrious
countryman. As many as could repeat any
of Euripides’s verses, were rewarded with
their liberty, and generously sent home with
marks of honour.

Plato, by his father’s side, sprung from
Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens;
and by his mother’s from Solon, their no
less celebrated law-giver. To gain expe-
rience, and enlarge his knowledge, he tra-
velled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He
was courted and honoured by the greatest
men of the age wherein he lived; and will
be studied and admired by men of taste and
judgment in all succeeding ages. In his
works, are inestimable treasures of the best
learning. In short, as a learned gentle-
man says, he writ with all the strength of
human reason, and all the charm of human
elocution.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Poly-
crates king of Samos; and his sprightly
muse, naturally flowing with innumerable
pleasures and graces, must improve in deli-
cacy and sweetness by the gaiety and refined
conversation of that flourishing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Tindar
was encouraged and heightened by the ho-
nours he received from the champions and
princes of his age; and his conversation
with the heroes qualified him to sing their
praisés with more advantage. The con-
querors at the Olympic games scarce valued
their garlands of honour, and wreaths of
victory, if they were not crowned with his
never-fading lauræs, and immortalized by
his celestial song. The noble Hiero of
Syracuse was his generous friend and pa-
tron; and the most powerful and polite state
of all Greece esteemed a line of his in praise
of their glorious city, worth public acknow-
ledgments, and a statue. Most of the ge-
nuine and valuable Latin Classics had the
same advantages of fortune, and improving
conversation, the same encouragements with
these and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained such a wonderful insight
into the characters and manners of man-
kind, such an elegant choice of words, and
fluency of style, such judgment in the con-
duct of his plot, and such delicate and
charming turns, chiefly by the conversa-
tion of Scipio and Laelius, the greatest men,
and most refined wits, of their age. So much
did this judicious writer, and clean scholar,
 improve by his diligent application to study,
and their genteel and learned conversation,
that it was charged upon him by those who
envied his superior excellencies, that he
published their compositions under his own
name. His enemies had a mind that the
world should believe those noblemen wrote
his plays, but scarce believed it themselves;
and the poet very prudently and genteelly
flighted their malice, and made his great
patrons the finest compliment in the world,
by esteeming the accusation as an honour,
rather than making any formal defence
against it.*

Sallust, so famous for his neat expressive
brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact
and clearness of style, for the accuracy of
his characters, and his piercing view into
the mysteries of policy and motives of ac-
tion, cultivated his rich abilities, and made
his acquired learning useful to the world,
and so honourable to himself, by bearing
the chief offices in the Roman government,
and sharing in the important councils and
debates of the senate.

Caesar had a prodigious wit, and univer-
shal learning; was noble by birth, a con-
summate statesman, a brave and wise gene-
ral, and a most heroic prince. His prudence
and modesty in speaking of himself, the
truth and clearness of his descriptions, the
inimitable purity and perspicuity of his
style, distinguishing him with advantage from
all other writers. None bears a nearer re-
semblance to him in more instances than the
admirable Xenophon. What useful and en-
tertaining accounts might reasonably be
expected from such a writer, who gives
you the geography and history of those
countries and nations, which he himself con-
quered, and the description of those mili-
tary engines, bridges, and encampments,
which he himself contrived and marked
our!

The best authors in the reign of Au-
gustus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Prop-
ertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and
plentiful circumstances. That was the golden
age of learning. They flourished under the
favours and bounty of the richest and most
generous court in the world; and the beams
of majesty shone bright and propitious on
them.

What could be too great to expect from
such poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved
and munificently encouraged by such pa-
trons as Maecenas and Augustus?

A chief reason why Tacitus writes with
such skill and authority, that he makes such
deep searches into the nature of things, and
defsigns of men, that he so exquisitely under-

* See Prologue to Adelphi, v. 15—22.
stands the secrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himself was admitted into the highest places of trust, and employed in the most public and important affairs. The statesman brightens the scholar, and the consul improves and elevates the historian. Blackwall.

§ 151. *On the Care of the Ancients in selecting Numbers.*

The Ancients are peculiarly to be admired for their care and happy exactness in selecting out the noblest and most valuable numbers, upon which the force and pleasantness of style principally depend. A discourse, consisting most of the strongest numbers, and best fort of feet, such as the Dactyl, Spondee, Anapaest, Molos, Cretic, &c. regularly compacted, stands firm and steady, and sounds magnificent and agreeable to a judicious ear. But a discourse made up of the weakest numbers, and the worst fort of feet, such as the Pyrrhiche, Choree, Trochee, &c. is loose and languid, and not confinable with such advantage to express manly sense. It cannot be pronounced with ease, nor heard with patience. The periods of the classics are generally composed of the major part of the noblest numbers; and when they are forced to use weaker and word-founding feet and measures, they so carefully temper and strengthen them with firm and nervous syllables on both sides, that the imperfection is covered, and the dignity of the sentence preferred and supported. Ibid.

§ 152. *On their making the Sound an Echo to the Sense.*

Another excellency, nearly allied to this, in these glorious writers, is their suiting the contexture of their discourse, and the found of their syllables, to the nature and character of their subjects. That is, they do contrive and work their composition, that the sound shall be a resemblance, or, as Longinus says, an echo of the sense, and words lively pictures of things. In describing the loveliness of beauty, and the charms of joy and gaiety, they avoid disagreeable elisions; do not make the discourse harsh by joining mutes and coupling letters, that, being united, make a disagreeable and grating sound. But by the choice of the best vowels, and the sweetest half-vowels, the whole composition is made smooth and delicate; and glides with easiness and pleasure through the ear. In describing a thing or person full of terror, ruggedness, or deformity, they use the word-founding vowels; and encumber the syllables with mutes of the roughest and most difficult pronunciation. The rushing of land-floods, the roaring of huge waters, and the dashing of waves against the shores, is imitated by words that make a vast and boisterous sound, and rudely clash together.

The great Plato, who had a genius for all manner of learning, was discouraged from poetry by reading that verse in Homer, which so wonderfully expresses the roaring of the billows:

*Hi&ras &bo7ron 7rjyi7py;&atsup;&c.*

Haste and swiftness are figured by short syllables, by quick and rapid numbers; flownefs, gravity, &c. by long syllables, and numbers strong and solemn. I shall produce some instances, and speak to them just as they come into my thoughts, without any nicety of method. Virgil, in his account of the sufferings of wicked souls in the regions of punishment, tells the reader with dread and amazement: every syllable sounds terror; awe and astonishment accompany his majestic numbers. In that passage †,

——Tun fava tonare

Verbera, tum fridor ferris, tracatque catena.

the hissing letter repeated with broad sounding vowels immediately following the force and roughness of the canine letter for often used, and those strong syllables in the second, third, and fourth places, emphatically express those dreadful sounds. A man of any ear will, upon the repetition of them, be apt to fancy he hears the crack of the furies whips, and the rattling and clank of infernal chains. Those harsh elisions, and heavy robust syllables, in that description of the hideous Cyclops, *Monstrum borreundum, informe, ingen*., naturally express the enormous bulk and brutish fierceness, of that mis-shapen and horrid monster.

Our Spenser, one of the best poets this nation has bred, and whose faults are not to be imputed either to want of genius or care, but to the age he lived in, was very happy and judicious in the choice of his numbers; of which take this example, not altogether foreign or unparallel to that of Virgil just mentioned.

* Iliad 17. v. 265.
† Aeneid 6. v. 538, &c.
He heard a dreadful sound,  
Whch thro' the wood loud-bellowing did rebound.

And then,  
His monstrous enemy  
With sturdy steps came walking in his sight,  
A hideous giant, horrible and high.  
Those verses in the first Georgic,  
Ter fert conati imponere Pelio Ossam  
Scilicet, atque O新世纪 fromdotum involvere Olympum;  
are contrived with great art to represent  
the prodigious pains the giants took in  
heaping mountains upon mountains to scale  
heaven, and the slowness of their progress  
in that unwieldy work.

For a vowel open before a vowel, makes  
a chasm, and requires a strong and full  
breath, therefore a pause must follow, which  
naturally expresses difficulty and opposition.

But when swiftness and speed are to be  
described, see how the same wonderful man  
varies his numbers, and still suits his verse  
to his subject!

Quadruipedane putrem fonitu quasi ungula  
campus.

Here the rapid numbers, and short syllables,  
furnished with strong vowels, admirably  
represent both the vigour and speed  
of a horse at full stretch. Scouring over  
the plain.

When Horace sings of mirth, beauty,  
and other subjects that require delicacy  
and sweetness of composition, he smooths his  
lines with soft syllables, and flows in gay  
and melting numbers. Scarce any reader  
is so much a Stoic, but good-humour steals  
upon him: and he reads with something of  
the temper which the author was in when  
he wrote. How expressibly sweet are  
those neat lines!

Urit me Glycera nitor,  
Splendens Pario marmore purius:  
Urit grata pret eros,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus afpeci.

Innumerable beauties of this nature are  
scattered through his lyric poetry. But  
when he undertakes lofty and noble subjects,  
he raises his style, and strengthens his expression. For example, when he propsoes to do honour to Pindar, and sing the glories of Augustus, he reaches the Greek's nobleft flights, has all his magni-  

* Fairy Queen. † Georg. r. v. 281.

ficence of thought, his strength of fancy,  
and daring liberty of figures.

The Roman swan foars as high as the  
Theban: he equals that commanding spirit,  
those awful and vigorous beauties, which  
he generously pronounces inimitable; and  
praises both his immortal predecessor in  
lyric poetry, and his royal benefactor, with  
as much grandeur, and exalted eloquence,  
as ever Pindar praised any of his heroes.

It is a just observation of Longinus, that  
though Homer and Virgil are chiefly  
confined to the Daedyl and Spondee, and rarely  
use any equivalent feet, yet they temper  
them together with such astonishing skill  
and diligence, so carefully vary their syllables,  
and adapt their sounds to the nature of the  
thing described, that in their poems there is all the harmonious change and  
variety of numbers, which can be composed  
by all the possible turns, and different positions of all the feet in the languages.

Blackwell.

§ 153. Translations cannot be sufficient Substitutes for such Originals.

A reader of such authors can scarce ever  
be weary; he has the advantage of a traveller  
for many miles round Damonius; he  
ever removes out of Paradise, but is  
regaled with a constant succession of pleasures,  
and enjoys in a small compass the bounty  
and gaiety of universal nature. From hence  
may be seen the injustice and folly of those  
people, who would have translations of the classics; and then, to save the trouble  
of learning Greek and Latin, throw away the  
great originals to dust and oblivion. I  
would indeed have all the classics turned into our language by the most masterly hands  
(as we already have some) among other reasons, for this, that ingenious and inquisitive people, who have the misfortune not to be well acquainted with the learned tongues, may have some taste of their excellencies. Ignorant persons, who know nothing of their language, would soon be persuaded to believe; and shallow pretenders, who know nothing of their beauties, would boldly pronounce, that some translations we have go beyond the originals; while scholars of clear and sound judgment are well satisfied, that it is impossible any version should come up to them.

A translation of the noble classics out of their native tongue, so much in many respects inferior to them, always more or less flattens their sense, and tarnishes their beauties. It is something like transplanting a precious tree
tree out of the warm and fruitful climes in which it was produced, into a cold and barren country; with much care and tenderness it may live, blossom, and bear; but it can never so cheerfully flourish, as in its native soil; it will degenerate, and lose much of its delicious flavour, and original richness. And besides the weakening of the fene (though that be by far the most important consideration) Greek and Latin have such a noble harmony of sound, such force and dignity of numbers, and such delicacy of turn in the periods, that cannot entirely be preferred in any language of the world. These two languages are so peculiarly susceptible of all the graces of wit and execution, that they are read with more pleasure and lively gait, and consequently with more advantage, than the most perfect translation that the ablest genius can compose, or the strongest modern language can bear. The pleasure a man takes in reading, engages a close attention; rafles and cheers the spirits; and impresses the author's sentiments and expressions deeper on the memory. A gentleman travels through the finest countries in the world, is in all respects qualified to make observations, and then writes a faithful and curious history of his travels. I can read his relations with pleasure and improvement, and will pay him the praise due to his merits; but must believe, that if I myself travelled through those countries, and attentively viewed and considered all those curiosities of art and nature which he describes, I should have a more satisfactory idea, and higher pleasure, than it is possible to receive from the exactest accounts. Authors of such distinguished parts and perfections cannot be studied by a rational and discerning reader without very valuable advantages. Their strong sense and manly thought, cloathed in the most significant and beautiful language, will improve his reason and judgment; and enable him to acquire the art of genteel and sensible writing. For it is a most absurd objection, that the Classics do not improve your reason, nor enlarge your knowledge of useful things, but only amuse and divert you with artificial turns of words, and flourishes of rhetoric. Let but a man of capacity read a few lines in Plato, Demosthenes, Tully, Sallust, Juvenal, &c, and he will immediately discover all such objections either to proceed from ignorance, a depraved taste, or intolerable conceit. The classics are intimately acquainted with those things they undertake to treat of; and explain and adorn their subject with sound reasoning, exact disposition, and beautiful propriety of language. No man in his right mind would have people to study them with neglect and exclusion of other parts of useful knowledge, and good learning. No, let a man furnish himself with all the arts and sciences, that he has either capacity or opportunity to learn; and he will still find, that these difficult and skill in these correct and rational authors is not the least ornamental or serviceable part of his attainments. The neatness and delicacy of their compositions will be refreshing and mufic, after the toils of feverer and harsher studies. The brightness of their fene, and the purity and elegance of their diction, will qualify most people, who duly admire and study, their excellencies, to communicate their thoughts with energy and clearness. Some gentlemen, deeply read in old systems of philosophy, and the abstruser part of learning, for want of a sufficient acquaintance with these great masters of style and politeness, have not been able so to express their notions, as to make their labours fully intelligible and useful to mankind. Irregular broken periods, long and frequent parenthetical, and harsh tropes, have perplexed their notions; and much of their fene has lain buried under the confusion and rubbish of an obscure and horrid style. The brightest and most rational thoughts are obscured, and in a great measure spoiled, if they be encumbered with obsolete and coarse words unskilfully placed, and ungracefully turned. The matchless graces of some fine odes in Anacreon or Horace, do chiefly arise from the judicious choice of the beautiful words, and the delicacy and harmoniousness of the structure. Blackwall.

§ 154. The peculiar Excellence of the Speeches of the Greeks and Romans.

Besides the other advantages of studying the classical historians, there is one, which gentlemen of birth and fortune, qualified to manage public businesses, and fit as members in the most august assemblies, have a more considerable share in, than people of meaner condition. The speeches of the great men among the Greeks and Romans deserve their peculiar study and imitation, as being master-pieces of clear reasoning and genuine eloquence: the orators in the Classics fairly state their case, and strongly argue it: their remarks are surprising and pertinent, their repartees clear and diverting. They are bold without rashness or
or insolence; and severe with good manners and decency. They do justice to their subject, and speak agreeably to the nature of things, and characters of persons. Their sentences are sprightly, and their morals found. In short, no part of the compositions of the ancients is more finitured, more instructive and pleasing, than their orations. Here they seem to exert their choice abilities, and collect the utmost force of their genius. Their whole histories may be compared to a noble and delicious country, that lies under the favourable eye and perpetual smiles of the heavens, and is every where crowned with pleasure and plenty: but their choice descriptions and speeches seem like some peculiarly fertile and happy spots of ground in that country, on which nature has poured out her riches with a more liberal hand, and art has made the utmost improvements of her bounty. They have taken so much pains, and used such accuracy in the speeches, that the greater pleasure they have given the reader, the more they have exposed themselves to the censure of the critic. The orations are too sublime and elaborate; and those persons to whom they are addressed, could not at those times compose or speak them. "Tis allowed, that they might not deliver themselves in that exact number and collection of words, which the historians have so curiously laid together; but it can scarce be denied, but the great men in history had frequent occasions of speaking in public; and 'tis probable, that many times they did actually speak to the same purpose. Fabius Maximus and Scipio, Cæsar and Cato, were capable of making as good speeches as Livy or Sallust; and Pericles was an orator no ways inferior to Thucydides. When the reason of the thing will allow that there was time and room for premeditation, there is no question but many of those admirable men in history spoke as well as they are represented by those able and eloquent writers. But then the historians putting the speeches into their own style, and giving us those harrassus in form, which we cannot tell how they could come at, trespasses against probability, and the strict rules of writing history. It has always been allowed to great wits sometimes to step out of the beaten road, and to soar out of the view of a heavy scholast. To grant all that is in the objection: the greatest Classics were liable to human infirmities and errors; and whenever their forward censurers shall fall into such irregularities, and commit such faults joined to such excellencies, the learned world will not only pardon, but admire them. We may say of that celebrated speech of Marius in Sallust, and others that are most attacked upon this foot, as the friends of Virgil do in excuse of his offending against chronology in the story of Aeneas and Dido; that had there been no room for such little objections, the world had wanted some of the most charming and confummate productions of human wit. Whoever made those noble speeches and debates, they so naturally arise from the posture of affairs, and circumstances of the times which the authors then describe, and are so rational, so pathetic, and becoming, that the pleasure and instruction of the reader is the same.

A complete dissertation upon the uses and beauties of the chief speeches in the classical historians, would be a work of curiosity, that would require an able genius and fæt pen. I shall just make some short sketches upon two; one out of Thucydides, and the other out of Tacitus. Blackwall.

§ 155. On the Funeral Oration of Pericles.

The funeral oration made by Pericles upon his brave countrymen who died in battle, is full of prudence and manly eloquence; of hearty zeal for the honour of his country, and wise remarks. He does not lavish away his commendations, but renders the honours of the state truly defirable, by showing they are always conferred with judgment and wariness. He praises the dead, in order to encourage the living to follow their example; to which he professes the strongest inducements in the most moving and lively manner; from the consideration of the immortal honours paid to the memory of the deceased; and the generous provisions made by the government for the dear persons left behind by those who fell in their country's cause. He imputes the greatest share of the merits of those gallant men, to the excellency of the Athenian constitution; which trained them up in such regular discipline, and secured to them and their descendants such invaluable privileges, that no man of sense and gratitude, of public spirit, and a lover of his children, would scruple to venture his life to preserve them inviolable, and transmit them to late posterity. The noble orator in this speech gives an admirable character of his countrymen the Athenians. He represents them as brave, with consideration and coolness; and polite and genteel, without...
out effeminacy. They are, says he, easy to their fellow-citizens, and kind and communicative to strangers: they cultivate and improve all the arts, and enjoy all the pleasures of peace; and yet are never surprized at the alarms, nor impatient of the toils and fatigues of war. They are generous to their friends, and terrible to their enemies. They use all the liberty that can be defired without insolence or licentiousness; and fear nothing but transgressing the laws.*

Blackwall.

§ 156. On Mucian's Speech in Tacitus.

Mucian's speech in Tacitus† contains many important matters in a small compass; and in a few clean and emphatical words goes through the principal topics of persuasion. He professes and conjures Vespuian to dispute the empire with Vitellius, by the duty he owes his bleeding country; by the love he has for his hopeful sons; by the fairest prospect of success that could be hoped for, if he once vigorously set upon that glorious business; but, if he neglected the present opportunity, by the distasteful appearance of the worst evils that could be feared; he encourages him by the number and goodn aft of his forces; by the interest and readiness of his friends; by the vices of his rival, and his own virtues. Yet all the while this great man compliments Vespuian, and pays him honour, he is cautious not in the least to diminish his own glory:

if he readily allows him the first rank of merit, he briskly claims the second to himself. Never were liberty and complaisance of speech more happily mixed; he conveys sound exhortation in præife; and at the same time says very bold and very obliging things. In short, he speaks with the bravery of a soldier, and the freedom of a friend: in his address, there is the air and the gracefulness of an accomplished courtier; in his advice, the fagacity and caution of a confummate statesman. Ibid.


Another great advantage of studying the Classics is, that from a few of the best of them may be drawn a good systen and beautiful collection of sound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are set off in the light and gracefulness of clear and moving expression; and eloquence is meritoriously employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impressions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodn ess so engagingly drested, and so beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tufcunia Questions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much superior in language. Pindar writes in an exalted strain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the afterfions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never speaks of things or persons sacred, but with the tenderest caution and reverence. He praises virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and speaks of its eternal rewards with a pious affurance. A notable critic has observed, to the perpetual scandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral sentences. Indeed Pindar is a great master of this excellency, for which all men of fense will admire him; and at the same time be astonished at that man's honesty who flies such an excellency; and that man's understanding, who cannot discover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a just contempt of his vile and malicious adversaries, he compares himself to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he soars far above the reach and out of the view of noisy fluttering caililies. The famous Greek profitor, Duport, has made an entertaining and useful collection of Homer's divine and moral sayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel passages out of the inspired writers: By which it appears, that there is no book in the world to give the style of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble historians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully instruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and villainy in horrid colours; and employ all their reason and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undiilabled goodness amiable in the eye of mankind. They express a true reverence for the establisned religion, and a hearty concern for the prosperous state of their native country. Ibid.

§ 158. On Xenophon's Memoirs of Socrates.

Xenophon's memorable things of Socrates, is a very instructive and refined


* Gnomologia Homerica, Cantab. 1660.
system of morality: it goes through all points of duty to God and man, with great clearness of sense and found notion, and with inexpressible simplicity and purity of language. The great Socrates there discourses in such a manner, as is most proper to engage and persuade all sorts of readers: he argues with the reason of a philosopher, directs with the authority of a lawyer, and addresses with the familiarities and endeavours of a friend.

He made as many improvements in true morality, as could be made by the unalike strength of human reason; nay, he delivers himself in some places, as if he was enlightened by a ray from heaven. In one of Plato’s divine dialogues*, Socrates utters a surprising prophecy of a divine person, a true friend and lover of human nature, who was to come into the world to instruct them in the most acceptable way of addressing their prayers to the majesty of God.

Blackwall.

§ 159. On the Morality of Juvenal.

I do not wonder when I hear that some prelates of the church have recommended the serious study of Juvenal’s moral parts to their clergy. That manly and vigorous author, so perfect a matter in the serious and sublime way of satire, is not unequalled with any of the excellencies of good writing: but is especially to be admired and valued for his exalted morals. He diffuses from wickedness, and exhorts to goodness, with vehemence of zeal that can scarce be diffembled, and strength of reason that cannot easily be refuted. He does not praise virtue, and condemn vice, as one has a favourable, and the other a malignant aspect upon a man’s fortune in this world only; but he establishes the unalterable distinctions of good and evil; and builds his doctrine upon the immovable foundations of God and infinite Providence.

His morals are suited to the nature and dignity of an immortal soul; and, like it, derive their original from heaven.

How found and serviceable is that wonderful notion in the thirteenth satire†, That an inward inclination to do an ill thing is criminal: that a wicked thought stains the mind with guilt, and exposes the offender to the punishment of heaven, though it never ripen into action! A fruitful practice would effectually crush the serpent’s head, and banish a long and black train of mischief and miseries out of the world. What a scene of horror does he disclose, when in the same satire he opens to our view the wounds and gashes of a wicked confidence! The guilty reader is not only terrified at dreadful cracks and flashes of the heavens, but looks pale and trembles at the thunder and lightning of the poet’s awful verse. The notion of true fortitude cannot be better stated than it is in the eighth satire†, where he prefigurously exhorts his reader always to prefer his confidence and principles before his life; and not be refrained from doing his duty, or be awed into a compliance with a villainous proposal, even by the presence and command of a barbarous tyrant, or the nearest prospect of death in all the circumstances of cruelty and terror. Must not a professor of Christianity be ashamed of himself for harbouring uncharitable and bloody recollection in his breast, when he reads and considers that invaluable passage against revenge in the abovementioned thirteenth satire‡? where he argues against that fierce and fatal passion, from the ignorance and timidity of that mind which is possessed with it; from the honour and generosity of passing by and forgiving injuries; from the example of those wise and mild men, of Chrysippus and Thales, and especially that of Socrates, that undaunted champion and martyr of natural religion; who was so great a proficient in the best philosophy, that he was affured his malicious prosecutors and murderers could do him no hurt; and had not himself the least inclination to rising with to do them any; who discoursed with that cheerful gravity, and graceful composure, a few moments before he was going to die, as if he had been going to take possession of a kingdom; and drank off the poisonous bowl, as a potion of Immortality. *Ibid.

§ 160. The best Classics lay down excellent Rules for Conversation.

The best Classics lay down very valuable rules for the management of conversation, for graceful and proper address to those persons with whom we converse. They instruct their readers in the methods of engaging and preferring friends; and reveal to them the true secret of pleasing mankind. This is a large and agreeable

* V. 192, &c. 210, &c.
† V. 79—85.
‡ V. 181, &c.
field; but I shall confine myself to a small compass.

While Tully, under the perfon of Craf- 

fus, gives an account of the word ineptus, 
or impertinent, he infinuates excellent cau-
tion to prevent a man from rendering him-
self ridiculous and diftasteful to company. 
These are his words: " He that either 
" does not observe the proper time of a 
" thing, or speaks too much, or vain-
" gloriously fets himfelf off, or has not a 
" regard to the dignity or interest of thofe 
" he converfes with, or, in a word, is in 
" any kind indecent or exoffive, is called 
" impertinent." That is admirably advice 
in the third book of his Offices, for the 
prudent and graceful regulation of a man's 
difficourfe (which has fo powerful an influence 
upon the misfortune or happines of life) 
that we {hould always speak with that 
prudence, candour, and undifeombed com-
plifhament, that the persons we addrefs 
may be perfuaded that we both love and revere 
them.

For this perfuafion, settled in their minds, 
will secure their friendship, and create us 
the pleafure of their mutual love and re-
pect. Every judicious reader of Horace 
will allow the juifness of Sir William Tem-
ple's character of him, That he was the 
greateft master of life, and of true fene in 
the conduct of it. Is it poifible to comprifte 
better advice in fwer lines, than thofe of 
his to his friend Lollius, which I fhall give 
you in the original?

Arcanum neque tu ferutaberis ullius unquam:
Commifimique teges, & vino tortus & iad:
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes:
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poema paneus.*

Horace had an intimate friendship and 
intereft with men of the chief quality and 
diftinction in the empire: who then was 
fitter to lay down rules how to approach 
the great, and gain their countenance and 
patronage?

This great man has a peculiar talent of 
handfomely expressing his gratitude to his 
noble benefactors: he juft puts a due value 
upon every favour; and, in fhort, manages 
that nice fubjeft of prafe with a manly 
grace, and irrefpeilable decency. How 
clean is that addrefs to Augustus abfen 
from Rome, in the fifth ode of the fourth 
book!

Lucem redee tua, dux bone, patrie
Infer veris enim, vultus ubi tuus.
Affluif populo, gratior it dies,
Et foies melius nitent.


Here are no forced figures or unnatural 
rants; 'tis all fccafional and beautiful, 
poetical and literally true. Blackwall.

§ 161. Directions for reading the Claffics.

Those excellencies of the Ancients, 
which I have accounted for, feem to be 
sufficient to recommend them to the efteem 
and study of all lovers of good and polite 
learning: and that the young scholar may 
study them with fuitable fuccefs and im-
provement, a few directions may be proper 
to be obferved; which I fhall lay down in 
this chapter. 'Tis in my opinion a right 
method to begin with the belt and moft 
approved Classics; and to read thofe authors 
first, which muft often be read over. Be-
foies that the belt authors are eafieft to be 
underflood, their noble fene and animated 
expression will make ftrong impressions upon 
the young scholar's mind, and train him up 
to the early love and imitation of their 
excellencies.

Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Virgil, Ho-
race, Ovid, Juvenal, Tibullus, Propertius, 
cannot be studied too much, or gone over 
too often. One reading may fuffice for 
Lucan, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius 
Italicus, Claudian; though there were to be 
frequent occafions to confult fome of their 
particular paffages. The fame may be faid 
with refpect to the Greek poets: Homer, 
Pindar, Anaereon, Ariftophanes, Euripides, 
Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, muft 
ever be entirely laid aside; and will recom-
pence as many repetitions as a man's time 
and affairs will allow. Hesiod, Orpheus, 
Theogonis, Aelchylus, Lycopeiron, Apo-
lonius Rhodius, Nicander, Aratus, Oppian, 
Quintus Calaber, Dionyfius, Periegetes, 
and Nonnus, will amply reward the labour 
of one careful perufal. Salluft, Livy, Ci-
cero, Cæfar, and Tacitus, deferve to be 
read feveral times; and read them as oft as 
you pleafe, they will always afford fresh 
pleafure and improvement. I cannot but 
place the two Plinies after these illuftrious 
writers, who flourifhed, indeed, when the 
Roman language was a little upon the de-
criafion; but by the vigour of a great ge-
nius, and wondrous industry, ralied them-
selves in a great measure above the difcou-
rages and disadvantages of the age 
they lived in. In quality and learning, in 
experience of the world, and employs-
ments of importance in the government, they were 
equal to the greateft of the Latin writers, 
though excelled by fome of them in lan-

The
The elder Pliny's natural history is a work learned and copious, that contains you with all the variety of nature itself, and is one of the greatest monuments of universal knowledge, and unwaried application, now extant in the world. His geography, and description of herbs, trees, and animals, are of great use to the understanding of all the authors of Rome and Greece. Pliny the younger is one of the finest wits that Italy has produced; he is correct and elegant, has a florid and gay fancy; he has a florid and gay fancy, tempered with maturity and soundness of judgment. Every thing in him is exquisitely studied; and yet, in general speaking, every thing is natural and easy. In his incomparable oration in honour of Trajan, he has frequent and surprising turns of true wit, without playing and tinkling upon sounds. He has exhausted the subjects of panegyric, using every topic and every delicacy of praise. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Demoethenes, are of the same merit among the Greeks: to which, I think, I may add Polybius, Lucian, and Plutarch. Polybius was nobly born, a man of deep thought, and perfect master of his subject: he discovers all the mysteries of policy, and presents to your view the inmost springs of those actions which he describes: his remarks and maxims have been regarded, by the greatest men both in civil and military affairs, as oracles of prudence: Scipio was his friend and admirer; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch, have honoured him with high commendations; Constantine the Great was his diligent reader; and Brutus abridged him for his own constant use. Lucian is an universal scholar, and a prodigious wit: he is Attic and neat in his style, clear in his narration, and wonderfully facetious in his repartees: he furnishes you with almost all the poetical history in such a diverting manner, that you will not easily forget it; and supplies the most dry and barren wit with a rich plenty of materials. Plutarch is an author of deep sense, and vast learning; though he does not reach his illustrious predeceivers in the graces of his language, his morals are found and noble, illustrated with a perpetual variety of beautiful metaphors and comparisons, and enforced with very remarkable stories, and pertinent examples; in his Lives there is a complete account of all the Roman and Grecian antiquities, or their customs, and affairs of peace and war: those writings will furnish a capable and inquisitive reader with a curious variety of characters, with a very valuable store of wise remarks and sound politics. The surface is a little rough, but under lie vast quantities of precious ore. 

§ 162. The subordinate Classics not to be neglected.

Every repetition of these authors will bring the reader fresh profit and satisfaction. The rest of the Classics must by no means be neglected; but ought once to be carefully read over, and may ever after be occasionally consulted with much advantage. The Grecian Classics next in value to those we have named, are, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Strabo, Ælian, Arrian's Expedition of Alexander the Great, Polyæus, Herodian; the Latin are, Hirtius, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Nepos, and Suetonius. We may, with a little allowance, admit that observation to be just, that he who would completely understand one Classic, must diligently read all. When a young gentleman is entered upon a course of these studies, I would not have him to be discouraged at the checks and difficulties he will sometimes meet with; if upon close and due consideration he cannot entirely master any passage, let him proceed by constant and regular reading, he will either find in that author he is upon, or some other on the same subject, a parallel place, that will clear the doubt.

The Greek authors wonderfully explain and illustrate the Roman. Learning came late to Rome, and all the Latin writers follow the plans that were laid out before them by the great masters of Greece.

They every where imitate the Greeks, and in many places translate them. Compare them together, and they will be a comment to one another; you will by this means be enabled to pass a more certain judgment upon the humour and idiom of both languages; and both the pleasure and advantage of your reading will be double.

Ibid.

§ 163. The Greek and Latin Writers to be compared.

By a careful comparison of the Greek and Latin writers, you will see how judiciously the latter imitated the former; and will yourself be qualified, with greater pleasure and success, to read and imitate both. By observing what advantages Virgil has made of Homer in his Æneid, and of Theocritus in his Pastorals; how cleanly Horace has applied several places out of Anacreon and
and other lyrics, to his own purpose; you will learn to collect precious stores out of the Ancients; to transmute their spirits into your language with as little loss as possible; and to borrow with so much modesty and discretion, as to make their riches your own, without the scandal of unfair dealing. It will be convenient and pleasant to compare authors together, that were countrymen and fellow-citizens; as Euripides, Thucydides, and Xenophon: that were contemporaries; as Theocritus and Callimachus: that writ in the same dialect; as Anacreon and Herodotus, in the Ionic; Theocritus, Pindar, and Callimachus, upon Ceres and the Bath of Pallas, in the Doric; that writ upon the same subject; as Apollonius, Valerius Flaccus, and Theocritus, on the combat of Pollux and Amycus, and the death of Hylas. Sallufius's poetical and curious history of 'Catacline's conspiracy, and Tully's four glorious orations upon the same subject, are the brightest commentaries upon each other. The historian and the orator scarce disagree in one particular; and Sallufius has left behind him an everlasting monument of his candour and impartiality, by owning and commending the coniur's vigilance, and meritorious services; though these two great men had the misfortune to be violent enemies. He that praises and honours an adversary, shews his own generosity and justice, by proclaiming his adversary's eminent merits.

By comparing authors after this method, what seems difficult in one will be easy in another; what one expresses short, another will enlarge upon; and if some of them do not furnish us with all the variety of the dialect and idioms of the language, the rest will supply those defects. It will likewise be necessary for the young scholar diligently to remark and commit to memory the religious and civil customs of the Ancients: an accurate knowledge of them will make him capable to discern and relish the propriety of an author's words, and the elegance and graces of his allusions. When St. Paul speaks of his speedy approaching martyrdom, he uses this expression, Ἐγὼ στὰς ἀνάσπονοι; which is an allusion to that universal custom of the world, of pouring wine or oil on the head of the victim immediately before it was slain. The apostle's emphatical word signifies—wine is just now pouring on my head, I am just going to be sacrificed to Pagan rage and superstition. That passage of St. Paul, “For I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men;” is all expressed in agogical terms, and cannot be understood, without taking the allusion that it manifestly bears to the Roman Gladiators, which came last upon the stage at noon, and were marked out for certain slaughter and destruction; being naked, with a sword in one hand, and tearing one another in pieces with the other, whereas, those who fought the wild beasts in the morning were allowed weapons offensive and defensive, and had a chance to come off with life. The most ancient way of giving sentence among the Greeks, and particularly among the Athenians, was by black and white pebbles, called ἄστατον. Tho' judges who put the black ones into an urn, called sentence of condemnation upon the person tried; and those who put in the white, acquitted and saved. Hence we may learn the significancy and beauty of our Saviour's words in St. John, “to him that overcometh I will give a white stone.”

I, who am the only judge of the whole world, will pass the sentence of absonition upon my faithful servants, and the champions of my cross; and crown them with the inestimable rewards of immortality and glory. There are innumerable places, both in the Sacred Classics and the others, which are not to be understood without a competent knowledge of antiquities. I call the writers of the New Testament the Sacred Classics; and shall, in a proper place, endeavour fully to prove, that they adhere to the highest character for the purity of their language, as well as the vigour of their senec, against the ignorance of some, and the inflexure of others, who have fallen very rudely upon them with respect to their style. Every scholar, and every Christian, is obliged, to the utmost of his abilities, to defend those venerable authors against all exceptions, that may in any respect tend to diminish their value. I cannot but be of the opinion of those gentlemen, who think there is propriety in the expression, as well as sublimity in the sentiments of the New Testament; and esteem that man as bad a critic, who undervalues its language, as he is a Christian, who denies its doctrines.
età\n
Exercese will compose your thoughts into the sweetest serenity and cheerfulness; and happily consecrate all your time and studies to God. After you have read the Greek Testament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive perusal, these following chapters:

St. Mark 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.
St. Mark 1. 13.
St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16.
23. 24.
St. John 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17.
19. 20.
Acts 26. 27.
Romans 2. 8.
12.
Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.
2 Cor. 4.
6. 11.
Ephes. 4. 5. 6.
Philipp. 1. 2.
Coloss. 1. 3.
Theft. 2. 5.
1 Tim. 1. 16.
2 Tim. 2. 3.
Philem.
Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11. 12.
1 St. Peter all.
2 St. Peter all.
St. Jude.
1 St. John 1. 3.
Rev. 1. 18. 19.
20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangelists, and apostles, comprised in a most admirable and comprehensive epitome: A true critic will discover numerous instances of every style in perfection; every grace and ornament of speech more chaste and beautiful, than the most admired and shining passages of the secular writers.

In particular, the description of God, and the future state of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St. John, as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of a Salamoneus: or the eternal Jehovah is superior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Testament, especially these select passages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, mysteries of wisdom, and rules of happiness which fools and madmen stupidly neglect, or impiously scorn; while all the best and brightest beings in the universe regard them with sacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and transporting delight. These studies, with a suitable christian practice (which they so loudly call for, and so pathetically pres) will raise you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyment of this world.

§ 165. The old Critics to be studied.

That we may still qualify ourselves the better to read and relish the Classics, we must seriously study the old Greek and Latin critics. Of the first are Aristotle, Dionysius Longinus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus: of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quintilian. These are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true fence and sublimity; teach them the first and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence; and reveal all the mystery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciously discover the excellencies of other authors, they successfully shew their own; and are glorious examples of that sublimity they praise. They take off the general distastefulness of precepts; and rules, by their dextrous management, have beauty as well as usefulness. They were, what every true critic must be, persons of great reading and happy memory, of a piercing fagacity and elegant taste. They praise without flattery or partial favour; and censure without pride or envy. We shall still have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choicest authors in our own tongue, and some of the best writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the Ancients in view, and write with their spirit and judgment. We have a glorious set of poets, of whom I shall only mention a few, which are the chief; Spenser, Shakepeare, Milton, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Addison, Pope; who are inspired with the true spirit of their predecessors of Greece and Rome; and by whose immortal works the reputation of the English poetry is raised much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have prose writers of all professions and degrees, and upon a great variety of subjects, true admirers and great masters of the old Classics and Critics; who observe their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillot-
son, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others, both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I esteem them not inferior to the illustrious few I have mentioned; who are in high esteem with all readers of taste and distinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good sense and fine writing. Horace and Aristotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, Rofcommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, and Essay on Translated Verse, Mr Pope's Essay on Criticism, and Discourses before Homer, Dryden's Critical Prefaces and Discourses, all the Spectators that treat upon Classical Learning, particularly the justly admired and celebrated critique upon Milton's Paradise Lost, Dacier upon Aristotle's Poetics, Bossu on Epic Poetry, Boileau's Art of Poetry, and Reflections on Longinus, Dr. Felton's Dissertations on the Classics, and Mr. Trapp's Poetical Prelections. These gentlemen make a true judgment and use of the Ancients: they esteem a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them; and make a grateful return, by doing honour to their memories, and defending them against the attacks of some over-forward wits, who curiously envy their fame, and infinitely fall short of their merit.

Blackwall.

§ 165. The best Authors to be read several Times over.

I cannot but here repeat what I said before, of the advantage of reading the best authors several times over. There must needs be pleasure and improvement in a repetition of such writers as have fresh beauties in every section, and new wonders arising in every new page.

One superficial reading exhausts the small stores of a superficial writer, but the genuine Ancients, and those who write with their spirit, and after their pattern, are deep and full. An ill-written loose book is like a formal common-place top, who has a set of phrases and stories, which in a conversation or two are all run over; the man quickly impoverishes himself; and in a few hours becomes perfectly dry and infipid. But the old Classics, and their genuine followers among the moderns, are like a rich natural genius, who has an unfailing supply of good sense on all occasions; and graces his company with a perpetual and charming variety. Ibid.

§ 167. The Rise and Progress of Philosophical Criticism.

Ancient Greece, in its happy days, was the seat of Liberty, of Sciences, and of Arts. In this fair region, fertile of wit, the Epic writers came first; then the Lyric; then the Tragic; and lastly the Historians, the Comic Writers, and the Orators, each in their turns delighting whole multitudes, and commanding the attention and admiration of all. Now, when wise and thinking men, the subtle investigators of principles and causes, observed the wonderful effect of these works upon the human mind, they were prompted to enquire whence this should proceed; for that it should happen merely from chance, they could not well believe.

Here therefore we have the rise and origin of Criticism, which in its beginning was "a deep and philosophical search into the primary laws and elements of good writing, as far as they could be collected from the most approved performances."

In this contemplation of authors, the first critics not only attended to the powers and different species of words; the force of numerous composition, whether in prose or verse; the aptitudes of its various kinds to different subjects; but they farther considered that, which is the basis of all, that is to say, in other words, the meaning of the sense. This led them at once into the most curious of subjects; the nature of man in general; the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age; their reason and their passions; how the one was to be perfuaded, the others to be raised or calmed; the places or repositories to which we may recur, when we want proper matter for any of these purposes. Besides all this, they studied sentiments and manners; what constitutes a work, one; what, a whole and parts; what, the essence of probable, and even of natural fiction, as contributing to constitute a just dramatic fable.

Harris.

§ 168. Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and other Greek Authors of Philosophical Criticism.

Much of this kind may be found in different parts of Plato. But Aristotle, his disciple, who may be called the fylematizer of his master's doctrines, has, in his two treatises of poetry and rhetoric, with such wonderful penetration developed every part of the subject, that he may be justly called
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book II.

called the Father of Criticism, both from the age when he lived, and from his truly transcendent genius. The criticism which this capital writer taught, has so intimately a correspondence and alliance with philosophy, that we can call it by no other name, than that of Philosophical Criticism.

To Ariostole succeeded his disciple Theophratus, who followed his master's example in the study of criticism, as may be seen in the catalogue of his writings preserved by Diogenes Laertius. But all the critical works of Theophratus, as well as of many others, are now lost. The principal authors of the kind now remaining in Greek, are Demetrius of Phalera, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, together with Hermogenses, Aphthonius, and a few others.

Of these the most metrely seems to be Demetrius, who was the earliest, and who appears to follow the precepts, and even the text of Ariostole, with far greater attention than any of the rest. His examples, it must be confessed, are sometimes obscure, but this we rather impute to the defective hand of time, which has prevented us from seeing many of the original authors.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the next in order, may be said to have written with judgment upon the force of numerous composition, not to mention other tracts on the subject of oratory, and those also critical as well as historical. Longinus, who was in time far later than these, seems principally to have had in view the passions and the imagination, in the treating of which he has acquired a just applause, and expressed himself with a dignity suitable to the subject. The rest of the Greek critics, though they have said many useful things, have yet so minutely multiplied the rules of art, and so much confined themselves to the oratory of the tribunal, that they appear of no great service, as to good writing in general. Harris.

§ 169. Philosophical Critics among the Romans.

Among the Romans the first critic of note was Cicero; who, though far before Ariostole in depth of philosophy, may be said, like him, to have exceeded all his countrymen. As his celebrated treatise concerning the Orator is written in dialogue, where the speakers introduced are the greatest men of his nation, we have incidentally an elegant example of those manners, and that politeness, which were peculiar to the leading characters during the Roman commonwealth. There we may see the behaviour of free and accomplished men, before a better address had set that standard, which has been too often taken for good breeding ever since.

Next to Cicero came Horace; who often, in other parts of his writings, acts the critic and scholar, but whose Art of Poetry, is a standard of its kind; and too well known to need any encomium. After Horace arose Quintilian, Cicero's admirer and follower, who appears, by his works, not only learned and ingenious, but, what is still more, an honest and a worthy man. He likewise dwells too much upon the oratory of the tribunal, a fact no way surprising, when we consider the age in which he lived: an age when tyrannic government being the fashion of the times, that nobler species of eloquence, I mean the popular and deliberative, was, with all things truly liberal, degenerated and sunk. The later Latin rhetoricians there is no need to mention, as they little help to illustrate the subject in hand. I would only repeat, that the species of criticism here mentioned, as far at least as handled by the more able masters, in that which we have denominated Criticism Philosophical.

Ibid.

§ 170. Concerning the Progress of Criticism in its second Species, the Historical—Greek and Roman Critics, by whom this Species of Criticism was cultivated.

As to the Criticism already treated, we find it not confined to any one particular author, but containing general rules of art, either for judging or writing, confirmed by the example not of one author, but of many. But we know from experience, that in prose of time, languages, customs, manners, laws, governments, and religions, insensibly change. The Macedonian tyranny, after the fatal battle of Chersonoe, wrought much of this kind in Greece: and the Roman tyranny, after the fatal battles of Pharzalla and Philipppi, carried it throughout the known world. Hence therefore, of things obsolete the names became obsolete also; and authors, who in their own age were intelligible and easy, in after days grew difficult and obscure. Here then we behold the rise of a second race of critics, the tribe of scholiasts, commentators, and explainers.

These naturally attached themselves to particular
The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon painting have, after a philosophical manner, investigated the principles of an art, which no one in practice has better verified than himself.

We have mentioned these discourses, not only from their merit, but as they incidentally teach us, that to write well upon a liberal art, we must write philosophically—that all the liberal arts in their principles are congenial—and that these principles, when traced to their common source, are found all to terminate in the first philosophy.

But to pursue our subject—However small among moderns may be the number of these philosophical Critics, the writers of historical or explanatory criticism have been in a manner innumerable. To name, out of many, only a few—of Italy were Beroaldus, Ficinus, Vitctorius, and Robertellus; of the Higher and Lower Germany were Erasmus, Sylviburgius, Le Clerc, and Fabricius; of France were Lambin, Du Vall, Harduin, Capperonierus; of England were Stanley editor of Æschylus, Gataker, Davies, Clarke (editor of Homer) together with multitudes more from every region and quarter,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa.

But I fear I have given a stray catalogue, where we seek in vain for such ilustrious personages, as Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Tortilla, Tamerlane, &c. The heroes of this work (if I may be pardoned for calling them so) have only aimed in retirement to present us with knowledge. Knowledge only was their object, not havoc nor devastation. 

After Commentators and Editors, we must not forget the compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, such as Charles and Henry Stevens, Favorinus, Constantine, Budaus, Cooper, Faber, Vossius, and others. To these also we may add the authors upon Grammar; in which subject the learned Greeks, when they quitted the East, led the way, Mochopulus, Chryfoloras, Lascaris, Theodore Gaza; then in Italy, Laurentius Valla; in England, Grocin and Linacer; in Spain, Sanctius; in the Low Countries, Vossius; in France, Cæsar Scaliger by his residence, though by birth an Italian, together with these E b able
§ 177. The Epic Writers came first.

It appears, that not only in Greece, but in other countries more barbarous, the first writings were in metre, and of an epic cast, recording wars, battles, heroes, ghosts; the marvellous always, and often the incredible. Men seemed to have thought, that the higher they soared the more important they should appear; and that the common life, which they then lived, was a thing too contemptible to merit imitation.

Hence it followed, that it was not till this common life was rendered respectable by more refined and polished manners, that men thought it might be copied, so as to gain them applause.

Even in Greece itself, tragedy had attained its maturity many years before comedy, as may be seen by comparing the age of Sophocles and Euripides with that of Philostratus and Menander.

For ourselves, we shall find most of our first poets prone to a turgid bombast, and most of our first profaic writers to a pedantic stiffness; which rude ftyles gradually improved, but reached not a classical purity sooner than Tillotson, Dryden, Addison, Shaftesbury, Prior, Pope, Atterbury, &c. &c.

§ 178. Nothing excellent in literary Performances happens from Chance.

As to what is ascertained soon after upon the efficacy of cauæ in works of ingenuity and art, we think in general, that the effect must always be proportioned to its cause. It is hard for him, who reasons attentively, to refer to chance any superfluous production.

Effects indeed strike us, when we are not thinking about the cause; yet may we be affured, if we reflect, that a cause there is, and that too a cause intelligent and rational. Nothing would perhaps more contribute to give us a taste truly critical, than on every occasion to investigate this cause and to ask ourselves, upon feeling any uncommon effect, why we are thus delighted why thus affected; why melted into pity, why made to shudder with horror?

Till this why is well answered, all is darkness, and our admiration, like that of the vulgar, founded upon ignorance. 

§ 179. 

"squinted?" — "Squint, Sir!" replied the doctor, "I with every lady in the room "squinted; there is not a man in Europe "can cure squinting but myself."

But to return to our subject, well indeed it would be for the cause of letters, were this bold conjectural spirit confined to works of second rate, where, let it change, expunge, or add, as happens, it may be tolerably sure to leave matters, as they were; or if not much better, at least not much worse: But when the divine geniuses of higher rank, whom we not only applaud, but in a manner revere, when these come to be attempted by petulant correctors, and to be made the subject of their wanton caprice, how can we but exclaim, with a kind of religious abhorrence,

— procul! O! procul est profanî!

These sentiments may be applied even to the celebrated Bentley. It would have become that able writer, though in literature and natural abilities among the first of his age, had he been more temperate in his criticism upon the Paradise Lost; had he not so repeatedly and injuriously offered violence to its author, from an affected superiority, to which he had no pretence. But the rage of conjecture seems to have seized him, as that of jealousy did Medea: a rage which she confess'd herself unable to reftit, although she knew the mischief it would prompt her to perpetrate.

And now to obviate an unmerited censure, (as if I were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuse) I would have it remembered, it is not either with criticism or critics that I prefigure to find fault. The art, and its professors, while they praftice it with temper, I truly honour; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labours we should be in danger of degenerating into an age of dunces.

Indeed critics (if I may be allowed the metaphor) are a fort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whose assistance we are introduced into some of the first and best company. Should we ever, therefore, by idle prejudices against pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to flight their art, and reject them from our favour, it is well if we do not flight also those Classics with whom criticism converges, becoming content to read them in translations, or (what is still worse) in translations of translations, or (what is worse even than that) not to read them at all. And I will be bold to assert, if that should ever happen, we shall speedily return into those days of darknes, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of ancient literature.

Harris.
BOOK II. CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

179. The Causes or Reasons of such Excellence.

To explain, by a few examples, that are known to all, and for that reason here alluded to, because they are known.

I am struck with the night scene in Virgil's fourth Æneid—"The universal silence throughout the globe—the sweet rest of its various inhabitants, soothing their cares and forgetting their labours—the unhappy Dido alone reflefts; reflefts, agitated with impetuous passions."—En. iv. 522. I am affected with the story of Regulus, as painted by West—"the crowd of anxious friends, persuading him not to return—his wife fainting through sensibility and fear—persons the least connected appearing to feel for him, yet himself unmoved, inexorable, and stern." Horat. Carm. L. iii. Od. 5.

Without referring to these deeply tragic scenes, what charms has music, when a masterly band passes unexpectedly from loud to soft, or from soft to loud!—When the changes from the greater third to the fifths; or reciprocally, when it changes from this last to the former. All these effects have a similar and well known cause, the amazing force which contraries acquire, either by juxta-position, or by quick succession. Harris.

§ 180. Why Contraries have this Effect.

But we ask still farther, Why have contraries this force?—We answer, Because, of all things which differ, none differ so widely. Sound differs from darknes, but not so much as from silence; darknes differs from found, but not so much as from light. In the same intense manner differ repose and refleftsnes; felicity and misery; dubious solicitude and firm resolution: the epic and the comic; the sublime and the ludicrous.

And why differ contraries thus widely?—Because while attributes, simply different, may co-exist in the same subject, contraries cannot co-exist, but always destroy one another. Thus the same marble may be both white and hard; but the same marble cannot be both white and black. And hence it follows, that as their difference is more intense, so is our recognition of them more vivid, and our impressions more permanent.

This effect of contraries is evident even in objects of sense, where imagination and intellect are not in the least concerned.

When we pass [for example] from a hot-house, we feel the common air more intensely cool: when we pass from a dark cavern, we feel the common light of the day more intensely glaring.

But to proceed to instances of another and very different kind.

Few scenes are more affecting than the taking of Troy, as described in the second Enéid—"the apparition of Héctor to Eneas, when asleep, announcing to him the commencement of that direful event—the diffant lamentations, heard by Eneas as he awakes—his ascending the house-top, and viewing the city in flames—his friend Pentheus, escaped from destruction, and relating to him their wretched and deplorable condition—Eneas, with a few friends, rushing into the thickest danger—their various successes till they all perish, but himself and two more—the affecting scenes of horror and pity at Priam's palace—a son slain at his father's feet; and the immediate massacre of the old monarch himself—Eneas, on seeing this, inspired with the memory of his own father—his resolving to return home, having now lost all his companions—his seeing Helen in the way, and his design to dispatch Helen with a woman—Venus interposing, and freeing him (by removing the film from his eyes) the most sublime, though most direful, of all sights; the Gods themselves buried in Troy's destruction; Neptune at one employ, Juno at another, Pallas at a third—It is not Helen (says Venus) but the gods, that are the authors of your country's ruin—it is their inhumanity," &c.

But let us solemn and awful, though less leading to pity, is the commencement of the sixth Enéid—"the Sibyl's cavern—her frantic gestures, and prophecy—the request of Eneas to descend to the shades—her answer, and information about the loss of one of his friends—the fate of poor Mífenus—his funeral—the golden bough discovered, a preparatory circumstance for the descent—the sacrifice— the ground bellowing under their feet—the woods in motion—the dogs of Hecate howling—the actual descent, in all its particulars of the marvellous, and the terrible."

If we pass from an ancient author to a modern, what scene more striking than the first scene in Hamlet? —"The solemnity of the time, a severe and pinching night—"
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book II.

"— the solemnity of the place, a platform
"for a guard—the guards themselves;
"and their apposite discourse—yonder star
"in such a position; the bell then beating
"one—when description is exhausted, the
"thing itself appears, the Ghost enters."

From Shakespeare the transition to Milton is natural. What pieces have ever met a more just, as well as universal applause, than his L'Allegro and Il Penseroso?—The first, a combination of every incident that is lively and cheerful; the second, of every incident that is melancholy and serious: the materials of each collected, according to their character, from rural life, from city life, from music, from poetry; in a word, from every part of nature, and every part of art.

To pass from poetry to painting—the Crucifixion of Polycrates by Salvator Rosa, is "a most affecting representation of various human figures, seen under different modes of horror and pity, as they congregate a dreadful spectacle, the crucifixion above-mentioned." The Aurora of Guido, on the other side, is "one of those joyous exhibitions, where nothing is seen but youth and beauty, in every attitude of elegance and grace." The former picture in poetry would have been a deep Penseroso; the latter, a most pleasing and animated Allegro.

And to what cause are we to refer these last enumerations of striking effects?

To a very different one from the former—not to an opposition of contrary incidents, but to a concatenation or accumulation of many that are familiar and congenial.

And why have concatenation and accumulation such a force?—From these most simple and obvious truths, that many things familiar, when added together, will be more in quantity than any of them taken singly; consequently, that the more things are thus added, the greater will be their effect.

We have mentioned at the same time both accumulation and concatenation; because in painting, the objects, by existing at once, are accumulated; in poetry, as they exist by succession, they are not accumulated but concatenated. Yet, through memory and imagination, even these also derive an accumulative force, being preserved from passing away by those admirable faculties, till, like many pieces of metal melted together, they collectively form one common magnitude.

It must be farther remembered, there is an accumulation of things analogous, even when those things are the objects of different faculties. For example—As are passionate gestures to the eye, so are passionate tones to the ear; so are passionate ideas to the imagination. To feel the amazing force of an accumulation like this, we must see some capital actor, acting the drama of some capital poet, where all the powers of both are assembled at the same instant.

And thus have we endeavoured, by a few obvious and easy examples, to explain what we mean by the words, "seeking the cause or reason, as often as we feel works of art and ingenuity to affect us."—See § 167, 178.

Harris.

§ 181. Advice to a Beginner in the Art of Criticism.

If I might advise a beginner in this elegant pursuit, it should be, as far as possible, to recur for principles to the most plain and simple truths, and to extend every theorem, as he advances, to its utmost latitude, so as to make it firm, and include, the greatest number of possible cases.

I would advise him farther, to avoid subtle and far-fetched refinement, which, as it is for the most part adverse to perspicuity and truth, may serve to make an able Sophist, but never an able Critic.

A word more—I would advise a young Critic, in his contemplations, to turn his eye rather to the praise-worthy than the blameable; that is, to investigate the causes of praise, rather than the causes of blame. For though an uninformed beginner may, in a single instance, happen to blame properly, it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the censure passed upon the criticising cobler, Ne futur adrea crepidam.

Ibid.

§ 182. On Numerous Composition.

As Numerous Composition arises from a just arrangement of words, so is that arrangement just, when formed upon their verbal quantity.

Now if we seek for this verbal quantity in Greek and Latin, we shall find that, while those two languages were in purity, their verbal quantity was in purity also. Every syllable had a measure of time, either long or short, defined with precision either by its consonant vowel, or by the relation of that vowel to other letters adjoining. Syllables thus characterized, when combined, made a foot; and feet thus characterized, when combined, made a verse: so that while a particular harmony existed in every
every part, a general harmony was diffused through the whole.

Pronunciation at this period being, like other things, perfect, accent and quantity were accurately distinguished; of which distinction, familiar then, though now obscure, we venture to suggest the following explanation. We compare quantity to musical tones differing in long and short, as, upon whatever line they stand, a semibrief differs from a minim. We compare accent to musical tones differing in high and low, as D upon the third line differs from G upon the first, be its length the same, or be it longer or shorter.

And thus things continued for a succession of centuries, from Homer and Hesiod to Virgil and Horace, during which interval, if we add a trifle to its end, all the classical poets, both Greek and Latin, flourished.

Nor was prose at the same time neglected. Penetrating wits discovered this also to be capable of numerous composition, and founded their ideas upon the following reasonings.

Though they allowed that prose should not be strictly metrical (for then it would be no longer profe, but poetry); yet at the same time they asserted, if it had no Rhythm at all, such a vague effusion would of course fatigue, and the reader would seek in vain for those returning pauses, so helpful to his reading, and so grateful to his ear.

Harris.

§ 183. On other Decorations of Profe besides Profaic Feet; as Alliteration.

Besides the decoration of Prosaic Feet, there are other decorations, admissible into English composition, such as Alliteration, and Sentences, especially the Period.

Firft therefore for the firft; I mean Alliteration.

Among the classics of old, there is no finer illustration of this figure, than Lucretius's description of those blest abodes, where his gods, detached from providential cares, ever lived in the fruition of divine serenity.

Apparat divum numen, fedequi quies,
Quas neque concutient venti, neque nubila simbis
Agergent, neque nix acri concreta pruinæ
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubulis aether
Integris, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

Lucret. III. 18.

The sublime and accurate Virgil did not

comtmm this decoration, though he used it
with such pure, unaffected simplicity, that
we often feel its force without contemplating the cause. Take one instance out of infinite, with which his works abound.

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus alnum
Extulerat lucem; referens opera atque labores.

En. XI. v. 185.

To Virgil we may add the superior authority of Homer.

Heto ò κατενείον το 'Ἀλέων οίς 'Αλέω,
'Ον Ἐμφαλείον, στάτος 'Αλετίως καλέοντες.

I. 2. 201.

Hermogenes, the rhetorician, when he quotes these lines, quotes them as an example of the figure here mentioned, but calls it by a Greek name, ΠΑΡΟΜΟΙΟΙΔΕΣ.

Cicero has translated the above verses elegantly, and given us too Alliteration, though not under the same letters.

Qui miser in campis errabat folus Alcis,
Ipsi suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitam.

Cic.

Aristotle knew this figure, and called it ΠΑΡΟΜΟΙΟΙΔΕΣ, a name perhaps not so precise as the other, because it rather expresses resemblance in general, than that which arises from found in particular. His example is—ΑΤΡΟΝ γας ἄδας, ΑΤΡΟΝ παγ' ἀφεὶ.

The Latin rhetoricians filled it Annonimatio, and give us examples of similar character.

But the most singular fact is, that so early in our own history, as the reign of Henry the second, this decoration was esteemed and cultivated both by the English and the Welch. So we are informed by Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary writer, who, having first given the Welch instance, subjoins the English in the following verse—

God is together Gammen and Wifedome.

—that is, God is at once both joy and wildom.

He calls the figure by the Latin name Annonimatio, and adds, "that the two "nations were so attached to this verbal "ornament in every high-finished compo- "sition, that nothing was by them esteemed "elegantly delivered, no diction considered "but as rude and rustic, if it were not first "amply refined with the polishing art of "this figure."

B b 4
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book II.

§ 184. On the Period.

Nor is elegance only to be found in single words, or in single feet; it may be found, when we put them together, in our peculiar mode of putting them. 'Tis out of words and feet thus compounded, that we form sentences, and among sentences none fo striking, none fo pleasing as the Period. The reason is, that, while other sentences are indefinite, and (like a geometrical right line) may be produced indefinitely, the Period (like a circular line) is always circumscribed, returns, and terminates at a given point. In other words, while other sentences, by the help of common copulative, have a fort of boundles effusion; the constituent parts of a Period have a fort of reflex union, in which union the sentence is so far complete, as neither to require, nor even to admit, a farther extention. Readers find a pleasure in this grateful circuit, which leads them so agreeably to an acquisition of knowledge.

The author, if he may be permitted, would refer, by way of illustration, to the beginnings of his Hermes, and his philosophical arrangements, where some attempts have been made in this periodical style. He would refer also, for much more illustrous examples, to the opening of Cicero’s Offices; to that of the capital Oration of Demothenes concerning the Crown; and to that of the celebrated Panegyric, made (if he may be so called) by the father of Periods, Iocrates.

Again—every compound sentence is compounded of other sentences more simple, which, compared to one another, have a certain proportion of length. Now it is in general a good rule, that among these constituent sentences, the last (if possible) should be equal to the first; or if not equal, then rather longer than shorter. The reason is, that without a special cause, abrupt conclusions are offensive, and the reader, like a traveller quietly pursuing his journey, finds an unexpected precipice, where he is disagreeably flopt. Ibid.

§ 185. On Monosyllables.

It has been called a fault in our language, that it abounds in Monosyllables. As thef, in too lengthened a suite, disgrace a composition, Lord Shaftesbury, (who studied purity of style with great attention) limited their number to nine; and was careful in his characters, to conform to his own

'Tis perhaps from this national taste of ours, that we derive many proverbial similes, which, if we except the found, seem to have no other merit—Fine as five-pace—Round as a Robin—and.

Even Spenser and Shakespeare adopted the practice, but then it was in a manner suitable to such genius.

Spenser says—
For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could save the fon of Thetis from to die;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses dipt in dew of Caftile.

Shakespeare says—
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
This day might I, hanging on Hotspur’s neck,
Have talked, &c.—Hen. IVth, Part 2d, Act 2d.

Milton followed them.
For eloquence, the soul; song charms the sense.
P. L. II. 556.

and again,
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav’d
His vaftness—
P. L. VII. 471.

From Dryden we select one example out of many, for no one appears to have employed this figure more frequently, or, like Virgil, with greater simplicity and strength.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wife for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

Dayn. Fables.

Pope fings in his Dunciad—
Twas chatt’ring, grinning, mouthing, jab’ring all;
And noife, and Norton; brangling, and Brevall; Dennis, and difconance—

Which lines, though truly poetical and humourous, may be suspected by fome to fhow their art too conspicuously, and too nearly to refemble that verse of old Ennius—

O! tite, tute, tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tuflifi.


Gray begins a sublime Ode,
Ruin feize thee, ruthless king, &c.

We might quote also Alliterations from profes writers, but thofe we have allledged we think sufficient.

Harri.
own law. Even in Latin too many of them were condemned by Quinctilian.
Above all, care should be had, that a sentence end not with a crowd of them, those especially of the vulgar, unعتبر fort, such as, "to set it up," to "get by and by at it," &c. for these disgrace a sentence that may be otherwise laudable, and are like the raddle at the close of some pompous cavalee. Harris.

§ 186. Authorities alleged.
"Twas by these, and other arts of similar fort, that authors in distant ages have cultivated their stile. Looking upon knowledge (if I may be allowed the allusion) to pass into the mansions of the mind through language, they were careful (if I may pursue the metaphor) not to offend in the vestibule. They did not esteem it pardonable to despise the public ear, when they saw the love of numbers so universally diffused.
Nor were they discouraged, as if they thought their labour would be lost. In these more refined, but yet popular arts, they knew the amazing difference between the power to execute, and the power to judge — that to execute was the joint effort of genius and of habit; a painful acquisition, only attainable by the few; — to judge, the simple effort of that plain but common sense, imparted by Providence in some degree to every one. Ibid.

§ 187. Objectors answered.
But here methinks an objector demands — "And are authors then to compose, and "form their treatises by rule? — Are they "to balance periods? — To scan peans and "criterias? — To affect alliterations? — To "enumerate monosyllables?" &c.
If, in answer to this objector, it should be said, They ought; the permission should at least be tempered with much caution. These arts are to be so blended with a pure but common stile, that the reader, as he proceeds, may only feel their latent force. If ever they become glaring, they degenerate into affectation; an extreme more disgusting, because less natural, than even the vulgar language of an unpolished clown. "Tis in writing, as in acting. — The best writers are like our late admired Garrick — And how did that able genius employ his art? — Not by a vain ostentation of any one of his powers, but by a latent use of them all, in such an exhibition of nature, that while we were present in a theatre, and only beholding an actor, we could not help thinking ourselves in Denmark with Hamlet, or in Bosworth field with Richard. Ibid.

§ 188. When the Habit is once gained, no "thing so easy as Practice.
There is another objection still. — These speculations may be called minutiae; things partaking at belf more of the elegant than of the solid; and attended with difficulties beyond the value of the labour.
To answer this, it may be observed, that when habit is once gained, nothing is so easy as practice. When the ear is once habituated to these verbal rhythms, it forms them spontaneously, without attention or labour. If we call for instances, what more easy to every smith, to every carpenter, to every common mechanic, than the several energies of their proper arts? How little do even the rigid laws of verfe obliterate a genius truly poetical? How little did they cram a Milton, a Dryden, or a Pope? Cicero writes, that Antipater the Sidonian could pour forth Hexameters extempore, and that, whenever he chose to verify, words followed him of course. We may add to Antipater the ancient Rhapsodists of the Greeks, and the modern Improvisatori of the Italians. If this then be practicable in verse, how much more so in prose? In prose, the laws of which so far differ from those of poetry, that we can at any time relax them as we find expedient? Nay more, where to relax them is not only expedient, but even necessary, because, though numerous composition may be a requisite, yet regularly returning rhythm is a thing we should avoid. Ibid.

§ 189. In every Whole, the constituent Parts, "and the Facility of their Coincidence, merit our Regard.
In every whole, whether natural or artificial, the constituent parts well merit our regard, and in nothing more than in the facility of their coincidence. If we view a landskip, how pleasing the harmony between hills and woods, between rivers and lawns! If we select from this landskip a tree, how well does the trunk correspond with its branches, and the whole of its form with its beautiful verdure! If we take an animal, for example a fine horse, what a union in his colour, his figure and his motions! If one of human race, what more pleasingly congenial, than when virtue and genius appear to animate a graceful figure?

— pulcher veniens e corpore virtus?
The charm increases, if to a graceful figure we add a graceful elocution. Elocution too is heightened still, if it convey elegant sentiments; and these again are heightened, if cloathed with graceful diction, that is, with words which are pure, precise, and well arranged.

Harris.

§ 190. **Verbal Decorations not to be called Minutiae.**

We must not call these verbal decorations, minutiae. They are essential to the beauty, nay to the completion, of the whole. Without them the composition, though its sentiments may be just, is like a picture with good drawing, but with bad and defective colouring.

These we are assured were the sentiments of Cicero, whom we must allow to have been a master in his art, and who has amply and accurately treated verbal decoration and numerous composition, in no less than two capital treatises, (his Orator, and his De Oratore) strengthening withal his own authority with that of Aristotle and Theophrastus; to whom, if more were wanting, we might add the names of Demetrius Phorerus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, and Quintilian. *Ibid.*

§ 191. **Advice to Readers.**

Whoever reads a perfect or finished composition, whatever be the language, whatever the subject, should read it, even if alone, both audibly and distinctly.

In a composition of this character, not only precise words are admitted, but words metaphorical and ornamental. And farther—as every sentence contains a latent harmony, so is that harmony derived from the rhythm of its constituent parts.

A composition then like this, should (as I said before) be read both distinctly and audibly; with due regard to stops and pauses; with occasional elevations and depressions of the voice, and whatever else constitutes just and accurate pronunciation. He who, defying or neglecting, or knowing nothing of all this, reads a work of such character as he would read a lessons-paper, will not only misf many beauties of the style, but will probably mis (which is worse) a large proportion of the sense.


§ 192. **Every whole should have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. The Theory exemplified in the Georgics of Virgil.**

Let us take for an example the most highly finished performance among the Romans, and that in their most polished period, I mean the Georgics of Virgil.

Quid faciat lactas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, Maecenas, (11) ulmineque adjurgere vites
Conveniat; (111) quae cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori; (iv) apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam, &c.—*Virg. Georg. I.*

In these lines, and so on (if we consult the original) for forty-two lines inclusive, we have the beginning; which beginning includes two things, the plan, and the invocation.

In the four first verses we have the plan, which plan gradually opens and becomes the whole work, as an acorn, when developed, becomes a perfect oak. After this comes the invocation, which extends to the last of the forty-two verses above mentioned. The two together give us the true character of a beginning, which, as above described, nothing can precede, and which it is necessary that something should follow.

The remaining part of the first book, together with the three books following, to verse the 458th of book the fourth, make the middle, which also has its true character, that of succeeding the beginning, where we expect something farther; and that of preceding the end, where we expect nothing more.

The eight last verses of the poem make the end, which, like the beginning, is short, and which prefers its real character by satisifying the reader that all is complete, and that nothing is to follow. The performance is even dated. It finishes like an epitite, giving us the place and time of writing; but then giving them in such a manner, as they ought to come from Virgil.

But to open our thoughts into a farther detail.

As the poem, from its very name, respects various matters relative to land, (Georgica) and which are either immediately or meditately connected with it; among the variety of these matters the poem begins from the lowest, and thence advances gradually from higher to higher, till, having reached the highest, it there properly stops.

The first book begins from the simple culture of the earth, and from its humblest progeny, corn, legumes, flowers, &c.

It is a nobler species of vegetables which employs the second book, where we are taught the culture of trees, and, among others, of that important pair, the olive and the vine. Yet it must be remembered, that all this is nothing more than the culture...
ture of mere vegetable and inanimate nature.

It is in the third book that the poet rises to nature sensitive and animated, when he gives us precepts about cattle, horses, sheep, &c.

At length, in the fourth book, when matters draw to a conclusion, then it is he treats his subject in a moral and political way. He no longer pursues the culture of the mere brute nature; he then describes, as he tells us,


for such is the character of his bees, those truly social and political animals. It is here he first mentions arts, and memory, and laws, and families. It is here (their great sagacity considered) he supposes a portion imparted of a sublime principle. It is here that every thing vegetable or merely brutal seems forgotten, while all appears at least human, and sometimes even divine.

His quidam signis, atque haec exempla fecunt, Effa apibus partem divinam mentis, et haudus ætheris dixer et deum namque ire per annes Terraque traditque maris, &c.

Georg. IV. 219.

When the subject will not permit him to proceed farther, he suddenly conveys his reader, by the fable of Arifteaus, among nymphs, heroes, demi-gods, and gods, and thus leaves him in company supposed more than mortal.

This is not only a sublime conclusion to the fourth book, but naturally leads to the conclusion of the whole work; for he does no more after this than shortly recapitulate, and elegantly blend his recapitulating with a compliment to Auguistus.

But even this is not all.

The dry, didactic character of the Georgics, made it necessary they should be enlivened by episodes and digressions. It has been the art of the poet, that these episodes and digressions should be homogeneous: that is, should so connect with the subject, as to become, as it were, parts of it. On these principles every book has for its end, what I call an epilogue; for its beginning, an invocation; and for its middle, the several precepts relative to its subject, I mean husbandry. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end, every part itself becomes a smaller whole, though, with respect to the general plan, it is nothing more than a part. Thus the human arm, with a view to its elbow, its hands, its fingers, &c. is as clearly a whole, as it is finely but a part with a view to the entire body.

The smaller wholes of this divine poem may merit some attention; by these I mean each particular book.

Each book has an invocation. The first invokes the sun, the moon, the various rural deities, and lastly Auguistus; the second invokes Bacchus; the third, Pales and Apollo; the fourth his patron Maccenas. I do not dwell on these invocations, much less on the parts which follow, for this in fact would be writing a comment upon the poem. But the Epilogues, besides their own intrinsic beauty, are too much to our purpose to be passed in silence.

In the arrangement of them the poet seems to have pursued such an order, as that alternate affections should be alternately excited; and this he has done, well knowing the importance of that generally acknowledged truth, "the force derived to contraries by their juxta-position or succession." The first book ends with those portents and prodigies, both upon earth and in the heavens, which preceded the death of the dictator Caesar. To these direful scences the epilogue of the second book opposes the tranquillity and felicity of the rural life, which (as he informs us) faction and civil discord do not usually impair—

Non res Romana, perituraque regna—

In the ending of the third book we read of a pestilence, and of nature in devastation; in the fourth, of nature restored, and, by help of the gods, replenished.

As this concluding epilogue (I mean the fable of Arifteaus) occupies the most important place; so is it decorated accordingly with language, events, places, and personages.

No language was ever more polished and harmonious. The defeat of Arifteaus to his mother, and of Orpheus to the shades, are events; the watery palace of the Nereides, the cavern of Proteus, and the scene of the infernal regions, are places; Arifteaus, old Proteus, Orpheus, Eurydice, Cyllene, and her nymphs, are personages; all great, all striking, all sublime.

Let us view these epilogues in the poet's order,


* See before, § 179.
Here, as we have said already, different passions are, by the subjects being alternate, alternately excited; and yet withal excited so judiciously, that when the poem concludes, and all is at an end, the reader leaves off with tranquility and joy. Harris.

§ 193. Exemplified again in the Menexenus of Plato.

From the Georgics of Virgil we proceed to the Menexenus of Plato; the first being the most finifted form of a didactic poem, the latter the most consummate model of a panegyric oration.

The Menexenus is a funeral oration in praise of those brave Athenians, who had fallen in battle by generously affecting the cause of their country. Like the Georgics, and every other just composition, this oration has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is a solemn account of the deceased having received all the legitimate rights of burial, and of the propriety of doing them honour not only by deeds, but by words; that is, not only by funeral ceremonies, but by a speech, to perpetuate the memory of their magnanimity, and to recommend it to their posterity, as an object of imitation.

As the deceased were brave and gallant men, we are shewn by what means they came to possess their character, and what noble exploits they perform in consequence.

Hence the middle of the oration contains first their origin; next their education and form of government; and last of all, the consequence of such an origin and education; their heroic achievements from the earliest days to the time then present.

The middle part being thus complete, we come to the conclusion, which is perhaps the most sublime piece of oratory, both for the plan and execution, which is extant, of any age, or in any language.

By an awful prophopœpsa, the deceased are called up to address the living; and fathers slain in battle, to exhort their living children; the children slain in battle, to console their living fathers; and this with every idea of manly conflation, with every generous incentive to a contempt of death, and a love of their country, that the powers of nature or of art could suggest.

'Tis here this oration concludes, being (as we have shewn) a perfect whole, executed with all the strength of a sublime language, under the management of a great and a sublime genius.

If these speculations appear too dry, they may be rendered more pleasing, if the reader would peruse the two pieces criticized. His labour, he might be assured, would not be lost, as he would peruse two of the finest pieces which the two finest ages of antiquity produced.

Ibid.

§ 194. The Theory of Whole and Parts concerns small Works as well as great.

We cannot however quit this theory concerning whole and parts, without observing, that it regards alike both small works and great; and that it descends even to an elay, to a sonnet, to an ode. These minute efforts of genius, unless they possess (if I may be pardoned the expression) a certain character of Totality, lose a capital pleasure derived from their union; from an union which, collected in a few pertinent ideas, combines them all happily under one amicable form. Without this union, the production is no better than a sort of vague effusion, where sentences follow sentences, and stanzas follow stanzas, with no apparent reason why they should be two rather than twenty, or twenty rather than two.

If we want another argument for this minute Totality, we may refer to nature, which art is said to imitate. Not only this universe is one stupendous whole, but such also is a tree, a shrub, a flower; such these beings which, without the aid of glades, even escape our perception. And so much for Totality (I venture to familiarize the term) that common and essential character to every legitimate composition.


There is another character left, which, though foreign to the present purpose, I venture to mention; and that is the character of Accuracy. Every work ought to be as accurate as possible. And yet, though this apply to works of every kind, there is a difference whether the work be great or small. In greater works (such as histories, epic poems, and the like) their very magnitude excuses incidental defects; and their authors, according to Horace, may be allowed to flumbet. It is otherwise in smaller works, for the very reason that they are smaller. Such, through every part, both in sentiment and diction, should be peripicuous, pure, simple, and precise.

§ 196. On Diction.

As every sentiment must be expressed by words;
words, the theory of sentiment naturally leads to that of Diction. Indeed, the connection between them is so intimate, that the same sentiment, where the diction differs, is as different in appearance, as the same person, dressed like a peasant, or dressed like a gentleman. And hence we see how much diction merits a serious attention.

But this perhaps will be better understood by an example. Take then the following—"Don't let a lucky hit slip; if you do, be-like you mayn't any more get at it." The sentiment (we must confess) is express clearly, but the diction surely is rather vulgar and low. Take it another way—"Opportune moments are few and fleeting; seize them with avidity, or your progress will be impeded." Here the diction, though not low, is rather obscure. The words are unusual, pedantic, and affected.

—but what says Shakspere?

| There is a tide in the affairs of men, |
| Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; |
| Omitted, a list, the voyage of their life |
| Is bound in shallows— |

Here the diction is elegant, without being vulgar or affected; the words, though common, being taken under a metaphor, are so far estranged by this metaphorical use, that they acquire, through the change, a competent dignity, and yet, without becoming vulgar, remain intelligible and clear.

—On the Metaphor.

§ 197. On the Metaphor. Knowing the stress laid by the ancient critics on the Metaphor, and viewing its admirable effects in the decorating of Diction, we think it may merit a farther regard.

There is not perhaps any figure of speech so pleasing as the Metaphor. It is at times the language of every individual, but, above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His sagacity discerns not only common analogies, but those others more remote, which escape the vulgar, and which, though they seldom invent, they seldom fail to recognize, when they hear them from persons more ingenious than themselves.

It has been ingeniously observed, that the Metaphor took its rise from the poverty of language. Men, not finding upon every occasion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourse to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the Metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was just (and this often happened) there was something peculiarly pleasing in what was both new, and yet familiar; so that the Metaphor was then cultivated, not out of necessity, but for ornament. It is thus that cloaths were first assumed to defend us against the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for distinction and decoration.

It must be observed, there is a force in the united words, new and familiar. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no better than common-place. It is in the union of the two, that the obscure and the vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union, that we view the character of a just Metaphor.

But after we have so praised the Metaphor, it is fit at length we should explain what it is; and this we shall attempt, as well by a description, as by examples.

"A Metaphor is the transferring of a word from its usual meaning to an analogous, logous meaning, and then the employing it agreeably to such transfer." For example, the usual meaning of evening is the conclusion of the day. But age too is a conclusion; the conclusion of human life. Now there being an analogy in all conclusions, we arrange in order the two we have alluded, and say, that, as evening is to the day, so is age to human life. Hence, by an easy permutation (which furnishes at once two metaphors) we say alternately, that evening is the age of the day; and that age is the evening of life.

There are other metaphors equally pleasing, but which we only mention, as their analogy cannot be mistaken. It is thus that old men have been called stubble; and the stage, or theatre, the mirror of human life.

In language of this sort there is a double satisfaction: it is strikingly clear; and yet raised, though clear, above the low and vulgar idiom. It is a praise too of such metaphors, to be quickly comprehended. The similitude and the thing illustrated are commonly dispatched in a single word, and comprehended by an immediate and instantaneous intuition.

Thus a person of wit, being dangerously ill, was told by his friends, two more physicians were called in. So many! says he—do they fire then in platoons?

—Ibid.

§ 198. What
§ 198. What Metaphors the best.

These instances may assist us to discover what metaphors may be called the best.

They ought not, in an elegant and polite style (the style of which we are speaking) to be derived from meanings too sublime; for then the diction would be turgid and bombast. Such was the language of that poet who, describing the footman’s flambeaux at the end of an opera, sung or said,

Now blaz’d a thousand flaming suns, and bade
Grim night retire—

Nor ought a metaphor to be far-fetched, for then it becomes an enigma. It was thus a gentleman once puzzled his country friend, in telling him, by way of compliment, that he became a perfect centaur. His honest friend knew nothing of centaurs, but being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horse.

Another extreme remains, the reverse of the too sublime, and that is, the transferring from subjects too contemptible. Such was the case of that poet quoted by Horace, who to describe winter, wrote—

Jupiter hybernans canä nives confuipi Alpes.

(Oor. L. II. Sat. 5.)

O'er the cold Alps Jove spits his hoary Snow.

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate, whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the same subject, suppos’d winter—

To periwig with snow the baldpate woods.

With the same clasps of wits we may arrange that pleasanter fellow, who, speaking of an old lady whom he had affronted, gave us in one short sentence no less than three choice metaphors. I perceive (said he) her back is up;—I must curry favour—or the fat will be in the fire.

Nor can we omit that the same word, when transferred to different subjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety or impropriety.

It is with propriety that we transfer the words to embrace, from human beings to things purely ideal. The metaphor appears just, when we say, to embrace a proposition; to embrace an offer; to embrace an opportunity. Its application perhaps was not quite so elegant, when the old steward wrote to his lord, upon the subject of his farm, that "if he met any oxen, he would not fail to embrace them."

If then we are to avoid the turgid, the enigmatic, and the base or ridiculous, no other metaphors are left, but such as may be described by negatives; such as are neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor base and ridiculous.

Such is the character of many metaphors already alleged; among others that of Shakespeare’s, where tides are transferred to speedy and determined conduct. Nor does his Wolfey with less propriety moralize upon his fall, in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature.

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—nips his root—

In such metaphors (besides their intrinsic elegance) we may say the reader is flattered; I mean flattered by being left to discover something for himself.

There is one observation, which will at the same time shew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men. There are metaphors so obvious, and of course so naturalized, that, ceasing to be metaphors, they become (as it were) the proper words. It is after this manner we say, a sharp fellow; a great orator; the foot of a mountain; the eye of a needle; the bed of a river; to ruminate, to ponder, to edify, &c. &c.

There we by no means reject, and yet the metaphors we require we wish to be something more, that is, to be formed under the respectable conditions here established.

We observe too, that a singular use may be made of metaphors either to exalt or to depreciate, according to the sources from which we derive them. In ancient story, Orselves was by some called the murdherer of his mother; by others, the avenger of his father. The reasons will appear, by referring to the fact. The poet Simonides was offered money to celebrate certain muses, that had won a race. The sum being pitiful, he said, with disdain, he should not write upon demi-ffies—A more competent sum was offered, he then began,

Hail! Daughters of the generous horse,
That skims, like wind, along the course.

There are times, when, in order to exalt, we may call beggars, petitioners; and pick-pockets, collectors; other times, when, in order to depreciate, we may call petitioners, beggars; and collectors, pick-pockets.—But enough of this.

We
We say no more of metaphors, but that it is a general caution with regard to every species, not to mix them, and that more particularly, if taken from subjects which are contrary.

Such was the case of that orator, who once alluded in his oration, that—"If cold water were thrown upon a certain measure, it would kindle a flame that would obscure the luftre," &c. &c.

Harris.

§ 199. On Enigmas and Puns.

A word remains upon Enigmas and Puns. It shall indeed be short, because, though they resemble the metaphor, it is as brass and copper resembles gold.

A pun seldom regarding means, being chiefly confined to sound.

Horace give a sad sample of this spurious wit, where (as Dryden humourously translates it) he makes Periplus the bullion exhort the Patriot Brutus to kill Mr. King, that is, Rupilius Rex, because Brutus, when he flew Cesar, had been accustomed to king-killing.

Hunc Regem occide; operum hoc mihi crede tuorum eff. Horat. Sat. Lib. I. VII.

We have a worfe attempt in Homer, where Ulysses makes Polyphem believe his name was OYTHE, and where the dull Cyclops, after he had lost his eye, upon being asked by his brethren, who had done him so much mischief, replies it was done by OYTHE, that is, by nobody.

Enigmas are of a more complicated nature, being involved either in pun, or metaphor, or sometimes in both.

'And he who was not rend his hair: I wove and wove without a purpose.'

I saw a man, who, unprovok'd with ire, Struck brass upon another's back by fire.

This enigma is ingenious, and means the operation of cupping, performed in ancient days by a machine of bras.

In such fancies, contrary to the principles of good metaphor and good writing, a perplexity is caus'd, not by accident but by design, and the pleasure lies in the being able to resolve it.

Ibid.


Having mentioned Rules, and indeed this whole theory having been little more than rules developed, we cannot but remark upon a common opinion, which seems to have arisen either from prejudice or mistake.

"Do not rules," say they, "cramp genius? Do they not abridge it of certain privileges?"

"Tis anwered, If the obeying of rules were to induce a tyranny like this; to defend them would be absurd, and against the liberty of genius. But the truth is, rules, supposing them good, like good government, take away no privileges. They do no more, than fave genius from error, by shewing it, that a right to err is no privilege at all.

"Tis surely no privilege to violate in grammar the rules of syntax; in poetry, those of metre; in music, those of harmony; in logic, those of syllogism; in painting, those of perspective; in dramatic poetry, those of probable imitation. Ibid.

§ 201. The flattering Doctrine that Genius will suffice, fallaciously.

It must be confessed, 'tis a flattering doctrine, to tell a young beginner, that he has nothing more to do than to trutk his own genius, and to contend all rules, as the tyranny of pedants. The painful toils of accuracy by this expedient are eluded, for genius, like Milton's Harps, (Par. Lost, Book III. v. 365, 366.) are supposed to be ever tuned.

But the misfortune is, that genius is something rare; nor can he who pollutes it, even then, by neglecting rules, produce what is accurate. Thoé, on the contrary, who, though they want genius, think rules worthy their attention, if they cannot become good authors, may still make tolerable critics; may be able to shew the difference between the creeping and the simple; the pert and the pleasing; the turgid and the sublime; in short, to sharpen like the wheelstone, that genius in others, which nature in her frugality has not given to themselves.

Ibid.


Indeed I have never known, during a life of many years, and some small attention paid to letters, and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever crampt by rules. On the contrary, I have seen great geniuses, miserably err by transgressing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who lose their way, only wander the wider on account of their own strength.

And yet 'tis somewhat singular in literary compositions, and perhaps more so in poetry than elsewhere, that many things have been done in the best and purest taste, long before rules were established and systematized.
§ 203. There never was a Time when Rules did not exist.

A specious objection then occurs. "If those great writers were so excellent before rules were established, or at least "were known to them, what had they to "direct their genius, when rules (to them "at least) did not exist?"

To this question 'tis hoped the answer will not be deemed too hardy, should we affirm, that there never was a time when rules did not exist; that they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and that if, at that early Greek period, systems of rules were not established, those great and sublimer authors were a rule to themselves. They may be said indeed to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature which gave birth to the perfection of art.

The case is nearly the same with respect to our Shakespeare. There is hardly any thing we applaud, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found strictly conformable to the rules of found and ancient criticin.

That this is true with respect to his characters and his sentiment, is evident hence, that in explaining these rules, we have so often recurred to him for illustrations.

Besides quotations already alluded, we subjoin the following as to character.

When Falstaff and his suit are so ignorominiously routed, and the scuffle is by Falstaff so humourously exaggerated; what can be more natural than such a narrative to such a character, distinguished for his humour, and withal for his want of veracity and courage?

The fagacity of common poets might not perhaps have suggested so good a narrative, but it certainly would have suggested something of the kind; and 'tis in this we view the essence of dramatic character, which is, when we conjecture what any one will do or say, from what he has done or said already.

If we pass from characters (that is to say manners) to sentiment, we have already given infinences, and yet we shall still give another.

When Rofincroffe and Guildernstern wait upon Hamlet, he offers them a recorder or pipe, and desires them to play—they reply, they cannot. He repeats his request—they answer, they have never learnt. He assured them nothing was so easy—they still decline. "'Tis then he tells them, with diffdain, "There is much music in this little "organ; and yet you cannot make it speak "—Do you think I am easier to be played "on than a pipe?" Hamlet, Act III.

This I call an elegant sample of sentiment, taken under its comprehensive fenfe. But we stop not here—We consider it as a complete infinence of Socratic reasoning, though 'tis probable the author knew nothing how Socrates used to argue.

To explain—Xenophon makes Socrates reason as follows with an ambitious youth, by name Euthydemus.

"'Tis strange (says he) that those who "desire to play upon the harp, or upon "the flute, or to ride the managed horse, "should not think themselves worth notice, "without having prattified under the best "masters—while there are those who aspire to the governing of a state, and can "think themselves completely qualified, "though it be without preparation or labours." Xenoph. Memor II. c. 2. f. 6.

Aristotle's Illustration is similar, in his reasoning against men chosen by lot for magistrates. "'Tis (says he) as if wretlbers were to be appointed by lot, and not those that are able to wrestle: or, as if from among sailors we were to chuse a pilot by lot, and that the man so elected was to navigate, and not the man who knew the business." Rheotor. L. II. c. 20. p. 94. Edit. Syll.

Nothing can be more ingenious than this mode of reasoning. The premises are obvious and undeniable; the conclusion cogent and yet unexpected. It is a species of that argumentation, called in dialectic δέκατον, or induction.

Aristotle in his Rhetoric (as above quoted) calls such reasonings τά ἄτομα, the Socratics; in the beginning of his Poetics, he calls them the ἄτομαν κόσμος, the Socratic discourses; and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, calls them the Socraticæ chartæ. Ibid.

§ 204. The Connexion between Rules and Genius.

If truth be always the same, no wonder geniuses
geniuses should coincide, and that too in philosophy, as well as in criticism.

We venture to add, returning to rules, that if there be any things in Shakespear objectionable (who is hardly enough to deny it?) the very objections, as well as the beauties, are to be tried by the same rules; as the same plummets alike flies both what is out of the perpendicular, and in it; the same rules alike prove both what is crooked and what is straight.

We cannot admit that genius, though prior to systems, were prior also to rules, because rules from the beginning existed in their own minds, and were a part of that immutable truth, which is eternal and everywhere. Aristotle, we know, did not form Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; 'twas Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, that formed Aristotle.

And this surely should teach us to pay attention to rules, in as much as they and genius are so reciprocally connected, that his genius which discovers rules; and then rules which govern genius.

'Tis by this amicable concurrence, and by this alone, that every work of art justly merits admiration, and is rendered as highly perfect as, by human power, it can be made.

Harris.

§ 205. We ought not to be content with knowing what we like, but what is really worth liking.

'Tis not however improbable, that some intrepid spirit may demand again, What avail these subtleties?—Without so much trouble, I can be full enough pleased—I know what I like.—We answer, And so does the carrion-crow, that feeds upon a carcasse. The difficulty lies not in knowing what we like, but in knowing how to like, and what is worth liking. 'Till these ends are obtained, we may admire Durie before Milton; a smoking boor of Hem-firkirk, before an apostle of Raphael.

Now as to the knowing how to like, and then what is worth liking; the first of these, being the object of critical disquisition, has been attempted to be shewn through the course of these inquiries.

As to the second, what is worth our liking, this is best known by studying the best authors, beginning from the Greeks; then passing to the Latins; nor on any account excluding those who have excelled among the moderns.

And here, if, while we peruse some author of high rank, we perceive we don't instantly relish him, let us not be disheartened—let us even feign a relish, till we find a relish come. A morcel perhaps pleases us—let us cherish it—Another morcel strikes us—let us cherish this also—Let us thus proceed, and steadily persevere, till we find we can relish, not morcels, but wholes; and feel, that what began in fiction terminates in reality. The film being in this manner removed, we shall discover beauties which we never imagined; and contend for peculiarities, what we once foolishly admired.

One thing however in this process is indispensably required; we are on no account to expect that fine things should descend to us; our taste, if possible, must be made to ascend to them.

This is the labour, this the work; there is pleasure in the succezses, and praise even in the attempt.

This speculation applies not to literature only: it applies to music, to painting, and, as they are all congenial, to all the liberal arts. We should in each of them endeavour to investigate what is best, and there (if I may so express myself) fix our abode.

By only seeking and perusing what is truly excellent, and by contemplating always this and this alone, the mind infensibly becomes accustomed to it, and finds that in this alone it can acquiesce with content. It happens indeed here, as in a subject far more important, I mean in a moral and a virtuous conduct: If we chuse the best life, use will make it pleasant. Ibid.

§ 206. Character of the ENGLISH, the ORIENTAL, the LATIN, and the GREEK Languages.

We Britons in our time have been remarkable borrowers, as our multiform language may sufficiently shew. Our terms in polite literature prove, that this came from Greece; our terms in music and painting, that these came from Italy; our phrases in cookery and war, that we learnt these from the French; and our phrases in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. These many and very different sources of our language may be the cause why it is so deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compensate the defect, that what we want in elegance, we gain in copiousness, in which last respect few languages will be found superior to our own.

Let us pass from ourselves to the nations of the East. The eastern world, from the earliest
earliest days, has been at all times the feat of enormous monarchy *; on its natives fair liberty never fled its genial influence. If at any time civil discords arose among them (and arife there did innumerable) the contest was never about the form of their government (for this was an object of which the combatants had no conception;) it was all from the poor motive of, who should be their master; whether a Cyrus or an Ar-taxerxes, a Mahomet or a Muftapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the confequence?—Their ideas be- came confonant to their fervile state, and their words became confonant to their fervile ideas. The great diftinction for ever in their fight, was that of tyrant and flave; the moft unnatural one conceivable, and the moft fuceptible of pomm and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themselves as the meanest and moft abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every feniment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus, though they sometimes afcended into the great and magnificent†, they as frequently degenerated into the timid and bombast. The Greeks too of

* For the Barbarians, by being more flavish in their manners than the Greeks, and tho' of Afla than tho' of Europe, submit to deliptic government without murmuring or discontent. Arif. Polit. III. 4.
† The truf't sublime of the East may be found in the fcriptures, of which perhaps the principal caufe is the intrinsic greatnefs of the fubject there treated; the creation of the univers, the dispen-fations of divine providence, &c.
‡ See Cic. de Fin. I. C. 1, 2, 3. III. C. 1, 2, 4, &c. but in particular Tufc. Dift. I. 3. where he fays, "Philofophia jactat ufque ad hanc æta-tatem, nec ullam habuit lumen literarum Latina- rum; qua illuftrandâ & excitanda nobis ef; ut fi," &c. See also Tufc. Dift. IV. 3. and Acad. I. 2. where it appears, that until Cicero applied himself to the writing of philofophy, the Romans had nothing of the kind in their language, except some mean performances of Amafanus the Epi-curcan, and others of the fame feél. How far the Romans were indebted to Cicero for philofophy, and with what induftry, as well as elo-quence, he cultivated the fubject, may be feen not only from the titles of tho' works that are now loft, but much more from the many noble ones full fortunately preferved.

The Epicurean poet Lucretius, who flourished nearly at the fame time, feems by his silence to have overlooked the Latin writers of his own feét; deriving all his philofophy, as well as Cicero, from Grecian fources; and, like him, ac-

Asia became infected by their neighbours, who were often, at times, not only their neighbours, but their masters; and hence that luxuriance of the Aflatic style, unknown to the chafte eloquence and purity of Athens. But of the Greeks we forbear to speak now, as we shall fpeak of them more fully, when we have firt confidered the nature or genius of the Romans.

And what fort of people may we pronounce the Romans?—A nation engaged in wars and commotions, fome foreign, fome dometic, which for seven hundred years wholly engroffed their thoughts. Hence therefore their language became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expreffive of things politcal, and well adapted to the purpoles both of history and popular eloquence. But what was their philofophy?—As a nation it was none, if we may credit their ablè writers. And hence the unfinnefs of their language to this fubject; a defect, which even Cicero is com- pelled to confefs, and more fully makes ap- pear, when he writes philofophy himfelf, from the number of terms which he is obliged to invent†. Virgil feems to have judged the moft truly of his countrymen, when,

knowledging the difficulty of writing philofophy in Latin, both from the poverty of the tongue, and from the novelty of the fubject.

Nec me animi fallit, Graiorum obfcura reperta
Difficile inluftararum Latinae veribus efi,
(Multa novis rebus praebem quam fit agen-dum.)
Propter egeftatem linguæ et rerum novitatem;
Sed tua me virtus tamen, et sperata voluptas
Suavis amicitiae quemvis perferbe laborem.
Suadet—
Lucr. I. 237.

In the fame age, Varro, among his numerous works, wrote fome in the way of philofophy; as did the patriot Brutus a treatife concerning virtue, much applauded by Cicero; but thefe works are now loft.

Soon after the writers above mentioned came
Horace, fome of whom fatures and epiftles may be juftly ranked among the moft valuable pieces of Latin philofophy, whether we confider the purity of their style, or the great addrefs with which they treat the fubject.

After Horace, though with as long an interval as from the days of Augustus to tho' of Nero, came the fatirift Persius, the friend and di-ciple of the fioce Cornutus; to whom preceps, as he did honour by his virtuous life, fo his works, though small, fhew an early proficiency in the fcience of morals. Of him it may be faid that he is almost the fingle difficult writer among the Latin classics, whose meaning has fufficient merit
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento, 
(Hec tibi erunt artes) pacifice impone morem, 
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbus.

From considering the Romans, let us pass to the Greeks. The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their liberty, were the most heroic confederacy to make it worth while to labour through its ob- 

In the same degenerate and tyrannic period lived also Seneca; whose character, both as a man and a writer, is discussed with great accuracy by the noble author of the Characteristics, to whom we refer.

Under a milder dominion, that of Hadrian and the Antonines, lived Aulus Gallius; or (as some call him) Agellius, an entertaining writer in the miscellaneous way, well skilled in criticism and antiquity; who, though he can hardly be entitled to the name of a philosopher, yet deserves not to pass unmentioned here, from the curious fragments of philosophy interperfed in his works.

With Aulus Gallius we range Macrobius, not because a contemporary (for he is supposed to have lived under Honorius and Theodosius) but from his near resemblance, in the character of a writer. His works, like the other’s, are miscellaneous; filled with mythology and ancient literature, some philosophy being intermixed. His Commentary upon the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero may be considered as wholly of the philosophical kind.

In the same age with Aulus Gallius, flourished Apuleius of Madura in Africa, a Platonic writer, whose matter in general far exceeds his perplexed and affected style, too conformable to the facile rhetoric of the age when he lived.

Of the same country, but of a later age, and a harsher style, was Martianus Capella, if indeed he deserve not the name rather of a philologist, than of a philosopher.

After Capella we may rank Chalcidius the Platonic, though both his age, and country, and religion, are doubtful. His manner of writing is rather more agreeable than that of the two preceding, nor does he appear to be their inferior in the knowledge of philosophy, his work being a laudable commentary upon the Timaeus of Plato.

The last Latin philosopher was Boethius, who was descended from some of the noblest of the Roman families, and was conful in the beginning of the sixth century. He wrote many philosophical works, the greater part in the logical way. But his ethic piece, "On the Confutation of Philosophy," and which is partly prose and partly verse, deserves great encomiums both for the matter and for the style; in which last he approaches the purity of a far better age than his own, and is in all respects preferable to those that ever existed. They were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest, of men. In the short space of little more than a century they became such statesmen, warriors, orators, historians, physicians, poets, critics, painters, sculptors, architects, and (last of all) philosophers, that one can hardly help considering that golden period, as a providential event in honour of human nature, to shew to what perfection the species might ascend *.

Now more of the craddled Africans already mentioned. By command of Theodoric, King of the Goths, it was the hard fate of this worthy man to suffer death; with whom the Latin tongue, and the last remains of Roman dignity, may be said to have sunk in the western world.

There were other Romans, who left philosophical writings; such as Munitionus Rufus, and the two emperors, Marcus Antoninus and Julian; but as they preferred the use of the Greek tongue to their own, they can hardly be considered among the number of Latin writers.

And so much (by way of sketch) for the Latin authors of philosophy; a small number for so vast an empire, if we consider them as all the product of near six successive centuries.

* If we except Homer, Hesiod, and the Lyric poets, we hear of few Grecian writers before the expedition of Xerxes. After that monarch had been defeated, and the dread of the Persian power was at end, the effulgence of the Grecian genius (if I may use the expression) broke forth, and shone till the time of Alexander the Macedonian, after whom it disappeared, and never reappeared. This is that golden period spoken of above. I do not mean that Greece had not many writers of great merit subsequent to that period, and especially of the philosophic kind; but the great, the striking, the sublime (call it as you please) attained at that time to a height, to which it never could ascend in any after-age.

The same kind of fortune befel the people of Rome. When the Punic wars were ended, and Carthage, their dreaded rival, was no more, then (as Horace informs us) they began to cultivate the polite arts. It was soon after this that their great orators, and historians, and poets, arose, and Rome, like Greece, had her golden period, which lasted to the death of Ovidius Caesar.

I call these two periods, from the two greatest geniuses that flourished in each, one the Socratic period, the other the Ciceronian.

There are still further analogies subsisting between them. Neither period commenced, as long as solicitude for the common welfare engaged men's attentions, and such wars impended as threatened their destruction by foreigners and barbarians. But when once these fears were over, a general security soon ensued, and instead of attending to the arts of defence and self-preservation, they began to cultivate those of ele-
Now the language of these Greeks was truly like themselves; it was conformable to their transcendant and universal genius. Where matter so abounded, words followed of course, and those exquisite in every kind, as the ideas for which they stood. And hence it followed, there was not a subject to be found which could not with propriety be expressed in Greek.

Here were words and numbers for the humour of an Aristophanes; for the native elegance of a Philemon or Menander; for the amorous strains of a Minnermus or Sappho; for the rural lays of a Theocritus or Bion; and for the sublime conceptions of a Sophocles or Homer. The fame in prose. Here Iocrates was enabled to display his art, in all the accuracy of periods and the nice counterpoise of diction. Here Democritus found materials for that nervous composition, that manly force of unaffected eloquence, which rushed like a torrent, too impetuous to be withflood.

Who were more different in exhibiting their philosophy, than Xenophon, Plato, and his disciple Aristotle? Different, I say, in their character of composition; for, as to their philosophy itself, it was in reality the fame. Aristotle, strict, methodic, and orderly; subtle in thought, sparing in ornament; with little address to the passions or imagination; but exhibiting the whole with such a pregnant brevity, that in every sentence we seem to read a page.

How exquisitely is this all performed in Greek! Let those, who imagine it may be done as well in another language, satisfy themselves, either by attempting to translate him, or by perusing his translations already made by men of learning. On the contrary, when we read either Xenophon or Plato, nothing of this method and strict order appears. The formal and didactic is wholly dropt. Whatever they may teach, it is without professing to be teachers; a train of dialogue and truly polite address, in which, as in a mirror, we behold human life adorned in all its colours of sentiment and manners.

And yet, though these differ in this manner from the Stagyrite, how different are they likewise in character from each other? —Plato, copious, figurative, and majestic; intermixing at times the facetious and fantastical; enriching his works with tales and fables, and the mystic theology of ancient times. Xenophon, the pattern of perfect simplicity: every where smooth, harmonious and pure; declining the figurative, the marvellous, and the mystic; ascending but rarely into the sublime; nor then so much truf ting to the colours of style, as to the intrinsic dignity of the sentiment itself.

The language, in the mean time, in which he and Plato wrote, appears to suit so accurately with the style of both, that, when we read either of the two, we cannot help thinking, that it is he alone who has correspondence with Alexander. In the time of the same monarch lived Theophrastus, and the cynic Diogenes. Then also Democritus and Zeno flourished, spoke their two celebrated orations. So likewise, in the time of Octavius, Virgil wrote his Aeneid, and with Horace, Varus, and many other fine writers, partook of his protection and royal munificence. But then it must be remembered, that these men were bred and educated in the principles of a free government. It was hence they derived that high and manly spirit which made them the admiration of after-ages. The decays and forms of government left by Alexander and Octavius, soon stopped the growth of any thing farther in the kind. So true is that noble saying of Longinus—Οὐκείναι τῇ γὰρ ίκανῷ τῇ προφητείᾳ τῷ μανάς εἰς εὐθυγραμμίαν ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ, κ αύτωισιν ὑπάρχει ἡ ἐνδεικνύομαι τῇ διαφορᾷ τῆς Φλουχτὸς, κ τῇ προφητείᾳ τῆς Ἑλληνίκης. "It is liberty that is formed to nurture the sentiments of great geniuses; to inspire them with hope; to push forward the propensity of contest one with another, and the generous emulation of being the first in rank." De Subl. Sect. 44+.
hit its character, and that it could not have appeared so elegant in any other manner.

And thus is the Greek tongue, from its propriety and universality, made for all that is great and all that is beautiful, in every subject and under every form of writing:

Gravis ingenium, Gravis dedit ore rotundo
Mufa loqui.

It were to be wished, that those among us, who either write or read with a view to employ their liberal leisure (for as to such as do either from views more forlorn, we leave them, like slaves, to their defined drudgery) it were to be wished, I say, that the liberal, (if they have a felicity for letters) would inspect the finished models of Grecian literature; that they would not waste those hours, which they cannot recall, upon the meaner productions of the French and English press; upon that fungous growth of novels and of pamphlets, where it is to be feared, they rarely find any rational pleasure, and more rarely still any solid improvement.

To be competently skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such infuperable pains. The very progres itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where, every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar, as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other. And as to those who tell us, with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is men, and not books, we must study to become knowing; this I have always remarked, from repeated experience, to be the common confusion and language of dunes. They shelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whose transcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been sufficient of themselves to great and important ends. But, alas!

Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile—

In truth, each man's understanding, when ripened and mature, is a composite of natural capacity, and of superinduced habit. Hence the greatest men will be necessarily those who possess the best capacities, cultivated with the best habits. Hence also moderate capacities, when adorned with valuable science, will far transcend others the most acute by nature, when either neg-

The Western empire soon sank. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the mistress of nations, beheld herself at the feet of a Gothic sovereign. The Eastern Empire lasted many centuries longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet still it retained traces of its ancient splendor, resembling, in the language of Virgil, some fair but faded flower.

Cui neque fuigor adhuc, secundum sua foma reessit.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a space of near a thousand years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion passed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military skill; and who, having little or no taste either for sciences or arts, naturally despised those things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Moncbery and Legends; of Leonine versicles, (that is, of bad Latin put into Rhime;) of projects to decide truth by ploughshares and battons; of crusades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes deposed, not as Crefus was by Cyrus, but by one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a sword.

Different portions of this age have been distinguished by different descriptions: such as Seculum Monotheleticum, Seculum Eiconoklasticum, Seculum Obicurum, Secu-
lum Ferreum, Seculum Hildibrandinum, &c. Strange names it must be confess, some more obvious, others less so, yet none tending to furnish us with any high or promising ideas.

And yet we must acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forfares it, that some sparks of intellect were at all times visible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we must look for the taste and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and sciences were thus obscured, may be said to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may use the expression) like the twilight of a summer's night; that auspicious gleam between the setting and the rising sun, which, though it cannot retain the lustre of the day, helps at least to save us from the totality of darkness. Harris.

§ 208. An Account of the Destruction of the Alexandrian Library.

"When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus said to him: 'You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are found there. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing; but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me.' Amrus said to him: 'And what is it you want?' 'The philosophical books (replied he) preferred in the royal libraries.'

'This (said Amrus) is a request upon which I cannot decide. You define a thing where I can confuse no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.'—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer was returned by Omar, to the following purport: 'As to the books of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God, all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order them therefore to be all destroyed.' Am-

"rus, upon this, ordered them to be delivered through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. After this manner, in the space of six months, they were all consumed.

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, "Heard what was done, and wonder!"

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. Ibid.

§ 209. A short historical Account of Athens, from the Time of her Persian Triumphs to that of her becoming subject to the Turks. Sketch, during this long Interval, of her Political and Literary State, of her Philosophers; of her Gymnasia; of her good and bad Fortune, &c. &c.—Manners of the present Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.

When the Athenians had delivered themselves from the tyranny of Pheidippus, and after this had defeated the vaft efforts of the Persians, and that against two succeflive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be considered as at the summit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without control, the sovereignty of Greece.*

As their taste was naturally good, arts of every kind soon rose among them, and flourished. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an ascendant; and that ascendant produced a security, which left their minds at ease, and gave them leisure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed as his architect, who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himself, and added statues and bas-relievoS, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myron painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they shew the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and states, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealousy and ambition insensibly fomented wars; and succed in these wars, as in others, was often various. The military strength of the Athenians was

* For these historical facts consult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian history.
first impaired by the Lacedemonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, last of all, it was wholly crushed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political sovereignty was lost, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not sink along with it.

Just at the close of their golden days of empire, flourished Xenophon and Plato, the disciples of Socrates; and from Plato descended that race of philosophers called the Old Academy.

Aristotle, who was Plato's disciple, may be said not to have invented a new philosophy, but rather to have tempered the sublime and rapturous mysteries of his master with method, order, and a stricter mode of reasoning.

Zeno, who was himself also educated in the principles of Platonism, only differed from Plato in the comparative estimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinsically good but virtue, nothing intrinsically bad but vice, and considering all other things to be in themselves indifferent.

He too, and Aristotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Aristotle chiefly dwelt upon the simple syllogism; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philosophers, cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requisite for those who think of addressing mankind with all the efficacy of persuasion. Zeno elegantly illustrated the force of these two powers by a simile, taken from the hand: the close power of logic he compared to the fist, or hand compret; the diffuse power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I shall mention but two sects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, so called from the Old Academy (the name given to the school of Plato) was founded by Arcesilaus, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a mistaken imitation of the great parent of philosophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) because Socrates doubted some things, therefore Arcesilaus and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another source; Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concourse of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their providential care, left the trouble of it should impair their uninterrupted state of bliss. Virtue he recommended, though not for the sake of virtue, but pleasure; pleasure, according to him, being our chief and sovereign good. It must be confessed, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temperate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate esteem.

We have already mentioned the alliance between philosophy and rhetoric. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetoric be the art by which men are perfused, and if men cannot be perfused without a knowledge of human nature: for what, but philosophy, can procure us this knowledge?

It was for this reason the ablest Greek philosophers not only taught (as we hinted before) but wrote also treatises upon rhetoric. They had a farther inducement, and that was the intrinsic beauty of their language, as it was then spoken among the learned and polite. They would have been ashamed to have delivered philosophy, as it has been too often delivered since, in compositions as clumsy as the common dialect of the mere vulgar.

The same love of elegance, which made them attend to their style, made them attend even to the places where their philosophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place shaded with groves, on the banks of the river Ilissus; and which, as it once belonged to a perfon called Academus, was called after his name, the Academy. Aristotle chose another spot of a similar character, where there were trees and shade; a spot called the Lyceum. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, distinguished from other buildings of that sort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polycrates and Myro, two capital masters of that transcendent period. Epicurus addressed his hearers in those well-known gardens called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of these places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Plato's philosophy took its name of Academic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word signifying a portico.

The system indeed of Aristotle was not denominated from the place, but was called Peripatetic,
Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he discoursed. The term Epicurean philosophy needs no explanation.

Open air, shade, water, and pleasant walks, seem above all things to favour that exercise the body suited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking, without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford may teach my own countrymen the truth of this assertion, and best explain how Horace lived, while a student at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

Thrice places of public institution were called among the Greeks by the name of Gymnasia, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all those exercises, and all those arts which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being consisting of both, the Greeks could not consider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their Gymnasia, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two statues, those of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accomplishments being patronized (as they supposed) by the God of strength, the mental accomplishments, by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, scarce deserve the name upon this extensive plan, if the professors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horses.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accomplishment that Athens was celebrated (as we have said) during many centuries, long after her political influence was lost, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydæ, immediately sprang up. Athens then, though she still maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their insolvency. Antipater destroyed her orators, and she was sacked by Demetrius. At length she became subject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her severest enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumstance could not escape the witty Athenians: they described him in a verse, and ridiculously said,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, sprinkled with meal.

The devellations and carnage which he caused soon after, gave them too much reason to repent their farceam.

The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey soon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them side with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæsar conquered. But Cæsar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made so amiable a part of his character, he diffimied them, by a fine allusion to their illustrious ancestors, saying, "that he spared the living for the sake of the dead."

Another storm followed soon after this, the wars of Brutus and Cælius with Augustus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forfake them; they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus, and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privileges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to shew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hitherto that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The feats of philosophers which we have already described, were still existing when St. Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire
admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublime spirit of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets.

Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the residence of philosophers, and the institution of youth. Men of rank and fortune found pleasure in a retreat which contributed so much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correspondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attachment to this city and country, had attained such a perfection in its arts and language, that he acquired to himself the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be said to have lived during times of the worst and cruellest factions. His youth was spent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the sanguinary scenes that followed; and when he was old, he saw the proscriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet though Cicero and a multitude more of the best men perished, he had the good fortune to survive every danger. Nor did he seek a safety for himself alone; his virtue so recommended him to the leaders of every side, that he was able to save not himself alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well suppose, that it was not merely for amusement that he chose to live at Athens; but rather that, by residing there, he might so far realize philosophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for oration.

Another person, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus), was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this person I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the last name from the same reasons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that vicissitudes befal both men and cities, and changes too often happen from prosperous to adverse. Such was the fate of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and so on from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we learn so from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The gods, it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege.


Synesius, who lived in the fifth century, visited Athens, and gives, in his epistles, an account of his visit. Its latte appears at that time to have been greatly diminished. Among other things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the seat of Stoics, had, by an oppressive profligate, been despoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devastation, it had been forsaken by those philosophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Greek empire was cruelly oppressed by the crusaders, and all things in confusion, Athens was besieged by one Segurus Leo, who was able to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montserrat, to whom it surrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was sometimes under the Venetians, sometimes under the Catalanians, till Mahomet the Great made himself master of Constantinople. This fatal catastrophe (which happened near two thousand years after the time of Pififtratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whose despotic yoke it has continued ever since.

The city from this time has been occasionally visited, and descriptions of it published by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spen, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have published curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this island as foreigners, have been there since, and some have given (as Monfr. Le Roy) spirited publications of what we are to supposè they saw. None however have equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr. Stuart, who after having resided there between three and four years, has given such plans and elevations of the capital buildings now standing, together with learned comments to elucidate every part, that he seems, as far as was possible for the power of description, to have restored the city to its ancient splendour.

He has not only given us the greater outlines
lines and their measures, but separate meas-
ures and drawings of the minuter decor-
ations; so that a British artist may (if he
please) follow Phidias, and build in Britain
as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon, speaking of Attica, says, * that
the road near Athens was pleasing, and the
very peacants polished.* Speaking of the
Athenians in general, he says of them—
"they are polite, of fine nature, &
beaucoup d'adresse in toutes les affaires,
qu'ils entreprisent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow-traveller,
says as follows, when he and his company
approached Athens: "We began now to
think ourselves in a more civilized country
than we had yet past: for not a shepherd
that we met, but bid us welcome, and
wished us a good journey." p. 353. Speak-
ing of the Athenians, he adds, "This
must with great truth be said of them, their
fortune hath not been able to take from
them what they have by nature, that is,
much subtlety or wit." p. 347. And
again, "The Athenians, notwithstanding
the long possession that barbarism hath had
of this place, seem to be much more po-
lished, in point of manners and conversa-
tion, than any other in these parts; being
civil, and of respectful behaviour to all,
and highly complimentary in their discourse.
"p. 356.

Stuart says of the present Athenians,
what Spon and Wheeler said of their fore-
fathers;—he found in them the same ad-
дрес, the same natural acuteness, though
severely curbed by their despotic masters.

One custom I cannot omit. He tells me,
that frequently at their convivial meetings,
one of the company takes what they now
call a lyre, though it is rather a species of
guitar, and after a short prelude on the in-
strument, as if he were waiting for inspira-
tion, accompanies his instrunmental music
with his voice, suddenly chanting some ex-
tempore verses, which seldom exceed two
or three strophics; that he then delivers the
lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has
done the same, delivers it to another; and
that fo the lyre circulates, till it has paft
round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that,
notwithstanding the various fortune of
Athens, as a city, Attica was still famous for
Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey.
Human institutions perish, but Nature is
permanent.

Harris.

§ 211. Anecdote of the Modern GREEKS.
I shall quit the Greeks, after I have re-
lated a short narrative; a narrative, so far
curious, as it helps to prove, that even
among the present Greeks, in the day of
servitude, the remembrance of their ancient
glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anfon (Lord Anfon's
brother) was upon his travels in the East,
hit hired a vessel to visit the island of Tenedos.
His pilot, an old Greek, as they were fall-
ing along, said with some satisfaction,
"There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anfon
demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!"
replied the old man (a little piqued at the
question) "why our Grecian fleet at the
sige of Troy.*"

Ibid.

§ 212. On the different Modes of History.

The modes indeed of history appear to
be different. There is a mode which we
may call historical declamation; a mode,
where the author, dwelling little upon facts,
indulges himself in various and copious re-
flections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived
from this method, it is not likely to give
us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is that which I call general
or rather public history; a mode abundant
in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles
and sieges, marches and retreats, are accu-
rate and distinctly written; together with dates,
description, tables, plans, and all the colla-
teral helps both of chronology and geo-
graphy.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet
the sameness of the events resembles not a
little the sameness of human bodies. One
head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem
equally to characterize an European and an
African; a native of old Rome, and a na-
tive of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is
that which gives a sample of sentiments and
manners.

If the account of these last be faithful, it
cannot fail being instructive, since we view
through these the interior of human nature.
'Tis by these we perceive what sort of ani-
mal man is: so that while not only Euro-
peans are distinguished from Asiatics, but
English from French, French from Italians,
and (what is still more) every individual
from his neighbour; we view at the same
time one nature, which is common to them
all.

Horace informs us, that a drama, where
the sentiments and manners are well pre-
* This story was told the author, Mr. Harris,
by Mr. Anfon himself.
served, will please the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic composition, is not less true in historical.

Plutarch, among the Greek historians, appears in a peculiar manner to have merited this praise.

Nor ought I to omit (as I shall soon refer to them) some of our best Monkish historians, though prone upon occasion to degenerate into the incredible. As they often lived during the times which they described, 'twas natural they should paint the life and the manners which they saw.

Harris.

§ 213. Concerning Natural Beauty; its Idea the same in all Times.—Thessalian Temple.—Taste of Virgil, and Horace—of Milton, in describing Paradise—exhibited of late years first in Pictures—hence transferred to English Gardens—not wanting to the enlightened Few of the middle Age—proved in Leland, Petrarch, and Sannazarius.—Comparison between the Younger Cyrus, and Philip le Bel of France.

Let us pass for a moment from the elegant works of Art, to the more elegant works of Nature. The two subjects are so nearly allied, that the same taste usually refines them both.

Now there is nothing more certain, than that the face of inanimate nature has been at all times captivating. The vulgar, indeed, look no farther than to scenes of culture, because all their views merely terminate in utility. They only remark, that 'tis fine barley; that 'tis rich clover; as an ox or an as, if they could speak, would inform us. But the liberal have nobler views; and though they give to culture its due praise, they can be delighted with natural beauties, where culture was never known.

 Ages ago they have celebrated with enthusiastic rapture, "a deep retired vale, "with a river rushing through it; a vale "having its sides formed by two immense "and opposite mountains, and those sides "diversified by woods, precipices, rocks, "and romantic caverns." Such was the scene produced by the river Penceus, as it ran between the mountains Olympus and Ossa, in that well-known vale the Thessalian Temple.

Virgil and Horace, the first for taste among the Romans, appear to have been enamoured with the beauties of this character. Horace prayed for a villa, where there was a garden, a rivulet, and above these a little grove:

\[ \text{Hortus ubi et te&ctus jugus aquae fons,} \]
\[ \text{Et paulum sylva super his forset.} \]

Sat. VI. 2.

Virgil wished to enjoy rivers and woods, and to be hid under an immense shade in the cool valleys of mount Hymus—

—O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hamni
Siflatis, et ingenti ramorum proteget umbra?

Georg. II. 436.

The great elements of this species of beauty, according to these principles, were water, wood, and uneven ground; to which may be added a fourth, that is to say, lawn. 'Tis the happy mixture of these four that produces every scene of natural beauty, as 'tis a more myserious mixture of other elements (perhaps as simple, and not more in number) that produces a world or universe.

Virgil and Horace having been quoted, we may quote, with equal truth, our great countryman, Milton. Speaking of the flowers of Paradise, he calls them flowers,

—whicb not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Pours forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

P. L. IV. 245.

Soon after this he subjoins—

—this was the place,
A happy rural feast, of various view.

He explains this variety, by recounting the lawns, the flocks, the hillocks, the valleys, the grots, the waterfalls, the lakes, &c. &c. And in another book, describing the approach of Raphael, he informs us, that this divine meffenger paft

—through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, caffia, nard, and balm,
A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets,
Wild above rule or art, enormous blys!—

IV. 292.

The painters in the preceding century seem to have felt the power of these elements, and to have transferred them to their landscapes with such amazing force, that they appear not so much to have followed as to have emulated nature. Claude de Lorraine, the Pouffins, Salvator Rosa, and a few more, may be called superior artists in this exquisite taste.

Our gardens in the mean time were tatte-

leis
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book II.

---que in primis mihi grata ministrat
Otia, Mufarumque caus per faxa latebras,
Mergillina; novus fandum ubi crista flores
Citria, Medorum sacros referentia lucos.

Ejusd. De partu Virgin. III. l. 1. fin.

De Fonte Mergillino.

Eft mihi rivo vitreus perenni
Font.; arenofum prope litus, undus
Sapè defendens fibi nauta rores
Haurit amicos, &c.

Ejusd. Epigr. II. 36.

It would be difficult to translate these elegant moraes.—It is sufficient to express what they mean, collectively—" that the " villa of Mergillina had solitary woods; " had groves of laurel and citron; had " grottos in the rock, with rivulets and " springs; and that from its lofty situation " it looked down upon the sea, and com- " manded an extensive prospect."

It is no wonder that such a villa should enanour such an owner. So frong was " his affection for it, that when, during the " subsequent wars in Italy, it was demolished " by the imperial troops, this unfortunate " event was supposed to have hastened his " end.

Vaucluse (Vallis Claufa) the favourite "retreat of Petrarch, was a romantic scene, "not far from Avignon.

" It is a valley, having on each hand, " as you enter, immense cliffs, but closed " up at one of its ends by a semicircular " ridge of them; from which incident it " derives its name. One of the most fu- " pendous of these cliffs stands in the front " of the semicircle, and has at its foot an " opening into an immense cavern. Within " the most retired and gloomy part of this " cavern is a large oval basin, the produc- " tion of nature, filled with pellicud and " unfathomable water; and from this re- " servoir issue a river of respectable mag- " nitude, dividing, as it runs, the meadows " beneath, and winding through the pre- " cipices that impend from above."

This is an imperfect sketch of that spot, "where Petrarch spent his time with so much " delight, as to say that this alone was life to " him, the rest but a state of punishment.

In the two preceding narratives I seem to " see an anticipation of that taste for natural " beauty, which now appears to flourish " through Great Britain in such perfection. " It is not to be doubted that the owner of " Mergillina would have been charmed with " Mount Edgecum; and the owner of Vau- " cluse have been delighted with Piercefield.

---les and insipid. Those who made them "thought the farther they wandered from na- "ture, the nearer they approached the sublime. "Unfortunately, where they travelled, no "sublime was to be found; and the farther "they went, the farther they left it behind.

But perfection, alas! was not the work of "a day. Many prejudices were to be re- "moved; many gradual acents to be made; "acents from bad to good, and from good to "better, before the delicious amenities of a "Claude or a Poussin could be rivalled in a "Stour-head, a Hagley, or a Stow; or the "tremendous charms of a Salvator Rosa be "equalled in the scenes of a Piercefield, or a "Mount Edgecum.

Not however to forget the subject of our "inquiry.—Though it was not before the "present century, that we established a chaster "taste; though our neighbours at this instant "are but learning it from us; and though to "the vulgar every where it is totally incom- "prehensible (be they vulgar in rank, or vul- "gar in capacity): yet, even in the darkest "periods we have been treating, periods "when taste is often thought to have been "lost, we shall still discover an enlightened "few, who were by no means insensible to "the power of these beauties.

How warmly does Leland describe Guy's "Cliff; Sannazarius, his villa of Mergilline; "and Petrarch, his favourite Vaucluse!

Take Guy's Cliff from Leland in his own "old English, mixt with Latin—" It is a "place meet for the Mufes; there is fy- "rence; a praty wood; antra in vivo faxo "(grottos in the living rock); the river "rolling over the fones with a praty "noyfe." His Latin is more elegant— "Nemofculum ibidem opacum, fontes li- "quid ti gemmi, prata, florida, antra "mufca, rivi levis et per faxa decursus, "necon solitudo et quies Mufis amicis- "fima."—Vol. iv. p. 66.

Mergilline, the villa of Sannazarius, near "Naples, is thus sketched in different parts "of his poems:

Excip in scopulo, faxus unde aurea canos
Defpidiens, cello fe culmine Mergilline
Attollit, navitute procul venientibus offerit.

Sannaz. De partu Virgin. i. 25.

Rupis O! sacra, pelagique cuftos,
Villa, Nympharum cuftos et propinuæ
Doridos—
Tu mihi folos nemorum receffus
Das, et harentes per opaca laures
Saxa: Tu, fontes, Aganippedumque
Antra recludis.

Ejusd. Epigr. i. 2.
When we read in Xenophon, that the younger Cyrus had with his own hand planted trees for beauty, we are not surprised, though pleased with the story, as the age was polished, and Cyrus an accomplished prince. But when we read, that in the beginning of the 14th century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, qui a été gardé pour sa beauté, which had been preferred for its beauty; though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised, that the prince should at such a period have been so far enlightened.

Harris.

§ 214. Superior Literature and Knowledge both of the Greek and Latin Clergy, whence—Barbarity and Ignorance of the Laity, whence.—Samples of Lay Manners, in a Story from Anna Comnena's History.—Church Authority ingenuously employed to check Barbarity—the same Authority employed for other good Purposes—to save the poor Jews—to stop Trials by Battle.—More suggested concerning Lay Manners.—Fidelity of the Northern Laymen, whence—different Causes assigned.—Inventions during the dark Ages—great, though the Inventors often unknown.—Inference arising from these Inventions.

Before I quit the Latins, I shall subjoin two or three observations on the Europeans in general.

The superior characters for literature here enumerated, whether in the Western or Eastern Christendom (for it is of Christendom only we are now speaking) were by far the greatest part of them ecclesiastics.

In this number we have selected from among the Greeks the patriarch of Constantinople, Photius; Michael Psellos; Eufebius and Eufratius, both of episcopal dignity; Planudes; Cardinal Beffario—from among the Latins, venerable Bede; Gerbertus, afterwards Pope Silvester the Second; Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland; Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours; Peter Abelard; John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres; Roger Bacon; Francis Petrarch; many Monkish historians; Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, &c.

Something has been already said concerning each of these, and other ecclesiastics. At present we shall only remark, that it was necessary, from their very profession, that they should read and write; accomplishments at that time usually confined to themselves.

Those of the Western Church were obliged to acquire some knowledge of Latin; and for Greek, to those of the Eastern Church it was still (with a few corruptions) their native language.

If we add to these preparations their mode of life, which, being attended most with a decent competence, gave them immense leisure; it was not wonderful that, among such a multitude, the more meritorious should emerge and soar, by dint of genius, above the common herd. Similar effects proceed from similar causes. The learning of Egypt was poifled by their priests; who were likewise left from their institution to a life of leisure.

For the laity, on the other side, who, from their mean education, wanted all these requisites, they were in fact no better than what Dryden calls them, a tribe of Iffachar; a race, from their cradle bred in barbarity and ignorance.

A sample of these illustrious laymen may be found in Anna Comnena's history of her father Alexius, who was Grecian emperor in the eleventh century, when the first Crusade arrived at Constantinople. So promiscuous a rout of rude adventurers could not fail of giving umbrage to the Byzantine court, which was stately and ceremonious, and conscious withal of its internal debility.

After some altercation, the court permitted them to pass into Asia through the Imperial territories, upon their leaders taking an oath of fealty to the emperor.

What happened at the performance of this ceremonial, is thus related by the fair historian above mentioned.

"All the commanders being assembled, and Godfrey of Bulloign himself among the rest, as soon as the oath was finished, one of the counts had the audaciousness to feast himself beside the emperor upon his throne. Earl Baldwin, one of their own people, approaching, took the count by the hand, made him rife from the throne, and rebuked him for his insolence.

"The count rose, but made no reply, except it was in his own unknown jargon, to mutter abuse upon the emperor.

"When all things were dispatched, the emperor sent for this man, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and of what lineage—His answer was as follows—I am a genuine Frank, and in the number of their nobility. One thing I know, which is, that in a certain part of the country I came from, and in a place where three ways meet, there stands an ancient..."
ancient church, where every one who
has a desire to engage in single combat,
having put himself into fighting order,
comes, and there implores the assistance
of the Deity, and then waits in expecta-
tion of some one that will dare attack
him. On this spot I myself waited a
long time, expecting and seeking some
one that would arrive and fight me. But
the man, that would dare this, was no
where to be found.

"The emperor, having heard this
strange narrative, replied pleasantly—
"If at the time when you fought war, you
could not find it, a season is now coming
in which you will find wars enough. I
therefore give you this advice; not to
place yourself either in the rear of the
army, or in the front, to keep
among those who support the centre; for
"I have long had knowledge of the Turkish
method in their wars."

This was one of those counts, or barons,
the petty tyrants of Western Europe; men,
who, when they were not engaged in gen-
eral wars (such as the ravaging of a neigh-
bouring kingdom, the massacring of in-
dels, heretics, &c.) had no other method
of filling up their leisure, than, through
help of their valets, by waging war upon
one another.

And here the humanity and wisdom of
the church cannot enough be admired, when
by her authority (which was then
mighty) she endeavoured to shorten that
scene of bloodshed, which she could not
totally prohibit. The truce of God (a
name given it purposely to render the mea-
sure more solemn) enjoined these ferocious
beings, under the terrors of excommuni-
cation, not to fight from Wednesday even-
ing to Monday morning, out of reverence
to the mysteries accomplished on the other
days; the ascension on Thursday; the
crucifixion on Friday; the defeat to hell on
Saturday; and the resurrection on Sunday.

I hope a farther observation will be par-
doned, when I add that the fame humanity
prevailed during the fourteenth century, and
that the terrors of church power were then
held forth with an intent equally laudable.
A dreadful plague at that period defolated
all Europe. The Germans, with no better
reason than their own fanatical superstition,
imputed this calamity to the Jews, who
then lived among them in great opulence and
splendour. Many thousands of thes
unhappy people were inhumanly massacred,
and the popa benevolently interfered, and
prohibited, by the severest bulls, so mad
and fanguinary a proceeding.

I could not omit two such salutary exer-
tions of church power, as they both occur
within the period of this inquiry. I might
add a third, I mean the opposing and en-
devouring to check that abfurdefl of all
practices, the trial by battle, which Spel-
man expressly tells us, that the church in
all ages condemned.

It must be confessed, that the fact juft re-
lated, concerning the unmannered count,
at the court of Constantinople, is rather
against the order of Chronology, for it hap-
pened during the first crusades. It serves,
however, to shew the manners of the Latin,
or Western laity, in the beginning of that
holy war. They did not in a succession of
years, grow better, but worse.

It was a century after, that another cru-
sade, in their march against the infidels, facked
this very city; deposed the then emperor;
and committed devastations, which no one
would have committed but the moft igno-
 rant, as well as cruel barbarians.

But a question here occurs, easier to pro-
tape than to answer—"To what are we to
attribute this character of ferocity, which
seems to have them prevailed through the
laity of Europe?"

Shall we say it was climate, and the
nature of the country?—These, we must
confess, have, in some instances, great in-
fuence.

The Indians, seen a few years since by
Mr. Byron in the southern parts of South
America, were brutal and savage to an
enormous excess. One of them, for a tri-
val offence, murdered his own child (an
infant) by daibing it against the rocks.—
The Cyclopes, as described by Homer,
were much of the fame fort; each of them
gave law to his own family, without regard
for one another; and besides this, they were
Atheifs and Man-eaters.

May we not suppose, that a stormy sea,
with a frozen, barren, and inhospita-
ble shore, might work on the imagina-
tion of these Indians, fo as, by banishing
all pleasing and benign ideas, to fill them
with habitual gloom, and a propensity to
be cruel?—Or might not the tremendous
scenes of Etna have a like effect upon
the Cyclopes, who lived amid smoke, thun-
derings, eruptions of fire, and earthquakes?
If we may believe Fazelius, who wrote up-
on Sicily about two hundred years ago, the
inhabitants near Etna were in his time a
fimilar race.
If therefore these limited regions had such an effect upon their natives, may not a similar effect be prejudiced from the vast regions of the North? may not its cold, barren, uncomfortable climate, have made its numerous tribes equally rude and savage?

If this be not enough, we may add another cause, I mean their profound ignorance. Nothing mends the mind more than culture; to which these emigrants had no desire, either from example or education, to lend a patient ear.

We may add a farther cause still, which is, that when they had acquired countries better than their own, they settled under the same military form through which they had conquered; and were in fact, when settled, a sort of army after a campaign, quartered upon the wretched remains of the ancient inhabitants, by whom they were attended under the different names of serfs, vaflalls, villains, &c.

It was not likely the ferocity of these conquerors should abate with regard to their vaffals, whom, as strangers, they were more likely to suspect than to love.

It was not likely it should abate with regard to one another, when the neighbourhood of their castles, and the contiguity of their territories, must have given occasions (as we learn from history) for endless altercation. But this we leave to the learned in feudal tenures.

We shall add to the preceding remarks, one more, somewhat singular, and yet perfectly different; which is, that though the darknes in Western Europe, during the period here mentioned, was (in Scripture language) "a darknes that might be felt," yet it is surprising, that during a period so obscure, many admirable inventions found their way into the world; I mean such as clocks, telescopes, paper, gunpowder, the mariner's needle, printing, and a number here omitted.

It is surprising too, if we consider the importance of these arts, and their extensive utility, that it should be either unknown, or at least doubtful, by whom they were invented.

A lively fancy might almost imagine, that every art, as it was wanted, had suddenly flarted forth, addressing those that fought it, as Eneas did his companions—

—Coram, quem quæratis, aedium. Virg.

And yet, fancy apart, of this we may be assured, that though the particular inventors may unfortunately be forgotten, the inventions themselves are clearly referable to man; to that subtle and active principle, human wit, or ingenuity.

Let me then submit the following query—

If the human mind be as truly of divine origin as every other part of the universe; and if every other part of the universe bear testimony to its author; do not the inventions above mentioned give us reason to assert, that God, in the operations of man, never leaves himself without a witness?

Harris.

§ 215. Opinions on Past Ages and the Present.—Conclusion arising from the Discussion of these Opinions.—Conclusion of the Whole.

And now having done with the Middle Age, we venture to say a word upon the Present.

Every past age has in its turn been a present age. This indeed is obvious, but this is not all; for every past age, when present, has been the object of abuse. Men have been reprefented by their contemporaries not only as bad, but degenerate; as inferior to their predecessors both in morals and bodily powers.

This is an opinion so generally received, that Virgil (in conformity to it) when he would express former times, calls them simply better, as if the term, better, implied former of course.

His genus antiquum Teucr, pulcherrima proles, Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis. 

Æn. vi. 648.

The same opinion is ascribed by Homer to old Neftor, when that venerable chief speaks of those heroes whom he had known in his youth. He relates some of their names. Perithous, Dryas, Cænus, Theus; and some also of their exploits; as how they had extirpated the savage Centaurs. —He then subjoins,

—καίνετσαι δ' ἂν ὡς κρατεῖς,  
Τῶν οίδ' ζαμηνίων οἴκετές, μαζισόμενοι.  
In. A. 271.

—with thee no one
Of earthly race, as men are now, could fight.

As these heroes were supposed to exceed in strength those of the Trojan war, fo were the heroes of that period to exceed those that came after. Hence, from the time of the Trojan war to that of Homer, we learn that human strength was decreased by a complete half.

Thus
Thus the fame Homer,

Then grasped Titydes in his hand a stone,
A bulk immense, which not two men could bear,
As men are now, but he alone with ease
Hurl'd at——

Virgil goes farther, and tells us, that not twelve men of his time (and to whom too chozen ones) could even carry the stone which Turnus flung:

Vix illud lefit bis sex service suburent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus:
Ille manu raptum trepidat torquebat in hoftem.
Æn. xii. 899.

Thus human strength, which in Homer's time was lefseen to half, in Virgil's time was lefseen to a twelfth. If strength and bulk (as commonly happens) be proportioned, what pygmies in stature must the men of Virgil's time have been, when their strength, as he informs us, was so far diminished! A man only eight times as strong (and not, according to the poet, twelve times) must at least have been between five and six feet higher than they were.

But we all know the privilege claimed by poets and painters.

It is in virtue of this privilege that Horace, when he mentions the moral degeneracies of his contemporaries, afferts that "their fathers were worse than their grand-fathers; that they were worse than their fathers; and that their children would be worse than they were;" describing no fewer, after the grandfather, than three successions of degeneracy:

Ætas parentum, pèròr avis, tuit
Nos nequiores, max datus
Progeniam vitioforum.

Hor. Od. L. iii. 6.

We need only ask, were this a fact, what would the Romans have been, had they degenerated in this proportion for five or six generations more?

Yet Juvenal, subsequent to all this, supposes a similar progression; a progress in vice and infamy, which was not complete till his own times.

Then truly we learn, it could go no farther:

Nil erit ulterior, nostris quod moribus addat
Poteritas, &c.
Omne in precipit vi tum fet tus, &c.

Sat. i. 147, &c.

But even Juvenal, it seems, was mistaken, bad as we must allow his times to have been. Several centuries after, without regard to Juvenal, the same doctrine was inculcated with greater zeal than ever.

When the Western empire began to decline, and Europe and Africa were ravaged by barbarians, the calamities then happening (and formidable they were) naturally led men, who felt them, to esteem their own age the worst.

The enemies of Christianity (for Paganism was not then extinct) absurdly turned these calamities to the discredit of the Christian religion, and said, the times were so unhappy, because the gods were dishonoured, and the ancient worship neglected. Orosius, a Christian, did not deny the melancholy facts, but, to obviate an objection so dishonourable to the true religion, he endeavours to prove from historians, both sacred and profane, that calamities of every sort had existed in every age, as many and as great as those that existed then.

If Orosius has reafoned right (and his work is an elaborate one) it follows, that the lamentations made then, and made ever since, are no more than natural declamations incidental to man; declamations naturally arising (let him live at any period) from the superior efficacy of present events upon present sensations.

There is a præife belonging to the past, congenial with this cenere; a præife formed from negatives, and best illustrated by examples.

Thus a declaimer might affect, (supposing he had a wifh, by exalting the eleventh century, to debafe the prezent) that "in the time of the Norman conqueror we had no routs, no ridottos, no Newmarket, no candidates to bribe, no voters to be bribed, &c." and itting on negatives, as long as he thought proper.

What then are we to do, when we hear such panegyric?—Are we to deny the facts?—That cannot be.—Are we to admit the conclusion?—That appears not quite agreeable.—No method is left, but to compare evils with evils; the evils of 1066 with those of 1780; and see whether the former age had not evils of its own, such as the present never experienced, because they do not now exist.

We may allow the evils of the present day to be real—we may even allow that a much larger number might have been added—but then we must allege evils, by way of return,
return, felt in those days severely, but now not felt at all.

We may affert, "we have not now, as "happened then, seen our country con- "quered by foreign invaders, nor our pro- "perty taken from us, and distributed "among the conquerors; nor ourselves, "from freemen, debased into slaves; nor "our rights submitted to unknown laws, "imported, without our consent, from "foreign countries."

Should the fame reaflonings be urged in "favour of times nearly as remote, and other "imputations of evil be brought, which, "though well known now; did not then exit, "we may still retort that—"we are no longer "now, as they were then, subject to feudal "oppression; nor dragged to war, as they "were then, by the petty tyrant of a "neighbouring castle; nor involved in "scenes of blood, as they were then, and "that for many years, during the unin- "teresting disputes between a Stephen and "a Maud."

Should the fame declamer pass to a later "period, and praise, after the fame manner, "the reign of Henry the Second, we have "then to retort, "that we have now no Be- "ketts." Should he proceed to Richard "the Firft, "that we have now no holy wars "—to John Lackland, and his fon Henry, "that we have now no barons wars"—and "with regard to both of them, "that, though "we enjoy at this instant all the benefits of "Magna Charta, we have not been com- "pelled to purchase them at the price of "our blood."

A series of convulsions brings us, in a "few years more, to the wars between the "houses of York and Lancaster—thence from "the fall of the Lancatter family to the ca- "lamities of the York family, and its final de- "truction in Richard the Third—thence to the "oppressive period of his avaricious suc- "ceflor; and from him to the formidable "reign of his relentles fon, when neither the "coronet, nor the mitre, nor even the crown, "could protect their wearers; and when (to "the amazement of polterity) thofe, by whom "church authority was denied, and thofe, by "whom it was maintained, were dragged to- "gether to Smithfield, and burnat one and the "same flake.

The reign of his successor was short and "turpid, and fon followed by the gloomy "one of a bigotted woman. We stop here, thinking we have instances "enough. 'Thofe, who hear any portion of these past times praiied for the invidious "purpose above mentioned, may answer by "thus retorting the calamities and crimes "which exited at the time praiied, but which "now exit no more. A true estimate can "never be formed, but in confequence of "such a comparison; for if we drop the "laudable, and alledge only the bad, or drop "the bad, and alledge only the laudable, "there is no age, whatever its real character, "but may be made to pass at pleafure either "for a good one, or a bad one.

If I may be permitted in this place to "add an obervation, it shall be an oberva- "tion founded upon many years experience. "I have often heard declamations againft the "prefent race of men; declamations againft "them, as if they were the worst of animals; "treacherous, falfc, felfifh, envious, oppref- "five, tyrannical, &c. &c. This (I fay) I "have often heard from grave declamers, and "have heard the fervent delivered with a "kind of oracular pomp.—Yet I never heard "any fuch declamer fay (what would have "been sincere at leaft, if it had been nothing "more) "I prove my affertion by an example "where I cannot err; I affert myself to be "the wretch I have been juft describing."

So far from this, it would be perhaps "dangerous to ask him, even in a gentle "whisper—"You have been talking, with "much confidence, about certain profligate "beings—Are you certain, that you yourself "are not one of the number?"

I hope I may be pardoned for the following "anecdotc, although compelled, in re- "lating it, to make myself a party.

"Sitting once in my library with a "friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I "read to him, out of a book, the following "passage—

"In our time it may be spoken more "truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the "church is under foot; the clergy is in "error; the devil reigneth, &c. &c. My "friend interrupted me with a figh, and "said, Alas! how true! How juft a pic- "ture of the times!—I talked him, of what "times?—Of what times? replied he with "emotion; can you fuppofe any other but "the prefent? were any before ever fo "bad, fo corrupt, &c. &c.?—Forgive me "(faid I) for talking you—the times I am "reading of are older than you imagine; "the fervent was delivered about four "hundred years ago; its author Sir John "Mandeville, who died in 1371."

As man is by nature a sociai animal, "good-humour seems an ingredient highly "neccessary to his character. It is the falt "which
which gives a seazoning to the feast of life; and which, if it be wanting, surely renders the feast incomplete. Many causes contribute to impair this amiable quality, and nothing perhaps more than bad opinions of mankind. Bad opinions of mankind naturally lead us to Misanthropy. If these bad opinions go farther; and are applied to the univerfe, then they lead to something worse, for they lead to Atheifm. The melancholy and morofe character being thus infensibly formed, morals and piety sink of course; for what equals have we to love, or what superior have we to revere, when we have no other objects left than those of hatred or cierror? It should seem then expedient, if we value our better principles, nay, if we value our own happiness, to withfand fuch dreary sentiments. It was the advice of a wife man—" Say not thou, what is the caufe that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Eccl. vii. 10.

Things prefent make impressions amaz-ingly superior to things remote; fo that, in objeets of every kind, we are easily miitaken as to their comparative magnitude. Upon the canvaf of the fame picture a near spar-row occupies the space of a distant eagle; a near mole-hill, that of a distant mountain. In the perpetration of crimes there are few persons, I believe, who would not be more shocked at actually seeing a fingle man affifinated (even taking away the idea of perfonal danger) than they would be shocked in reading the mafacre of Paris.

The wife man, juft quoted, wishes to fave us from these errors. He has already informed us—" The thing that hath been, is that which fhall be; and there is no new thing under the fun. Is there any thing whereof it may be faid, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." He then subjoins the caufe of this apparent novelty—things paf, when they return, appear new, if they are forgotten; and things prefent will appear fo, fhould they too be forgotten, when they re-turn. Eccl. i. 9. ii. 16.

This forgetfulness of what is fimilar in events which return (for in every returning event fuch fimilarity exits) is the forgetfulness of a mind uninstructed and weak; a mind ignorant of that great, that providen-tial circulation, which never ceases for a moment through every part of the univerfe.

It is not like that forgetfulness which I once remember in a man of letters; who when, at the conclusion of a long life, he found his memory began to fail, faid cheer-fully—" Now I fhall have a pleafure I could not have before; that of reading "my old books, and finding them all new."

There was in this conformation somethings philosophical and pleasing. And yet per-haps it is a higher philosophy (could we at-tain it) not to forget the past, but in con-templation of the part to view the future; fo that we may fay, on the worst prospects, with a becoming renunciation, what Enneas faid of old to the Cumean Prophets,——Virgin, no scenes of ill To me, or new, or unexpeeted rife; I've feen 'em all; have feen, and long before. Within myself revolv'd 'em in my mind. 

In fuch a condudt, if well founded, there is not only fortitude, but piety: Fortitude, which never sinks, from a confcientious integritv; and Piety, which never refifts, by referring all to the Divine Will. Harris. 

§ 216. The Character of the Man of Bu-niffes often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philofopher.

Philofophy, taking its name from the love of wisdom, and having for its end the investigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and speculation, in as much as truth of every kind is fimilar and congenial. Hence we find that fome of the moft illustrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philosophical speculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the difci-ple of Anaxogoras; Epaminondas fpent his youth in the Pythagorean school; Alexander the Great had Aristotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epifles, and the philosophical works of the firft, ferved him sufficiently converfant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when surrounded with bufinefs, that he used to read philosophy in the fenate-houfe, while the fenate was assembling; and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual scene of the moft im-portant actions, he found time not only to study, but to compofe a Treatife upon Virtue.

When thefe were gone, and the work of times succeded, Thraeea Patus, and Hel-vidius Priscus, were at the fame period both

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both senators and philosophers; and appear to have supported the severest trials of tyrannic oppression, by the manly system of the Stoic moral. The best emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved during his whole life in business of the last consequence; sometimes conspiracies forming, which he was obliged to dissipate; formidable wars arising at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of these periods did he forfake philosophy, but still persisted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments, gained by stealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we defend to later ages, and search our own country, we shall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the same time conspicuous for their speculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambassador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate statesman, that pattern of paradox and political accomplishments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves, and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And so much in defence of Philosophy, against those who may possibly undervalue her, because they have succeeded without her; those I mean (and it must be confessed they are many) who, having spent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themselves habits of amazing efficacy, unfitted by the helps of science and erudition. To such the retired student may appear an awkward being, because they want a just standard to measure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alluded; let them remember that these were eminent in their own way; were men of action and business; men of the world; and yet did they not disdain to cultivate philosophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the splendor of their active character. This reasoning has a farther end. It justifies me in the address of these philosophers, as your Lordship* has been distinguished in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Those who know the history of our foreign transactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany, by negotiations of the last importance: and those who are honoured with your nearer friendship, know that you can speculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and instruction.

It may not perhaps be unenteraining to your Lordship to see in what manner the Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion, for want of accurate disposition. It may be thought also a fact worthy your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unless he drew it from remotest sources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himself its inventor and original teacher. Harris.

§ 217. The Progressions of Art distinguished, the Completion beautiful.

Fables relate that Venus was wedded to Vulcan, the goddes of beauty to the god of deformity. The tale, as some explain it, gives a double representation of art; Vulcan shewing us the progressions of art, and Venus the completions. The progressions, such as the hewing of stone, the grinding of colours, the fusing of metals, these all of them are laborious, and many times dishonourable; the completions, such as the temple, the palace, the picture, the statue, these all of them are beauties, and justly call for admiration.

Now if logic be one of those arts, which help to improve human reason, it must necessarily be an art of the progressive character; an art which, not ending with itself, has a view to something farther. If then, in the speculations upon it, it should appear dry rather than elegant, severe rather than pleasing, let it plead, by way of defence, that, though its importance may be great, it partakes from its very nature (which cannot be changed) more of the deformed god, than of the beautiful goddess. Ibid.

§ 218. Thoughts on Elegance.

Having answered the objections usually

* Addressed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, &c.

Dd 2 brought
brought against a permanent sense of beauty, let us now proceed to fingle out the particular species or kinds of beauty; and begin with elegance of person, that so wonderfully elevates the human character.

Elegance, the most undoubted offspring and visible image of fine taste, the moment it appears, is universally admired: men disfavour about the other constituent parts of beauty, but they all unite without hesitation to acknowledge the power of elegance.

The general opinion is, that this most conspicuous part of beauty, that is perceived and acknowledged by every body, is yet utterly inexplicable, andretires from our search when we would discover what it is. Where shall I find the secret retreat of the graces, to explain to me the elegance they dictate, and to paint in visible colours the fugitive and varying enchantment that hovers round a graceful person, yet leaves us for ever in agreeable suspense and confusion? I need not seek for them, ma- dam; the graces are but emblems of the human mind, in its loveliest appearances; and while I write for you, it is impossible not to feel their influence.

Personal elegance, for that is the object of our present enquiry, may be defined the image and reflection of the grandeur and beauty of the invisible soul. Grandeur and beauty in the soul itself are not objects of sense; colours cannot paint them, but they are united to sentiments that appear visible; they bestow a noble meaning and importance of attitude, and diffuse inexpressible loveliness over the person.

When two or more passions or sentiments unite, they are not so readily distinguished, as if they had appeared separate; however, it is easy to observe, that the complacency and admiration we feel in the presence of elegant persons, is made up of respect and affection; and that we are disappointed when we see such persons act a base or indecent part. These symptoms plainly shew, that personal elegance appears to us to be the image and reflection of an elevated and beautiful mind. In some characters, the grandeur of soul is predominant; in whom beauty is majestic and awful. In this title is Mifs F——.

In other characters, a soft and attracting grace is more conspicuous: this latter kind is more pleasing, for an obvious reason. But elegance cannot exist in either alone, without a mixture of the other; for majesty without the beautiful, would be haughty and disgusting; and easy accessible beauty would lose the idea of elegance, and become an object of contempt.

The grandeur and beauty of the soul charm us universally, who have all of us implanted in our bosoms, even in the midst of misery, passions of high defect; immense ambition, and romantic hopes. You may conceive an imprisoned bird, whose wild notes, prompted by the approach of spring, gave her a confused notion of joy, although she has no distinct idea of airy flights and summer groves; so when man emerging from wretchedness assumes a nobler character, and the elevation of the human genius appears openly, we view, with secret joy and delightful amazement, the sure evidence and pledge of our dignity: the mind catches fire by a train that lies within itself, and expands with conscious pride and merit, like a generous youth over the images of his country's heroes. Of the softened and engaging part of elegance, I shall have occasion to speak at large hereafter.

Personal elegance or grace is a fugitive luflre, that never settles in any part of the body; you see it glance and disappear in the features and motions of a graceful person; it strikes your view; it shines like an exhalation: but the moment you follow it, the wandering flame vanishes, and immediately lights up something else: you may as well think of fixing the pleasing delusion of your dreams, or the colours of a dissolving rainbow.

You have arisen early at times, in the summer season, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning, to ride abroad. Let us suppose you have mistaken an hour or two, and just got out a few minutes before the rising of the sun. You see the fields and woods, that lay the night before in obscurity, attiring themselves in beauty and verdure; you see a profusion of brilliant flowers shinning in the dew; you see the trees gradually admitting the light into its pure bosom; and you hear the birds, which are awakened by a rapture, that comes upon them from the morning. If the eastern sky be clear, you see it glow with the promise of a flame that has not yet appeared; and if it be overcast with clouds, you see those clouds stained by a bright red, bordered with gold or silver, that by the changes appear volatile, and ready to vanish. How various and beautiful are those appearances, which are not the sun, but the distant effects of it over different objects.
jefts. In like manner the soul flings inexplicable charms over the human person and actions; but then the cause is less known, because the soul for ever shines behind a cloud, and is always retired from our senses.

You conceive why elegance is of a fugitive nature, and exists chiefly in motion: as it is communicated by the principle of action that governs the whole person, it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The curious eye with eagerness pursues the wandering beauty, which it sees with surprize at every turn, but is never able to overtake. It is a waving flame, that, like the reflection of the sun from water, never settles; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body; its different powers through attitude and motion seem to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arms, the legs, the breast, the neck, and in short the whole frame: but if grace has any fixed throne, it is in the face, the residence of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just diffusing into view.

Elegance assumes to itself an empire equal to that of the soul; it rules and inspires every part of the body, and makes use of all the human powers; but it particularly takes the passions under its charge and direction, and turns them into a kind of artillery, with which it does infinite execution.

The passions that are favourites with the graces are modestly, good-nature, particularly when it is heightened by a small colouring of affection into Pavimentos, and that fine languor which seems to be formed of a mixture of still joy and hope. Surprise, shame, and even grief and anger, have appeared pleasing under proper restrictions; for it must be observed, that all excess is shocking and disagreeable, and that even the most pleasing passions appear to most advantage when the tincture they cast over the countenance is enfeebled and gentle. The passions that are enemies to the graces are, impudence, affection, strong and harsh degrees of pride, malice, and avarice.

There is an union of the fine passions, but so delicate that you cannot conceive any one of them separate from the rest, called sensibility, which is requisite in an elegant deportment; it chiefly resides in the eye, which indeed is the seat of the passions.

I have spoken of the passions only as they are subservient to grace, which is the object of our present attention. The face is the mother country, if I may call it so, or the habitation of grace; and it visits the other parts of the body only as distant provinces, with some little partiality to the neck, and the fine bafis that supports it; but the countenance is the very palace in which it takes up its residence; it is there it revels through its various apartments: you see it wrapped in clouded majesty upon the brow; you discover it about the lips hardly rising to a smile, and vanishing in a moment, when it is rather perceived than seen; and then by the most engaging vicissitudes, it enlivens, flames, and dissolves in the eye.

You have, I suppose, all along observed, that I am not treating of beauty, which depends on different principles, but of that elegance which is the effect of a delicate and awakened taste, and in every kind of form is the enchantment that attracts and pleases universally, even without the affidance of any other charm; whereas without it no degree of beauty is charming. You have undoubtedly seen women lovely without much beauty, and handsome without being lovely; it is gracefulness causes this variation, and throws a lustre over disagreeable features, as the sun paints a shewery cloud with the colours of the rainbow.

I before remarked, that the grace of every elegant person is varied agreeably to the character and disposition of the person it beautifies; I am sensible you readily conceive the reason. Elegance is the natural habit and image of the soul beaming forth in action; it must therefore be expressed by the peculiar features, air, and disposition of the person; it must arise from nature, and flow with ease and a propriety that distinguishes it. The imitation of any particular person, however graceful, is dangerous, left the affection appear, but the unstudied elegance of nature is acquired by the example and conversation of several elegant persons of different characters, which people adapt to the import of their own gestures, without knowing how.

It is also because elegance is the reflection of the soul appearing in action, that good statues, and pictures drawn from life, are laid before the eye in motion. If you look at the old Gothic churches built in barbarous ages, you will see the statues reared up dead and inanimate against the walls.

I fail, at the beginning of this little discourse, that the beauty of drets results from
from mode or fashion, and it certainly does so in a great measure, but I must limit that assertion by the following observation, that there is also a real beauty in attire that does not depend on the mode: those robes which leave the whole person at liberty in its motions, and that give to the imagination the natural proportions and symmetry of the body, are always more becoming than such as restrain any part of the body, or in which it is lost and disfigured. You may easily imagine how a pair of frocks laced tightly about the Minerva we admired, would oppress the sublime beauty of her comportment and figure. Since persons of rank cannot chuse their own dresses, but must run along with the present fashion, the secret of dressing gracefully must consist in the slender variations that cannot be observed to defeat the fashion, and yet approach nearer to the complexion and import of the countenance, and that at the same time allow to the whole body the greatest possible freedom, ease, and imagery: by imagery I mean, that as a good painter will shew the effect of the muscles that do not appear to the eye, so a person skilful in dresses will display the elegance of the form, though it be covered and out of view. As the taste of dresses approaches to perfection, all art disappears, and it seems the effect of negligence and infuficient inattention; for this reason its beauties arise from the manner and general air rather than from the richness, which last, when it becomes too gross and oppressive, destroys the elegance. A brilliancy and parade in dresses is therefore the insalluble sign of bad taste, that in this contraband manner endeavours to make amends for the want of true elegance, and bears a relation to the heaps of ornament that encumbered the Gothic buildings. Apelles observing an Helen painted by one of his scholars, that was overcharged with a rich dress, "I find, young man," said he, "not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her fine."

Harsh and violent motions are always unbecoming. Milton attributes the same kind of motion to his angels that the Heavens did to their deities, soft sliding without step. It is impossible to preserve the attractions in a country dance that attend on a minuet; as the step quickens, the most delicate of the graces retire. The rule holds universally through all actions, whether quick or slow; it should always partake of the same polished and softened motion, particularly in the transitions of the countenance, where the genius of the person seems to hover and refine.

The degrees run very high upon the scale of elegance, and probably few have arrived near the highest pitch; but it is certain, that the idea of surprising beauty, that was familiar in Greece, has been hardly conceived by the moderns: many of their statues remain the objects of our admiration, but wholly superior to imitation; their pictures, that have funk in the wreck of time, appear in the descriptions made of them to have equal imaginations with the statues; and their poetry abounds with the same celestial imagery. But what puts this matter out of doubt is, that their celebrated beauties were the models of their artists, and it is known, that the elegancies of Thais and Phryne were copied by the famous painters of Greece, and consigned to canvas and marble to astonish and charm distant ages.

Personal elegance, in which taste assumes the most conspicuous and noble appearance, confuses us in our enquiries after it, by the quickness and variety of its changes, as well as by a complication that is not easily unravelled. I defined it to be the image and reflection of a great and beautiful soul; let us separate the distinct parts of this variety; when they appear asunder you will find them perfectly familiar and intelligible.

The first, and most respectable part that enters into the composition of elegance, is the lofty consciousnes of worth or virtue, which sustains an habitual decency, and becoming pride.

The second, and most pleasing part, is a display of good-nature approaching to affection, of gentle affability, and, in general, of the pleasing passions. It seems difficult to reconcile these two parts, and in fact it is so; but when they unite, then they appear like a revered and virgin kindness, that is at once noble and soft, that may be won, but must be courted with delicacy.

The third part of elegance is the appearance of a polished and tranquil habit of mind, that softens the actions and emotions, and gives a covert prospect of innocence and undisturbed repose. I will treat of these separate, and first of dignity of soul.

I observed, near the beginning of this discourse, in answer to an objection you made, that the mind has always a taste for truth, for gratitude, for generosity, and
and greatness of soul: these, which are peculiarly called sentiments, stamp upon the human spirit a dignity and worth not to be found in any other animated being. However great and surpassing the most glorious objects in nature be, the heaving ocean, the moon that guides it, and casts a softened lustre over the night, the flarre firmament, or the sun itself; yet their beauty and grandeur instantly appear of an inferior kind, beyond all comparison, to this of the soul of Man. These sentiments are united under the general name of virtue; and such are the embellishments they diffuse over the mind, that Plato, a very polite philosopher, says finely, “If Virtue was to appear in a visible shape, all men would be enamoured of her.”

Virtue and truth are inseparable, and take their flight together. A mind devoid of truth is a frightful wreck; it is like a great city in ruins, whose mouldring towers just bring to the imagination the mirth and life that once was there, and is now no more. Truth is the genius of taste, and enters into the essence of simple beauty, in wit, in writing, and throughout the fine arts.

Generosity covers almost all other defects, and raises a blaze around them in which they disappear and are lost: like sovereign beauty, it makes a short cut to our affections; it wins our hearts without resistance or delay, and unites all the world to favour and support its designs.

Grandeur of soul, fortitude, and a resolution that haughtily struggles with despair, and will neither yield to, nor make terms with misfortunes; which, through every situation, repose a noble confidence in itself, and has an immovable view to future glory and honour, astonishes the world with admiration and delight. We, as it were, lean forward with surprise and trembling joy to behold the human soul collecting its strength, and asserting a right to superior fates. When you leave man out of your account, and view the whole visible creation beside, you indeed see several traces of grandeur and unpeakable power, and the intermixture of a rich scene of beauty; yet still the whole appears to be but a follemn absurdity, and to have a littleness and insignificancy. But when you restore man to prospect, and put him at the head of it, endowed with genius and an immortal soul; when you give him a passion for truth, boundless views that spread along through eternity, and a fortitude that struggles with fate, and yields not to misfortunes, then the skies, the ocean, and the earth, take the stamp of worth and dignity from the noble inhabitant whose purposes they serve.

A mind fraught with the virtues is the natural foil of elegance. Unaffected truth, generosity, and grandeur of soul, for ever please and charm; even when they break from the common forms, and appear wild and unmethodized by education, they are still beautiful. On the contrary, as soon as we discover that outward elegance, which is formed by the mode, to want truth, generosity, or grandeur of soul, it instantly finis in our esteem like counterfeit coin, and we are sensible of a reluctant disapprobation, like that of the lover in the epigram, who became enamoured with the lady’s voice and the softness of her hand in the dark, but was cured of his passion as soon as he had light to view her.

Let us now pass on to the most pleasing part of elegance, an habitual display of the kind and gentle passions.

We are naturally inclined to love those who bear an affection to us; and we are charmed with the homage that is paid to our merit: by these weaknesses politeness attacks us. The well-bred gentleman always in his behaviour infinuates a regard to others, tempered with respect. His attention to please confesses plainly his kindnefs to you, and the high esteem he holds you in. The assiduous prevention of our wishes, and that yielding sweetness complaisance puts on for our sake, are irresistable; and although we know this kind flattery to be prostitute and habitual, yet it is not indifferent to us; we receive it in a manner that shows how much it gratifies us.

The desire of being agreeable, finds out the art of being so without study or labour. Rustics who fall in love, grow unusually polite and engaging. This new charm, that has altered their natures, and suddenly endowed them with the powers of pleasing, is nothing more than an enlivened attention to please, that has taken possession of their minds, and tinted their actions. We ought not to wonder that love is thus enchanting: its tender affability is but the natural address of the passion; politeness borrows the flattering form of affection, and becomes agreeable by the appearance of kindnefs.

What pleases us generally appears beautiful. Complaisance, that is so engaging, gives an agreeableness to the whole person.
and creates a beauty that nature gave not to the features; it submits, it promises, it applauds in the countenance; the heart lays itself in smiles at your feet, and a voice that is indulgent and tender, is always heard with pleasure.

The last constituent part of elegance is the picture of a tranquil soul that appears in softening the actions and emotions, and exhibits a retired prospect of happiness and innocence.

A calm of mind that is seen in graceful easy action, and in the eneblement of our passions, gives us an idea of the golden age, when human nature, adorned with innocence, and the peace that attends it, reposed in the arms of content. This serene prospect of human nature always pleases us; and although the content, whose image it is, be visionary in this world, and we cannot arrive at it, yet it is the point in imagination we have finally in view, in all the pursuits of life, and the native home for which we do not cease to languish.

The sentiment of tranquility particularly beautifies pastoral poetry. The images of calm and happy quiet that appear in shaded groves, in silent vales, and lumber by falling streams, invite the poet to indulge his genius in rural scenes. The music that lulls and composes the mind, at the same time enchants it. The hue of this beautiful ease, cast over the human actions and emotions, forms a very delightful part of elegance, and gives the other constituent parts an appearance of nature and truth: for in a tranquil state of mind, undisturbed by wants or fears, the views of men are generous and elevated. From the combination of these fine parts, grandeur of soul, complacency, and ease, arise the enchantments of elegance; but the appearance of the two last are oftener found together, and then they form Politeness.

When we take a view of the separate parts that constitute personal elegance, we immediately know the seeds that are proper to be cherished in the infant mind, to bring forth the beauteous production. The virtues should be cultivated early with sacred care. Good-nature, modesty, affability, and a kind concern for others, should be carefully inculcated; and an easy unconstrained dominion acquired by habit over the passions. A mind thus finely prepared, is capable of the highest lustre of elegance; which is afterwards attained with as little labour as our first language, by only associating with grateful people of different characters, from whom an habitual gracefulness will be acquired, that will bear the natural unaffected stamp of our own minds; in short, it will be our own character and genius stripped of its native rudeness, and enriched with beauty and attraction.

Nature, that beffows her favours without respect of persons, often denies to the great the capacity of distinguished elegance, and flings it away in obscure villages. You sometimes see it at a country fair spread an amiability over a sun-burnt girl, like the light of the moon through a mist; but such, madam, is the necessity of habitual elegance acquired by education and converse, that if even you were born in that low clafs, you could be no more than the fairest damsel at the may-pole, and the object of the hope and jealousy of a few ruffians.

People are rendered totally incapable of elegance by the want of good-nature, and the other gentle passions; by the want of modesty and sensibility; and by a want of that noble pride, which arises from a consciousnefs of lofty and generous sentiments. The absence of these native charms is generally supplied by a brisk stupidity, an impudence unconscious of defect, a cast of malice, and an uncommon tendency to ridicule; as if nature had given thefe her step-children an instinctive intelligence, that they can rise out of contempt only by the depression of others. For the fame reafon it is, that perfons of true and finifhed taste seldom affect ridicule, because they are conscious of their own superior merit. Pride is the caufe of ridicule in the one, as it is of candour in the other; but the effects differ, as the studied parade of poverty does from the negligent grandeur of riches. You will see nothing more common in the world, than for people, who by stupidity and insensibility are incapable of the graces, to commence wits on the strength of the petite talents of mimicry, and the brillic tartness that ill-nature never fails to supply.

From what I have said it appears, that a fene of elegance is a fene of dignity, of virtue, and innocence, united. Is it not natural then to expect, that in the course of a liberal education, men should cultivate the generous qualities they approve and affume? But instead of them, men only aim at the appearances, which require no self-denial; and thus, without acquiring the virtues, they sacrifice their honesty and sincerity: whence it comes to pass, that there is often the least virtue, where there is the greatest
difference of beauty in the same face, in a good and in ill humour; and if the gentle passions, in an indifferent face, do not change it to perfect beauty, it is because nature did not originally model the features to the just and familiar expression of those passions, and the genuine expressions of nature can never be wholly obliterated. But it is necessary to observe, that the engaging import that forms beauty, is often the symbol of passions that, although pleasing, are dangerous to virtue; and that a firmness of mind, whose cast of feature is much less pleasing, is more favourable to virtue. From the affinity between beauty and the passions it must follow, that beauty is relative, that is, a sense of human beauty is confined to our species; and also, as far as we have power over the passions, we are able to improve the face, and transplant charms into it; both of which observations have been often made. From the various principles of beauty, and the agreeable combinations, of which the face gives intelligence, springs that variety found in the style of beauty.

Complexion is a kind of beauty that is only pleasing by association. The brown, the fair, the black, are not any of them original beauty; but when the complexion is united in one picture on the imagination, with the assemblage that forms the image of the tender passions, with gentle smiles, and kind endearments, it is then inseparable from our idea of beauty, and forms a part of it. From the same cause, a national set of features appear amiable to the inhabitants, who have been accustomed to see the amiable dispositions through them. This observation resolves a difficulty, that often occurs in the reflections of men on our present subject. We all speak of beauty as if it were acknowledged and settled by a public standard; yet we find, in fact, that people, in placing their affections, often have little regard to the common notions of beauty. The truth is, complexion and form being the charms that are visible and conspicuous, the common standard of beauty is generally restrained to those general attractions: but since personal grace and the engaging passions, although they cannot be delineated, have a more universal and uniform power, it is no wonder people, in reigning their hearts, so often contradict the common received standard. Accordingly, as the engaging passions and the address are discovered in conversation, the tender attachments of people are generally fixed by an inter-
intercourse of sentiment, and seldom by a transient view, except in romances and novels. It is further to be observed, that when once the affections are fixed, a new face with a higher degree of beauty will not always have a higher degree of power to remove them, because our affections arise from a source within ourselves, as well as from external beauty; and when the tender passion is attached by a particular object, the imagination surrounds that object with a thousand ideal embellishments that exist only in the mind of the lover.

The history of the short life of beauty may be collected from what I have said. In youth that borders on infancy, the passions are in a state of vegetation, they only appear in full bloom in maturity; for which reason the beauty of youth is no more than the dawn and promise of future beauty. The features, as we grow into years, gradually form along with the mind: different sensibilities gather into the countenance, and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip, and enrich it. When the eloquent force and delicacy of sentiment has continued some little time, age begins to stiffen the features, and destroy the engaging variety and vivacity of the countenance, the eye gradually loses its fire, and is no longer the mirror of the agreeable passions. Finally, old age burrows the face with wrinkles, as a barbarous conqueror overturns a city from the foundation, and transitory beauty is extinguished.

Beauty and elegance are nearly related, their difference consists in this, that elegance is the image of the mind displayed in motion and deportment; beauty is an image of the mind in the countenance and form; consequently beauty is of a more fixed nature, and owes less to art and habit.

When I speak of beauty, it is not wholly out of my way to make a singular observation on the tender passion in our species. Innocent and virtuous love calls a beauteous hue over human nature; it quickens and strengthens our admiration of virtue, and our detestation of vice; it opens our eyes to our imperfections, and gives us a pride in excelling; it inspires us with heroic sentiments, generosity, a contempt of life, a boldness for enterprise, chivalry, and purity of sentiment. It takes a similitude to devotion, and almost deities the object of passion. People whose breasts are dulled with vice, or stupefied by nature, call this passion romantic love; but when it was the mode, it was the diagnostic of a virtuous age. The symptoms of heroism spring from an obscure principle, that in a noble mind unites itself with every passionate view in life; this nameless principle is distinguished by endowing people with extraordinary powers and enthusiasm in the pursuit of their favourite wishes, and by difficult and disappointment when we arrive at the point where our wishes seem to be completed. It has made great conquerors despite dangers and death in their way to victory, and fig afterfig when they had no more to conquer.  

§ 220. On Conversation.

From external beauty we come to the charms of conversation and writing. Words, by representing ideas, become the picture of our thoughts, and communicate them with the greatest fidelity. But they are not only the signs of sensible ideas, they exhibit the very image and distinguishing likeness of the mind that uses them.

Conversation does not require the same merit to please that writing does. The human soul is endued with a kind of natural expression, which it does not acquire. The expression I speak of consists in the significant modulations and tones of voice, accompanied, in unaffected people, by a propriety of gesture. This native language was not intended by nature to represent the transitory ideas that come by the fumes to the imagination, but the passions of the mind and its emotions only; therefore modulation and gesture give life and passion to words; their mighty force in oratory is very conspicuous: but although their effects be milder in conversation, yet they are very sensible; they agitate the soul by a variety of gentle sensations, and help to form that sweet charm that makes the most trifling subjects engaging. This fine expression, which is not learned, is not so much taken notice of as it deserves, because it is much superseded by the use of artificial and acquired language. The modern system of philosophy has also concurred to shut it out from our reflections.

It is in conversation people put on all their graces, and appear in the luster of good-breeding. It is certain, good-breeding, that fets fo great a distinction between individuals of the same species, creates nothing new (I mean a good education) but only draws forth into prospect, with skill and address, the agreeable dispositions and sentiments that lay latent in the mind. You may
may call good-breeding artificial; but it is like the art of a gardener, under whose hand a barren tree puts forth its own bloom, and is enriched with its specific fruit. It is scarce possible to conceive any scene so truly agreeable as an assembly of people elaborately educated, who assume a character superior to ordinary life, and support it with ease and familiarity.

The heart is won in conversation by its own passions. Its pride, its grandeur, its affections, lay it open to the enchantment of an insinuating address. Flattery is a gross charm, but who is proof against a gentle and yielding disposition, that infers your superiority with a delicacy so fine, that you cannot see the lines of which it is composed? Generosity, disinterestedness, a noble love of truth that will not deceive, a feeling of the diftresses of others, and greatness of soul, infire us with admiration along with love, and take our affections as it were by storm; but above all, we are seduced by a view of the tender and affectionate passions; they carry a soft infection, and the heart is betrayed to them by its own forces. If we are to judge from symptoms, the soul that engages us so powerfully by its reflected glances, is an object of infinite beauty. I observed before, that the modulations of the human voice that express the soul, move us powerfully; and indeed we are affected by the natural emotions of the mind expressed in the simplest language: in short, the happy art, that, in conversation and the intercourse of life, lays hold upon our affections, is but a just address to the engaging passions in the human breast. But this syren power, like beauty, is the gift of nature.

Soft pleasing speech and graceful outward show,
No arts can gain them, but the gods below.

Pope's Hom.

From the various combinations of the several enduring passions and lofty sentiments, arise the variety of pleasing characters that beautify human society.

There is a different source of pleasure in conversation from what I have spoken of, called wit; which diverts the world so much, that I cannot venture to omit it, although delicacy and a refined taste irritate a little, and will not allow its value to be equal to its currency. Wit deals largely in allusion and whimsical similitudes; its countenance is always double, and it unites the true and the fantastic by a nice gradation of colouring that cannot be perceived. You observe that I am only speaking of the ready wit of conversation.

Wit is properly called in to support a conversation where the heart or affections are not concerned; and its proper business is to relieve the mind from solitary inattention, where there is no room to move it by passion; the mind's eye, when divengaged, is diverted by being fixed upon a vapour, that dances, as it were, on the surface of the imagination, and continually alters its aspect: the motley image, whose comic side we had only time to survey, is too important to be attentively considered, and luckily vanishes before we can view it on every side. Shallow folks expect that those who diverted them in conversation, and made happy bon mots, ought to write well; and imagine that they themselves were made to laugh by the force of genius: but they are generally disappointed when they see the admired character defend upon paper. The truth is, the frivolous turn and habit of a comic companion, is almost diametrically opposite to true genius, whose natural exercise is deep and flow-paced reflection. You may as well expect that a man should, like Cæsar, form consistent schemes for subduing the world, and employ the principal part of his time in catching flies. I have often heard people express a surprize, that Swift and Addison, the two greatest masters of humour of the last age, were easily put out of countenance, as if pun, mimicry, or repartee, were the offspring of genius.

Whatever similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born drefs. Men a little elevated by liquor seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in slibles of wit, is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indirection, or malice, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtility, and good-humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose whimsical constancy we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason.
reason that they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is inufferable, or rather impos-

sible. In such an uneasy dilemma, the un-
steady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagina-

tion without requiring any reflection. Those who have an eternal appetite for wit, like those who are ever in quest of diversion, betray a frivolous minute genius, incapable of thinking.

§ 221. On Music.

There are few who have not felt the charms of music, and acknowledged its ex-
pressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, that is far more eloquent than words: it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of some of its most af-

fecting strains, we know not.

We feel plainly that music touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it dif solves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderness, and routs to rage: but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the passions that are wounded please; its for-

rows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste of harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the pas-

sions; but the rudest passions put on a new nature, and become pleasing in harmony: let me add, also, that it awakens some pas-

sions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly the most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceivable to fire the imagi-

nation, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing cur-

iosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it sinks and escapes, like the disfolving ideas of a de-

lightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The nobleft charm of music then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Harmony is always understood by the crowd, and almost always mistaken by mu-

icians; who are, with hardly any excep-

tions, fierce followers of the taste in mode, and who having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a stress on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they serve to produce those collections of found that move the passions. The present Italian taste for music is exactly correspondent to the taste of tragi-comedy, that about a cen-
tury ago gained ground upon the stage. The musicians of the present day are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantastic, and at the surprizing transitions they make between extremes; while every hearer who has the least re-

minder of the taste of nature left, is shocked at the strange jargon. If the same taste should prevail in painting, we must soon expect to see the woman's head, a horse's body, and a fish's tail, united by soft gra-

dations, greatly admired at our public ex-
hibitions. Musical gentlemen should take particular care to preserve in its full vi-
gour and sensibility their original natural taste, which alone feels and discovers the true beauty of music.

If Milton, Shakespeare, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspi-
ration for music as for poetry, and had paffed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it a prepossession in favour of the flights and dexterities of hand, then would their notes be tuned to paftions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in discourse. The music and the thought would not make dif-
f erent expressions: the hearers would only think impetuously; and the effect of the music would be to give the ideas a tumultu-
ous violence and divine impulse upon the mind. Any person conversant with the classic poets, sees instantly that the passionate power of music I speak of, was perfectly understood and practifed by the ancients; that the mufes of the Greeks always fung, and their song was the echo of the subject, which swelled their poetry into enthuafiam and rapture. An enquiry into the nature and merits of the ancient music, and a com-
parison thereof with modern composition, by a perfon of poetic genius and an admirer of harmony, who is free from the shackles of practice, and the prejudices of the mode, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true taste, would probably lay the preffent half-Gothic mode of music in ruins, like those towers of whole
whole little laboured ornaments it is an exact picture, and restore the Grecian taste of passionate harmony once more, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as from the disposition of things, and the force of fashion, we cannot hope in our time to rescue the sacred lyre, and see it put into the hands of men of genius, I can only recall you to your own natural feeling of harmony, and observe to you, that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantallc, and surprising compositions that form the modern style of music; but you meet them in some few pieces that are the growth of wild unvitiated taste; you discover them in the swelling founds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's sighs, and fluctuate the breast with gentle pain; in the noble strokes that coil up the courage and fury of the soul, or that lull it in confused visions of joy; in short, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inward recceis of the heart:

Untwitting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. Milton.

Ulysses.

§ 222. On Sculpture and Painting.

Sculpture and painting have their standard in nature; and their principles differ only according to the different materials made use of in these arts. The variety of his colours, and the flat surface on which the painter is at liberty to raise his magic objects, give him a vast scope for ornament, variety, harmony of parts, and opposition, to please the mind, and divert it from too strict an examination. The sculptor, being so much confined, has nothing to move with but beauty, passion, and force of attitude; sculpture therefore admits of no mediocrity; its works are either intolerable, or very fine. In Greece, the finishing of a single statue was often the work of many years.

Sculpture and painting take their merit from the same spirit that poetry does; a justness, a grandeur, and force of expression: and their principal objects are, the sublime, the beautiful, and the passionate. Painting, on account of its great latitude, approaches also very near to the variety of poetry; in general their principles vary only according to the different materials of each.

Poetry is capable of taking a series of successive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the passions in motion gradually, and winds them up by successive efforts, that all conduct to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated so violently, if the form had not come on by degrees: besides, language, by its capacity of representing thoughts, of forming the communication of mind with mind, and describing emotions, takes in several great, awful, and passionate ideas that colours cannot represent; but the painter is confined to objects of vision, and to one point or instant of time: and is not to bring into view any events which did not, or at least might not happen, at one and the same instant. The chief art of the history painter, is to hit upon a point of time, that unites the whole successive action in one view, and strikes out the emotion you are desirous of raising. Some painters have had the power of preferring the traces of a receding passion, or the mixed disturbed emotions of the mind, without impairing the principal passion. The Medea of Tironachus was a miracle of this kind; her wild love, her rage, and her maternal pity were all poured forth to the eye, in one portrait. From this mixture of passions, which is in nature, the murderess appeared dreadfully affecting.

It is very necessary, for the union of design in painting, that one principal figure appear eminently in view, and that all the rest be subordinate to it; that is, the passion or attention of that principal object should give a cast to the whole piece: for instance, if it be a wrestler, or a courier in the race, the whole scene should not only be active, but the attentions and passions of the rest of the figures should all be directed by that object. If it be a fisherman over the stream, the whole scene must be silent and meditative; if ruins, a bridge, or waterfall, even the living perons must be subordinate, and the traveller should gaze and look back with wonder. This strict union and concord is rather more necessary in painting than in poetry: the reason is, painting is almost palpably a deception, and requires the utmost skill in depicting a majority of probable ideas, to give it the air of reality and nature. For this reason also nothing strange, wonderful, or shocking to credulity, ought to be admitted in paintings that are designed after real life.

The principal art of the landscape painter lies in selecting those objects of view that are beautiful or great, provided there be a propriety and a just neighbourhood preferred in the assemblage, along with a careless distribution that soliciates your eye to the principal
principal object where it refts; in giving such a glance or confused view of those that retire out of prospect, as to raise curiosity, and create in the imagination affecting ideas that do not appear; and in bestowing as much life and action as possible, without overcharging the piece. A landscape is enlivened by putting the animated figures into action; by flinging over it the cheerful aspect which the sun beffows, either by a proper disposition of shade, or by the appearances that beautify his rising or setting; and by a judicious prospect of water, which always conveys the ideas of motion; a few dishevelled clouds have the same effect, but with somewhat less vivacity.

The excellence of portrait-painting and sculpture springs from the same principles that affect us in life; they are not the persons who perform at a comedy or tragedy we go to see with so much pleasure, but the passions and emotions they display: in like manner, the value of statues and pictures rifes in proportion to the strength and clearness of the expression of the passions, and to the peculiar and distinguishing air of character. Great painters almost always chufe a fine face to exhibit the passions in. If you recollect what I said on beauty, you will easily conccive the reafon why the agreeable passions are most lively in a beautiful face; beauty is the natural vehicle of the agreeable passions. For the same reafon the tempetuous passions appear strongest in a fine face; it suffers the moft violent derangement by them. To which we may add, upon the fame principle, that dignity or courage cannot be mixed in a very ill-favoured countenance; and that the painter, after exerting his whole skil, finds in their stead pride and terror. These observations, which have been often made, serve to illustrate our thoughts on beauty. Besides the strict propriety of nature, sculpture and figure-painting is a kind of decription, which, like poetry, is under the direction of genius; that, while it preserves nature, sometimes, in a fine flight of fancy, throws an ideal splendor over the figures that never existed in real life. Such is the sublime and celestial character that breathes over the Apollo Belvedere, and the inexpressible beauties that dwell upon the Venus of Medici, and seem to shed an illumination around her. This superior beauty muft be varied with propriety, as well as the passions; the elegance of Juno muft be decent, lofty, and elated; of Minerva, magnificence, confident, and chaste; and of Venus, winning, soft, and conscious of pleasing. These finer arts, painting and statuary, as well as poetry, put it out of all doubt, that the imagination carries the ideas of the beautiful and the sublime far beyond visible nature; since no mortal ever posffessed the blaze of divine charms that surrounds the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus of Medici, I have just mentioned.

A variety and flux of colouring is generally the refuge of painters, who are not able to animate their designs. We may call a luftre of colouring, the rant and fuffian of painting, under which are hid the want of strength and nature. None but a painter of real genius can be severc and modest in his colouring, and please at the fame time. It muft be observed, that the glow and variety of colours give a pleasure of a very different kind from the object of painting. When foreign ornaments, gilding, and carving come to be considered as neffary to the beauty of pictures, they are a plain diagnostic of a decay in taste and power. Ufer.

§ 223. On Architecture.

A free and easy proportion, united with simplicity, seem to constitute the elegance of form in building. A subordination of parts to one evident design forms simplicity; when the members thus evidently related are great, the union is always very great. In the proportions of a noble edifice, you see the image of a creating mind result from the whole. The evident uniformity of the rotunda, and its unparalleled simplicity, are probably the sources of its superior beauty. When we look up at a vaulted roof, that seems to rest upon our horizon, we are astonished at the magnificence, more than at the visible extent.

When I am taking a review of the objects of beauty and grandeur, can I pass by unnoticed the source of colours and visible beauty? When the light is withdrawn all nature retires from view, visible bodies are annihilated, and the soul mourns the universal absence in solitude; when it returns, it brings along with it the creation, and re-flores joy as well as beauty. Ibid.

§ 224. Thoughts on Colours and Light.

If I should distinguish the perceptions of the fenfes from each other, according to the strength of the traces left on the imagination, I should call those of hearing, feeling, seeing, smelling, and tasting, nations, which impress the memory but weakly; while those of colours I should call ideas, to denote their strength.
strength and peculiar clearness upon the imagination. This distinction deserves particular notice. The author of nature has drawn an impenetrable veil over the fixed material world that surrounds us; solid matter refuses our acquaintance, and will be known to us only by reflecting the touch; but how obscure are the informations of feeling? light comes like an intimate acquaintance to relieve us; it introduces all nature to us, the fields, the trees, the flowers, the crystal streams, and azure sky. But all this beauteous diversity is no more than an agreeable enchantment formed by the light that spreads itself to view; the fixed parts of nature are eternally entombed beneath the light, and we see nothing in fact but a creation of colours. Schoolmen, with their usual arrogance, will tell you their ideas are transcripts of nature, and assure you that the veracity of God requires they should be so, because we cannot well avoid thinking so: but nothing is an object of vision but light; the picture we see is not annexed to the earth, but comes with angelic celebrity to meet our eyes. That which is called body or substance, that reflects the various colours of the light, and lies hid beneath the appearance, is wrapt in impenetrable obscurity; it is fatally shut out from our eyes and imagination, and only caues in us the ideas of feeling, tasting, or smelling, which yet are not reminiscences of any part of matter. I do not know if I appear too strong when I call colours the expression of the Divinity. Light strikes with such vivacity and force, that we can hardly call it inanimate or uninstructed.

§ 225. On Uniformity.

Shall we admit uniformity into our lift of beauty, or first examine its real merits? When we look into the works of nature, we cannot avoid observing that uniformity is but the beauty of minute objects. The opposite sides of a leaf divided in the middle, and the leaves of the same species of vegetables, retain a striking uniformity; but the branch, the tree, and forest, defeat this similarity, and take a noble irregularity with vast advantage. Cut a tree into a regular form, and you change its lofty port for a minute prettiness. What forms the beauty of country scenes, but the want of uniformity? No two hills, vales, rivers, or prospects, are alike; and you are charmed by the variety. Let us now suppose a country made up of the most beautiful hills and deferts imaginable, but every hill and every vale alike, and at an equal distance; they soon tire you, and you find the delight vanishes with the novelty.

There are, I own, certain affemblages that form a powerful beauty by their union, of which a fine face is incontestible evidence. But the charm does not seem by any means to reside in the uniformity, which in the human countenance is not very exact. The human countenance may be planned much more regularly, but I fancy without adding to the beauty, for which we must seek another source. In truth, the fined eye in the world without meaning, and the finest mouth without a smile, are infipid. An agreeable countenance includes in the idea thereof an agreeable and gentle disposition. How the countenance, and an arrangement of colours and features, can express the idea of an unseen mind, we know not; but so the fact is, and to this fine intelligent picture, whether it be false or true, certain I am, that the beauty of the human countenance is owing, more than to uniformity. Shall we then say, that the greatest uniformity, along with the greatest variety, forms beauty? But this is a repetition of words without distinct ideas, and explicates a well-known effect by an obscure cause. Uniformity, as far as it extends, excludes variety; and variety, as far as it reaches, excludes uniformity. Variety is by far more pleasing than uniformity, but it does not constitute beauty; for it is impossible that can be called beauty, which, when well known, causes to please: whereas a fine piece of music shall charm after being heard a hundred times; and a lovely countenance makes a stronger impression on the mind by being often seen, because there beauty is real. I think we may, upon the whole, conclude, that if uniformity be a beauty, it is but the beauty of minute objects; and that it pleases only by the visible design, and the evident footsteps of intelligence it discovers.

§ 226. On Novelty.

I must say something of the evanescent charms of novelty. When our curiosity is excited at the opening of new scenes, our ideas are affecting and beyond life, and we see objects in a brighter hue than they after appear in. For when curiosity is satisfied, the objects grow dull, and our ideas fall to their diminutive natural size. What I have said may account for the raptured prospect of our youth we see backward; novelty always recommends, because expectations of the unknown
known are ever high; and in youth we have an eternal novelty: unexperienced credulous youth gilds our young ideas, and ever meets a fresh lute that is not yet allayed by doubts. In age, experience corrects our hopes, and the imagination cools; for this reason, wisdom and high pleasure do not reside together.

I have observed through this discourse, that the delight we receive from the visible objects of nature, or from the fine arts, may be divided into the conceptions of the sublime, and conceptions of the beautiful. Of the origin of the sublime I spoke hypothetically, and with diffidence; all we certainly know on this head is, that the sensations of the sublime we receive from external objects, are attended with obscure ideas of power and immensity; the origin of our sensations of beauty are still more unintelligible: however, I think there is some foundation for classing the objects of beauty under different heads, by a correspondence or similarity, that may be observed between several particulars.


A full and consistent evidence of design, especially if the design be attended with an important effect, gives the idea of beauty: thus a ship under sail, a greyhound, a well-shaped horse, are beautiful, because they display with ease a great design. Birds and beasts of prey, completely armed for destruction, are for the same reason beautiful, although objects of terror.

Where different designs, at a single view, appear to concur to one effect, the beauty accumulates; as in the Grecian architecture: where different designs, leading to different effects, unite in the same whole, they cause confusion, and diminish the idea of beauty, as in the Gothic buildings. Upon the same principle, confusion and disorder are ugly or frightful; the figures made by spilted liquors are always ugly. Regular figures are handsome; and the circular, the most regular, is the most beautiful. This regulation holds only where the sublime does not enter; for in that case the irregularity and carelessness add to the ideas of power, and raise in proportion our admiration. The confusion in which we see the stars scattered over the heavens, and the rude arrangement of mountains, add to their grandeur.

A mixture of the sublime aids exceedingly the idea of beauty, and heightens the horrors of disorder and ugliness. Personal beauty is vastly raised by a noble air; on the contrary, the dissolution and ruins of a large city, diftrusts the mind proportionally: but while we mourn over great ruins, at the destruction of our species, we are also fooled by the generous commiseration we feel in our own breasts, and therefore ruins give us the same kind of grateful melancholy we feel at a tragedy. Of all the objects of discord and confusion, no other is so shocking as the human soul in madness. When we see the principle of thought and beauty disordered, the horror is too high, like that of a mas- sacre committed before our eyes, to suffer the mind to make any reflex act on the god-like traces of pity that distinguishing our species; and we feel no sensations but those of dif- may and terror.

Regular motion and life shown in anima- mate objects, gives us also the secret pleasure we call beauty. Thus waves spent, and successively breaking upon the shore, and waving fields of corn and grass in continued motion, are ever beautiful. The beauty of colours may perhaps be arranged under this head: colours, like notes of music, affect the passions; red incites to anger, black to melancholy; white brings a gentle joy to the mind; the forter colours refresh or relax it. The mixtures and gradations of colours have an effect correspondent to the transitions and combinations of sounds; but the strokes are too transient and feeble to become the objects of expression.

Beauty also results from every disposition of nature that plainly discovers her favour and indulgence to us. Thus the spring season, when the weather becomes mild, the verdant fields, trees loaded with fruit or covered with shade, clear springs, but particularly the human face, where the gentle passions are delineated, are beyond expre- ssion beautiful. On the same principle, in- clement wintry skies, trees stripped of their verdure, desert barren lands, and above all death, are frightful and shocking. I must, however, observe, that I do not by any means suppose, that the sentiment of beauty arises from a reflex considerate act of the mind, upon the observation of the designs of nature or of art; the sentiment of beauty is instantaneous, and depends upon no prior reflections. All I mean is, that design and beauty are in an arbitrary manner united together; so that where we see the one, whether we reflect on it or no, we perceive the other. I must further add, that there may be other divisions of beauty easily dis- coverable, which I have not taken notice of.
The general sense of beauty, as well as of grandeur, seems peculiar to man in the creation. The herd in common with him enjoy the gentle breath of spring; they lie down to repose on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and pastures: but we have reason to think, that it is man only who feels the image of beauty over the happy prospect, and rejoices at it; that it is hid from the brute creation, and depends not upon sense, but on the intelligent mind.

We have just taken a transient view of the principal departments of taste; let us now, madam, make a few general reflections upon our subject.

§ 228. Sense, Taste, and Genius distinguished.

The human genius, with the best assistance, and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste simple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to justness, a gross falseness to the engaging light of nature, and the shewy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be afflicted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disguised with the false and mishapen deceptions that pleased before, and refts with delight on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progress of the fine arts in the human mind may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftiest height. The basfs is a sense of beauty and of the sublime, the second step we may call taste, and the last genius.

A sense of the beautiful and of the great is universal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations. What was engaging and sublime in ancient Greece and Rome, are so at this day: and, as I observed before, there is not the least necessity of improvement or science, to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine, but an intellectual light in the breast of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her luflre, the immense distance from which we judged her beams issued, and the silence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But the shone in distinguished beauty, without giving sufficient light to direct our steps, or shew us the objects around us. Thus in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and gushing. In utter barbarity, our prospect of it is still less fixed; it appears, and then again seems wholly to vanish in the savage breath, like the fame planet Venus, when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now descried, and now lost, through the swelling billows.

The next step is taste, the subject of our enquiry, which consists in a distinct, unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you see not many poised of a good taste, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good taste by habit and fine examples, so that a delicacy of judgment seemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city: we find a manly and elevated sense distinguishing the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preferred in those cities; while the Plebeians had a share in the government, and an utter separation was not made between them and the nobles, by wealth and luxury. But when once the common people are rent asunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made subservient to the luxury of the latter; then the taste of nature fallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor by a sordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views, and the rich by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and costly, lose view of simple beauty and grandeur. It may seem a paradox, and yet I am firmly persuaded, that it would be easier at this day to give a good taste to the young savages of America, than to the noble youth of Europe.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the creation, has been posessed but by few, even in the brightest ages. Men of superior genius, while they see the reit of mankind painfully struggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themselves through the most remote conseqiuiences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They see the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning sun does the scenes he rises upon; and in several instances, communicate to objects a morning freshness and unaccountable luflre, that is not seen in the creation.
of nature. The poet, the satirist, the
painter, have produced images that left
nature far behind.

The confections of extraordinary per-
sonages who appeared in Greece and Rome,
at or near the same period of time, after
ages of darkness to which we know no be-
ginning; and the long barrenness of those
countries after in great men, prove that
genius owes much of its lustre to a personal
content of glory, and the strong rivalship of
great examples within actual view and knowl-
dedge; and that great parts alone are not
able to lift a perfon out of barbarity. It is
further to be observed, that when the in-
spiring spirit of the fine arts retired, and left
inanimate and cold the breasts of poets,
painters, and statuaries, men of taste still
remained, who distinguished and admired the
beautieous monuments of genius; but the
power of execution was loft: and although
monarchs loved and courted the arts, yet
they refused to return. From whence it is
evident, that neither taste, nor natural parts,
form the creating genius that inspir'd the
great matters of antiquity, and that they
owed their extraordinary powers to some-
thing different from both.

If we confider the numbers of men who
wrote well, and excelled in every depart-
ment of the liberal arts, in the ages of genius,
and the simplicity that always attends beauty;
we must be led to think, that although few
perhaps can reach to the supreme beauty of
imagination displayed by the first-rate poets,
orators, and philosophers; yet most men are
capable of judicious thinking and agreeable writ-
ing. Nature lies very near our reflections,
and will appear, if we be not misled and
prejudiced before the sense of beauty grows
maturity. The populace of Athens and
Rome prove strongly, that uncommon parts
or great learning are not necessary to make
men think justly.

§ 230. Taste how depraved and loft.

Let us now confider by what means taste
is usually depraved and loft in a nation,
that is neither conquered by barbarians nor
has lost the improvements in agriculture,
husbandry, and defence, that allow men
leisure for reflection and embellishment.
I observed before, that this natural light is
not so clear in the greatest men, but it may
lie oppressed by barbarity. When people
of mean parts, and of pride without genius,
got into elevated stations, they want a taste
for simple grandeur, and mistake for it what
is uncommonly glaring and extraordinary;
whence proceeds fable wit of every kind,
a gaudy richness in dress, anoppreffive load
of ornament in building, and a grandeur
overstrained and puerile universally. I must
oberver, that people of bad taste and little
genius almost always lay a great ftreap on
trivial matters, and are oftentatious and ex-
act in singularities, or in a decorum in
 trifles. When people of mean parts appear
in high stations, and at the head of the
fashionable world, they cannot fail to in-
troduce a false-embroidered habit of mind:
people of nearly the fame genius, who make
up the crowd, will admire and follow
them; and at length solitary taste, adorned
only by noble simplicity, will be loft in the
general example.

Also when a nation is much corrupted;
when avarice and a love of gain have feized
upon the hearts of men; when the nobles
ignominiously bend their necks to cor-
ruption and bribery, or enter into the base
mysteries
mysteries of gaming; then decency, elevated principles, and greatness of soul, expire; and all that remains is a comedy or puppet-drama of elegance, in which the dancing-matter and peer are upon a level, and the mind is underfoot to have no part in the drama of politeness, or else to act under a mean disguise of virtues which it is not possessed of.

§ 231. Some Reflections on the Human Mind.

Upon putting together the whole of our reflections, you see two different natures laying claim to the human race, and dragging it different ways. You see a necessity, that arises from our situation and circumstances, bending us down into unworthy misery and servile baseness; and you see, when we can escape from the insulting tyranny of our fate, and acquire ease and freedom, a generous nature, that lay stupefied and oppressed, begin to awake and charm us with prospects of beauty and glory. This awakening genius gazes in rapture at the beauteous and elevating scenes of nature. The beauties of nature are familiar, and charm it like a mother's bosom; and the objects which have the plain marks of immense power and grandeur, raise in it a still, an inquiring, and trembling delight; but genius often throws over the objects of its conceptions colours finer than those of nature, and opens a paradise that exists no where but in its own creations. The bright and pleasant scenes of Arcadia, and the lovely descriptions of pastoral poetry, never existed on earth, no more than Pope's shepherdesses, or the river gods of Windlor forest: it is all but a charming illusion, which the mind first paints with celestial colours, and then languishes for. Knight-errantry is another kind of delusion, which, though it be fictitious in fact, yet is true in sentiment. I believe there are few people who in their youth, before they are corrupted by the commerce of the world, are not knight-errants and princeules in their hearts. The soul, in a beauteous ecstacy, communicates a flame to words which they had not; and poetry, by its quick transitions, bold figures, lively images, and the variety of efforts to paint the latent rapture, bears witness, that the confused ideas of the mind are infinitely superior, and beyond the reach of all description. It is this divine spirit that, when roused from its lethargy, breathes in noble sentiments, that charms in elegance, that stamps upon marble or canvases the figures of gods and heroes, that inspires them with an air above humanity, and leads the soul through the enchanting meanders of music in a waking vision, through which it cannot break, to discover the near objects that charm it.

How shall we venture to trace the object of this surprising beauty peculiar to genius which evidently does not come to the mind from the senses? It is not conveyed in found, for we feel the sounds of music charm us by gently agitating and swelling the passions, and setting some passions afloat, for which we have no name, and knew not until they were awakened in the mind by harmony. This beauty does not arrive at the mind by the ideas of vision, though it be moved by them; for it evidently belittles on the mimic representations and images the mind makes of the objects of sense, an enchanting loveliness that never existed in those objects. Where shall the soul find this amazing beauty, whose very shadow, glimmering upon the imagination, opens unspreakable raptures in it, and diffuses it with languishing pleasure? What are those stranger sentiments that lie in wait in the soul, until music calls them forth? What is the obscure but unavoidable value or merit of virtue? or who is the law-maker in the mind who gives it a worth and dignity beyond all estimation, and punishes the breach of it with conscious terror, and despair? What is it in objects of immeasurable power and grandeur that we look for with still amazement, and awful delight?—But I think, madam, we have been insensibly led into subjects too abstruse and severe; I must not put the graces with whom we have been conversing to flight, and draw the serious air of meditation over that countenance where the smiles naturally dwell.

I have, in consequence of your permission, put together such thoughts as occurred to me on good taste. I told you, if I had leisure hereafter, I would dispose of them with more regularity, and add any new observations that I may make. Before I finish, I must in justice make my acknowledgments of the assistance I received. I took notice at the beginning, that Rollin's Observations on Taste gave occasion to this discourse. Sir Harry Beaumont's polished dialogue on beauty, called Crito, was of service to me; and I have availed myself of the writings and sentiments of the ancients, particularly of the poets and statuaries of Greece, which was
was the native and original country of the
grases and fine arts. But I should be very

unjust, if I did not make my chief ac-
nowledgments where they are more pecu-
liarily due. If your modesty will not suffer
me to draw that picture from which I bor-
rowed my ideas of elegance, I am bound
at least, in honesty, to disclaim every me-
rit but that of copying from a bright origi-

n.

§ 232. General Reflections upon what is
called Good Taste. From Rollin's Belles

Lettres.

Taste, as it now falls under our consider-
ation, that is, with reference to the reading
of authors and composition, is a clear,
lively, and distinct discerning of all the
beauty, truth, and justness of the thoughts
and expressions, which compose a discourse.

It distinguishes what is conformable to elo-
quence and propriety in every character,
and suitable in different circumstances. And
whilst, with a delicate and exquisite fagaci-
ty, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and

expressions most likely to please, it perceives
also all the defects which produce the con-
trary effect, and distinguishes precisely

wherein those defects consist, and how far
they are removed from the strict rules of

art, and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy
to conceive than define, is less the effect of
genius than judgment, and a kind of natu-
ral reason wrought up to perfection by study.

It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting
to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It
consists nature universally, follows it step
by step, and is a faithful image of it. Re-
served and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties
and graces of discourse with temper and
wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled
with foolhardy, new glittering a figure
foever it may make. "Tis equally offended
with too much and too little. It knows
precisely where it must stop, and cuts off,
without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds
the beautiful and perfect. "Tis the want
of this quality which occasions the various
pecies of bad style; as bombast, conceit,
and witticism; in which, as Quintilian says,
the genius is void of judgment, and suffers
itself to be carried away with an appear-
ance of beauty, "quotes ingenium judicio carent,

specie boni fallitur.

Taste, simple and uniform in its prin-
ciple, is varied and multiplied an infinite
number of ways, yet so as under a thou-
sand different forms, in prose or verse, in
a declamatory or concise, sublime or sim-
ple, jocose or serious style, 'tis always the
same, and carries with it a certain char-
acter of the true and natural, immediately
perceived by all persons of judgment. We
cannot lay the style of Terence, Phaedrus,
Sallust, Caesar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and
Horace, is the same. And yet they have all,
if I may be allowed the expression, a certain
tincture of a common spirit, which
in that diversity of genius and style makes
an affinity between them, and a sensible dif-
ference also betwixt them and the other
writers, who have not the stamp of the best
age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said, that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In

reality all men bring the first principles of
taste with them into the world, as well as
thofe of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of
this, we may urge, that every good orator
is almost always infallibly approved of by
the people, and that there is no difference
of taste and sentiment upon this point, as
Tully observes, between the ignorant and
the learned.

The cafe is the same with music and paint-
ing. A concert that has all its parts well
composed and well executed, both as to in-
struments and voices, pleases universally.

But if any discord arises, any ill tone of
voice be intermixed, it shall displeafe even
thofe who are absolutely ignorant of music.

They know not what it is that offends them,
but they find somewhat grating in it to
their ears. And this proceeds from the taste
and sense of harmony implanted in them by
nature. In like manner, a fine picture
charms and transports a spectator, who has
no idea of painting. Ask him what pleafes
him, and why it pleafes him, and he can-
not easily give an account, or specify the
real reafons; but natural sentiment works
almost the same effect in him as art and ufe
in connoifeurs.

The like obervation will hold good as to
the taste we are here speaking of. Most men
have the first principles of it in themselves,
though in the greater part of them they
lie dormant in a manner, for want of in-
struction or reflection; as they are often
flitified or corrupted by a vicious education,
bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the
age and country.

But
But how depraved soever the taste may be, it is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens, that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally see, that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments, and return to the justness, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into the same way of thinking.

'To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the successes of certain great orators and celebrated authors, who, by their natural talents, have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds, which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those who made the best use of their reason, in their favour; and soon after gained the applause of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be easy to point out amongst us the date of the good taste, which now reigns in all arts and sciences, and by tracing each up to its original, we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired the nation this glory and advantage.

Even those who live in the polite ages, without any application to learning or study, do not fail to gain some tincture of the prevailing good taste which has a share, without their perceiving it themselves, in their conversations, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our soldiers at present, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have said, we may conclude, that rules and precepts may be laid down or the improvement of this discerning faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quintilian, who justly sets such a value upon it, would say that it is not more to be obtained by art than the taste or smell; non magis vtrum traditum, quam gustus aut odor; unless he meant, that some persons are so stupid, and have so little use of their judgment, as might tempt one to believe, that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quintilian is absolutely in the right in the instance he produces, at least with respect to taste. We need only imagine what pails in certain nations, in which long cuflom has introduced a fondness for certain odd and extravagant dishes. They readily command good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They soon learn to discern the delicacy of the seasoning, when a skilful master in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the grossness of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be understood to think those nations had great cause to complain for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become so fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the resemblance there is between the taste of the body and mind, and how proper the first is to describe the characters of the second.

The good taste we speak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the sciences, but extends itself imperceptibly to other arts, such as architecture, painting, sculpture, and music. 'Tis the fame discerning faculty which introduces universally the fame elegance, the fame symmetry, and the same order in the disposition of the parts; which inclines us to a noble simplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of ornaments. On the other hand, the depravation of taste in arts has been always a mark and consequence of the depravation of taste in literature. The heavy, cumbrous, and gross ornaments of the old Gothic buildings, placed usually without elegance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were the image of the writings of the authors of the same age.

'The good taste of literature reaches also to public customs and the manner of living. An habit of consulting the best rules upon one subject, naturally leads to the doing it also upon others. Paulus Amilius, whose genius was so universally extensive, having made a great feast for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conquest of Macedon, and observing that his guests looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a soldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be surprized at it; for the same genius which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper disposition of a table.
was the native and original country of the graces and fine arts. But I should be very unjust, if I did not make my chief acknowledgments where they are more peculiarly due. If your modesty will not suffer me to draw that picture from which I borrowed my ideas of elegance, I am bound at least, in honesty, to disclaim every merit but that of copying from a bright original.

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways, yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocose or serious style, 'tis always the same, and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all per sons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Plaedrus, Salluat, Caesar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace, is the same. And yet they have all, if I may be allowed the expression, a certain tincture of a common spirit, which in that diversity of genius and style makes an affinity between them, and a sensible difference also bewtixt them and the other writers, who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said, that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this, we may urge, that every good orator is almost always infallibly approved of by the people, and that there is no difference of taste and sentiment upon this point, as Tully observes, between the ignorant and the learned.

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The like observation will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first principles of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection; as they are often stifled or corrupted by a vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country.
But how depraved forever the taste may be, it is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens, that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally see, that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments, and return to the justness, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into the same way of thinking.

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'The good taste of literature reaches also to public customs and the manner of living. An habit of consulting the best rules upon one subject, naturally leads to the doing it also upon others. Paulus Æmilius, whole genius was so universally extensive, having made a great feast for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conquest of Macedon, and observing that his guests looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a soldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be surprized at it; for the same genius which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper disposition of a table.
But by a strange, though frequent revolution, which is one great proof of the weak
ness, or rather the corruption of human un
derstanding, this very delicacy and elegance, which the good taste of literature and elo
quence usually introduces into common life, for buildings for instance and entertain
ments, coming by little and little to degene
rate into excess and luxury, introduces in its turn the bad taffe in literature and elo
quence. This Seneca informs us, in a very ingenious manner, in one of his epistles, where he seems to have drawn a good de
scription of himself, though he did not per
ceiue it.

One of his friends had asked him, whence the alteration could possibly arise which was sometimes observable in elo
quence, and which carried most people into certain general faults; such as the affecta
tion of bold and extravagant figures, meta
phors fruck off without measure or caution, sentences so short and abrupt, that they left people rather to guess what they meant, than conveyed a meaning.

Seneca answers this question by a com
mon proverb among the Greeks: "As is their life, so is their discourse," Tali homi
nibus fuit oratio, quais vita. As a private perfon lets us into his character by his dis
course, so the reigning style is oft an image of the public manners. "The heart carries the understanding away with it, and communicates its vices to it, as well as its virtues. When men strive to be distinguished from the rest of the world by novelty, and refinement in their furniture, buildings, and entertainments, and a studious search after every thing that is not in common use, the same taffe will prevail in eloquence, and introduce novelty and irregularity there. When the mind is once accustomed to de
spise rules in manners, it will not follow them in style. Nothing will then go down but what strikes by its being new and glare
ning, extraordinary and affected. Trifling and childish thoughts will take place of such as are bold and overstrained to an ex
cess. We shall affect a sleek and florid style, and an elocution pompous indeed, but with little more than mere found in it.

And this sort of faults is generally the effect of a single man's example, who, hav
ing gained reputation enough to be followed by the multitude, sets up for a matter, and gives the strain to others. "Tis thought honourable to imitate him, to observe and copy after him, and his style becomes the rule and model of the public taste.

As then luxury in diet and dress is a plain indication that the manners are not under so good a regulation as they should be; so a licentiousness of style, when it be
comes public and general, thens evidently a deprivation and corruption of the under
standings of mankind.

To remedy this evil, and reform the thoughts and expressions used in style, it will be requisite to cleanse the spring from whence they proceed. "Tis the mind that must be cured. When that is found and vigorous, eloquence will be so too; but it becomes feeble and languid when the mind is enfeebled and enraptured by pleasures and delights. In a word, it is the mind which prelides, and directs, and gives motion to the whole, and all the rest follows its im
pressions.

He has observed elsewhere, that a style too studied and far-fetched is a mark of a little genius. He would have an orator, especially when upon a grave and serious subject, be less curious about words, and the manner of placing them, than of his matter, and the choice of his thoughts. When you see a discourse laboured and polished with so much carefulness and fluddly, you may conclude, says he, that it comes from a mean capacity, that butifies itself in trifes. A writer of great genius will not stand for such minute things. He thinks and speaks with more nobleness and grandeur, and we may discern, in all he says, a certain easy and natural air, which argues a man of real riches, who does not endeavour to appear so. He then compares this florid prinked eloquence to young people curled out and powdered, and continually before their glas and the toilet: Barba et coma nitidos, de capfida toto. Nothing great and solid can be expected from such characters. So also with orators. The discourse is in a manner the visage of the mind. If it is decked out, tricked up, and painted, it is a sign there is some defect in the mind, and all is not found within. So much finery, displayed with such art and fluddly, is not the proper ornament of eloquence. Non or
amentum virile, continuat.

Who would not think, upon hearing Se
neca talk thus, that he was a declared enemy of bad taffe, and that no one was more capable of opposing and preventing it than he? And yet it was he, more than any other, that contributed to the deprivation of tassf, and
and corruption of eloquence. I shall take occasion to speak upon this subject in another place, and shall do it the more freely, as there is cause to fear left the bad taste for bright thoughts, and turns of expression, which is properly the character of Seneca, should prevail in our own age. And I question whether this be not a mark and preface of the ruin of eloquence we are threatened with, as the immoderate luxury that now reigns more than ever, and the almost general decay of good manners, are perhaps also the fatal harbingers of it.

One single perfon of reputation sometimes, as Seneca observes, and he himself is an instance of it, who by his eminent qualifications shall have acquired the esteem of the public, may suffice to introduce this bad taste and corrupt style. Whilft moved by a secret ambition, a man of this character strives to distinguish himself from the rest of the orators and writers of his age, and to open a new path, where he thinks it better to march alone at the head of his new disciples, than follow at the heels of the old masters; whilft he prefers the reputation of wit to that of solidity, pursues what is bright rather than what is solid, and sets the marvellous above the natural and true; whilft he chooses rather to apply to the fancy than to the judgment, to dazzle reason than convince it, to surprize the hearer into an approbation, rather than to deserve it; and by a kind of delusion and soft enchantment carry off the admiration and applauses of superficial minds (and such the multitude always are), other writers seduced by the charms of novelty, and the hopes of a like success, will suffer themselves insensibly to be hurried down the stream, and add strength to it by following it. And thus the old taste, though better in itself, shall give way to the new one without redrefs, which shall presently assume the force of a law, and draw a whole nation after it.

This should awaken the diligence of the masters in the university, to prevent and hinder, as much as in them lies, the ruin of good taste; and as they are entrusted with the public instruction of youth, they should look upon this care as an essential part of their duty. The customs, manners, and laws of the ancients have changed; they are often opposite to our way of life, and the usages that prevail amongst us; and the knowledge of them may be therefore less necessary for us. Their actions are gone and cannot return; great events have had their course without any reason left for us to expect the like; and the revolutions of states and empires have perhaps very little relation to their present situation and wants, and therefore become of less concern to us. But good taste, which is grounded upon immutable principles, is always the same in every age; and it is the principal advantage that young perfons should be taught to obtain from reading of ancient authors, who have ever been looked upon with reason as the masters, depositories, and guardians of found eloquence and good taste. In fine, of all that may any wise contribute to the cultivating the mind, we may truly say this is the most essential part, and what ought to be preferred before all others.

This good taste is not confined to literature; it takes in also, as we have already suggested, all arts and sciences, and branches of knowledge. It consults therefore in a certain just and exact discernment, which points out to us, in each of the sciences and branches of knowledge, whatever is most curious, beautiful, and useful, whatever is most essential, suitable, or necessary to those who apply to it; how far consequently we should carry the study of it; what ought to be removed from it; what deserves a particular application and preference before the rest. For want of this discernment, a man may fall short of the most essential part of his profession, without perceiving it: nor is the cafe so rare as one might imagine. An instance taken from the Cyropedia of Xenophon will set the matter in a clear light.

The young Cyrus, son of Cambyses King of Persia, had long been under the tuition of a master in the art of war, who was without doubt a perfon of the greatest abilities and best reputation in his time. One day, as Cambyses was discoursing with his son, he took occasion to mention his master, whom the young Prince had in great veneration, and from whom he pretended he had learnt in general whatever was necessary for the command of an army. Has your master, says Cambyses, given you any lectures of economy; that is, has he taught you how to provide your troops with necessaries, to supply them with provisions, to prevent the distempers that are incident to them, to cure them when they are sick, to strengthen their bodies by frequent exercife, to raise emulation among them, how to make yoursely obeyed, esteemed, and beloved by them? Upon all these points, answered Cyrus, and several others the King ran over to him, he has not spoke one word, and they are all new to me. And what has
he taught you then? To exercise my arms, replies the young Prince, to ride, to draw the bow, to cast a spear, to form a camp, to draw the plan of a fortification, to range my troops in order of battle, to make a review, to see that they march, file off, and encamp. Cambyses smiled, and let his son see that he had learnt nothing of what was most essential to the making of a good officer, and an able general; and taught him far more in one conversation, which certainly deserves well to be studied by young gentlemen that are designed for the army, than his famous master had done in many years.

Every profession is liable to the same inconvenience, either from our not being sufficiently attentive to the principal end we should have in view in our applications to it, or from taking custom for our guide, and blindly following the footsteps of others, who have gone before us. There is nothing more useful than the knowledge of history. But if we rest satisfied in loading our memory with a multitude of facts, of no great curiosity or importance, if we dwell only upon dates and difficulties in chronology or geography, and take no pains to get acquainted with the genius, manners, and characters of the great men we read of, we shall have learnt a great deal, and know but very little. A treatise of rhetoric may be extensive, enter into a long detail of precept, define very exactly every trope and figure, explain well their differences, and largely treat such questions as were warmly debated by the rhetoricians of old; and with all this be very like that discourse of rhetoric Tully speaks of, which was only fit to teach people not to speak at all, or not to the purpose. Scriptur artem rhetoricam claruebas, sed fie, ut, si quis obmutescere consuerit, nihil aliud legere debet.

In philosophy one might spend abundance of time in knotty and abstruse disputes, and even learn a great many fine and curious things, and at the same time neglect the essential part of the study, which is to form the judgment and direct the manners.

In a word, the most necessary qualification, not only in the art of speaking and the sciences, but in the whole conduct of our life, is that taste, prudence, and discretion, which, upon all subjects, and on every occasion, teaches us what we should do, and how to do it. Illud dicere fatis habeo, nihil efse, non modo in orando, sed in omnino vita, prius consilio.

Rollin.

§ 233. A classical contrasted with a familiar Education.

However widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know that the clown and the dancing master are the same from the hand of nature; and, although a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senes, it cannot be disputed, that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the fame indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, uncontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions, for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt, too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object, which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public spirit, becoming the incorrupt, disinterested, virtuous
virtuous representatives of a great and flourishing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps distant era, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to suggest some hints that may be useful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not possible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being less dishonourable to the species than the courtier of Lord Chesterfield, and more useful to society than the savage of Rousseau.

The sagacious Locke, toward the end of the last century, gave to the Public some thoughts on education, the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he seemed once to have intended, to revive what he had written, and give a complete treatise on the subject. But, with all the veneration I feel for that great man, and all the respect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that some of his observations have laid the foundation of that defective system of education, the fatal consequences of which are so well described by my correspondent in the letter published in my Fourth Number. Mr. Locke, sensible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had surrounded all the avenues to science, successfully employed the strength of his genius to trace knowledge to her source, and point out the direct road to succeeding generations. Disgusted with the schoolmen, he, from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, seems to have contracted a dislike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He scruples not to speak of grammar as unnecessary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the study of Greek and Latin, would be better employed in learning the trades of gardeners and turners; as if it were a fitter and more useful recreation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chews-boards, and snuff-boxes, than to study the beauties of Cicero and Homer.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity are to be cultivated from the first dawns of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, sordid, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no sure method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the flow-ness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts safer than his growing reason can compare and distinguish, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to control. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which, at the same time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveness to others, shows the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. In place of hav-
ing their minds flored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surround-
ed; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue: they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their sys-
tem of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good, are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the mi-
ni Fer of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should, happily for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

If the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be less conducive than its opposite to those elegant accomplishments which decorate society. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vanish; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inseparable from the learning of the divine, the physician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is in no respect inconsistent, either with that graceful ease and elegance of ad-
dress peculiar to men of fashion, or with what, in modern phrase, is called know-
ledge of the world. The man of superior accomplishments will, indeed, be indiffe-
rent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentle-
man. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudi-
ness of his equipage, to boast of his success in intrigue, or publish favours he never received, will to him appear frivolous and dishonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude this paper, by reminding those parents and guardians, who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, the brightest geniuses, the most useful and best-informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

Mirror.

§ 234. Defence of literary Studies and Amuse-
ments in Men of Business.

Among the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which ex-
perience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men defined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pur-
\footnotesize{\textit{fuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary businesse}}
\footnotesize{\textit{s demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increa}}
\footnotesize{\textit{ed by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to inc}}
\footnotesize{\textit{apacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have suc}}
\footnotesize{\textit{essfully achieved. A young man defined for law or commerce is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dullness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddesse}}
\footnotesize{\textit{s, under whose protection the honours of station, and the blessings of opulence, are to be attained; while Learning and Genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to bar}}
\footnotesize{\textit{ren indulgence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have fet too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the falling cause of litera-}
literature, without being accused of blame-
able or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and ex-
perience produce, of idlenefs, of diffipation,
and of poverty, brought on by an indul-
gence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the
evidence must necessarily be on one side of the
question only. Of the few whom learning
or genius have led astray, the ill success
or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the
sufferer. Of the many who have been as
dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant
as they were poor, the fate is unknown from
the insignificance of those by whom it was
endured. If we may reason a priori on the
matter, the chances, I think, should be on the
side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is
a natural averterion to the drudgery of bu-
nefs, which is seldom overcome, till the
erevance of youth is allayed by the pro-
gress of time and habit, or till that very
warmth is enlifted on the side of their pro-
fession, by the opening prospects of ambi-
tion or emolument. From this tyranny,
as youth conceives it, of attention and of
labour, relief is commonly fought from some
favourite avocation or amusement, for which
a young man either finds or steals a portion
of his time, either patientiy pilots through
his task, in expectation of its approach, or
anticipates its arrival, by detefting his work
before the legal period for amusement is ar-
ived. It may fairly be questioned, whe-
ther the most innocent of those amusements
is either so honourable or so fife, as the
avocations of learning or of science. Of
minds uninformed and gros, whom youth-
ful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling
have no power to impel, the amusements
will generally be either boifterous or effemi-
nate, will either dissipate their attention, or
weaken their force. The employment of a
young man’s vacant hours is often too little
attended to by those rigid masters who exact
the most scrupulous obervance of the periods
defined for bufnefs. The waft of time is
undoubtedly a very calculable los; but the
waft or the depravation of mind is a los of
a much higher denomination. The voltery
of study, or the enflaft of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered
chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of
imagination, has left to the grofsnes of mere
femual joys.

In this, as in other respects, the love of
letters is friendly to sober manners and vir-
tuous conduct, which in every proffefion is
the road to success and to repect. Without
adopting the common-place reflections against
some particular departments, it must be al-
lowed, that in mere men of bufnefs, there
is a certain profefional rule of right, which
is not always honourable, and though meant
to be selfish, very feldom profits. A supe-
rior education generally corrects this, by
opening the mind to different motives of
action, to the feelings of delicacy, the fen-
e of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when
earned by a defertion of those principles.

The moral beauty of those dispositions
may perhaps rather provoke the simile, than
excite the imitation, of mere men of bu-
nefs and the world. But I will venture to
tell them, that, even on their own princi-
plies, they are miftaken. The qualities which
they sometimes prefer as more calculated for
putting a young man’s way in life, seldom
attain the end, in contemplation of which
they are not fo nice about the means. This
is strongly exemplified by the ill success of
many, who, from their earliest youth, had
acquired the highest reputation for sharpness
and cunning. Thofe trickifh qualities look
to small advantages unfairly won, rather
than to great ones honourably attained. The
direct, the open, and the candid, are the
sureft road to succefs in every department of
life. It needs a certain superior degree of
ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean
and uninformed minds seize on corners,
which they cultivate with narrow views to
very little advantage: enlarged and well-
formed minds embrace great and honour-
able objects; and if they fail of obtaining
them, are liable to none of thofe pangs
which rankle in the bow of artifice de-
feated, or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties, as
well as of our principles, the love of letters
appears to be favourable. Letters require a
certain fort of application, though of a kind
perhaps very different from that which bu-
nefs would recommend. Granting that they
are unprofitable in themselves, as that word
is used in the language of the world; yet,
as developing the powers of thought and re-
flexion, they may be an amusement of some
use, as thofe sports of children in which
numbers are used, familiarize them to the
elements of arithmetic. They give room
for the exercise of that discernment, that
comparison of objects, that distinction of
causes, which is to increase the skill of the
physician, to guide the speculations of
the merchant, and to prompt the arguments
of the lawyer; and though some professions
employ but very few faculties of the mind,
yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity: a truth which it may be thought declaration to infest on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches, and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The creft of noble or illudious ancestry has funk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands: but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterise some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfelling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resifted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resift it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown infefts of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor ennobled by virtue. The "non omnis moriar" of the Poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, thofe avenues of more refined pleasur, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of Science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he poftfefts, and free him from much of that envy and regret which lefs cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the poftfection, indeed, of what he has attained, in that refi and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened, and his cares were foothered, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy, as one ouch, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This dif-

ficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amufe themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idlenefs as he did fortune from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the "retired pleasures" of men of business have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for thofe hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the leat valuable species of freedom. This liberty the Man of Letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business, only to become the flaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumfcribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the baffle of affairs and the amufements of his youth, an old man, if he has no fource of mental exertion or employment, often fettles into the gloom of melancholy and penvifhness, or petrifys his feelings by habi-
tual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from thofe fenfual appetites which time has blunted, or from thofe trivial amufements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every fource of enjoyment. But to him who has ftored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amufement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He afs, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no flate more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which fuch an old age affords: it is then the twilight of the fations, when they are mitigated but not extinguifhed, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with rea-
on, and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life
less increased by the cultivation of letters, 
than the enjoyment of solitary or retired 
leisure. To the polite ness of form and the 
cease of manner, business is naturally un-
favourable, because business looks to the 
use, not the decoration of things. But the 
man of business who has cultivated letters, 
will commonly have softened his feelings, if 
his has not finetted his manner or polished 
his address. He may be awkward, but will 
feldom be rude; may trespass in the igno-
rance of ceremonial, but will not offend 
against the substantial rules of civility. In 
conversation, the pedantry of profession 
unavoidably infames itself among men of 
every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, 
and the soldier, (this last perhaps, from 
obvious enough causes, the most of the 
three), naturally slide into the accustomed 
train of thinking, and the accustomed style 
of conversation. The pedantry of the man 
of learning is generally the most tolerable 
and the least tiresome of any; and he who 
has mixed a certain portion of learning with 
his ordinary profession, has generally cor-
rected, in a considerable degree, the ab-
fraction of the one and the coarseness of the 
other.

In the more important relations of society, 
in the closer intercourse of friend, of hus-
band, and of father, that superior delicacy 
and refinement of feeling which the culti-
vation of the mind bestows, heighten af-
fection into sentiment, and mingle with such 
connections a dignity and tenderness which 
give its dearest value to our existence. In 
fortunate circumstances those feelings en-
hance prosperity; but in the decline of for-
tune, as in the decline of life, their in-
fluence and importance are chiefly felt. 
They smooth the harshness of adversity, and 
on the brow of misfortune print that lan-
guid smile, which their votaries would 
often not exchange for the broadest mirth 
of those unfeelingly prosperous men, who 
possess good fortune, but have not a heart 
for happiness.

Lounger.

§ 235. Dr. Johnson's Preface to his 
Edition of Shakespeare.

That praises are without reason lavished 
on the dead, and that the honours due only 
to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a 
complaint likely to be always continued by 
those, who, being able to add nothing to 
truth, hope for eminence from the heresies 
of paradox; or those, who, being forced 
by disappointment upon consolatory expedi-
ents, are willing to hope from posterity 
what the present age refuses, and flatter 
themselves that the regard, which is yet 
denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by 
time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that 
attracts the notice of mankind, has undoub-
tedly votaries that reverence it, not from 
reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to 
admire indiscriminately whatever has been 
long preferred, without considering that 
time has sometimes co-operated with chance; 
al perhaps are more willing to honour past 
than present excellence; and the mind con-
templates genius through the shade of age, 
as the eye surveys the fun through artificial 
opacity. The great contention of criticin 
is to find the faults of the moderns, and the 
beauties of the ancients. While an author 
is yet living, we estimate his powers by his 
worth performance; and when he is dead, 
we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excel-
ence is not absolute and definite, but gradual 
and comparative; to works not raised upon 
principles demonstrative and scientific, but 
appealing wholly to observation and ex-
perience, no other test can be applied than 
length of duration and continuance of cectem. 
What mankind have long poifessed they have 
often examined and compared; and if they 
perseft to value the poifession, it is because 
frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion 
in its favour. As among the works of 
nature no man can properly call a river deep, 
or a mountain high, without the knowledge 
of many mountains, and many rivers; fo, 
in the productions of genius, nothing can 
be fpilled excellent till it has been compared 
with other works of the fame kind. De-
monstration immediately displays its power, 
and has nothing to hope or fear from the 
flux of years; but works tentative and ex-
perimental must be estimated by their pro-
portion to the general and collective ability 
of man, as it is discofcovered in a long succe-
flion of endeavours. Of the first building 
that was raised, it might be with certainty 
determined, that it was round or square; 
but whether it was spacious or lofty must 
have been referred to time. The Pythago-
orean scale of numbers was at once discofcovered 
to be perfect: but the poems of Homer we 
yet know not to tranfcend the common 
limits of human intelligence, but by remark-
ing, that nation after nation, and century 
after century, has been able to do little 
more than tranfpofe his incidents, new name 
his characters, and paraphrase his senti-
ments.
The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of establisht fame and precriptive veneration. He has long out-lived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusion, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with incentives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained: yet, thus unassisted by interest or passions, they have past through variations of taste and change of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmigration.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common futility of life fends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the reft of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not thrown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursuaded with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened
ended or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no greater influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who sought his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters, thus ample and general, were not easily discriminated and preferred; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present position to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexamined excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers digITIZE the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transmutations of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he prefers the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual division of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a different kind; exhibiting the real state of fabulinary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the lot of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is bating to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the
the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischief and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some of the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect, among the Greeks or Romans, a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters; and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce serious and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender defigns may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progresseion, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habits; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author’s works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare’s mode of composition is the same; an interchange of serious and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without veneration or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare’s plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two cen- timens: Iago bellows at Brabantio’s window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is feasible and useful; and the grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shake-
Shakespeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unfounded; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance; he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting; but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy, for the greater part, by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of perforable habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction, forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness, and below refinement, where propriety refides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are prais'd as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities. Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superflitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candor higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be fetched, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to weigh in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close disdains them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always
a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly purposed, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for, in the fame age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his Arcadia, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contems of farceam; their jests are commonly grofs, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve; yet, perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There mul, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy, his performance seems continually to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention or stains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meannets, tediouness, and obscurity.

In narration, he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations, or set speeches, are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and, if it continues stubborn, comprizes it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the quality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by honorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crose of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are riting in the mind, are checked and blotted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous
ous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of its disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in suspense, but a quibble springing up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or float from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he left the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings; but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preferred the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it; for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakespeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage;

but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to fit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, should lament the untimely fall of his fan. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the semblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misfery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without reflection or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria; and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a

F s

voyage
voyage to Egypt, and that he lived in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance Alexander and Caesar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may defy the circum-

spections of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy, should count the clock; or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their fenes, and know, from the firft act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with juft gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to reprefent firft Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the moft part be-

tween the acts; for, of fo much of the ac-

tion as is reprefented, the real and poetical duration is the fame. If, in the firft act, preparations for war againſt Mithridates are reprefented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be reprefented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the firft, if it be fo connected with it, that nothing but time can be suppoſed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of elixitence, most obfe-

quious to the imagination; a fape of years is as eafily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we eafily contract the time of real actions, and therefore wil-

ingly permit it to be contracted when we only fee their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited? It is credited with all credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juft picture of a real or-

iginal; as reprefenting to the auditor what he would himfelf feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be fuffered or to be done. The refleétion that flrikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be expofed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possi-

bility, than fuppofe the preference of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when the re-

members that death may take it from her.

The delight of tragedy proceeds from our confouchnefs of fction; if we thought mur-

ders and treasons real, they would pleafe no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleafure, not becaufe they are miftaken for realities, but becaufe they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not fuppofed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we fhould be pleafed with fuch fountains playing befide us, and fuch woods waving over us. We are agi-

tated in reading the history of Henry the Fifh, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that in-
CREASE or diminish its effect. Familiar com-

edy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heighten ed by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the foliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the ac-

tion is not fuppofed to be real; and it fol-

ows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pafs, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pafs in an hour, the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakefpeare knew the unities, and rejected them by defign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoffible to decide, and ufelefs to inquire. We may reafonably fuppofe, that, when he rofe to notice, he did not want the
the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately per-
sifted in a practice, which he might have
gained by chance. As nothing is essential
to the false but unity of action, and as the
unities of time and place arise evidently
from false assumptions, and, by circum-
fering the extent of the drama, lefien its
variety, I cannot think it much to be la-
mented, that they were not known by him,
or not observed: nor, if such another poet
could arise, should I very vehemently re-
proach him, that his first act passed at Ve-
nice, and his next in Cyprus. Such viola-
tions of rules, merely positive, become the
comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and
such cunctures are suitable to the minute and
flender criticism of Voltaire:

Non uisque permiscuit imis
Longus funnias dies, ut non, f voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Caedre tolli.

Yet when I speak thus slighting of drama-
tic rules, I cannot but recollect how much
wit and learning may be produced against
me; before such authorities I am afraid to
stand, not that I think the present question
one of those that are to be decided by mere
authority, but because it is to be suspected,
that these perhaps have not been so easily
received, but for better reasons than I have
yet been able to find. The result of my
enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous
to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities
of time and place are not essential to a just
drama; that though they may sometimes
conduce to pleasure, they are always to be
sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety
and instruction; and that a play written
with nice observation of critical rules, is to
be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity,
as the product of superfluous and offenta-
tious art, by which is shown, rather what
is possible than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other
excellence, shall preserve all the unities un-
broken, deserves the like applause with the
architect, who shall display all the orders
of architecture in a citadel, without any
deduction from its strength: but the prin-
cipal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the
enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are
to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmati-
cally but deliberately written, may recall the
principles of the drama to a new examine-
tion. I am almost frighted at my own te-
merity; and when I estimate the fame and
the strength of those that maintain the con-
trary opinion, am ready to sink down in
reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from
the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune
shaking the wall, and Juno heading the
befiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot per-
suade to give their approbation to the
judgment of Shakespeare, will easily, if
they consider the condition of his life, make
some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly
estimated, must be compared with the state
of the age in which he lived, and with his
own particular opportunities; and thought
to a reader a book be not worse or better
for the circumstances of the author, yet as
there is always a silent reference of human
works to human abilities, and as the in-
quiry, how far man may extend his designs,
or how high he may rate his native force,
is of far greater dignity than in what rank
we shall place any particular performance;
curiosity is always busy to discover the in-
struments, as well to survey the work-
manship, to know how much is to be at-
cribed to original powers, and how much
to casual and adventitious help. The pal-
aces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean
and incommodious habitations, if compared
to the houses of European monarchs; yet
who could forbear to view them with atlo-
nishment, who remembered that they were
built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of
Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge
from barbarity. The philology of Italy
had been transplanted hither in the reign of
Henry the Eighth; and the learned lan-
guages had been successully cultivated by
Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Chelc,
and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith,
Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was
now taught to boys in the principal schools;
and those who united elegance with learn-
ing, read, with great diligence, the Italian
and Spanish poets. But literature was yet
confined to professed scholars, or to men
and women of high rank. The public was
gros and dark; and to be able to read and
write, was an accomplishment still valued
for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their in-
fancy. A people, newly awakened to lite-
rary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with
the true state of things, knows not how to
dudge of that which is proposed as its re-
femblance. Whatever is remote from com-
mon appearances is always welcome to vul-
gar, as to childish credulity; and of a

country
country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of
those who then aspired to plebeian learning
was laid out upon adventures, giants, dra-
gons, and enchantments. The Death of
Arthur was the favourite volume.

The mind, which was feasted on the lux-
urious wonders of fiction, had no taste of
the insipidity of truth. A play, which imi-
tated only the common occurrences of the
world, would, upon the admirers of Pal-
merin and Guy of Warwick, have made
little impression; he that wrote for such an
audience was under the necessity of looking
round for strange events and fabulous tran-
actions; and that incredibility, by which
mature knowledge is offended, was the
chief recommendation of writings to un-
skifful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally bor-
rowed from novels; and it is reasonable to
suppose, that he chose the most popular,
such as were read by many, and related by
more; for his audience could not have fol-
lowed him through the intricacies of the
play, had they not held the thread of the
story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in
remoter authors, were in his time accessible
and familiar. The fable of 'As you like
It,' which is supposed to be copied from
Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet
of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remem-
bered the tale of Hamlet in plain English
prose, which the critics have now to feek
in Saxo Grammaticus.

His English histories he took from English
chronicles and English ballads; and as the
ancient writers were made known to his
countrymen by versions, they supplied him
with new subjects; he dilated some of Plu-
tarch's lives into plays, when they had been
translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous,
are always crowded with incidents, by which
the attention of a rude people was more
easily caught than by sentiment or argumen-
tation; and such is the power of the mar-
vellous, even over those who despise it,
that every man finds his mind more strongly
feized by the tragedies of Shakespeare than
of any other writer: others please us by par-
culiar speeches; but he always makes
us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps,
excelled all but Homer in securing the first
purpose of a writer, by exciting reflefs
and unquenchable curiosity, and compel-
ing him that reads his work to read it
through.

The shows and buffle, with which his
plays abound, have the fame original. As
knowledge advances, pleasure passes from
the eye to the ear, but returns, as it de-
clines, from the ear to the eye. Those to
whom our author's labours were exhibited,
had more skill in pomp or procefsions than
in poetical language, and perhaps wanted
some visible and discriminated events, as
comments on the dialogue. He knew how
he should most please; and whether his
practice is more agreeable to nature, or
whether his example has prejudiced the na-
tion, we still find, that on our stage some-
thing must be done as well as said, and
inactive declamation is very coldly heard,
h owever musical or elegant, passionate or
sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our
author's extravagancies are endured by a
nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato.
Let him be answered, that Addison speaks
the language of poets, and Shakespeare of
men. We find in Cato innumerable beau-
ties which enamour us of its author, but
we see nothing that acquaints us with hu-
man sentiments or human actions; we place
it with the fairest and the noblest
progeny which judgment propagates by
conjunction with learning; but Othello is
the vigorous and vivacious offspring of ob-
ervation impregnated by genius. Cato af-
ords a splendid exhibition of artificial and
 fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble
sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and
harmonious, but its hopes and fears com-
unicate no vibration to the heart; the
compilation refers us only to the writer; we
pronounce the name of Cato, but we think
on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular
writer is a garden accurately formed and
diligently planted, varied with shades, and
scented with flowers; the composition of
Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks ex-
tend their branches, and pines tower in the
air, interperfed sometimes with weeds and
brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to
myrtles and to rofes; filling the eye with
awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with
endless diversity. Other poets display ca-
abinets of precious rarities, minutely finifh-
ed, wrought into shape, and polished into
brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which
contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible
plenty, though clouded by incrustations,
deafed by impurities, and mingled with a
mafs of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether
Shake-
Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that he had small Latin and less Greek; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, Go before, I'll follow, we read a translation of I pref, sequar. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, I cry'd to sleep again; the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the fame wish on the fame occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations or by oral communication; and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The Comedy of Errors is confessedly taken from the Menamchi of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inacessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes, proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assiduity. In the story of Romeo and Juliet, he is observ’d to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, nor what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but, as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a flock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried, Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakespeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other
Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakespeare had no such advantage, he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought, or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them, is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakespeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, as dew-drops from a lion's mane.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many calls of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himself imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether, from all his successors, more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just; their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another; and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and capual. Shakespeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted.
distorred by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his represen-
tations to be just, and the learned feel that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in Gorboduc, which is confequently before our author; yet in Hieronymus, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours, indeed, commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to soothe by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best, will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves excluded into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of potterity, that he leived any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity; which may be at least forgiven him by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which, perhaps, never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little declined into the vale of years, before he could be disfigured with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the deprivations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better delity, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

§ 236. Pope's Preface to his Homer.

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has
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has duly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but fickle wisely: for Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursey, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and opprest by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true political spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses remembles that of the army he describes:

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps "the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakespeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irrefutably.

I shall here endeavour to shew, how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful fire, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compas of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but, wanting yet an ample sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it
it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvelous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the fame for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemoras. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinoa and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pindar, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jafon in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and percons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He feems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his percons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively
lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inspired by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and altenishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Neoptolomus in idiom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds.—The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Stathus’s heroes, that an air of impetuousity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capanus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often conflict of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person’s mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his personas have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We often think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same preëdiing faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Herculie, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author feldom rises into very aloftening sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every fort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, pretended themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety
variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has affixed himself with great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his matter.

If we defend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it affixed and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conducted in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hec tor’s plumes in the epithet \textit{bravus patriae}, the landscape of mount Neritnes in that of \textit{necropsis}, and so of others; which particular images could not have been infused upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets in a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler 	extit{Eleus}, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being letters to his sense, were always in ready use to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his motions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same fort of diligence as we daily see practised in the cafe of Italian operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just as to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has some advantages, both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book II.

fe. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verfe, the most rapid and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transport'd, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more rafed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distingtonishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer pos'd a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only faid to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil the better artift. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuouity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil befaows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shins more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Aeneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the fame power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empries, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to fulpicion, fo may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, fo may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from no other a caufe as the excels of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy invention of a Deity to fave the probability.

It is owing to the fame vast invention, that his families have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into emblishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to over-
power the main one. His smiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also let off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The fame will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggered to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier, "that * those times and manners are so much the more " excellent, as they are more contrary to " ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By

* Preface to her Homer.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phoebus, the blue eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have cenured as imper SOPHIST or tedious repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used; they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Barefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-thanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture: Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blest." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other caviils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the fu-
perfection by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odysses above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the conceptions of his merit. The fame might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monf. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applause, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable; and they who find the juiciest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unaltered; and for the rest, the dictation and verification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of those in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no leas in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better prefers than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transferring the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of
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of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical infantile hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into futian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others funk into flatness in a cold and ridiculous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds, (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and fordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a fopen: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be drest at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rudelicity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the purity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner configured to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique call. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junta, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a function from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, thecourse to be taken is obvious.

G g 2

Some
Some that cannot be so turned as to pre-
serve their full image by one or two words,
may have justice done them by circumlocu-
tion; as the epithet ἀνδρεπον ἡμῖν to a moun-
tain, would appear little or ridiculous tran-
slated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords
a majestic idea in the paraphrase: "The
lofty mountain shakes his waving woods."

Others that admit of differing significations,
may receive an advantage by a judicious va-
niation according to the occasions on which
they are introduced. For example, the
epithet of Apollo, Ἀπολλός, or "far-fhooting,
" is capable of two explications; one
literal in respect to the darts and bow, the
enfigns of that god; the other allegorical
with regard to the rays of the sun; there-
fore in such places where Apollo is repre-
sented as a god in person, I would ufe the
former interpretation; and where the effects
of the sun are described, I would make
choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it
will be necessary to avoid that perpetual re-
petition of the fame epithets which we find
in Homer; and which, though it might be
accommodated (as has been already shewn)
to the ear of thofe times, is by no means
fo to ours: but one may wait for opportu-
nities of placing them, where they derive
an additional beauty from the occasions on
which they are employed; and in doing
this properly, a translator may at once fhew
his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may di-
vide them into three forts; of whole narra-
tions and speeches, of fingle sentences, and
of one verfe or hemiflitch. I hope it is not
impoible to have fuch a regard to thofe,
as neither to lofe fo known a mark of the au-
thor on the one hand, nor to offend the rea-
der too much on the other. The repetition
is not ungraceful in thofe speeches where the
dignity of the speaker renders it a fort
of infidence to alter his words; as in the
messages from Gods to men, or from higher
powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or
where the ceremonial of religion seems to
require it, in the follemn forms of prayer,
oaths, or the like. In other cafes, I be-
lieve, the bett rule is, to be guided by the
neareft, or distance, at which the repeti-
tions are placed in the original: when they
follow too clofe, one may vary the expref-
sion; but it is a question, whether a pro-
fefled translator be authorized to omit any:
if they be tedious, the author is to anfwer
for it.

It only remains to fpeak of the Verifica-
tion. Homer (as has been faid) is perpe-
tually applying the found to the fentic, and
varying it on every new subject. This is
indeed one of the moft exquifite beauties of
poetry, and attainable—by very few: I
know only of Homer eminent for it in the
Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am fenfible
it is what may sometimes happen by chance,
when a writer is warm, and fully poft-fed of
his image: however it may be reafonably
believed they designed this, in whole verfe
it fo manifeftly appears in a fuperior degree
to all others. Few readers, have the ear to
be judges of it; but thofe who have, will
fee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confefs myself
utterly incapable of doing juftice to Homer.
I attempt him in no other hope but that
which one may entertain without much va-
nity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him
than any entire tranflation in verfe has yet
done. We have only thofe of Chapman,
Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken
the advantage of an immeasurable length of
verfe, notwithstanding which, there is fcarce
any paraphrafe more loofe and rambling
than his. He has frequent interpolations of
four or fix lines, and I remember one in the
thirteenth book of the Odyssey, ver. 312,
where he has spun twenty verfes out of two.
He is often married in fo bold a manner
that one might think he deviated on purpo-
s, if he did not in other places of his notes
insift fo much upon verbal trifles. He ap-
ppears to have had a ftrong affeâtion of ex-
tracting new meanings out of his author,
infomuch as to promife, in his rhyming
preface, a poem of the mysteries he had re-
vealed in Homer: and perhaps he endea-
voured to ftrain the obvious fenfe to this
end. His expreffion is involved in fufian,
a fault, for which he was remarkable in his
original writings, as in the tragedy of Buff
d'Amboife, &c. In a word, the nature of
the man may account for his whole per-
formance; for he appears, from his preface
and remarks, to have been of an arrogan
turn, and an enfufiâ in poetry. His own
boast of having finifhed half the Iliad in les
than fifteen weeks, shews with what negli-
gence his version was performed. But that
which is to be allowed him, and which
very much contributed to cover his defects,
is a daring firy spirit that animates his
tranflation, which is something like what
one might imagine Homer himfelf would
have writ before he arrived at years of diffe-
ration.

Hobbes has given us a correct explana-
tion of the fentic in general; but for par-
particulars
ticulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole families and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism. It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Illiad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which, if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preferred the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confederately the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to prefer, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more gedeate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and peripety; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preferred either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambrai's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Boffu's admirable treatise of the epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges to little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kind-ness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion, in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as more particular criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish, for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved.
undertook by one who bears them so true
an affection. But what can I say of the
honour to many of the Great have done me,
while the first names of the age appear as
my subscribers, and the most distinguished
patrons and ornaments of learning as my
chief encouragers? Among these, it is a
particular pleasure to me to find that my
highest obligations are to such who have
done most honour to the name of poet: that
his grace the duke of Buckingham was not
displeased I should undertake the author to
whom he has given (in his excellent Essay)
so complete a praise.

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
"For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
"Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
"And Homer will be all the books you need."

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first
to favour me, of whom it is hard to say
whether the advancement of the polite arts
is more owing to his generosity or his ex-
ample. That such a genius as my lord
Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the
great scenes of business than in all the use-
ful and entertaining parts of learning, has
not refused to be the critic of these sheets,
and the patron of their writer.

And that so excellent an imitator of Ho-
mer as the noble author of the tragedy of
Heroic Love, has continued his partiality
to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my
attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself
the pride of confessing, that I have had the
advantage not only of their advice for the
conduct in general, but their correction of
several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure
of being distinguished by the earl of Car-
narvon; but it is almost absent to parti-
cularize any one generous action in a perfon
whose whole life is a continued series of
them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary
of state, will pardon my desire of having it
known that he was pleased to promote this
affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt
(the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me
a proof how much I am honoured in a share
of his friendship. I must attribute to the
fame motive that of several others of my
friends, to whom all acknowledgments are
rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a
familiar correspondence; and I am satisfied
1 can no better way oblige men of their
turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than
ever Homer wanted. He would have thought
himself happy to have met the fame favour
at Athens, that has been shewn me by its
learned rival, the university of Oxford. If
my author had the wits of after ages for his
defenders, his translator has had the beauties
of the present for his advocates; a pleasure
too great to be changed for any fame in re-
version. And I can hardly envy him those
pompous honours he received after death,
when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many
agreeable obligations, and easy friendships,
which make the satisfaction of life. This
distinction is the more to be acknowledged,
as it is shewn to one whose pen has never
gratified the prejudices of particular parties,
or the vanities of particular men. What-
ever the success may prove, I shall never
repent of an undertaking in which I have
experienced the candour and friendship of so
many persons of merit; and in which I
hope to pass some of those years of youth
that are generally lost in a circle of follies,
after a manner neither wholly unuseful to
others, nor disagreeable to myself.

§ 237. An Essay on Virgil's Georgics, pre-
fixed to Mr. Dryden's Translation.

Virgil may be reckoned the first who in-
troduced three new kinds of poetry among
the Romans, which he copied after three of
the greatest masters of Greece. Thocritus
and Homer have still disputed for the ad-
vantage over him in pastoral and heroics;
but I think all are unanimous in giving him
the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics.
The truth of it is, the sweetness and ruti-
city of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed
in any other tongue as in the Greek, when
rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric
dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic
poem any where appear fo well as in this
language, which has a natural greatness in
it, and can be often rendered more deep
and honourous by the pronunciation of the
Ionians. But in the middle style, where
the writers in both tongues are on a level,
we see how far Virgil has excelled all who
have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism
spent on Virgil's Pastoral and Eneids, but
the Georgics are a subject where none of
the critics have sufficiently taken into their
consideration; most of them passing it over
in silence, or calling it under the name head
with Pastoral; a division by no means pro-
per, unless we suppose the style of a hus-
bandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic,
as that of a shepherd is in Pastoral. But
though the scene of both these poems lies

in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Pastoral can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry which consist in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theogonis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from our ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conventional among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us, and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews his skill in filing out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather. And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brode of needle-work one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasanter of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasing to read than Varro's. Where the profe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sepe alterius ramus impune vidimus
Vertere in alterius, mututamque infita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunus lapidofa rubefcere corna.

Steriles Platani malos gerfere valentes,
Catacanae fagus, ornafque incanuit albo
Flore pyri : Glandumque fas frescere fab alnus

Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exsit ad celum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturas novas frondes, et non fua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprize, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, G 5 3 that
that enters, as it were, through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to imbibe his poem with too much businesse; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while, for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they be brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's description of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharallel, and the actions of Augustus. But it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines:

Sicilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus ills
Agricola incurvo terram multus aratro,
Exfis inveniet scabris rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rafiris galeas pulchrit inanes,
Grandiique effosis mirabitur offa sepulchris.

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

---Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abusitis arva colonis;
Et curvate rigidum falles confuntur in enem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought, in particular, to be careful of not letting his subject degrade his style, and betray him into a meaner sort of expression, but everywhere to keep up his verse, in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too a great a turn of familiarity; much less ought the low phrases and terms of art that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject; but in the pleasantest drefs that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of tempore but fidere in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecifms, and circumlocations, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein confits Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different succes that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may gues at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper; he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is
too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may before-hand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undrefs. Thus when he speaks of January, "The wild beasts," says he, "run thivering through the woods, with their heads flooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flesh'd with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather; but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hefiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significance of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a felomn air in his reflections, that if we look on both pocts together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other something of rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's elaine in his description; for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

--- O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hemi sifitas, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is everywhere mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos; which a more northern poet would have omitted, for the description of a funny hill and fireside.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without thivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to out-do Luceritus in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased as when he is got among his bees, in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in Æneas he compares the labours of his Trojans to thofe of bees and pinmirs, here he compares the labours of the bees to thofe of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Ænæis; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock grandeur of an insect with so good a grace.
§ 238. History of the Heathen Deities.

1. Coelus and Terra. Coelus is said to be the son of the Air, great father of the Gods, and husband of Terra, the daughter of the Earth; by whom he had the Cyclops, Oceanus, Titan, the Hundred Giants, and many other children, the most eminent of which was Saturn.

Nothing is more uncertain than what is related of Coelus and Terra; and the whole fable plainly seems to signify that the Air and Earth were the common father and parent of all created beings. Coelus was called Uranus by the Greeks, and Terra was also named Veita; she presided over all feasts and banquetas; and the first fruits of the earth were offered to her in the most solemn sacrifices. According to the fable, Coelus was dethroned by his youngest son Saturn, and wounded by him, to prevent his having more children.

2. Saturn. Saturn was the son of Coelus and Terra, and the most ancient of all the Gods. Titan, his elder brother, resigned his birth-right to him, on condition that he should destroy all his male issue; that the empire of the world might in time fall to his posterity. Saturn accepted of this condition; but Titan afterwards supposing that his brother had broke the contract between them, made war against him, and kept him in prison; from whence he was released by his son Jupiter, and re-inflated in his government: he was afterwards dethroned by Jupiter himself.

Saturn being driven from his throne, left the kingdom, and went into Italy, and there lived with king Janus. That part of Italy where he concealed himself was called Latium.

He is represented as the emblem of Time, with a scythe in his hand; and in his time, it is said, was the golden age of the earth, when the ground yielded all sorts of fruits without culture, and Aftraea, or Justice, dwelt among men, who lived together in perfect love and amity.

The Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, were instituted by Tullus king of the Romans; or, according to Livy, by Sempronius and Minutius the consuls.

3. Cybele. Cybele was the wife of Saturn, and accounted mother of the gods: she was called Ops by the Latins, and Rhea by the Greeks. She was also named Bona Mater, Veita, and Terra.

Cybele had her head crowned with towers, and is the goddess of cities, garrisons, and all things that the earth suffains. She is the Earth itself, on which are built many towers and castles.
In her hand she carries a key, because, in winter, the earth locks up her treasures, which in the spring the unlooses, brings forth, and dispenses with a plentiful hand.

She is seated in a chariot, because the earth hangs in the air, being poised by its own weight. Her garments were painted with flowers of various colours, and figured with images of several creatures; which needs no explanation, since every one knows, that such a dress is suitable to the earth.

Divine honours were daily paid to this goddes; and the priests of Cybele performed their sacrifices with a confused noise of timbrels, pipes, cymbals, and other instruments; and the sacrificants profaned both the temple of their goddes, and the ears of their hearers, with howling, riot, and every kind of wantonness.

The priests of this goddes were called Galli, from a river in Phrygia. They were also called Curetes, Corybantes, Telchines, Cabiri, and Idae Daetyli.

4. Jupiter. Jupiter, son of Saturn and Cybele, or Ops, is the father and king of gods and men. He is represented sitting on a throne of ivory and gold, holding thunder in his right hand, and in the left, a scepter made of cyprus; which wood, being free from corruption, is a symbol of eternal empire. On this scepter fits an eagle; either because he was brought up by that bird, or that heretofore the eagle sitting upon his head, portended his reign; or because in the war against the Giants, it brought him the thunder, and thence was called his Armour-bearer. He had golden shoes, and an embroidered cloak, adorned with various flowers, and figures of animals. He was educated, as well as born, upon Ida, a mountain in Crete; but by whom, the variety of opinions is wonderful.

There are some who affirm, that he was nursed by the Curetes, or Corybantes; some by the Nymphs; and some by Amaletha, daughter of Melisius king of that island. Others, on the contrary, have recorded, that he was fed by the bees with honey; others, by goat's milk.

They add besides, that the goat being dead, and the skin pulled off, Jupiter made of it a shield, called Aegis, which he used afterwards in the battle against the Giants.

Jupiter, after he had depose6 his father Saturn from the throne, and expelled him the kingdom, divided the paternal inheritance with his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto. He so obliged and assisted mankind by great favours, that he not only got the title of Jupiter, but also obtained divine honours, and was esteemed the common father of gods and men.

Jupiter had names almost innumerable; which he obtained, either from the places where he lived, and wherein he was worshipped, or from the various actions of his life.

The Greeks called him Ammon or Hammon, which signifies family. He obtained this name first in Libya, where he was worshipped under the figure of a ram; because when Bacchus was aifright in the desarts of Arabia, and implored the assistance of Jupiter, Jupiter appeared in the form of a ram, opened a fountain with his foot, and discovered it to him.

He was called Capitolinus, from the Capitoline hill, on the top whereof he had the first temple that ever was built in Rome; which Tarquin the Elder first vowed to build, Tarquin the Proud did build, and Horatius the Confed dedicated. He was besides called Tarpeius, from the Tarpeian rock on which this temple was built. He was also styled Optimus Maximus, from his power and willingness to profit all men.

The title of Dodonæus was given Jupiter from the city Dodona, in Chonisia, which was so called from Dodona, a nymph of the sea. Near to this city was a grove sacred to him, which was planted with oaks, and famous, because in it was the most ancient oracle of all Greece.

The name Feretrius was given him, because after the Romans had overcome their enemies, they carried the imperial spoils (Spolia Opima) to his temple. Romulus first presented such spoils to Jupiter, after he had slain Acron, king of Cenina; and Cornelius Gallus offered the same spoils, after he had conquered Tolumnius, king of Hetruria; and thirdly, M. Marcellus, when he had vanquished Viridomarus, king of the Gauls.

Those spoils were called Opima, which one general took from the other in battle.

He is also named Olympus from Olympus, the name of the master who taught him, and of the heaven wherein he resides.

The Greeks called him Σωρᾶς (Soter) Servator, the Saviour, because he delivered them from the Medes.

He was likewise called Xenius, or Hospitalis; because he was thought the author of the laws and customs concerning hospitality.

5. Juno.
5. **Juno.** Juno was the Queen of Heaven, both the sister and wife of Jupiter; the daughter of Saturn and Ops; born in the island Samos, where she lived while she continued a virgin. Juno became extremely jealous of Jupiter, and never ceased to perplex the children he had by his mistresses. She was mother of Vulcan, Mars, and Hebe; she was also called Lucina, and presided over marriages and births; and is represented in a chariot drawn by peacocks, with a scepter in her right hand, and a crown on her head; her person was august, her carriage noble, and her dress elegant and neat.

Iris, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra, was the servant and peculiar messenger of Juno. Because of her swiftness, she is painted with wings, sitting on a rainbow. It was her office to unloose the souls of dying women from the chains of the body.

6. **Apollo.** Apollo is described as a beardless youth, with long hair, crowned with laurel, and shining in an embroidered vestment; holding a bow and arrows in his right hand, and a harp in the left. Sometimes he is seen with a shield in the one hand, and the Graces in the other. The power of this god is threefold; in heaven, where he is called Sol; in earth, where he is named Liber Pater; and in hell, where he is styled Apollo. He generally is painted with a harp, shield, and arrows.

He was the son of Jupiter and Latona. His mother, who was the daughter of Cœus the Titan, conceived twins by Jupiter; at which Juno being incensed, sent the serpent Python against her; Latona, to avoid the intended mischief, fled into the island Delos, where she brought forth Apollo and Diana at the same birth.

By the invention of physic, music, poetry, and rhetoric, he deservedly presided over the Muses. He also taught the arts of foretelling and archery; by which so much obliged mankind, that he was enrolled in the number of the gods.

He destroyed all the Cyclopes, the forgers of Jupiter's thunderbolts, with his arrows, to revenge the death of his son Æsculapius, whom Jupiter had killed with his thunder, because, by the power of physic, he restored the dead to life again. He fell violently in love with the virgin Daphne, so famous for her modesty. When he pursued her she was changed into a laurel, the most choice of trees; which is never corrupted with the violence of heat or cold, but remains always flourishing, always pure.

Apollo raised the walls of the city of Troy by the music of his harp alone; and was challenged by Marvys, a proud musician; but the god flayed him alive, because he presumed to contend with him in his own art, and afterwards turned him into a river. Also when Midas, king of Phrygia, foolishly determined the victory to the god Pan, when Apollo and he fang together, Apollo stretched his ears to the length and shape of asses ears.

This god had many names. He is called Cynthius, from the mountain Cynthus, in the island of Delos; from whence Diana is also called Cynthia; and Delius, from the same island, because he was born there.

He is called Delphicus from the city Delphi, in Boeotia, where he had the most famous temple in the world. They say, that this famous oracle became dumb at the birth of our Saviour; and when Augustus desired to know the reason of its silence, the oracle answered him, That, in Judea, a child was born, who was the Supreme God, and had commanded him to depart, and return no more answers.

He is called Pæan, either from allaying forrows, or from his exact skill in hunting, wherefore he is armed with arrows.

He is called Phæbus, from the swiftness of his motion, or from his method of healing by purging.

He was named Pythius, not only from the serpent Python, which he had killed, but likewise from asking and consulting; for none among the gods delivered more responses than he; especially in the temple which he had at Delphi, to which all nations repaired, so that it was called the oracle of all the earth. These oracles were given out by a young virgin, called Pythia from Pythius, one of Apollo's names.

7. **Sol.** Sol, who enlightens the world, is esteemed the same as Apollo. He was the father of Phaëton by Clymene; and, as a proof of his paternal affection, promised to grant his son whatever he should request. The rash youth asked the guidance of his chariot for one day: Sol in vain used every argument to dissuade him from the enterprise; but having sworn by the river Styx, an oath it was unlawful for the gods to violate, unwillingly granted his request, and gave him the necessary instructions for his behaviour.
Phaeton, transported with joy, mounted the chariot, and began to laith the flaming steeds; but they, finding the ignorance of their new driver, ran through the air, and set both heaven and earth on fire. Jupiter, to prevent a total conflagration, struck Phaeton with thunder from his chariot, and plunged him into the river Po. His sisters, Phaethusa, Lampetia, and Phebe, and also Cyclus his friend, immediately bewailed his death on the banks of the river; and, by the pity of the gods, his sisters were changed into poplar trees, and his friend Cyclus into a swan.

8. Mercur. Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas, was the god of eloquence and merchandize, and messenger of the gods.

He is represented a young man, with a cheerful countenance, an honest look, and lively eyes; fair without paint, with winged shoes and hat, and holding in his hand a winged rod, bound about with two serpents.

He had many remarkable qualities, on account of which they worshiped him as a god. He is said to have invented letters, and the use of them: it is evident, that he excelled in eloquence, and the faculty of speaking; and therefore was accounted the god of rhetoric and oratory. He is reported to have been the first inventor of contracts, weights, and measures: he also taught the arts of buying, selling, and traffic; and thence was called the god of merchants, and of gain.

In the art of thieving he far exceeded all the sharers that ever have been, and is named the Prince and God of Trickling. The very day in which he was born, he stole away the cows of king Admetus, though attended by Apollo himself; who, while he complained of the theft, and bent his bow with an intent of revenge, found himself robbed of his quiver and arrows also.

He was a wonderful master at making peace; and pacified not only mortals, but also the gods themselves, when they quarreled. This faculty is signified by the rod which he holds in his hand, and which formerly he got from Apollo, to whom he had before given a harp.

He had divers offices: the chief were, to carry the commands of Jupiter; also to attend persons dying, to unloose their fouls from the chains of the body, and carry them down to hell; likewise to revive, and replace in new bodies, those that had already completed their time in the Elyrian fields.

9. Mars. Mars, the son of Jupiter and Juno, or, as is related by Ovid, of Juno only, who conceived him by the touch of a flower shewed her by Flora.

Mars is the god of war, fierce in aspect, stern in countenance, and terrible in dress; he sits in a chariot drawn by two horses, which are driven by a distracted woman. He is covered with armour, and brandishes a spear in his right hand. Sometimes he is represented sitting on horseback, formidable with his whip and spear, with a cock near him, the emblem of watchfulness.

His servants are Fear and Terror. Discord also goes before in a tattered garment, and Clamour and Anger follow him.

Bellona, goddess of war, is the companion of Mars, or, according to others, his sister or wife. She prepares for him his chariot and horses, when he goes to battle.

His name, Mars, sets forth the power and influence he has in war, where he pre- sides over the soldiers.

He is called Gradivus, from his state-lines in marching, or from his vigour in brandishing his spear.

He is called Quirinus from Quiris, or Quiris, signifying a spear. This name was afterwards attributed to Romulus, who, with Remus, was esteemed the son of Mars; from whom the Romans were called Qui- rites.

10. Bacchus. Bacchus was son of Jupiter and Semele, and is said to have been nourished by Jupiter in his thigh on the death of his mother. As soon as he was born, he was committed to the care of Silenus and the Nymphs, to be brought up; and, in reward for their service, the Nymphs were received into heaven, and there changed into firs called the Hyades.

Bacchus is a filthy, shameful, and immodest god; with a body naked, red face, lascivious look, swollen cheeks and belly, dispirited with luxury, and intoxicated with wine.

He is crowned with ivy and vine leaves, and in his hand holds a thyrsus for a scepter. His chariot is drawn sometimes by tygers and lions, sometimes by lynxes and panthers: a drunken band of Satyrs, Demons, and Nymphs preidding over the wine-preffes, fairies of the fountains, and priestefles, attend him as his guard, and old Silenus, riding on an af, brings up the rear.

Bacchus
Bacchus invented so many things useful to mankind, either in finishing controversies, building cities, enacting laws, or obtaining victories, that for this reason he was admitted into the council of the gods, by the joint suffrages of the whole world.

He first planted the vine and drank the juice of the grape; the tillage of the ground, and making honey, are attributed to Bacchus: when he was king of Phoenicia, he instructed his subjects in trade and navigation. He promoted society amongst men, and brought them over to religion and the knowledge of the gods.

He subdued the Indians, and many other nations, and triumphed in a chariot drawn by tygers. Riding on an elephant, he traversed Egypt, Syria, Phrygia, and all the East, gained many and great victories, and there erected pillars, as Hercules did in the West.

He had various names: he was called Bromius, from the crackling of fire, and noise of thunder, that was heard when his mother was killed in the embraces of Jupiter.

Bimirat, because he had two mothers.

Evius, or Evous; for in the war with the Giants, when Jupiter did not see Bacchus, he thought that he was killed; and cried out, *Alas, son!* Or, because when he found that Bacchus had overcome the Giants, by changing himself into a lion, he cried out again, *Well done, son!*

Evan, from the acclamations of the Bacchantes, who were therefore called Evanites.

Eleusus and Eleus, from the acclamation wherewith they animated the soldiers before the fight, or encouraged them in the battle itself. The same acclamation was also used in celebrating the Orgia, which were sacrifices offered up to Bacchus.

Iacchus was also one of the names given to Bacchus, from the noise which men when drunk make.

Liber, and Liber Pater, from *libero*, as in Greek they call him *Eukulipos* [*Eleutharios*] the Deliverer.

Alfo Lenous, and Lycaus; for wine frees the mind from cares, and those who have drunk plentifully, speak too often whatsoever comes into their minds.

II. MINERVA. Minerva, or Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, war, arts, and sciences, was the daughter of Jupiter; who finding no likelihood of having children by Juno, it is said, desired Vulcan to strike his forehead with his hammer; and, after three months, he brought forth Minerva. She was called Minerva, as some say, from the threats of her flern and fierce look. Instead of a woman's dress, she is arrayed in armour; wears a golden head-piece, and on it glittering crests: a brazen coat of mail covers her breast; she brandishes a lance in her right hand, and in her left holds a shield, whereon is painted the grieved head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons, rough and formidable with snakes.

Upon the head of this goddess there was an olive crown, which is the symbol of peace; either because war is only made that peace may follow; or because the taught men the use of that tree.

There were five Mínervas; but that one, to whom the rest are referred, was descended of Jupiter. For he, as some say, finding that his wife was barren, through grief struck his forehead, and brought forth Minerva.

This goddess, like Vesta and Diana, was a perpetual virgin; and so great a lover of chastity, that the deprived Tiresias of his eyes, because he saw her bathing in the fountain of Helicon.

Minerva was the inventress of divers arts, especially of spinning; and therefore the distaff is ascribed to her.

The Athenians were much devoted to her worship; and she had been adored by that people before Athens itself was built. The Rhodians also paid great honour to this goddess. She was extremely jealous lest any one should excel her in any art; and near her are placed divers mathematical instruments, as goddesses of arts and sciences. The cock and the owl are sacred to her; the first being expressive of courage and watchfulness, and the latter the emblem of caution and foresight.

Minerva represents wisdom, that is, useful knowledge, joined with discreet practice; and comprehends the understanding of the most noble arts, together with all the virtues, but more especially that of chastity. Her birth from Jupiter's head, is most certainly an emblem that all human arts and sciences are the production of the mind of man, directed by superior wisdom.

12. VENUS. Venus is said to be the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. She is stiled the goddess of the Graces, Eloquence, Beauty, Neatness, and Cheerfulness; her countenance many charms abound.

She is cloathed with a purple mantle glittering with diamonds, and refultgent with
The first of Venus's companions was Hymenæus, the god of marriage, and protector of virgins. Maidens newly married offered sacrifices to him, as also to the goddess Concordia.

Cupid, the god of love, was the next of Venus's companions. She also passionately loved Adonis, a beautiful youth.

The poets speak of two Cupids; one of which is an ingenious youth, the son of Jupiter and Venus, a celestial deity; the other a daubachée, the son of Nox and Erebus, whose companions are Drunkenness, Sorrow, Enmity, Contention, and other plagues of that kind.

The Graces, called Charities, were three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus. These will be more particularly mentioned in a future place.

Venus was worshipped under various names: Cypris and Cyperia, Cytheris and Cythera, from the islands of Cyprus and Cythera, whether she was first carried in a sea shell.

Erycina, from the mountain Eryx, in the island of Sicily; upon which Æneas built a splendid and famous temple to her honour, because she was his mother.

Idalia and Acidalia, from the mountain Idalus, in the island Cyprus, and the fountain Acidalius, in Boeotia.

Marina, because she was born of the sea, and begotten of the froth of the waters.

From thence she is called Aphroditis and Anadyomene, that is, emerging out of the waters, as Apelles painted her.

She is called Paphia, from the city Pha-

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phos in the island of Cyprus, where they sacrificed flowers and frankincense to her; also the Lesbian Queen, from Lesbos, in the same island.

On a dispute at a feast of the gods, between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, for the pre-eminence of beauty, Jupiter, not being able to bring them to an agreement, referred the decision to Paris, a shepherd on Mount Ida, with direction that a golden apple should be given to the fairest. Paris determined the prize in favour of Venus, and assigned to her the golden reward. Venus, in return for this singular regard to her, promised Paris Helena, the fairest beauty in the world. Paris failed into Greece with a great fleet, and brought away Helen, who had been betrothed to Menelaus, king of Sparta; but he being then absent, Paris carried her away with him to Troy, which brought on the famous siege of that city, as is related in the Grecian History.

These were the principal, or first class of Deities in the Heathen Mythology; the Dei Maiores, to whom the highest degree of worship was paid; as it was universally imagined, that these deities were more eminently employed in the government of the world, and preferred over the immediate concerns of mankind.

Vulcan, Neptune, Pluto, and some others, are also esteemed principal Deities; but mention will be made of these as they occur in the several orders or ranks of Terrestrial, Marine, and Infernal Deities.

I. TERRITORIAL.

1. TITAN. Titan, the elder brother of Saturn, though not a god, claims the first place, being the eldest son of Cöclus and Terra; and, on an agreement with Jupiter his younger brother, he yielded to him his birthright, as is before mentioned. His sons were the Giants, called from him Titans.

2. VESTA. Vesta, the eldest of all the goddesses, the mother of Saturn, and the wife of Cöclus, is represented as a matron sitting and holding a drum. She is not reckoned among the Celestial gods, being the Earth herself. Vesta is her name from clothing, because the earth is clothed with plants and fruits. She fits, because the earth being immovable, rests in the lowest part of the world. She carries a drum, because the earth contains the boisterous winds in its bosom.
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Her head is also surrounded with divers flowers and plants, voluntarily weaving themselves into a crown; while animals of every kind play about, and fawn upon her. By reason the earth is round, Vesta's temple at Rome was built round; and they say, that her image was orbicular in some places.

It is no wonder that the first oblations were offered to her, since all the sacrificesspring from the earth; and the Greeks both began and concluded all sacrifices with this goddess.

3. VULCAN. Vulcan, the husband of Venus, was son of Jupiter and Juno (some say of Juno only); but, being born deformed, he was cast down from heaven by Jupiter as soon as he was born, and in the fall broke his leg. He was the god of subterraneous fires, and presided over metals.

He first made his address to Minerva, and was refused by her: he afterwards married Venus, but that goddess disregarded him for his deformity.

Vulcan made the chariot of the sun, and supplied Jupiter with thunder: he fixed his forges on Mount Ætna, but chiefly in the island Lemnos, where he worked for the gods, and taught the natives the art of working iron by fire. His forgesmen were the Cyclops, who are represented as having only one eye, in the middle of their forehead. Apollo, it is said, flew them all, for having forged the thunder with which Jupiter struck Æsculapius, the god of physic. The principal temple of Vulcan was on Mount Ætna; and he is painted with a hat of blue colour, the symbol of fire.

He was called Mulciber, or Multifer, from his softening and polishing iron.

4. JANUS. Janus was the son of Cælus and Hecate. He had a double face and forehead in one and the same head; hence he was called the two-faced God; and therefore is said to see things placed behind his back, as well as before his face. In his right hand he holds a key, and in his left a rod; and beneath his feet are twelve altars.

He had several temples built and dedicated to him, some of which had double doors, others four gates; because he was sometimes represented with four faces.

It was a custom among the Romans, that, in his temple, the consuls were inaugurated, and from thence paid to open the year on the kalends of January, when new laurel was put on the statue of the god. The temple of Janus was held in great veneration by the Romans, and was kept open in the time of war, and shut in the time of peace; and it is remarkable, that, within the space of seven hundred years, this temple was shut only thrice; once by Numa; afterwards by the consuls Marcus Attilius and Titus Manlius, after a league struck up with the Carthaginians; and, lastly, by Augustus, after the victory of Actium.

5. LATONA. Latona was the daughter of Phœbe, and Cæus the Titan; whom, for her great beauty, Jupiter loved and de-flowered.

When Juno perceived her with child, she cast her out of heaven to the earth, having first obliged Terra to swear, that she would not give her any where an habitation to bring forth her young: and besides, she fent the serpent Python to persecute her all over the world. But in vain; for in the island Delos, under a palm or an olive-tree, Latona brought forth Diana and Apollo.

6. DIANA. Diana, goddess of hunting, was the daughter of Ceres and Jupiter, and sister of Apollo. She is usually painted in a hunting habit, with a bow in her hand, a quiver full of arrows hanging down from her shoulders, and her breast covered with the skin of a deer: she was the goddess of hunting and chastity.

She has three different names, and as many offices: in the heavens she is called Luna and Phœbe, on the earth Diana, and in hell Hecate. In the heavens she enlightens all things by her rays; on the earth she subdues all the wild beasts by her bow and darts; and in hell keeps in subjection the ghosts and spirits, by her power and authority.

Diana was exposed by her mother in the streets, and was nourished by shepherds: for which reason, she was worshipped in the streets, and her statue usually set before the doors of the houses.

Many temples were erected to this goddess, of which, that of Ephesus was the chief. The woods, groves, and forests, were also consecrated to her.

Actæon, grand-son of Cadmus, a famous hunter, intruding himself into the privacy of Diana, whilst she was bathing in a fountain, the goddes changed him into a stag, and he was devoured by his dogs.

7. AURORA. Aurora was the daughter of Vesta, and the beloved of Helius; hence she was called the fair Helius, and the Latins Spica. She is painted as an old woman, with a beard, a scythe, and a heart in her hand. It is said that she flung light over the earth, and caused the sun to rise. She was also a protector of writing and of poets.
of Terra and Titan, the sister of the sun and moon, and mother of all the stars.

She sits high in a golden chariot, drawn by white horses. She was much taken with the love of Cephalus, a very beautiful youth; and when she could by no persuasion move him to violate his faith, plighted to his wife Procris, daughter of the king of Athens, she carried him up into heaven by force.

Aurora, being also charmed with the singular beauty of Tithonus, son of Laomedon, and brother of Priamus, carried him up into heaven, joined him to herself in wedlock, and from the Fates obtained immortality for him instead of a portion.

Memnon was the son of this marriage, who, when he came to Troy, to bring assistance to Priamus, fighting in a single combat with Achilles, was slain.

8. CERES. Ceres is represented as a lady, tall in stature, venerable with majesty, beautified with yellow hair, and crowned with a turban composed of the ears of corn. She holds in her right hand a burning torch, and, in her left, a handful of poppies and ears of corn.

She was daughter of Saturn and Ops, and of so great beauty, that she drew the gods into the love and admiration of her person.

She first invented and taught the art of tilling the earth, and sowing pulse and corn, and of making bread; whereas before men eat only acorns. As soon as agriculture was introduced, and men began to contend about the limits of those fields, which before were common and uncultivated, the enacted laws, and determined the rights and properties of each person when disputes arose.

Ceres is beautiful, because the earth, which the reembles, gives a very delightful and beautiful spectacle to beholders: especially when it is arrayed with plants, diversified with trees, adorned with flowers, enriched with fruits, and covered with green herbs; when it displays the honours of the Spring, and pours forth the gifts of Autumn with a bountiful hand.

She holds a lighted torch, because when Proserpine was stolen away by Pluto, the lighted torches with the flames of Mount Aetna, and with them sought her daughter through the whole world. She also carries poppies, because when spent with grief, and when she could not obtain the least rest or sleep, Jupiter gave her poppies to eat, which plant, they say, has a power of creating sleep and forgetfulness.

Among various nations, the first fruits of the earth were offered to Ceres, as goddess of corn and agriculture; and the Cerealia, or Mysteries instituted in honour of Ceres, both in Greece and Sicily, were of two forts: the greater, or chief, were peculiar to Ceres, and called Eleusis, from Eleusis, a city of Attica; and, in the lesser, sacrifices were made also to Proserpine.

In these feasts, the votaries ran through the public streets with great noise and lamentation, carrying lighted torches in their hands, in representation of the search made by Ceres after her daughter, when stolen by Pluto.

II. MARINE DEITIES.

1. NEPTUNE. Neptune was the son of Saturn and Ops, and brother of Jupiter and Pluto. His mother preferred him from the devouring jaws of his father, who eat up all the male children, and conveyed him to shepherds to be brought up as is before mentioned. In the division of his father's dominions by Jupiter, the empire of the sea was allotted to Neptune.

He having joined with Apollo in a conspiracy against Jupiter, they were both driven from heaven; and, by Jupiter's command, forced to serve Laomedon in building the walls of Troy. Neptune, not receiving the reward of his service, sent a sea-monster on the coasts, which ravaged the country.

Neptune afterwards became charmed with the beauty of Amphitrite, and long bore her disdain; at last, by the assistance of a Dolphin, and the power of flattery, he drew her into marriage. Neptune, as an acknowledgment for this kindness, placed the dolphin among the stars, and he became a constellation.

As to the actions of this god; the poets say, that in a dispute with Minerva, who should give a name to Athens, the capital city of Greece, he struck the ground with his trident, and produced a horse; for which reason the Athenians sacrificed to him that animal. Neptune was called Poseidon by the Greeks; the Romans gave him also the name of Conflus, and erected an altar to him in the circus of Rome. The Circensian games, or horse-races, instituted in honour of him, were, from this name, called Conflalia. In these games, which were celebrated in the months of February and July, the rape of the Sabine virgins was represented.
Neptune is esteemed governor of the sea, and father of the rivers and fountains. He is represented riding on the sea in a car, in the form of a shell, drawn by sea-horses, preceded by Tritons. He holds a trident in his hand, as an emblem of his sovereignty, and is attended by the younger Tritons, and sea-nymphs.

The other Deities are,

1. Oceanus, a marine deity, descended from Coelus and Vesta; and by the ancients was called, not only the father of rivers, but also of animals, and of the gods themselves.

2. Thetis, goddess of the sea, wife of Oceanus, by whom she is said to have had many sons; the chief of whom was Nereus, who dwelt in the Ægean sea, and by his wife Doris had fifty daughters, called from him Nereides. Thetis is represented sitting in a chariot, in the form of a shell, drawn by dolphins.

3. Amphitrite, daughter of Oceanus and Doris, goddess of the sea, and wife of Neptune. She is by the poets frequently taken for the sea itself; and by some writers, Thetis and Amphitrite are said to be the same person.

4. Triton, the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, was also his companion and trumpet. In the upper part of his body he bears the resemblance of a man, and of a fish in the lower part. Most of the sea-gods from him are called Tritons.

5. The Syrens were inhabitants of the sea. They had faces of women, but the bodies of flying fish. Their names were Parthenope, Ligæa, and Leucæa. These dwelt near the coast of Sicily, and drew to them all passers by the sweetness of their singing, and then devoured them.

III. Infernal Deities.

1. Pluto. Pluto, son of Saturn and Rhea, and brother of Jupiter and Neptune. In the division of his father's kingdom, when he was dethroned by Jupiter, Pluto had the western parts assigned to him, which gave rise to the poetical fable, that he was the god of hell.

These infernal kingdoms are attributed to him, not only because the western part of the world fell to him by lot; but also because he introduced the use of burying and funeral obsequies; hence he is believed to exercise a sovereignty over the dead. He sits on a dark throne, holding a key instead of a scepter, and wearing a crown of ebony. Sometimes he is crowned with a diadem, sometimes with cypresses, and sometimes with a daffodil, which flower Proserpine was gathering when she stole her away. He is called Dis by the Latins, and Hades by the Greeks, which last signifies dark and gloomy. His horses and chariot are of a black colour; and himself is often painted with a rod in his hand for a scepter, and covered with a head-piece.

2. Proserpine. Proserpine is queen of hell, the infernal Juno, and wife of Pluto. She was daughter of Jupiter and Ceres.

When none of the goddesses would marry Pluto, because of his deformity, the god being vexed that he was despised, and forced to live a single life, in a ragged mount his chariot, and suddenly sprung up from a den in Sicily amongst a company of very beautiful virgins, who were gathering flowers in the fields of Enna. Pluto, inflamed with the love of Proserpine, carried her off with him, and sunk into the earth, not far from Syracuse, where suddenly a lake arose.

The nymphs, her companions, being struck with terror, acquainted her mother with the loss of her daughter. Ceres, with lighted torches from Mount Ætna, long sought her in vain: but at last, being informed by the nymph Aretusia, that she was stolen by Pluto, she went down into hell, where she found Proserpine queen of those dark dominions. The enraged mother complained to Jupiter of the violence offered to her daughter by his brother Pluto. Jupiter promised that she should return to the earth, provided she had eaten nothing in hell: hereupon Ceres went down rejoicing; and Proserpine was returning with transport, when Acalphus declared, that he saw Proserpine eat some grains of a pomegranate which she gathered in Pluto's orchard: by this discovery her return was stopped. The mother, incensed at this intelligence, changed Acalphus into an owl; and, by her importunate intreaty, extorted from Jupiter, that Proserpine should live one half of the year with her, and the rest of the time with her husband Pluto. Proserpine afterwards so loved this disagreeable husband, that she became jealous of him, and changed his mistress Mentha into the herb named Mint.

The other Deities are,

1. Pluto's, either from the affinity of the name, or that both were gods of riches,
is frequently joined to Pluto. He was said to be blind, void of judgment, and of a nature quite timorous, all which qualities denote some peculiar property of this god: blind, and void of judgment, in the unequal distribution of riches, as he frequently passes by good men, whilst the wicked are loaded with wealth; and timorous, by reason the rich are constantly in fear, and watch over their treasures with great care and anxiety.

2. Nox, goddess of darkness, is the most ancient of all the goddesses. She married the river Erebus in hell, by whom she had many daughters. Nox is painted in black robes befit with stars.

3. Charon, the son of Erebos and Nox, is the ferryman of hell. He is represented by the poets as a terrible, grim, dirty old fellow. According to the fable, he attended with his boat, and, for a small piece of money, carried over the river Styx the souls of the dead; yet not all promiscuously, but only those whose bodies were committed to the grave; for the unburied shades wandered about the shores an hundred years, and then were admitted into the boat, and ferried over the lake.

4. The Giants or Titans were the first inhabitants of the earth; who, trusting to their great stature and strength, waged war against Jupiter, and attempted to dethrone him from the possession of heaven. In this battle, they heaped up mountains upon mountains, and from thence darted trees of fire into heaven. They hurled also prodigious stones and solid rocks, which falling again upon the earth, or in the sea, became mountains or islands: but being unsuccessful in their attempt, and destroyed by the thunder of Jupiter, with the assistance of the other gods, they were driven from the earth and cast into hell.

5. The Fates were three in number, daughters of Erebos and Nox. These were said to predilect over time past, present, and to come. Their names are Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Their office is to superintend the thread of life; Clotho holds the distaff, and draws the thread, Lachesis turns the spindle, and Atropos cuts the thread with her scissars; that is, the first calls us into life, the second determines our lot and condition, and the third finishes our life.

6. The Furies, or Eumenides, were daughters of Nox and Acheron. They were three, namely, Alecto, Megera, Tiphaine: their abode was in hell, to torment the wicked; they were armed with blazing torches, and surrounded with snakes, and other instruments of horror.

The Rivers of Hell were,

1. Acheron, Son of Sol and Terra. He supplied the Titans with water when they waged war against Jupiter; who, for this reason, changed him into a river, and cast him into hell. The waters of this river are extremely muddy and bitter.

2. Styx, the principal river of hell; and held in to great veneration by the gods, that whoever broke the oath he had once made by this river, was deprived of his divinity for one hundred years.

3. Cocytus. This river is increased by the tears of the wicked; and flows with a lamentable noise, imitating the damned.

4. Phlegethon. This river swells with fiery waves, and rolls streams of fire. The souls of the dead, having passed over these rivers, are carried to Pluto's palace.

5. Lebe is a river in hell. If the ghosts of the dead drink the waters of this river, they are said to lose the remembrance of all that has passed in this world.

[It may here be very properly observed, that these infernal regions, the residence of Pluto, are said to be a subterraneous cavern, whither the shades or souls of mortals descended, and were judged by Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamantus, appointed by Pluto judges of hell. This place contained Tartarus, the abode of the unhappy; also Elysium, the abode of those that had lived well. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, was door-keeper, and covered with serpents, always waited at the infernal gate, to prevent mortals from entering, or the manes or shades from going out. Charon, as is said before, was ferryman of hell, and conducted the departed souls to the tribunal of Minos. The Harpies, or birds of prey, were also inhabitants of hell. These were indifferently called Furies, Ocyoptes, and Lamiae; and were instruments in the hands of the gods to raise wars in the world, and disturb the peace of mankind.]

Table relates two remarkable punishments in hell. 1. Ixion, for attempting to seduce Juno, was by Jupiter cast into hell, and condemned to be chained to a wheel, which continually whirled round. 2. Syphus, the son of Aeolus, was doomed in hell to roll a huge round stone from the bottom to the top of a mountain, whence it immediately descended. This punishment was allotted.
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lotted him, because he revealed the secrets of the gods, and discovered to Afopus the place where Jupiter had concealed his daughter Aegina.

INFERIOR DEITIES.

In the Heathen Mythology, there are many other deities or gods of inferior note, styled Dil Minores; and as these frequently occur in the writings of the poets, it is necessary to make brief mention of them.

The MUSES, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemofyne, goddesses of memory, were the reputed goddesses of the several arts and sciences, and presided over the feasts and solemnities of the gods. They were the companions of Apollo, and inhabited with him chiefly on the hills of Parnassus, Helicon, and Pindus. The Hippocrene, and other fountains at the foot of Parnassus, were sacred to them; as were also the palm-tree and the laurel. They are represented young and very handsome, and are nine in number.

1. Clio is said to be the chief muse. She derives her name from glory and renown. She presided over history, and is said to be the inventress of the lute.

2. Calliope, so called from the sweetness of her voice. She presided over eloquence and heroic poetry.

3. Erato, or the Lovely. She presided over lyric poetry.

4. Thalia, from the gaiety and pleasantry of her songs, called the Flourishing Maid. She invented comedy and geometry.

5. Melpomene was the muse of that age. She presided over tragedy, and melancholy subjects.

6. Terpsichore, or the Jovial. She presided over music and dancing.

7. Euterpe, so called because she imparts joy. She invented the flute, and presided over music: she is also said to be the patroness of logic.

8. Polyhymnia, so called from multiplicity of songs. She is said to excel in memory, and preside over history.

9. Urania, or, the Celestial Muse. She presided over divine poetry, and is said to be the inventress of astronomy.

The Muses are distinguished by masks, lyres, garlands, globes, and other emblems, expressive of their different offices or accomplishments.

Pegasus, the famous horse of ancient fable, was an attendant on Apollo and the Muses; he inhabited the hills of Parnassus, Helicon, and other mountains. He is said to be sprung from the blood of Medusa, killed by Perseus, and is represented by the poets with wings to his sides, expressive of the flights and elevation of the mind in poetry. When Perseus cut off the head of Medusa, the horse Pegasus struck the ground with his foot; upon which, at the bottom of the hill, a fountain arose named Hippocrene. This fountain was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

The GRACES, called also Charities, were three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus. The first was named Aglaia from her cheerfulness; the second Thalia from her perpetual verdure; and the third Euphrosyne, from delight. They were companions of the Muses and Mercury, and attendants on Venus. They are represented with pleasing countenances and naked, to denote that our actions should be free and candid, not covered over with diffimulation or deceit. A chain binds their arms together, to express that the link of love and harmony should be united and unbroken.

Themis, Astrea, and Nemesis, were three goddesses: the first of law and peace; the second of justice; and the third, a rewarder of virtue, and punisher of vice.

Æolus, god of the winds, and son of Jupiter and Acesta.

Momus, son of Nox and Somnus, and god of banter or jeering.

Pan, son of Mercury and Penelope, was the god of the woods and shepherds. He is represented half man, and half goat, with a large pair of horns on his head, a crook in one hand, a pipe, composed of reeds, in the other. The Arcadians much admired his music, and paid him divine honours. The Romans also built a temple to Pan, at the foot of Mount Palaistine, and his feasts were called Lupercalia. Sylvanus and Fauns were also gods of the forests, from whom were descended the other rural deities, as Satyrs, Sylvans, Fauns, Nymphs, or Dryades, who were all inhabitants of the woods.

Pales is the goddess of the shepherds and pasture, and by some is called Magna Mater and Vesta. They offered to her milk and wafer of milklet for a good growth of pasture. Her feasts, Palilia, were celebrated about the eleventh or twelfth of the kalends of May, on which day Romulus founded the city of Rome.

Flora, goddess of the spring and flowers, and
and wife of Zephyrus. She is represented adorned with garlands, and near her is a basket of flowers. Feronia is also counted the goddess of groves and orchards.

Pomona was goddess of the gardens, and all fruit-trees and plants. She was beloved of Vertumnus, as Ovid relates.

Priapus, son of Venus and Bacchus, an obscene deity. He also presided over gardens.

Terminus was a deity who presided over the boundaries of lands, which were held so sacred, that whoever removed a land-mark, or ploughed them up, was subject to death. On the last day of the year, the Romans offered sacrifice to the god Terminus; and these festivals were called Terminalia.

Cupid, god of love, son of Mars and Venus, is represented blind, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows on his shoulders, with which he wounds the hearts of lovers.

Hymenaeus, or Hymen, son of Apollo and Urania, or, as some say, of Bacchus and Venus. He is the god of marriage; and is represented under the figure of a young man, holding a torch in his hand, with a crown of roses, or sweet marjoram, on his head.

The Penates and Lares were also deified gods; the first presided over provinces and kingdoms, and the latter over houses and particular families. The Lares also presided over the highways; and they were wont to sacrifice to these household gods, frankincense, wine, bread, corn, and a cock; and, according to some writers, a lamb and a hog.

The Genii also were spirits, or deities, that presided over all persons and places. And indeed so great were the number of these inferior gods, that the ancient mythology furnished almost as many deities as there are things in nature; for there was no part of the body, or action of life, but had a peculiar divinity, by whom it was said to be immediately directed or protected.

Asclepius, son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis, was the god of physic: he was slain by Jupiter with a thunderbolt forged by the Cyclops, on the complaint of Pluto, for raising the dead, or rather recovering men, by his skill in medicine, from their sicknese. He was worshipped under the figure of a serpent; and sometimes he is represented feated on a throne of gold and ivory, with a long beard, holding a rod environed with a serpent, and a dog at his feet.

The Cyclops, four in number, were sons of Neptune and Amphitrite. They were servants to Vulcan, and had only one eye, placed in the middle of their foreheads: they were slain by Apollo, in revenge for forging the thunderbolts with which Jupiter killed Asclepius, as is before related. They inhabited the island of Sicily; and, on account of their great strength, were deemed giants by the poets.

Silenus was the foster-father of Bacchus. He is accounted the god of abstruse mysteries and knowledge. He is represented as a fat, old, drunken fellow, riding on an ass.

Egyptian Deities.

Osiris, Apis, and Serapis, are different names of one and the same deity, son of Jupiter by Niobe, and husband to Io, daughter of Inachus and Ismena. Jupiter became passionately in love with Io; and, in order to pursue his unlawful passion, changed her into a cow. Io, to avoid the resentment of Juno, fled into Egypt; and Osiris, after he had reigned many years over the Argives in Peloponnesus, left his kingdom to his brother Aegius, and fled into Egypt to seek new dominions. He there married Io, who was also named Isis; and, obtaining the government, they taught the Egyptians husbandry, also every other useful art and science, and governed with great wisdom and equity.

Osiris, having conferred the greatest benefits on his own subjects, committed the regency of his kingdom to Isis; and, with a large body of forces, set out in order to civilize the rest of mankind. This he performed more by the power of persuasion, and the soothing arts of music and poetry, than by the terror of his arms. He marched first into Ethiopia, thence to Arabia and India; and, returning to Egypt, was slain by his brother Typhon, and buried at Memphis, the chief city of Egypt.

Isis afterwards vanquished Typhon, reigned happily in Egypt to her death, and was also buried at Memphis.

Orus, son of Osiris and Isis, succeeded to the government. The Egyptians deemed him the protector of the river Nile, the avenger of evils, governor of the world, and the author of plenty.

These deities of the Egyptians were held in the greatest veneration. Temples were erected, and divine honours paid to Osiris under the figure of an ox; and the priestesses of Isis sacrificed to that goddess under different names.
ferent shapes, according to the purposes for which they were intended. And, as fable is said to take its origin from the Egyptians, it will appear, from their intercourse with the Jews long resident in Egypt, that a mixture of true religion and error increas’d that false worship, which first prevailed in that country, and afterwards spread into Rome, and the more diligent parts of the world. These gods of the Egyptians were worshipped under various names and characters, according to the prevailing opinion of different countries, or some other incident. Thus, according to Herodotus, Osiris and Bacchus are the same; according to Diodorus the historian, Osiris is Sol, Jupiter, &c. and Plutarch says, Osiris, Serapis, and Aphis of the Egyptians, are Pluto, Oceanus, &c. in the Roman mythology.

Ifis is said to be the same with the Roman Cybele, Ceres, Minerva, Luna, &c. and was called the mother of the gods. Orus also was the symbol of light, and was figured as a winged boy. He was named the Hermes of the Greeks, and the Apollo and Cupid of the Romans.

Both in Egypt and Rome, each deity had his peculiar temple, where the most solemn sacrifices were made to them, according to the prevailing notion of their power and influence. The worship of these gods so far prevailed among the Romans, that they erected to their honour a public edifice named the Pantheon, in which, as a general repository, were placed the statues of their several deities, with their respective symbols: Jupiter was distinguished by a thunderbolt; Juno by a crown; Mars by a helmet; Apollo, or the Sun, by its beams; Diana, or the Moon, by a crescent; Ceres by a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, or an ear of corn; Cupid by a bundle of arrows; Mercury by wings on his feet, and a caduceus, or wand, in his hand; Bacchus by the ivy; Venus by the beauty of her person; and the rest had like distinguishing characters placed above their statues, or in their hands, according to the received opinion of the people, or the ingenuity of the artist.

Of Oracles.

The Oracles of the ancients were deemed the predictions, mysterious declarations of the will of the gods: it may, with a kind of certainty, be admitted, that the natural bent of the mind of man to search into futurity gave rise to this institution.

To whatever cause, however, the origin may be ascribed, the institution of oracles became general, among the idolatrous nations, and increased over the face of the whole earth. Not to mention other nations, the oracles of the Egyptians and Greeks were numerous, especially of the latter people, at least we have a more full account of them. The oracle of Dodona, a city of Epirus in Greece, was sacred to Jupiter; the oracle of Jupiter Hammon was also of ancient date, and famous in Lybia; the oracle of Apollo at Heliopolis was of great note; the oracle also of Apollo at Delphos, if not the most ancient, was the most celebrated of all Greece, from which it was called the oracle of the whole earth. And, indeed, so establisht was the credit of these oracular declarations, that the enacting laws, the reformation of government, also peace or war, were not undertaken by states or princes, and even in the more common concerns of life, no material business was entered upon without the function of the oracle. Each oracle had its priest or priests, who delivered out the answers of the gods. These answers, for the most part, were in verse, and couched under such mysterious terms, that they admitted of a double interpretation; in which, whether the predictions was completed, or the expectation of the suppliant disappointed, the oracle was clear from blame. The oracle of Apollo at Delphos, being in the greatest reputation, was referred to from all parts. The priests of Apollo were named Pythia, from the serpent Python, killed by that god, as before mentioned. The offerings to the gods on these applications were liberal, according to the ability, or the importance of the answer required by the supplicant; and, it is said, the temple and city of Delphos especially, was, by these means, filled with immense treasure.

The principal oracle of the Egyptians was at Memphis, a royal city of Egypt, where they erected an altar, and worshipped their god Aphis, under the figure of an ox. His wife Isis had also worship, and her priests were called Ifiaci.

The Sybiline Oracles were certain women, whom the ancients believed to be endowed with the gift of prophecy. They are said to have been ten in number, and were famous in all lands. They had no fixed residence, but travelled into different countries, and delivered their predictions in verse, in the Greek tongue. One of these Sybils, named.
named Erythrea, or Cumae, from Cuma, a city in the Ionian sea, according to Virgil, came into Italy, and was held in the highest esteem by the Romans, who consulted the oracle of the Sybil on all occasions that related to the welfare of the republic.

Augury, or the art of divination by birds, the meteors of the heavens, or the entrails of beasts, was held in the highest veneration by the idolatrous nations. The people of God, the Jews, were not free from idolatry in the time of Moses; and we read also in holy writ, that Saul, being vexed in spirit, applied to the seers, or persons skilled in the knowledge of futurity. But not to go so far back, Romulus and Remus consulted the Auguries before they built Rome; and the foundation of that city was determined by the flight of birds. Numa established a college of Augurs, and confirmed his regulation of the Roman state by their function. It appears also, in the history of that people, that no national concern was entered upon, without first consulting the Auguries; and, according to the propitious or bad omen, they made peace or war, and appointed magistrates. Indeed the Augurs, and their declarations, were held in so high regard by the Romans, that whoever esteemed them was accounted impious and profligate. To conclude, divination, or the spirit of prediction, made a considerable part of the Pagan theology, especially among the Romans, those lords of the world, who fell into the general delusion, and adopted almost all the gods of every people they subdued.

Conclusion. Of Fabulous History.

Notwithstanding the origin of fable seems uncertain, and to be lost in antiquity, it may be said to take its rise from truth, or sacred history. And, in the foregoing relation of the Heathen deities, it is evident, many particulars correspond with the history of the most early transactions, as they are recorded by Moses in holy writ. The golden age of Saturn, the wars of the Giants, the deluge of Deucalion, and the repopulating of the earth, declare their origin from divine truth, as received and delivered down by the patriarchs.

On the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel, and the dispersion of mankind, the tradition of the patriarchs became subject to variation; and, as is observed by the learned Rollin, the change of habitatation, and diversity of language, opened the door of error, and introduced an alteration in worship, agreeable to the soil, or rather according to the humour, or some accidental event of the respective colonies.

However confused and erroneous the general worship of man became, it is evident, from every circumstance, that, in the first ages of the world, mankind knew but one Deity, the Supreme God, and Creator of the universe; but afterwards, when men abandoned themselves to vice, and, as is said in Scripture, "went a whoring after their own inventions," and departed from the purity of their forefathers, their ideas of the Divinity became weakened, and instead of the worship of the only True God, they substituted other deities, or objects of worship, more agreeable to the comprehen- sion of their own depraved nature. Thus, by a mixture of truth and fable, one deity became productive of another, till at last the inventive fancy gradually gave life to every visible object, both in the heavens, and on earth. Thus, "having changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and serving the creature more than the Creator," not only Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and other false deities, but stars, rivers, and fountains, animals, reptiles, and plants, received divine adoration. At length, great men and heroes, who excelled in any useful science, or became famous by conquests, or a superior conduct of life, by an easy transition from admiration to a superstitious respect, were deemed more than human, and had divine honours paid to them also under different names, in different countries; or, probably, prompted by ambition, they assumed to themselves the homage and adoration that was due only to the Divine Creator, the Almighty Lord, and Governor of the world. This accounts for that multitude of deities, both in heaven and on earth, which makes the marvellous part of ancient fiction, and became the object of Pagan divinity, when the earth was overwhelmed with darknes, and, as is expressed in holy writ, "the hearts of men went after their idols."

The fertile imagination of the poets, who celebrated the exploits of the ancient heroes, and expressed the common actions of life in figurative characters, joined to the extravagance of priests and orators in their panegyrics on the living and the dead, greatly forwarded the work of fable: and in time, learning being obliterated, their writings were
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were looked upon as registers of facts. Thus the world, grown old in error, by the folly and credulity of mankind, fiction got admission into history, and became at last a necessary part in composing the annals of the early ages of the world.

For this cause, an acquaintance with fabulous history, as is before observed, is become a necessary part of polite learning in the education of youth, and for the due understanding the Greek and Roman authors; also the paintings, statues, and other monuments of antiquity. By this knowledge, the tender mind will moreover be inspired with an early abhorrence of the absurd ceremonies and impious tenets of the Heathen mythology; and, at the same time, be impressed with the deepest sense and veneration for the Christian religion, the light of the Gospel in Christ Jesus, who, in the fulness of time, through the tender mercies of God, dispelled those clouds of darkness, ignorance, and folly, which had long debauched human nature, and spread over the face of the earth the greatest and most absurd superstitious, as is before related, and will farther appear from many incidents in the histories of Greece and Rome.

§ 239. Concerning the Neglect of Oratorical Numbers.—Observations upon Dr. Tillotson's Style.—The Care of the ancient Orators with respect to Numerous Composition, stated and recommended. In a Letter.

The passage you quote is entirely in my sentiments. I agree with that celebrated author and yourself, that our oratory is by no means in a state of perfection; and, though it has much strength and solidity, that it may yet be rendered far more polished and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in those countries where the flourish'd most, has ever been exceedingly flow. Athens had been in possession of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretensions to the persuasive arts were in any degree considerable; as the earliest orator of note among the Romans did not appear sooner than about a century before Tully.

That great matter of persuasion, taking notice of this remarkable circumstance, assigns it as an evidence of the superior difficulty of his favourite art. Possibily there may be some truth in the observation: but whatever the cause be, the fact, I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances, in our own country, with her sister arts; and though we have seen some excellent poets, and a few good painters, rise up amongst us, yet I know not whether our nation can supply us with a single orator of deserved eminence. One cannot but be surprized at this, when it is considered, that we have a profession set apart for the purposes of persuasion, and which not only affords the most animating and interesting topics of rhetoric, but wherein a talent of this kind would prove the likeliest, perhaps, of any other, to obtain those ambitious prizes which were thought to contribute so much to the successful progress of ancient eloquence.

Among the principal defects of our English orators, their general disregard of harmony has, I think, been the least observed. It would be injustice indeed to deny that we have some performances of this kind amongst us tolerably musical: but it must be acknowledged at the same time, that it is more the effect of accident than design, and rather a proof of the power of our language, than of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotson, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this species of eloquence to its highest perfection, seems to have had no sort of notion of rhetorical numbers: and may I venture to add, without hazarding the imputation of an affected singularity, that I think no man had ever felt pretensions to genuine oratory than this celebrated preacher? If any thing could raise a flame of eloquence in the breast of an orator, there is no occasion upon which one should imagine it would be more likely to break out, than in celebrating departed merit; yet the two sermons which he preached on the death of Mr. Gouge and Dr. Whichcote, are as cold and languid performances as were ever, perhaps, produced upon such an animating subject. One cannot indeed but regret, that he, who abounds with such noble and generous sentiments, should want the art of setting them off with all the advantage they deserve; that the sublime in morals should not be attended with a suitable elevation of language. The truth however is, his words are frequently illchosen, and almost always ill-placed: his periods are both tedious and unharmonious; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were easy to produce numberless instances in support of this assertion. Thus, in his sermon preached before queen Anne, when she was princess of Denmark, he talks of squeezing a parable, thrilling religion by, driving a stiff bargain with God, thanking flints, &c. and, speaking
speaking of the day of judgment, he describes the world as cracking about our ears. It cannot however but acknowledge, in justice to the oratorical character of this most valuable prelate, that there is a noble simplicity, in some few of his sermons; as his excellent Discourse on Sincerity deserves to be mentioned with particular applause.

But to show his deficiency in the article am considering at present, the following tracture will be sufficient, among many others that might be cited to the same purpose. "One might be apt," says he, "to think, at first view, that this parable was over-done, and wanted something of a due decorum; it being hardly credible, that a man, after he had been so mercifully and generously dealt withal, as upon his humble request to have so bung a debt so freely forgiven, should, whilst the memory of so much mercy was fresh upon him, even in the very next moment, handle his fellow-servant, who had made the same humble request to him which he had done to his lord, with so much roughness and cruelty, for so inconsiderable a sum."

This whole period, not to mention other objections which might justly be raised against it, is unmusical throughout; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are most miserably loose and disjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was so exquisitely refined, as not always to be satisfied even when he read Demosthenes; how would it have been offended at the harshnesses and dissonance of so unharmonious a sentence!

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater distance from that of the ancients, than this Gothic arrangement; as those wonderful effects, which sometimes attended their elocution, were, in all probability, chiefly owing to their skill in musical concords. It was by the charm of numbers, united with the strength of reason, that Tully confounded the audacious Catiline, and silenced the eloquent Hortensius. It was this that deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he rose up to oppose that great matter of enchanting rhetoric: it was this, in a word, made even Cæsar himself tremble; nay, what is yet more extraordinary, made Cæsar alter his determined purpose, and acquit the man he had resolved to condemn.

You will not suspect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous composition, when you recollect the inanity which Tully produces of its wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatises, that he was himself a witness of its influence, as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following sentence, Patris diesam sapiens, temperius filii comprobavit, it was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious close. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occasion: and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with its genuine emphasis and cadence. We are certain, however, that the music of it consisted in the diacophos with which it is terminated; for Cicero himself assures us, that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed.

This art was first introduced among the Greeks by Thrafinth, though some of the admirers of Iocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been observed by the Romans till near the time of Tully, and even then it was by no means universally received. The ancient and least numerous manner of composition had still many admirers, who were such enthusiasts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A disputation of the same kind may, perhaps, prevent its being received with us; and while the archbishop shall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this species of eloquence. That strength of understanding likewise, and solidity of reason, which is so eminently our national characteristic, may add somewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a study of this kind; as at first glance it may seem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a facricce of sense to sound. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman republic, this art was so perverted from its true end, as to become the single study of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quintilian, affures us it was the ridiculous boast of certain orators, in the time of the declension of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being set to music, and sung upon the stage. But it must be
remembered, that the true end of this art I am recommending, is to aid, not to super-
fede reason; that it is so far from being ne-
cessarily effeminate, that it not only adds grace but strength to the powers of perfla-
Bion. For this purpose Tully and Quintil-
liam, those great masters of numerous com-
position, have laid it down as a fixed and
invariable rule, that it must never appear
the effect of labour in the orator; that the
tuneful flow of his periods must always
seem the casual refult of their disposition;
and that it is the highest offence against the
art, to weaken the expression, in order to
give a more musical tone to the cadence.
In short, that no unmeaning words are to
be thrown in merely to fill up the requisite
measure; but that they must still rise in
fence as they improve in found.

Fitzjorne.

§ 240. Upon Grace in Writing. In a
Letter.

When I mentioned Grace as essential in
constituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to
have found my sentiments reflected back
with a clearer light by yours, than imagined
you would have called upon me to explain in
form, what I only threw out by accident.
To confess the truth, I know not whether,
after all that can be said to illustrate this
uncommon quality, it must not at last be
resolved into the poet's neque monstraver at
sentio tantum. In cafes of this kind, where
language does not supply us with proper
words to express the notions of one's mind,
we can only convey our sentiments in figu-
rateive terms: a defect which necessarily in-
troduces some obscurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark
out with any fort of precision, that idea
which I would express by the word Grace:
and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly de-
scribed, than justly defined. To give you,
however, a general intimation of what I
mean when I apply that term to compo-
sitions of genius, I would reframe it to that
caly air which so remarkably distinguishes
certain persons of a genteel and liberal cast.
It confils not only in the particular beauty
of single parts, but arises from the general
symmetry and confttution of the whole.
An author may be just in his sentiments,
lively in his figures, and clear in his ex-
pression; yet may have no claim to be ad-
mited into the rank of finifhed writers.
Tho' fewe feveral members must be fo agreeably
united as mutually to reflect beauty upon
each other; their arrangement must be fo
happily disposed as not to admit of the leaf-
transposition, without mañifeft prejudice to
the entire piece. The thoughts, the meta-
phors, the allusions, and the diction, should
appear easy and natural, and seem to arife
like so many spontaneous productions, ra-
ther than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced or affected
in the sentiments: whatever is pompos or
pedantic in the expression, is the very re-
verfe of Grace. Her mien is neither that
of a prude nor a coquet: she is regular
without formalty, and sprightly without be-
ing fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good
writing what a proper light is to a fine pic-
ture; it not only shews all the figures in their
several proportions and relations, but shews
them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility (to resume my former illus-
tration) appears in the minuteft action, and
improves the moft inconsiderable gesture;
so Grace is discovered in the placing even a
fingle word, or the turn of a mere expositive.
Neither is this inexprefible quality confined
to one species of composition only, but ex-
tends to all the various kinds; to the hum-
ble pastoral as well as to the lofty epic; frm
the lightest letter to the most solemn dis-
course.

I know not whether Sir William Temple
may not be considered as the firft of our
profe authors, who introduced a graceful
manner into our language. At leat that
quality does not seem to have appeared
early, or spread far, amongst us. But
wherefore we may look for its origin, it is
certainly to be found in its highest per-
fecfion in the effays of a gentleman whose
writings will be distinguished fo long as po-
litenefs and good-fence have any admirers.
That becoming air which Tully esteemed
the criterion of fine composition, and which
every reader, he fays, imagines fo easy to
be imitated, yet will find fo difficult to at-
tain, is the prevailing caracteristic of all
that excellent author's moft elegant per-
formances. In a word, one may juflly ap-
ply to him what Plato, in his allegorical
language, fays of Ariftophanes; that the
Graces, having searched all the world round
for a temple wherein they might for ever
dwell, settled at laft in the breaft of Mr:
Addifon.

Ibid.

§ 241. Concerning the Style of Horace,
in his Moral Writings. In a Letter.

Are you aware how far I may mislead
you, when you are willing to reign your-
self to my guidance, through the regions of
of criticism? Remember, however, that I take the lead in these paths, not in confidence of my own superior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a request, which I never yet knew how to refuse. In short, I give you my sentiments, because it is my sentiments you require: but I give them at the same time rather as doubts than decisions.

After having thus acknowledged my insufficiency for the office you have assigned me, I will venture to confess, that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far less successful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble pensé,
Ne peut plaire à l'esprit quand l'oreille et bleffe:

Boileau.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the raillery, and strength in the sentiments of your friend's moral epistle, it by no means falls in with those notions I have formed to myself, concerning the essential requisites in compositions of this kind. He seems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he professed to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than Hyperion to a Satyr. His deficiency in point of versification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is sufficient to destroy the pretended resemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more absurd, than to write in poetical measure, and yet neglect harmony; as, of all the kinds of false style, that which is neither prose nor verse, but I know not what artificial combination of powerless words bordered with rhyme, is far, surely, the most insufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive (and it is an opinion in which you are not singular) that a negligence of this kind may be justified by the authority of the Roman satirist: yet surely those who entertain that notion, have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confess, his satirical composition to the inspiration of a certain Muse, whom he distinguishes by the title of the musa pedetris: and it is this expression which seems to have misled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends she should creep: on the contrary, it may be said of the Muse of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that — grace is in all her steps.

That this was the idea which Horace himself had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epistles, but from several express declarations, which he lets fall in his progress through them. Even when he speaks of her in his greatest fits of modesty, and describes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly inflicts upon the cafe and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly disclaims, indeed, all pretensions to the higher poetry, the aer flor ris et viv, as he calls it; he represents his style as being governed by the tempora certa modosque, as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predecessor Lucilius for the diiffance of his numbers; and he professes to have made the experiment, whether the fame kind of moral subjects might not be treated in more soft and easy measures:

Quid vetat et nonmet Luciliis scripta legentes,
Quarere num illius, num rerum duram negaret
Verticulos natura magis factos et cunctes
Mollius?

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is the single prerogative of poetry, which he pretends to claim to his writings of this kind; and so far is he from thinking it unessential, that he acknowledges it as the only separation which distinguishes them from prose. If that were once to be broken down, and the musical order of his words destroyed, there would not, he tells us, be the least appearance of poetry remaining:

Non
Invenias etiam disjecti membra poete.

However, when he delivers himself in this humble strain, he is not, you will observe, sketching out a plan of this species of poetry in general; but speaking merely of his own performances in particular. His demands rise much higher, when he informs us what he expects of those who would succeed in compositions of this moral kind. He then not only requires flowing numbers, but an expression concise and uncumbered; wit exerted with good-breeding, and managed with reserve; as upon some occasions the sentiments may be enforced with all the strength of eloquence and poetry: and though in some parts the piece may appear with a more serious and solemn cast of colouring, yet, upon the whole, he tells us it must be lively and riant. This I take
take to be his meaning in the following passage:

Elegant is the word which Horace had of this kind of writing. And if there is any propriety in these his rules, if they are founded on the truth of taste and art; I fear the performance in question, with numberless others of the same stamp (which have not however wanted admirers) must inevitably stand condemned. The truth of it is, most of the pieces which are usually produced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace. the authors of them seem to mistake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the easy air of the friend of Maccenas.

You will still tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himself is an unanswerable objection to the notion I have embraced; as there are numberless lines in his Satires and Epistles, where the verification is evidently neglected. But are you sure, Horstienius, that those lines which found so unharmonious to a modern ear, had the same effect upon a Roman one? For myself, at least, I am much inclined to believe the contrary; and it seems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to confure Lucilius for the uncouthness of his numbers, should himself be notoriously guilty of the very fault against which he so strongly claims. Most certain it is, that the delicacy of the ancients with respect to numbers, was far superior to any thing that modern taste can pretend to; and that they discovered differences which are to us absolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable instance; a very ancient writer has observed upon the following verse in Virgil,

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris.

that if instead of primus we were to pronounce it primi (is being long, and as short) the entire harmony of the line would be destroyed.—But whose ear is now so exquisitely sensible, as to perceive the distinction between these two quantities? Some refinement of this kind might probably give music to those lines in Horace, which now seem so unintelligible.

In subjects of this nature it is not possible, perhaps, to express one's ideas in any very precise and determinate manner. I will only therefore in general observe, with respect to the requisite style of these performances, that it consists in a natural ease of expression, an elegant familiarity of phrase, which, though formed of the most usual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy, no less striking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain lively colouring peculiar to compositions in this way, which, without being so bright and glowing as is necessary for the higher poetry, is nevertheless equally removed from whatever appears harsh and dry. But particular instances will, perhaps, better illustrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther say to explain it. There is scarce a line in the Moral Epistles of Mr. Pope, which might not be produced for this purpose. I chorus however to lay before you the following verses, not as preferring them to many others which might be quoted from that inimitable satirist; but as they afford me an opportunity of comparing them with a version of the same original lines, of which they are an imitation; and, by that means, of shewing you at one view what I conceive is, and is not, in the true manner of Horace.

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more; But touch me, and no minifter so fore: Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time, Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme; Sacred to ridicule his whole life long, And the sad burden of some merry song.

I will refer you to your own memory for the Latin passage, from whence Mr. Pope has taken the general hint of these verses; and content myself with adding a translation of the lines from Horace by another hand:

Behold me blameless hard, how fond of peace! But he who hurts me (may, I will be heard) Had better take a lion by the beard; His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue, By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

There is a strength and spirit in the former of these passages, and a flatness and languor in the latter, which cannot fail of being discovered by every reader of the leaf delicacy of dissonance; and yet the words which compose them both are equally found and significant. The rules then, which I just now mentioned from Horace, will point out the real cause of the different effects which these two passages produce in our minds; as the passages themselves will serve to confirm the truth and justice of the rules. In the lines of Mr. Pope, one
of the principal beauties will be found to
conflit in the shortness of the expression;
whereas the sentiments in the other are too
much incumbered with words. Thus for
instance,

Peace is my dear delight,
is pleasing, because it is concise; as,
Behold me blankefs bard, how kind of peace!
is, in comparison of the former, the verba
laftas onerantia ames. Another distinguit-
ing perfection in the imitator of Horace, is
that spirit of gaiety which he has diffused
through these lines, not to mention those
happy, though familiar, images of fliding
into verfe, and hifching in rhyme; which
can never be sufficiently admired. But the
translator, on the contrary, has caft too
furious an air over his numbers, and ap-
ppears with an emotion and earnestness that
disappoints the force of his satire:

Nay, I will be heard,
has the mien of a man in a passion; and

His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
though a good line in itself, is much too
solemn and tragical for the undiffurfe
pleafantry of Horace.

But I need not enter more minutely into
an examination of these passages. The
general hints I have thrown out in this letter
will suffice to fhew you wherein I imagine
the true manner of Horace confuits. And
after all, perhaps, it can no more be ex-
plained, than acquired, by rules of art. It
is what true genius can only execute, and
just taste alone difcover.

§ 242. Concerning the Criterion of Taste.
In a Letter.

It is well, my friend, that the age of
transformation is no more: otherwise I
should tremble for your fevere attack upon
the Mufes, and expect to fee the ftory of
your metamorphis embilish the poetical
miracles of some modern Ovid. But it is
long since the fate of the Pierides has gained
any credit in the world, and you may now,
in full security, content the divinities of
Parnaffus, and speak irreverently of the
daughters of Jove himself. You fee, never-
theless, how highly the Ancients conceived
of them, when they thus represented them
as the offspring of the great father of gods
and men. You reject, I know, this article
of the heathen creed: but I may venture,
however, to afert, that philosophy will
confirm what fable has thus invented, and
that the Mufes are, in strict truth, of
heavenly extraction.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed,
literally derived from the Author of all na-
ture, and founded in the original frame
and constitution of the human-mind. Ac-
cordingly, the general principles of taste
are common to our whole species, and arise
from that internal sense of beauty which
every man, in some degree at least, evi-
dently poftefles. No rational mind can be
fo wholly void of all perceptions of this
fort, as to be capable of contemplating the
various objects that surround him, with one
equal coldness and indifference. There are
certain forms which must necessarily fill the
foul with agreeable ideas; and the is in-
stantly determined in her approbation of
them, previous to all reafonings concerning
their use and convenience. It is upon thefe
general principles that what is called fine
taste in the arts is founded; and conse-
quently is by no means fo precarious and
unfefted an idea as you choose to defcribe
it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than
this universal sense of beauty, rendered more
exquisite by genius, and more correct by
cultivation; and it is from the fimple and
original ideas of this fort, that the mind
learns to form her judgment of the higher
and more complex kinds. Accordingly,
the whole circle of the imitative and orato-
rical arts is governed by the fame general
rules of criticism; and to prove the cer-
tainty of thefe with refpet to any one of
them, is to eftabliish their validity with re-
gard to all the reft. I will therefore con-
ider the Criterion of Taste in relation only
to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its dif-
tinct perfections: and it would require a
much larger compafs than a letter affords,
to prove their repective beauties to be de-
rived from truth and nature; and confe-
quently reducible to a regular and preci-
se standard. I will only mention therefore
those general properties which are efential
to them all, and without which they muft
neceffarily be defective in their feveral kinds.
These, I think, may be comprehended un-
der uniformity in the design, variety and
resemblance in the metaphors and fimili-
tudes, together with propriety and harmony
in the diction. Now, fome or all of these
qualities conftantly attend our ideas of
beauty, and neceffarily raise that agreeable
perception of the mind, in what object fo-
ever they appear. The charms of fine com-
position
position then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematicians. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built; are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise; the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object; the more she will enlarge and refine her relish for that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have been long and generally admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind; and therefore, as by examining these original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons: it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism, that we must submit to their authority; it is because those rules are derived from works which have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

The opposition, however, which sometimes divides the opinions of those whose judgments may be supposed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection against the reality of a fixed canon of criticism: it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be said of fine taste, it must ultimately be resolved into the peculiar relish of each individual. But this diversity of sentiments will not, of itself, destroy the evidence of the criterion; since the same effect may be produced by numberless other causes. A thousand accidental circumstances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever so fixed and invariable, when left in its free and uninfluenced state. Not to mention that false bias which party or personal dislike may fix upon the mind, the most unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to disengage himself entirely from those partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general course of his studies, or the peculiar cast of his temper, may have rendered him most sensible. But as perfection in any works of genius results from the united beauty and propriety of its several distinct parts, and as it is impossible that any human composition should possess all those qualities in their highest and most sovereign degree; the mind, when the pronounces judgment upon any piece of this sort, is apt to decide of its merit, as those circumstances which the most admires, either prevail or are deficient. Thus, for instance, the excellency of the Roman masters in painting, consists in beauty of design, nobleness of attitude, and delicacy of expression; but the charms of good colouring are wanting. On the contrary, the Venetian school is said to have neglected design a little too much; but at the same time has been more attentive to the grace and harmony of well-disposed lights and shades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no composition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of these qualities are absent; yet the most accomplished judge may be so particularly struck with one or other of these excellencies, in preference to the rest, as to be influenced in his censure or applause of the whole tablature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am persuaded, the occasion of that diversity of sentences which we occasionally hear pronounced.
nounced by the most approved judges on the
fame piece. But this only shews that much
cautions is necessary to give a fine taste its
full and unobstructed effect; not that it is
in iteself uncertain and precarious.

Fitzosborne.

§ 243. Reflections upon seeing Mr. POPE’s
House at Binfield. In a Letter.

Your letter found me just upon my re-
turn from an excursion into Berkshire,
where I have been paying a visit to a friend,
who is drinking the waters at Sunning-Hill.
In one of my morning rides over that de-
lightful country, I accidentally passed
through a little village, which afforded me
much agreeable meditation; as in times to
come, perhaps, it will be visited by the
lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration
as Virgil’s tomb, or any other cele-
brated spot of antiquity. The place I mean
is Binfield, where the Poet, to whom I am
indebted (in common with every reader of
tafle) for so much exquisite entertainment,
spent the earliest part of his youth. I will
not scruple to confefs that I looked upon the
scene where he planned some of his beau-
tiful performances which first recommended
him to the notice of the world, with a de-
gree of enthusiasm; and could not but con-
fider the ground as sacred that was impressed
with the footsteps of a genius that undoubt-
edly does the highest honour to our age and
nation.

The situation of mind in which I found
myself upon this occasion, suggested to my
reminiscence a passage in Tully, which I
thought I never fo thoroughly entered into
the spirit of before. That noble author, in
one of his philosophical conversation-pieces,
introduces his friend Atticus as observing the
pleasing effect which scenes of this nature
were wont to have upon one’s mind: “Move
mur enim,” says that polite Roman,
“necio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus
corum, quos diligimus aut admiramus,
adunt veftigia. Me quidem ipsce illae
noffra Athenæ, non tan operibus magni-
cicis exquisitique antiquorum artibus de-
lecatunt, quam recordatione fummorum
vincum, ubi quifque habitare, ubi federe,
ubi difputare fit folicitum.”

Thus, you fee, I could defend myself by
an example of great authority, were I in
danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed
as a romantic visionary. But I am too well
acquainted with the refined sentiments of
Orontes, to be under any apprehension he
will condemn the impressions I have here
acknowledged. On the contrary, I have
often heard you mention with approbation a
circumstance of this kind which is related of
Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies
which that poet performed at Virgil’s sepul-
chre, gave you a more favourable opinion
of his taste, you confefs, than any thing
in his works was able to raise.

It is certain that some of the greatest
names of antiquity have distinguished them-
foes by the high reverence they shewed to
the poetical character. Scipio, you may
remember, defire to be laid in the same
tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to
pardon that fuccesful madman Alexander,
many of his extravagancies, for the gene-
rous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar,
at the facking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in
poetry that raises the professors of that very
singular talent, far higher in the estimation
of the world in general, than thofe who
excel in any other of the refined arts. And
accordingly we find that poets have been
distinguished by antiquity with the moft re-
markable honours. Thus Homer, we are
told, was defied at Smyrna; as the citizens
of Mytilene stamped the image of Sappho
upon their public coin: Anacreon received
a folemn invitation to spend his days at
Athens, and Hipparchus, the fon of Piffura-
tus, fitted out a splendid vesflel in order to
transport him thither: and when Virgil
came into the theatre at Rome, the whole
audience rose up and falted him, with the
fame respect as they would have paid to
Augustus himself.

Painting, one would imagine, has the
faireft pretentions of rivalling her fitter art
in the number of admirers; and yet, where
Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is cele-
brated a thoufand times. Nor can this be
accounted for by urging that the works of
the latter are ftill extant, while thofe of the
former have perifh’d long fince: for is not
Milton’s Paradise loft more universally
efteemed than Raphael’s Cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more
who are natural judges of the harmony of
numbers, than of the grace of proportion.
One meets with but few who have not, in
fome degree at leat, a tolerable ear; but a
judicious eye is a far more uncommon po-
feflion. For as words are the universal
medium which all men employ in order to
convey their fentiments to each other; it
feems a fufb confluence that they fhould be
more generally formed for refifying and
judging of performances in that way.
whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common use, and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation, in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the conversation of Orontes, that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious assistance, would have lain concealed to me with other common observers. Fitzjborne.

§ 244. Concerning the Use of the Ancient Mythology in Modern Poetry. In a Letter.

If there was any thing in any former letter inconsistent with that eftem which is justly due to the ancients, I desire to retract it in this; and disavow every expression which might seem to give prececdency to the moderns in works of genius. I am so far indeed from entertaining the sentiments you impute to me, that I have often endeavoured to account for that superiority which is so visible in the compositions of their poets: and have frequently assigned their religion as in the number of those causes which probably concurred to give them this remarkable pre-eminence. That enthusiasm which is so essential to every true artist in the poetical way, was considerably heightened and enflamed by the whole turn of their sacred doctrines; and the fancied presence of their Muses, had almost as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language, as if they had been really and divinely inspired. Whilft all nature was suppos'd to swarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the residence of some prefiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of such exalted society, and found himself transported beyond the ordinary limits of sober humanity? The mind when attended only by mere mortals of superior powers, is obviou'd to rise in her strength; and her faculties open and enlarge themselves when she acts in the view of those, for whom she has conceived a more than common reverence. But when the force of superition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is enflamed by devotion, poetry must shine out in all her brighteft perfection and splendor.

Whatever, therefore, the philosopher might think of the religion of his country; it was the interest of the poet to be the-

roughly orthodox. If he gave up his creed, he must renounce his numbers: and there could be no inspiration, where there were no Muses. This is so true, that it is in compositions of the poetical kind alone that the ancients seem to have the principal advantage over the moderns: in every other species of writing one might venture perhaps to affer, that these latter ages have, at least, equalled them. When I say so, I do not confine myself to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewise tho'fe of our neighbours: and with that extent the observation will possibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of history and oratory.

But whatever may with justice be determined concerning that question, it is certain, at least, that the practice of all succeeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of Paganism have many ages since been thrown down, and groves are no longer sacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are still adored in modern verse. Is not this a confeffion, that fancy is enlivened by superition, and that the ancient bards caught their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is something ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an awkward figure with his antiquated gods. When the Pagan system was sanctified by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very striking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumstance, or raising any common one. But now that this superition is no longer supported by vulgar opinion, it has lost its principal grace and efficacy, and seems to be, in general, the most cold and uninteresting method in which a poet can work up his sentiments. What, for instance, can be more unaffeta'ng and spiritu'al, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth on his famous passage over the Rhine? He represents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garrison to fall out and dispute the intended passage. Accordingly they range themselves in form of battle, with the Rhine at their head; who, after some vain efforts, observing Mars
Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of those superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet possession of his banks. I know not how far this may be relished by critics, or justified by custom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taste, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely infipid and puerile.

I have not, however, so much of the spirit of Typhocus in me, as to make war upon the gods without restriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To represent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as persons, and appropriate to them those general emblems by which their powers and properties are usually typified in Pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the most pleasing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addressing himself to the month of May as to a person, says,

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;

one may consider him as speaking only in metaphor: and when such shadowy beings are thus just shown to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect. But I can relish them no farther than as figures only; when they are extended in any serious composition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various actions of real persons, I cannot but consider them as so many absurdities, which custom has unreasonably patronized. Thus Spenser, in one of his pastoral, represents the god of love as flying, like a bird, from bough to bough. A shepherd, who hears a rustling among the bushes, supposes it to be some game, and accordingly discharges his bow. Cupid returns the shot, and after several arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate swain discovers whom it is he is contending with: but as he is endeavouring to make his escape, receives a desperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the subject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets; yet is extremely flat and disgusting as it is adopted by our British bard. And the reason of the difference is plain; in the former it is supported by a popular superstitition; whereas no strain of imagination can give it the least air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter.

Quodcumque offendi nihil hic; incredulus odi.

Hoc.

I must confess, at the same time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous scheme with such uncommon grace, and has paid so many gentle compliments to his mistres by the affinities of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from observing the impropriety of this machinery, by the pleasing address with which he manages it: and I never read his tender poems of this kind, without applying to him what Seneca somewhere says upon a similar occasion: Major illic est qui judicium absulit, quam qui meruit.

To speak my sentiments in one word, I would leave the gods in full possession of allegorical and burlesque poems: in all others I would never suffer them to make their appearance in person, and as agents, but to enter only in mimic or allusion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has most happily employed them: and his application of the story of Daphne and Apollo will serve as an instance, in what manner the ancient mythology may be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty.

Pitoforne.

§ 245. On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius with respect to his own Performances. In a Letter.

If the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil, I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined; yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind, are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: Ludnesti spe-
ciem dabit et torquabitur, is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the refult (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do
not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials, before they can be properly adjusted: not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in settling the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pangs it costs even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most ancient of authors, Oh! that mine adversary had written a book! A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rife above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy these images of perfection, which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imagined to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the Ancients, was suppos'd to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his Æneid, he intended to have set apart three more for the revival of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches, which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy, Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might possibly have succeeded better; but never, he affures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author, who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause, which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned: "It requires the greatest contraries to compose it; a genius both penetrating and solid; an expression both strong and delicate. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit." But though I know you would not value yourself upon any performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were not conspicuous; yet I must remind you at the same time, that when the file ceases to polish, it must necessarily weaken. You will remember, therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator, who was three Olympiads in writing a single oration; and the extravagant expedition of that poet, whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions.

§ 246. Reflections upon Style. In a Letter.

The beauties of Style seem to be generally considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberless graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that strength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the noblest sentiments.

There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the truest refinements) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the polite accomplishments; as it was the ambition of some of the greatest names of antiquity to distinguisht themselves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero, but the finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was dêcir-
ous of adding this talent to his other most shining endowments: and we are told he studied the language of his country with much application: as we are sure he possessed it in its highest elegance. What a loss, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatise which he wrote upon this subject, is perished with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his observations, we are happily not without an instance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the best and brightest exemplar, not only of true generality, but of fine writing. He published them, indeed, only as materials for the use of those who should be disposed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman story; yet the purity and gracefulness of his style were such, that no judicious writer dares attempt to touch the subject after him.

Having produced so illustrious an instance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered, that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful affistanse of masculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary, the most legitimate arguments may be disannointed of that succor they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addison, observes, in one of his essays, that "there is as much difference between comprehending a thought cloathed in Cicero's language and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper and the light of the sun."

It is surely then a very strange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well-written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting loves with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. A taste of this sort is indeed so far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I should rather consider it as an evidence, in some degree, of the moral rectitude of its constitution, as it is a proof of its retaining some relish at least of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to suspect that certain writers amongst us had considered all beauties of this sort in the same gloomy view with Malbranche: or at least that they avoided every refinement in style, as unworthy a lover of truth and philosophy. Their sentiments are sunk by the lowest expressions, and seem condemned to the first curfe, of creeping upon the ground all the days of their life. Others, on the contrary, mistake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raise their expressions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehensions, deeming it (one should imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires some ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers, like Euphronius, know to hit that true medium which lies between those distant extremes! How seldom do we meet with an author, whose expressions, like those of my friend, are glowing but not glaring, whose metaphors are natural but not common, whose periods are harmonious but not poetical; in a word, whose sentiments are well set, and shewn to the understanding in their truest and most advantageous lustre.

Fitzosborne.

§ 247. On Thinking. In a Letter.

If one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be necessary, perhaps, to consider how far it can be justly claimed by mankind in general. I am sure, at least, when I read the very uncommon sentiments of your last letter, I found their judicious author rise in my esteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more singular character in the world, than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas, which lightly

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from over the mind, that can with any pro-
perty be filled by that denomination. It is
observing them separately and distinctly,
and ranging them under their respective
classes; it is calmly and steadily viewing
our opinions on every side, and resolutely
tracing them through all their consequences
and connections, that constitutes the man of
reflection, and distinguishes reason from
fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem
to have formed any very considerable num-
ber of our species for an extensive exercize
of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of
the far greater part of mankind are necce-

sarily restrained within the ordinary purposes
of animal life. But even if we look up to
those who move in much superior orbits,
and who have opportunities to improve, as
well as leisure to exercise, their understand-
ings; we shall find, that thinking is one of
the least exerted privileges of cultivated
humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind
which meets with many obstructions to check
its just and free direction; but there are two
principles, which prevail more or less in
the constitutions of most men, that parti-
cularly contribute to keep this faculty of the
soul unemployed: I mean, pride and in-
dolence. To defend to truth through the
tedious progression of well-examined de-
ductions, is considered as a reproach to the
quickness of understanding; as it is much
too laborious a method for any but those
who are possess'd of a vigorous and resolute
activity of mind. For this reason, the
greater part of our species generally choose
either to seize upon their conclusions at
once, or to take them by rebound from
others, as belt suiting with their vanity or
their laziness. Accordingly Mr. Locke ob-
erves, that there are not so many errors and
wrong opinions in the world as is generally
imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are
by any means uniform in embracing truth;
but because the majority of them, he main-
tains, have no thought or opinion at all
about those doctrines concerning which they
raise the greatest clamour. Like the com-
mon soldiers in an army, they follow where
their leaders direct, without knowing, or
even enquiring, into the cause for which
they so warmly contend.

This will account for the flow steps by
which truth has advanced in the world, on
one side; and for those absurd syllems
which, at different periods, have had an
universal currency, on the other. For there
is a strange disposition in human nature,
either blindly to tread the same paths that
have been traversed by others, or to strike
out into the most devious extravagancies:
the greater part of the world, will either
totally renounce their reason, or reason only
from the wild suggestions of an heated
imagination.

From the same source may be derived
those divisions and animosities which break
the union both of public and private so-
cieties, and turn the peace and harmony of
human intercourse into dissension and con-
tention. For while men judge and act by
such measures as have not been proved by
the standard of dispassionate reason, they
must equally be mistaken in their estimations
both of their own conduct and that of
others.

If we turn our view from active to con-
templative life, we may have occasion, per-
haps, to remark, that thinking is no less
uncommon in the literary than the civil
world. The number of those writers who

can, with any justness of expression, be
termed thinking authors, would not form a
very copious library, though one were to
take in all of that kind which both ancient
and modern times have produced. Neces-
sarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a
collection of this sort, all critics, commen-
tators, translators, and, in short, all that
numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth
of literature, that owe their existence merely
to the thoughts of others. I should reject,
for the same reason, such compilers as
Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius:
though it must be owned, indeed, their
works have acquired an accidental value,
as they preferve to us several curious traces
of antiquity, which time would otherwise have
entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses
likewise, who have propagated the fruits of
their studies through a long series of tracts,
would have little pretence, I believe, to be
admitted as writers of reflection. For this
reason I cannot regret the loss of those in-
credible numbers of compositions which some
of the Ancients are said to have produced:

Quae fuit Caffi rapido ferventibus anni
Ingenium; capta quem fama cecit effe, libri
quit Ambituum propriis.

Hos.

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind
him three hundred volumes of his own
works, wherein he had not infected a single
quotation; and we have it upon the authori-
ity of Varro's own words, that he himself
composed four hundred and ninety books.
Seneca assures us, that Didymus the Gran-
marian
marian wrote no less than four thousand; but Origen, it seems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to fix thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: found thought and well-matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think! But shall I not myself, Palamedes, prove an instance that it is so, if I suspend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with such as mine? Fitzosborne.


It is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at ———; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life which affords more real satisfaction than those hours which one passes in rational and unreplied conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and flews the strength or weakness of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That “it is not good for man to be alone,” is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent, than the counter-warmth of impartial debate. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Accordingly, one may remark, that most of those wild doctrines, which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed their birth to persons whose circumstances or dispositions have given them the fewest oppor-
tunities of canvassing their respective systems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis dificuled their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made, (or never, at least, with so much justice) that “there is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher or other to produce in its support.”

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue-manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidst the amicable opposition of well regulated converse. It is probable, indeed, that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations than they are of ours; as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now, perhaps, restrain a more free exchange of sentiments among us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue-manner, were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors; but faithful transcripts from real life. And it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarce name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My lord Shaftesbury’s dialogue, intitled “The Morals,” Mr. Addison’s upon Ancient Coins; Mr. Spence’s upon the Odyssley; together with those of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to Hydaspes; are, almost, the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongst us with advantage. These, indeed, are all master-pieces of the kind, and written in the true spirit of learning.
The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams, and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the nearest to perfection of all the four: enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Auguftus, and Alexander; but human reason in general was more improved.

In this age we first became acquainted with true philosophy. It may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itself to England, where it has fired up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation stood in need of at that time; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languishing; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned that the French, in some degree, deferred this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise

learning and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disjunct to be namely silenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preferred throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

Fitzjorne.

§ 249. On the Great Historical Ages.

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whoever has taste, will find but few ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the αριστευτες of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world then was in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucreius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wifdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto, flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taste.
likewise neglected; for, when once the
teings are carried to perfection, the
ransition is quickly made to the elegant and
the agreable; and it is not at all astonish-
ing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, elo-
quence, and philosophy, should be in a
manner unknown to a nation, who, though
possessed of harbours on the Western ocean
and the Mediterranean sea, were without
ships; and who, though fond of luxury to
an excess, were hardly provided with the
most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians,
the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch,
and the English, carried on, in their turns,
the trade of France, which was ignorant
even of the first principles of commerce.
Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown,
had not a single ship; the city of Paris con-
tained not quite four hundred thousand
men, and had not above four fine public
edifices; the other cities of the kingdom
resembled those pitiful villages which we
see on the other side of the Loire. The no-
bility, who were all stationed in the country,
in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches,
oppress the peasant who cultivated the
land. The high roads were almost impos-
fable; the towns were destitute of police;
and the government had hardly any credit
among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since
the decline of the Carlovingian family,
France had languished more or less in this
infra fame, merely for want of the benefit
of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people
must either enjoy a liberty founded on the
laws, or the royal authority must be fixed
beyond all opposition. In France, the peo-
ple were slaves till the reign of Philip Au-
glus; the noblemen were tyrants till
Lewis XI. and the kings, always employed
in maintaining their authority against their
vassals, had neither leisure to think about
the happiness of their subjects, nor the
power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal
power, but nothing for the happiness or
glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth
to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but
he was too unfortunate to make them take
root in the nation during his time, so that
they all perished with him. Henry the
Great was on the point of raising France
from the calamities and barbarisms in which
he had been plunged by thirty years of
disorder, when he was assassinated in his
capital, in the midst of a people whom he had
begun to make happy. The Cardinal de
Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of
Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees,
did not enjoy a power sufficiently undis-
turbed to reform the nation; but he had
at least the honour of beginning this happy
work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our
genius had been almost always restrained
under a Gothic government, in the midst of
divisions and civil wars; delirium of any
laws or fixed customs; changing every se-
cond century a language which still con-
tinued rude and unformed. The nobles
were without discipline, and strangers to
every thing but war and idleness; the clergy
lived in disorder and ignorance; and the
common people without industry, and stu-
piled in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the
great discoveries, or admirable inventions
of other nations: they have no title to the
discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses,
telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-
pump, or the true system of the universe:
they were making tournaments, while the
Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering
and conquering new countries from the east
to the west of the known world. Charles V.
had already scattered the treasures of Mexico
over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I.
had discovered the uncultivated country of
Canada; but, by the little which the
French did in the beginning of the sixteenth
century, we may see what they are capable
of when properly conducted. Voltaire.


In every government there are three forms
of power: the legislative; the executive,
in respect to things dependent on the law of
nations; and the executive, in regard to
things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the first, the prince or ma-
gistrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws,
and amends or abrogates those that have
been already enacted. By the second, he
makes peace or war, sends or receives em-
blisses, he establishes the public security,
and provides against invasions. By the
third, he punishes criminals, or determines
the disputes that arise between individuals.
The latter we shall call the judiciary power,
and the other simply the executive power of
the state.

The political liberty of the subject is a
tranquillity of mind, arising from the opin-
on each person has of his safety. In order
to have this liberty, it is requisite the go-
vernment
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,  
Book II.

verment be so constituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or in the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty; because apprehensions may arise, left the same monarch or senate should enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control; for the judge would be then the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppressor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the same man, or the same body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to execute those three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public resolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Most kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, because the prince, who is invested with the two first powers, leaves the third to his subjects. In Turkey, where these three powers are united in the Sultan's person, the subjects groan under the weight of a most frightful oppression.

In the republics of Italy, where these three powers are united, there is less liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourse to as violent methods for its support, as even that of the Turks; witness the state inquisitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accusations.

What a situation must the poor subject be in under those republics! The same body of magistrates are possessed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themselves in quality of legislators. They may plunder the state by their general determinations; and, as they have likewise the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular decisions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a despotic sway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whose aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have constantly set out with uniting in their own persons all the branches of magistracy, and all the great offices of state.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary aristocracy of the Italian republics does not answer exactly to the despotic power of the eastern princes. The number of magistrates sometimes softens the power of the magistracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the same designs; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legislative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the mischief is, that these different tribunals are composed of magistrates all belonging to the same body, which constitutes almost one and the same power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a flandering senate; it should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that should last only as long as necessity requires.

By this means the power of judging, a power so terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular state or profession, becomes, as it were, invisible. People have not then the judges continually present to their view; they fear the office, but not the magistrate.

In accusations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the person accused should have the privilege of chusing in some measure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at least he should have a right to except against to great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magistrates or permanent bodies, because they are not exercised on any private subject; one being no more than the general will of the state, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to such a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in society without knowing exactly the obligations it lays them under.

The judges ought likewise to be in the same station as the accused, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of persons inclined to treat him with rigour. If
If the legislature leaves the executive power in possession of a right to imprison those subjects who can give security for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unless they are taken up, in order to answer without delay to a capital crime: in this case they are really free, being subject only to the power of the law.

But should the legislature think itself in danger by some secret conspiracy against the state, or by a correspondence with a foreign enemy, it might authorize the executive power, for a short and limited time, to imprison suspected persons, who in that case would lose their liberty only for a while, to preserve it for ever.

And this is the only reasonable method that can be substituted to the tyrannical magistracy of the Ephori, and to the state inquisitors of Venice, who are also despotic.

As in a free state, every man who is supposed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; so the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. But since this is impossible in large states, and in small ones is subject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people should act by their representatives, what they cannot act by themselves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and interests, than with those of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the rest of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legislature should not be chosen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every considerable place, a representative should be elected by the inhabitants.

The great advantage of representatives is their being capable of discharging affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greatest inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all necessary that the representatives, who have received a general instruction from their electors, should wait to be particularly instructed in every affair, as is practised in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the speeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the assembly; and on the most urgent and pressing occasions, the springs of the nation might be stopped by a single caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well observes, represent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their constituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the several districts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a representative, except such as are in some mean a situation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in most of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active resolutions, such as require some execution; a thing of which they are absolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the chusing of representatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the person they chuse is better qualified than most of his neighbours.

Neither ought the representative body to be chosen for active resolutions, for which it is not to fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to see whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themselves can properly perform.

In a state, there are always persons distinguished by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a single vote like the rest, the common liberty would be their slavery, and they would have no interest in supporting it, as most of the popular resolutions would be against them. The share they have, therefore, in the legislature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the state; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a stop to the enterprizes of the people, as the people have a right to put a stop to theirs.

The legislative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body chosen to represent the people, which have each their assemblies and deliberations apart, each their separate views and interests.

Of the three powers above-mentioned, the judiciary is in some measure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as those have need of a regulat
Jating power to temper them, the part of the legislatif body composed of the nobility is extremely proper for this very purpose.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the first place, it is so in its own nature: and in the next, there must be a considerable interest to preserve its privileges: privileges that in themselves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of course, in a free state, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to pursue its own particular interests, and forget those of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a singular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the supplies, they should have no other share in the legislation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of resolving.

By the power of resolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be understood to mean the right of annulling a resolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the person possessed of the privilege of rejecting, may likewise have the right of approving, yet this approbation passes for no more than a declaration that he intends to make no use of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be in the hands of a monarch: because this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better administered by one than by many: whereas, whatever depends on the legislative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a single person.

But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of persons selected from the legislative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reason the two powers would be united, as the same persons would actually sometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a share in both.

Were the legislative body to be a considerable time without meeting, this would likewise put an end to liberty. For one of these two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legislative resolutions, and then the state would fall into anarchy; or that these resolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it absolute.

It would be needless for the legislative body to continue always assembled. This would be troublesome to the representatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, so as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legislative body to be always assembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceased members with new representatives; and in that case, if the legislative body was once corrupted, the evil would be past all remedy. When different legislative bodies succeed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually fitting, may reasonably entertain some hopes of the next: but were it to be always the same body, the people, upon seeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of course they would either become desperate, or fall into a state of indolence.

The legislative body should not assemble of itself. For a body is supposed to have no will but when it is assembled: and besides, were it not to assemble unanimously, it would be impossible to determine which was really the legislative body, the part assembled, or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itself, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in case it should ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Besides, there are feasons, some of which are more proper than others, for assembling the legislative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power should regulate the time of convening as well as the duration of those assemblies, according to the circumstances and exigencies of state known to itself.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a stop to the encroachments of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic; for as it might arrogate to itself what authority it pleased, it would soon destroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legislative power should have a right to stop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is useless to confine it; besides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power therefore of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a stop not only to the legislation, but likewise to the execution itself; which was attended with infinite mischief.

But if the legislative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to stop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner
ner its laws have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Cophi and the Ephori gave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the Amybones to an account, even after their administration; and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of, in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legislature which is composed of their own body.

It is possible that the law, which is clear-fighted in one sense, and blind in another, might in some cases be too severe. But as we have already observed, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere passive beings, incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legislative body, which we have just now observed to be a necessary tribunal on another occasion, is also a necessary tribunal in this; it belongs to its supreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itself, by mitigating the sentence.

It might also happen, that a subject intrusted with the administration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magistrates either could not, or would not punish. But in general the legislative power cannot judge: and much less can it be a judge in this particular case, where it represents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court shall it bring its impeachment? Must it go and abase itself before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being composed moreover of men who are chosen from the people as well as itself, will naturally be swayed by the authority of so powerful an accuser? No: in order to preserve the dignity of the people, and the security of the subject, the legislative part which represents the people must bring in its charge before the legislative part which represents the nobility, who have neither the same interest nor the same passions.

Here is an advantage which this government has over most of the ancient republics, where there was this abuse, that the people were at the same time both judge and accuser.

The executive power, pursuant to what has been already said, ought to have a share in the legislature by the power of rejecting, otherwise it would soon be stripped of its prerogative. But should the legislative power usurp a share of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a share in the legislature by the power of resolving, liberty would be lost. But as it is necessary he should have a share in the legislature, for the support of his own prerogative, this share must consist in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the senate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magistrates, who were entrusted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental constitution of the government we are treating of. The legislative body being composed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by
by the executive power, as the executive is by the legislative.

These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legislative than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no share in the public debates. It is not even necessary that it should propose, because, as it may always disapprove of the resolutions that shall be taken, it may likewise reject the decisions on those proposals which were made against its will.

In some ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propose and debate with the people, otherwise their resolutions must have been attended with a strange confusion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raising of public money, otherwise than by giving its consent, liberty would be at an end; because it would become legislative in the most important point of legislation.

If the legislative power was to settle the subsidies, not from year to year, but for ever, it would run the risk of losing its liberty, because the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was possess'd of such a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itself, or of another. The same may be said, if it should fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the sea and land forces with which it is to intrust the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress, it is requisite that the armies with which it is intrusted should consist of the people, and have the same spirit as the people; as was the case at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the persons employed in the army should have sufficient property to answer for their conduct to their fellow-subjects, and be enlisted only for a year, as was customary at Rome: or if there should be a standing army, composed chiefly of the most despicable part of the nation, the legislative power should have a right to disband them as soon as it pleased; the soldiers should live in common with the rest of the people; and no separate camp, barracks, or fortresses, should be suffered.

When once an army is established, it ought not to depend immediately on the legislative, but on the executive power; and this from the very nature of the thing: its business consisting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongst mankind, they set a higher value upon courage than timorous men, on activity than prudence, on strength than counsel. Hence the army will ever despise a senate, and respect their own officers. They will naturally slight the orders sent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as soon as the army depends on the legislative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to some extraordinary circumstances. It is because the army has always been kept divided; it is because it was composed of several bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is because the capital towns were strong places, defended by their natural situation, and not garrisoned with regular troops. Holland, for instance, is still safer than Venice: she might drown or starve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furnishing them with necessary subsistence, this subsistence is of course precarious.

Whoever shall read the admirable treatise of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the English have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful system was invented first in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the state we are speaking of will lose its liberty, it will perish. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage perished? It will perish when the legislative power shall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my business to examine whether the English actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that it is established by their laws; and I enquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to say that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneasiness to those who have only a moderate share of it. How should I have any such design, I, who think that even the excess of reason is not always desirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes.

Harrington, in his Oceana, has also inquired into the highest point of liberty to which the constitution of a state may be carried.
carried. But of him indeed it may be said, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he buffed himself in pursiit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes.

Montefquen.

§ 251. Of Columbus, and the Discovery of America.

It is to the discoveries of the Portuguefe in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conquest of America an obligation, which proved so fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themselves.

This was doubtles the most important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto strangers to the other. Whatever had been esteemed most great or noble before, seemed absorbed in this kind of new creation. We still mention with respectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the sailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raised by the ancients to a Greek, who had discovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Christopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, fruck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portuguefe, imagined that something greater might be done; and from a bare inspection of the map of our world, concluded that there must be another, which might be found by failing always well. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed superior, seeing he had to struggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repufes of severa princes to whom he tendered his services. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his schemes as visionary, and by that means lost the only opportunity that could have offered of aggranizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not listen to the proposals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himself was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confufed than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain; which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the ineffimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzon, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurs and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refufals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; prefently after, he likewise discovered the Lucayan islands, together with thofe of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprize to fee him return, at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their majefties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admirall and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary perfon sent from heaven. Every one was vying who should be foremost in affiliating
assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again, with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not sufferer to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would feize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was, that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Cartagena has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was infinited upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremberg, who, it is said, went from that city to the lattitudes of Megellan in 1460, with a patent from the Dukes of Burgundy, who, as the was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shewn; nor of the evident contradictions which discredite this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow to fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japaneſe fent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who cauſes trees and grafts to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Most bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The praises of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. America Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vesperius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages, as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vesperius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had discovered a new world, they believed him on
his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination should be made before the door of his house every three years, on the feast of All Saints. And yet could this man be said to deserve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, failed along the coast of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the rest of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this American Vespuvius, which seems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any conclusive reasoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done justice to Columbus's merit; but the writer should not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spanish, who were the first that did this justice. This writer says, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impurity the honour and success of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in saying, that it was a Genoese who first discovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purposely remark this want of equity, good-breeding, and good-fence, as we have too many examples of it; and I must say, that the good French writers have in general been the least guilty of this insufferable fault; and one great reason of their being so universally read throughout Europe, is their doing justice to all nations.

The inhabitants of these islands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much astonifh'd at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ships and artillery: they at first looked upon these new visitors as monsters or gods, who had come out of the sky or the sea. These voyages, and those of the Portuguefe, had now taught us how inconsiderable a spot of the globe our Europe was, and what an astonishing variety reigns in the world. Indefat was known to be inhabited by a race of men whose complexions were yellow. In Africa and Asia, at some distance from the equator, there had been found several kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chinese still appear to differ entirely from the rest of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noses. But what is still to be remarked is, that into whatever regions these various races are transplanted, their complexions never change, unless they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifest proof that there is a differential principle in each species of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are seldom known to change. Hence the negroes are slaves to other men, and are purchased on the coast of Africa, like beasts, for a sum of money; and the vast multitudes of negroes transplanted into our American colonies, serve as slaves under a very inconsiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewise taught us how great a superiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are everywhere easily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thousand to one superior in numbers.

This part of America was also remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of so great use to us. Horfes, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its use in dying has now made us forget the scarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was soon succeeded by that of indigo, cacao, vanilla, and those woods which serve for ornament and medicinal purposes, particularly the quinquina, or jefuits bark, which is the only specific against intermittent fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilst she had dispersed the difeafe it cured through all the rest of the world. This new continent likewise furnished pearls, coloured stones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at prent furnishes the meanest citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleasures. The gold and silver mines, at their first discovery, were of service only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the rest of the world was impoverished by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow business, found themselves possessed of a very small quantity.
quantity of specie, in comparison with the immense sums accumulated by those, who had the advantage of the first discoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and silver which was sent from America, was dispersed throughout all Europe, and by passing into a number of hands, the distribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewise increased in Europe, in proportion to the increase of specie.

To comprehend how the treasures of America palled from the possession of the Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be sufficient to consider these two things: the use which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a share in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, necessarily dispersed a great quantity of that specie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he sent his son Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince deposited in the tower of London twenty-seven large chests of silver in bars, and an hundred horse-loads of gold and silver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, cost this Philip, according to his own confession, above three thousand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and silver of Peru is distributed amongst all the people of Europe, and from thence is sent to the East-Indies, is a surprising, though well-known circumstance. By a strict law enacted by Ferdinand and Isabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spanish America, but likewise from having the least share, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to subdue all Europe; and yet Spain subsists only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furnish exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the rest of Europe sometimes send over merchandise to the amount of nearly fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity, or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themselves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards give no security to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, supplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time configned the gold and silver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was still more surprising. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain braves, called Meteors: these, armed with pileots at their belt, and a long sword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gatherer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which, nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest influence of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His Catholic majesty endeavoured to feize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a single Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shews, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opposition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its subject's by the great numbers necessarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a disease, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the island of Hisp aniola. Several of the companions of Christopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which
It may seem surprising, that this massacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the sight, and under the administration of several religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime minister of Castile, before the time of Charles V. sent over four monks of this order, in quality of presidents of the royal council of the island. Doubtless they were not able to resist the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new masters, being with just reason become implacable, rendered their destruction unhappily necessary.

Voltaire.

§ 252. The Influence of the Progress of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men.

The progress of science and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of Society, in which those faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public
public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been funk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical enquiry. They had been converted to the Christian faith soon after they had fettled in their new conquests: but they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These curious speculations were incorporated with the fylllem of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of enquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabs in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Milled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example, and wafted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested, the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no incon siderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students reforted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review*, were barbarous.

* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.
They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged, spirit of inquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relief for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success.

§ 253. On the Respect paid by the Lacedæmonians and Athenians to Old Age.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man bullied through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jent was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions, there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man flulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is "good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it." Specator.


In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcina Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both, at the same time, attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever he came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of confular dignity, as he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but, if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refused; upon which she hired a small hiring vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection. — "What! said she, "shall I regard thy advice, who faw thy
While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæston, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an infult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their importunate jeers, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitations. At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the newly-elected prince to be sent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be " to bear my crown with equal moderation : " for when I poffessed little, I wanted no " thing : these hands supplied me with " whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

Quintus Curtius.

§ 256. The Resignation of the Emperor CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England,

* In the Tatler, No. 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cassius Patus for Thraeas Patus, has accused even Nero unjustly; charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudio. See Pliny's Epistles, Book iii. Ep. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. ix. and Tacitus, Lib. xvi. § 359.
where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles feated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rofe from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to asdift his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and fearfully half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years:

that, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection; and to demonstrate, that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people: and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you!"

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign,
veraign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distingushed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing to himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Eternadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power. Robertson.

§ 257. An Account of Muyl Moluc.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muyl Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried; under pretense of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

§ 258. An Account of Valentine and Unnion.

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private centinel: there happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently
quently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the calile, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salzine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Union immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcasse, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

§ 259. An Example of Historical Narration from Sallust.

The Trojans (if we may believe tradition) were the first founders of the Roman commonwealth; who, under the conduct of Aeneas, having made their escape from their own ruined country, got to Italy, and there for some time lived a rambling and unsettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or restraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction, language, and customs, united into one body, in a surprisingly short space of time. And as their little state came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and seemed likely to make a figure among the nations, according to the common course of things, the appearance of prosperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring states; so that the princes and people who bordered upon them, begun to seek occasions of quarrelling with them.

The alliances they could form were but few; for most of the neighbouring states avoided embroiling themselves on their account. The Romans, seeing that they had nothing to trust to but their own conduct, found it necessary to befriend themselves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their allies, and gained friendships by often giving, and seldom demanding, favours of that sort. They had, by this time, established a regular form of government, to wit, the monarchical. And a senate, consisting of men advanced in years, and grown wise by experience, though in firm of body, consulted with their kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally established for the preservation of liberty, and the advantage of the state, came to degenerate into lawful tyranny, they found it necessary to alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief magistrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of princes, and the indefeasible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty, &c.

Sall. Bell. Catilinar.

§ 260. The Story of Damon and Pythias.

Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionyfius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear, the raising of the other, who was engaged in the friendship had put him upon running in seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed.

K k 3

But
§ 262. A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.

The praetor had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, left she should carry with her any suffrance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison flood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unnatural a manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some fort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.


§ 263. The Continence of Scipio Afri-Canus.

The soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that
that he was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately or-
dered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, 
that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not sur-
vive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to
her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," 
said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who 
had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, 
was brought before me, I was informed 
that you loved her passionately; and, in 
truth, her perfect beauty left me no room 
to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to 
indulge a youthful passion, I mean ho-
nourable and lawful wedlock, and were 
not solely engrossed by the affairs of my 
republic, I might have hoped to have 
been pardoned my excessive love for so 
charming a mistress. But as I am situated, 
and have it in my power, with pleasure 
I promote your happiness. Your future 
soule has met with as civil and modest 
treatment from me, as if she had been 
amongst her own parents, who are soon 
to be yours too. I have kept her pure, 
in order to have it in my power to make 
you a present worthy of you and of me. 
The only return I ask of you for this fa-
vour is, that you will be a friend to the 
Roman people; and that if you believe 
me to be a man of worth, as the states of 
Spain formerly experienced my father 
and uncle to be, you may know there 
are many in Rome who resemble us; 
and that there are not a people in the 
universe, whom you ought less to defer 
to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you 
or yours." The youth, covered with 
blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's 
hands, praying the immortal gods to re-
ward him, as he himself was not capable to 
do it in the degree he himself desired, or he 
deserved. Then the parents and relations 
of the virgin were called. They had brought 
a great sum of money to ransom her. But 
seeing her restored without it, they began 
to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a pre-
fent; protesting they would acknowledge it 
as a favour, as much as they did the re-
storing the virgin without injury offered to 
her. Scipio, unable to refit their impor-
tunate solicitations, told them, he accepted 
it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, 
thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion 
you are to receive from your father-in-
"law, I add this, and beg you would ac-
"cept it as a nuptial present." So he de-
ferred him to take up the gold, and keep it 
for himself. Transported with joy at the 
presents and honours conferred on him, he 
returned home, and expatiated to his coun-
trymen on the merits of Scipio. "There 
is come amongst us," said he, "a young 
hero, like the gods, who conquers all 
things, as well by generosity and bene-
"fice, as by arms." For this reason, 
having raised troops among his own subjects, 
he returned a few days after to Scipio with 
a body of 1,400 horse.

§ 264. The private Life of ÆMILIUS 
SCIPIO.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated 
a war that disgraced the Roman 
name, completed Scipio's military exploits. 
But, in order to have a more perfect idea of 
his merit and character, it seems that, after 
having seen him at the head of armies, in 
the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of 
triumphs, it will not be lost labour to con-
fider him in the repose of a private life, in 
the midst of his friends, family, and house-
hold. The truly great man ought to be so 
in all things. The magistrate, general, and 
prince, may constrain themselves, whilst 
they are in a manner exhibiting themselves 
as spectacles to the public, and appear quite 
different from what they really are. But 
reduced to themselves, and without the 
witnesses who force them to wear the mask, 
all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, 
often abandons them, and leaves little more 
to be seen in them than meaner and nar-
rowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any 
respect. He was not like certain paintings, 
that are to be seen only at a distance: he 
could not but gain by a nearer view. The 
excellent education which he had had, 
through the care of his father Paulus Æmi-
lius, who had provided him with the most 
learned matters of those times, as well in 
polite learning as the sciences; and the in-
structions he had received from Polybius, 
enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he 
had from public affairs profitably, and to 
support the leisure of a private life, with 
pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious 
testimony given of him by an historian: 
"Nobody knew better how to mingle lei-
"sure and action, nor to use the intervals 
of rest from public business with more 
elegance and taste. Divided between 
arms and books, between the military 
and labour
"labours of the camp, and the peaceful oc-
cupations of the closet, he either exercised
"his body in the dangers and fatigues of
"war, or his mind in the study of the
"sciences.*"

The first Scipio, Africanus used to say,
That he was never less idle, than when at
leisure, nor less alone, than when alone.
A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well wor-
thy of that great man. And it shews that,
even when inactive, he was always employ-
ed; and that when alone, he knew how to
converse with himself. A very extraordi-
nary disposition in persons accustomed to
motion and agitation, whom leisure and
solitude, when they are reduced to them,
plunge into a disgust for every thing, and
fill with melancholy; so that they are dis-
pleased in every thing with themselves, and
fink under the heavy burden of having no-
thing to do. This saying of the first Scipio
seems to me to fuit the second still better,
who having the advantage of the other by
being educated in a taste for polite learning
and the sciences, found in that a great re-
source against the inconvenience of which
we have been speaking. Besides which,
having usually Polybius and Panaxius with
him, even in the field, it is easy to judge
that his house was open, in times of peace,
to all the learned. Every body knows, that
the comedies of Terence, the most accom-
plished work of that kind Rome ever pro-
duced, for natural elegance and beauties,
are ascribed to him and Laelius, of whom
we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough
reported, that they ascribed that poet in
the composition of his pieces; and Terence him-
self makes it an honour to him in the pro-
logue to the Adelphi. I shall undoubtedly
not advice any body, and least of all persons
of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But
on this occasion, let us only consider taste
in general for letters. Is there a more in-
genious, a more affecting pleasure, and one
more worthy of a wife and virtuous man, I
might perhaps add, or one more necessary
to a military person, than that which re-
Sults from reading works of wit, and from
the conversation of the learned? Providence
thought fit, according to the observation of
a Pagan, that he should be above those
trivial pleasures, to which persons without
letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for
reading, are obliged to give themselves up.
Another kind of pleasure, still more fen-
tible, more warm, more natural, and more
implanted in the heart of man, constituted
the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this
was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom
known by great persons or princes, because,
generally loving only themselves, they do
not deserve to have friends. However, this
is the most grateful tie of human society;
so that the poet Ennius says with great rea-
son, that to live without friends is not to
live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great num-
ber of them, and those very illustrious: but
I shall speak here only of Laelius, whose
probit and prudence acquired him the fur-
name of the Wife.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better
suited to each other than those great men.
They were almost of the same age, and had
the same inclination, benevolence of mind,
taste for learning of all kinds, principles of
government, and zeal for the public good.
Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of
military glory; but Laelius did not want
merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us,
that he signallzed himself very much in the
war with Viriathus. As to the talents of
the mind, the superiority, in respect of
elegance, seems to have been given to
Laelius; though Cicero does not agree that
it was due to him, and says, that Laelius's
style favoured more of the ancient manner,
and had something less agreeable in it than
that of Scipio.

Let us hear Laelius himself (that is, the
words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the
strict union which subsisted between Scipio
and him. "As for me," says Laelius,
"of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there
are none, I think, comparable to the
happiness of having Scipio for my friend.
I found in our friendship a perfect con-
formity of sentiments in respect to public
affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels
and supports in private life; with a tran-
quility and delight not to be expressed.
I never gave Scipio the least offence, to
my knowledge, nor ever heard a word
that was equal to the taste of both. We
had but one house, and one table at our
common expense, the frugality of which
was equally the taste of both. In war,
in travelling, in the country, we were
always together. I do not mention our
studies, and the attention of us both
always to learn something; this was the
employment of all our leisure hours, re-
moved from the sight and commerce of
the world."
ed? What a conflation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. This friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physon then reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicarmon amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor, and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent personages of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panethus, with him, and five domestic. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though, during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, defipting all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory.

Rollin.

§ 265. Of History. Ancient History compared with modern.

Historiae decus est, et quasi anima, ut cur longe eventis causa copulentur.

Bacon, De Augm. Scient.

Of the various kinds of literary composition there is hardly any which has been at all times more cultivated than that of History. A desire to recount remarkable events, and a curiosity to hear the relation of them, are propensities inherent in human nature; and hence historians have abounded in every age, in the rudest and simplest, as well as in the most polished and refined. The first poets were historians; and Homer and Oflian, "when the light of the song arose," but recounted the virtues and exploits of their countrymen.

From poetic numbers, History at length descended to prose; but she was still of the family of the Muses, and long retained many features of the race from whence she sprung. Historiae, says Quintilian, est proxima poetis, et quodammodo carmen solutum. She professed, indeed, that her purpose was to instruct, not less than to please; yet such was her hereditary propensity, that for many successive ages she continued more studious to cultivate the
the means of pleasing, than anxious to gather the materials of instruction. But when all her arts of pleasing had been exhausted; when the charms of novelty and the bloom of youth were gone, she began to feel the decay of her power. In her distress she looked around for aid, and wisely embraced an union with Philosophy, who taught her the value of the rich field of instruction she had so long neglected, thawed her how she might add new graces to her powers of giving delight, how the might not only recover but extend her empire, and be crowned with honours that should never fade.

To drop the allegory: The truth is, that although to afford pleasure and to convey instruction have been ever the professed ends of History, yet they have not always been mingled in due proportion. The former has been the object of the greater part of historians; and their aim of instruction has seldom gone farther, than to illustrate some moral precept, and to improve the heart by exhibiting bright and illustrious examples of virtue. It is of late only that History, by taking a wider range, has assumed a different form; and with the relation of splendid events uniting an investigation of their causes, has exhibited a view of those great circumstances in the situation of any people, which can alone yield solid instruction.

Historians may therefore be divided into two kinds, according to the methods they have followed, and the ends they have chiefly had in view in their composition. The first class, and which is by far the most numerous, consists of those who have confined themselves to the mere relation of public transactions; who have made it their principal aim to interest the affections; and who, in assigning any causes of events, have seldom gone beyond those immediately connected with the particular characters of the persons whose actions they describe. The second class comprehends the very few historians who have viewed it as their chief business to unfold the more remote and general causes of public events, and have considered the giving an account of the rise, progress, perfection, and decline of government, of manners, of art, and of science, as the only true means of rendering History instructive.

In the former of these classes we must rank all the celebrated historians of ancient Greece and Rome. They merely relate distinguished events; but to search out and reflect upon the general causes of them, they never attempt; and to mark the state of government, of laws, of manners, or of arts, seems not to have been thought of by them as falling within the province of History. To delight the imagination seems to have been their favourite aim; and accordingly, from the superior effects of recent events in interfeting the passions, we find that many of the most distinguished historians of this class have chosen for their subjects, either transactions of which they were themselves witnesses, or that were very near their own times. Thucydides and Xenophon record little but the events of their own day, and in which they themselves bore a part; Caesar gives us nothing but memoirs of his own exploits; and Tacitus confines himself very nearly to his own times. Even Herodotus, who takes a larger range, is, in general, only a relater of facts which he either saw himself, or reports on the testimony of others; and Livy, who commences his history with the foundation of Rome, fears thinks of anything beyond a mere detail of wars and revolutions, and seems only careful to embellish his story by interesting narrative and flowing language.

When such were the limited bounds of this species of writing, History was an Art, the design of which was to please; not a Science, the purpose of which was to instruct. It was, as Quintilian says, proxima poetæ; and critical rules were laid down for its composition, similar to those for the structure of an Epic poem. To select a subject, the recital of which might be interesting; to arrange and distribute the several parts with skill; to embellish by forcible and picturesque description; to enliven by characteristic and animated speeches, and to clothe the whole in beautiful and flowing language, formed all the necessary and essential parts of the composition. In these the ancients held the highest excellence and perfection of History to consist; and so little did their views reach any farther, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a critic of taste and acuteness, says, that the first object of a person about to write History ought to be, "to select a subject striking and pleasing, and such as may not only affect but over- power the minds of the readers with pleasure." And he condemns Thucydides for his choice of the Peloponnesian war; "because it was neither honourable nor profitable to have engaged in, or at least should have been buried in silence and oblivion, that posterity might be ignorant of it."

Thus confined were the ideas of the ancients
ents with regard to the objects of History. But while we may regret this, we are not to ascribe it to any defect of genius: It arose from causes which a little reflection may render sufficiently obvious, and from the circumstances in which they were unavoidably placed.

In ancient times mankind had before their eyes but a very limited field of observation, and but a short experience of the revolutions of nations. Their memorials of former events too were factitious and imperfect, being little more than traditions, involved in uncertainty, and disfigured by fable. They poofided not that extensive experience, nor that large collection of facts, which can alone lead to general reasonings, or can suggest the idea of Philosophical History. Nothing farther could occur to them as the object of history, but to delight the imagination, and improve the heart; and accordingly they chose subjects that made the strongest impression on their own minds, and might most interest the passions of others.

To explain the immediate motives and springs of actions, was necessary even for connecting their narrative; but to proceed farther, and trace the remote causes, and to perceive how much public events were affected by the degree of advancement which a nation had reached in government, in manners, and in arts, were discoveries yet hid from their view.

The ancient world wanted that communication and intercourse of one nation with another, which, of all circumstances, has the greatest effect in generalizing and enlarging the views of an historian. It is with nations as with individuals; no family knowledge, no domestic study, can ever afford that large and extended information which mixing with other men, which commerce with the world, will betray. In the time of the Grecian republics, man consisted but of two divisions, Greeks and Barbarians; though the subdivision of the former into smaller states promoted the spirit of philosophic research considerably more than when to the name of Roman was confined every science, every art, every privilege and dignity of man. In modern times, the nearly equal rank and cultivation of different European kingdoms, gives much more opportunity than was enjoyed by the ancient world, for the comparison of facts, and the construction of fylem in the history of mankind; while, at the same time, the literary intercourse of those different kingdoms gives to such researches, at once the force of union and the spur of emulation.

In short, the opposite situation and circumstances of the present age have bestowed on History its most signal improvement, and have given it a form before unknown. The many and various revolutions which an experience of more than three thousand years has exhibited to mankind, and the contemplation of the rise, progress, and decline of successive empires, have led to the discovery, that all human events are guided and directed by certain general causes which must be everywhere the same. It has come to be perceived, that nations, like individuals, have their infancy, maturity, decline, and extinction; and that in their gradual establishment and various revolutions, immediate causes springing from the actions and characters of individuals, and even all the wisdom and foresight of man, have had but a very slender share, in comparison of the influence of general and unavoidable circumstances.

These reflections, which the experience of many ages could alone suggest, and to which the great improvements of the present age in reasoning and philosophy have much contributed, have led men to view the History of Nations in a new light. To investigate the general causes and the true sources of the advancement, the prosperity, and the fall of empires, has become the useful and important object of the historian. While he relates the memorable transactions of each different period, and describes the conduct and characters of the persons principally engaged in them, he at the same time unfolds the remote as well as immediate causes of events, and imparts the most valuable knowledge and information. He marks the advancement of mankind in society, the rise and progress of arts and sciences, the successive improvements of law and government, and the gradual refinement of manners; all of them not only curious objects of contemplation, but intimately connected with a narration of civil transactions, and without which the events of no particular period can be fully accounted for.

The few who have treated History in this manner form the second of the two classes into which I have divided historians; and it is to the present age we owe this union of Philosophy with History, and the production of a new and more perfect species of historical composition. President Montesquieu was perhaps the first who attempted to shew how much the history of mankind may be explained from great and general causes. Mr. de Voltaire's Essay on General History, with
all its imperfections, is a work of uncommon merit: with the usual vivacity of its author, it unites great and enlarged views on the general progress of civilization and advancement of society. The same track has been pursued by other writers of reputation, particularly by the late Mr. Hume, who in his History of England has gone farther in investigating general causes, and in marking the progress of laws, government, arts, and manners, than any of his predecessors. Much, however, yet remains to be done; for it is a field but just begun to be cultivated: and if it be true, as the last-mentioned historian has observed, that the world is still too young to fix many general truths in politics, we have to fear that it is referred for some still distant age to see Philosophical History attain its highest perfection.

§ 266. On Punctuation.

Punctuation is the art of marking in writing the several pauses, or rests, between sentences and the parts of sentences, according to their proper quantity or proportion, as they are expressed in a just and accurate pronunciation.

As the several articulate sounds, the syllables and words, of which sentences consist, are marked by letters; so the rests and pauses, between sentences and their parts, are marked by Points.

But, though the several articulate sounds are pretty fully and exactly marked by letters of known and determinate power; yet the several pauses, which are used in a just pronunciation of discourse, are very imperfectly expressed by Points.

For the different degrees of connexion between the several parts of sentences, and the different pauses in a just pronunciation, which express those degrees of connexion according to their proper value, admit of great variety; but the whole number of Points, which we have to express this variety, amounts only to four.

Hence it is, that we are under a necessity of expressing pauses of the same quantity, on different occasions, by different Points; and more frequently, of expressing pauses of different quantity by the same Points.

So that the doctrine of Punctuation must needs be very imperfect: few precise rules can be given which will hold without exception in all cases; but much must be left to the judgment and taste of the writer.

On the other hand, if a greater number of marks were invented to express all the possible different pauses of pronunciation; the doctrine of them would be very perplexed and difficult, and the use of them would rather embarrass than assist the reader.

It remains therefore, that we be content with the rules of Punctuation, laid down with as much exactness as the nature of the subject will admit: such as may serve for a general direction, to be accommodated to different occasions; and to be supplied, where deficient, by the writer's judgment.

The several degrees of connexion between sentences, and between their principal constructive parts, Rhetoricians have considered under the following distinctions, as the most obvious and remarkable: the Period, Colon, Semicolon, and Comma.

The Period is the whole sentence, complete in itself, wanting nothing to make a full and perfect sense, and not connected in connexion with a subsequent sentence.

The Colon, or Member, is a chief constructive part, or greater division, of a sentence.

The Semicolon, or Half member, is a less constructive part, or subdivision, of a sentence or member.

A sentence or member is again subdivided into Commas, or Segments; which are the least constructive parts of a sentence or member, in this way of considering it; for the next subdivision would be the resolution of it into phrases and words.

The Grammarians have followed this division of the Rhetoricians, and have appropriated to each of these distinctions its mark, or point; which takes its name from the part of the sentence which it is employed to distinguish; as follows:

The Period
The Colon
The Semicolon
The Comma

The proportional quantity, or time, of the points, with respect to one another, is determined by the following general rule: The Period is a pause in quantity or duration double of the Colon: the Colon is double of the Semicolon: and the Semicolon is double of the Comma. So that they are in the same proportion to one another, as the Semibreve, the Minim, the Crotchet, and the Quaver, in music. The precise quantity, or duration, of each pause or note cannot be defined; for that varies with the time; and both in discourse and music the same composition may be rehearsed in a quicker or a slower time: but in music the proportion between the notes remains ever
the same; and in discourse, if the doctrine of Punctuation were exact, the proportion between the pauses would be ever invariable.

The Points then being designed to express the pauses, which depend on the different degrees of connexion between sentences, and between their principal constrictive parts; in order to understand the meaning of the Points, and to know how to apply them properly, we must consider the nature of a sentence, as divided into its principal constrictive parts, and the degrees of connexion between those parts upon which such division of it depends.

To begin with the least of these principal constrictive parts, the Comma. In order the more clearly to determine the proper application of the Point which marks it, we must distinguish between an imperfect phrase, a simple sentence, and a compounded sentence.

An imperfect phrase contains no assertion, or does not amount to a proposition or sentence.

A simple sentence has but one subject, and one finite verb.

A compounded sentence has more than one subject, or one finite verb, either expressed or understood: or it consists of two or more simple sentences connected together.

In a sentence, the subject and the verb may be each of them accompanied with several adjuncts; as the object, the end, the circumstances of time, place, manner, and the like; and the subject or verb may be either immediately connected with them, or mediately; that is, by being connected with some thing, which is connected with some other; and so on.

If the several adjuncts affect the subject or the verb in a different manner, they are only so many imperfect phrases; and the sentence is simple.

A simple sentence admits of no point, by which it may be divided, or distinguished into parts.

If the several adjuncts affect the subject or the verb in the same manner, they may be resolved into so many simple sentences; the sentence then becomes compounded, and it must be divided into its parts by Points.

For, if there are several subjects belonging in the same manner to one verb, or several verbs belonging in the same manner to one subject, the subjects and verbs are still to be accounted equal in number: for every verb must have its subject; and every subject its verb; and every one of the subjects, or verbs, should or may have its point of distinction.

Examples:

"The passion for praise produces excellent effects in women of fame." Addison, Spect. No. 73. In this sentence passion is the subject, and produces the verb: each of which is accompanied and connected with its adjuncts. The subject is not passion in general, but a particular passion determined by its adjunct of specification, as we may call it; the passion for praise. So likewise the verb is immediately connected with its object, excellent effects; and mediately, that is, by the intervention of the word effects, with women, the subject in which these effects are produced; which again is connected with its adjunct of specification; for it is not meant of women in general, but of women of fame only. Lastly, it is to be observed, that the verb is connected with each of these several adjuncts in a different manner; namely, with effects, as the object; with women, as the subject of them; with fame, as the quality or characteristic of those women. The adjuncts therefore are only so many imperfect phrases; the sentence is a simple sentence, and admits of no point, by which it may be distinguished into parts.

"The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of fame." Here a new verb is introduced, accompanied with adjuncts of its own; and the subject is repeated by the relative pronoun which. It now becomes a compounded sentence, made up of two simple sentences, one of which is inserted in the middle of the other; it must therefore be distinguished into its component parts by a point placed on each side of the additional sentence.

"How many instances have we [in the fair sex] of chastity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands; which are the great qualities and achievements of woman-kind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name!" Ibid.

In the first of these two sentences, the adjuncts chastity, fidelity, devotion, are connected with the verb by the word instances in the same manner, and in effect make so many distinct sentences: "how many instances have we of chastity! how many instances have we of fidelity! how many instances..."
stances have we of devotion!” They must therefore be separated from one another by a point. The same may be said of the adjuncts, “education of their children, &c.” in the former part of the next sentence: as likewise of the several subjects, “the making of war, &c.” in the latter part; which have in effect each their verb; for each of these “is an achievement by which men grow famous.”

As sentences themselves are divided into simple and compounded, so the members of sentences may be divided likewise into simple and compounded members: for whole sentences, whether simple or compounded, may become members of other sentences by means of some additional connexion.

Simple members of sentences closely connected together in one compounded member, or sentence, are distinguished or separated by a Comma: as in the foregoing examples.

So likewise, the case absolute; nouns in opposition, when consisting of many terms; the participles with something depending on it; are to be distinguished by the Comma: for they may be resolved into simple members.

When an address is made to a person, the noun, answering to the vocative case in Latin, is distinguished by a Comma.

Examples:

“This said, He form’d thee, Adam; thee, O man, Dull of the ground.”

“Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime Advancing, low’d the earth with orient pearl.”

Milton.

Two nouns, or two adjectives, connected by a single Copulative or Disjunctive, are not separated by a point: but when there are more than two, or when the conjunction is understood, they must be distinguished by a Comma.

Simple members, connected by relatives, and comparatives, are for the most part distinguished by a Comma: but when the members are short in comparative sentences; and when two members are closely connected by a relative, restraining the general notion of the antecedent to a particular sense; the pause becomes almost insensible, and the Comma is better omitted.

Examples:

“Raptures, transports, and extasies, are the rewards which they confer: flights and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them.”

Addison, ibid.

“Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, Whole attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.”

Pope.

“What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?”

A circumstance of importance, though no more than an imperfect phrase, may be set off with a Comma on each side, to give it greater force and distinction.

Example:

“The principle may be defective or faulty; but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.”

Addison, ibid.

A member of a sentence, whether simple or compounded, that requires a greater pause than a Comma, yet does not of itself make a complete sentence, but is followed by something closely depending on it, may be distinguished by a Semicolon.

Example:

“But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them, when it is governed by vanity and folly.”

Addison, ibid.

Here the whole sentence is divided into two parts by the Semicolon; each of which parts is a compounded member, divided into its simple members by the Comma.

A member of a sentence, whether simple or compounded, which of itself would make a complete sentence, and so requires a greater pause than a Semicolon, yet is followed by an additional part making a more full and perfect sense, may be distinguished by a Colon.

Example:

“Were all books reduced to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper; there would be scarce any such thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves: not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.”

Addison, Spect. No 124.

Here the whole sentence is divided into four parts by Colon: the first and last of which
which are compounded members, each divided by a Comma; the second and third are simple members.

When a Semicolon has preceded, and a greater pause is still necessary; a Colon may be employed, though the sentence be incomplete.

The Colon is also commonly used, when an example, or a speech, is introduced.

When a sentence is so far perfectly finished, as not to be connected in construction with the following sentence, it is marked with a Period.

In all cases, the proportion of the several points in respect to one another is rather to be regarded, than their supposed precise quantity, or proper office, when taken separately.

Besides the points which mark the pauses in discourse, there are others which denote a different modulation of the voice in correspondence with the sense. These are

The Interrogation point, thus ?

The Exclamation point, marked !

The Parenthesis,}

The Interrogation and Exclamation Points are sufficiently explained by their names: they are indeterminate as to their quantity or time, and may be equivalent in that respect to a Semicolon, a Colon, or a Period, as the sense requires. They mark an elevation of the voice.

The Parenthesis incloses in the body of a sentence a member inserted into it, which is neither necessary to the sense, nor at all affects the construction. It marks a moderate depression of the voice, with a pause greater than a Comma.

CONTINUED.
Extracts
Elegant, Instructive, & Entertaining,
in PROSE, &c.
Books Third, Fourth, & Fifth.
§ 1. The first Oration against Philip: pronounced in the Archebiph of Aristodemus, in the first Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign.

INTRODUCTION.

We have seen Philip opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylae; and obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their averton to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people, in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole Power and Management of Affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a Προγάμµα or Placart fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admission into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which they were said to have lost, on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases, all matters were first deliberated...
deliberated in the senate of five hundred, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first containing thirty-six, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the lunar year complete, which, according to their calculation, contained one hundred and fifty-four days. During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and, of these, he who in the course of the week presided for one day, was called the Epitaste: three of the Proedri being excluded from the this office.

The Prytanes assembled the people: the Proedri declare the occasion; and the Epitaste demand their voices. This was the case in the ordinary assemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms: "May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, anything against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate. If any doubt arose, an herald, by commission from the Epitaste, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion: and then the rest according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely by the difference of years. In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repealed about fifty years before the date of this oration. Yet the custom still continued, out of respect to the reasonable and decent purpose for which the law was originally enacted. When a speaker had delivered his sentiments, he generally called on an officer, appointed for that purpose, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then sat down, or refused his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments; and sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching out their hands to him whose proposal pleased them most. And Xenophon reports, that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

Porrererunt manus, faith Cicero (pro Flacco) & Phephifima natum eft. And, to constitute this Phephifima or decree, fix thousand citizens at least were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion has prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in speaking of it, they call it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes diffmiffed the assembly.

The reader who chuses to be more minutely informed in the customs, and manner of procedure in the public assemblies of Athens, may consult the Archæologia of archbishop Potter, Sigionius, or the Concionatrices of Ariftophanes.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited, until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of anything proposed by them, I should have continued silent: if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already are, at this time, to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occasions had advized the necessary measures, ye would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First, then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what
is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distrest, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That ye may know, that ye may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once remiss, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires: witnes the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish: and this man's late infrudent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weaknesses of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidaea, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of those states now subjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance?" He would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians, he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror; that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overthrows whole countries; he holds all people in subjection: some, as by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single perfon entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleacets) shall regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastifie the indolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind; nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance; and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquittions, but is ever in pursuit of further conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, inclines us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roufed by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each enquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead? No, but in great danger." How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke; you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him: shall fortune, who
who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspicion prevails in your designs and in your councils.

And now, as to the necessity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you must be fully persuaded: this point therefore I shall urge no further. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the present difficulties, the numbers to be raised, the subsidies required for their support, and all the other necessaries; how they may (in my opinion) be best and most expeditiously provided; these things I shall endeavour to explain. But here I make this request, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but suspend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at first, I seem to propose a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out “Infinitely! This moment!” whose counsels suit the present juncture (as it is not possible to repel violations already committed by any occasional detachment) but he who will shew you of what kind that armament must be, how great, and how supported, which may sublith until we yield to peace, or till our enemies sink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be secured from future dangers. These things, I think, I can point out: not that I would prevent any other person from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myself, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

First then, Athenians! I say that you should fit out fifty ships of war; and then resolve, that on the first emergency you will embark yourselves. To these I insist that you must add transport, and other necessary vessels sufficient for half our horse. Thus far we should be provided against these sudden excursions from his own kingdom to Thermopylae, to the Cheroneus, to Olynthus, to whatever place he thinks proper. For of this he should necessarily be persuaded, that possibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to some scene of action: as you did to Euboea, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and but now, to Thermopylae. But al-though we should not act with all this vigour, (which yet I must regard as our indispensible duty) still the measures I propose will have their use: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too too many among ourselves who inform him of every thing;) or, if he should despise our armament, his security may prove fatal to him; as it will be absolutely in our power, at the first favourable juncture, to make a descent upon his own coasts.

These then are the resolutions I propose; these the provisions it will become you to make. And I pronounce it still farther necessary to raise some other forces which may harass him with perpetual incursions. Talk not of your ten thousands, or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper; but let them be the natural forces of the state; and if you chuse a single person, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I also move you that subsistence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are these points to be settled? I now proceed to speak of each of them distinctly.

The body of infantry therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent; great and terrible in your decrees; in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your supplies at first be moderate, and add to these if you find them not sufficient. I say then that the whole body of infantry should be two thousand; of these, that five hundred should be Athenians, of such an age as you shall think proper; and with a stated time for service, not long, but such as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the rest be formed of foreigners. To these you are to add two hundred horse, fifty of them at least Athenians, to serve in the same manner as the foot. For these you are to provide transports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light galleys. For as he hath a naval power, we must be provided with light vessels, that our troops may have a secure convoy.

But whence are these forces to be subsisted? This I shall explain, when I have first given my reasons why I think such numbers sufficient, and why I have advised that we should serve in person. As to the numbers,
numbers, Athenians! my reason is this: it is not at present in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we must harass him by depredations: thus the war must be carried on at first. We therefore cannot think of raising a provincial army (for such we have neither pay nor provisions,) nor must our forces be absolutely mean. And I have proposed, that citizens should join in the service, and help to man our fleet; because I am informed, that some time since, the fleet maintained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Poly- stratus commanded, and Iphocrates, and Chabrias, and some others; that you yourselves served with them; and that the united efforts of these auxiliary and domestic forces gained a considerable victory over the Lacedaemonians. But, ever since our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have arisen to an extravagance of power. And these armies, with scarcely the slightest attention to the service of the fleet, fall off to fight for Artabazus, or any other person; and their general follows them; nor should we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his soldiers. What then do I recommend? That you should take away all pretences both from generals and from soldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domestic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inspectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at present our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man should ask, "Are you at peace, Athenians!" the answer would immediately be, "By no means! we are at war with Philip." Have not we chosen the usual generals and officers both of horse and foot?" And of what use are all these, except the single person whom you send to the field? The rest attend your priests in their processions. So that, as if you formed so many men of clay, you make your officers for show, and not for service. My countrymen! should not all these generals have been chosen from your own body; all these several officers from your own body; that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general must be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Megalus. I say not this to detract from his merit; but to whomsoever this command hath been intrusted, surely he should have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully sensible of these truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the supplies; what we are to raise, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The sum therefore necessary for the maintenance of these forces, that the soldiers may be supplied with grain, is, somewhat above ninety talents. To the ten galleries, forty talents, that each vessel may have a monthly allowance of twenty minae. To the two thousand foot the same sum, that each soldier may receive ten drachmas a month for corn. To the two hundred horse, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmas each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a small convenience, that the soldiers are supplied with grain: for I am clearly satisfied, that if such a provision be made, the war itself will supply them with every thing else, so as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and myself am ready to fail with them, and to answer for the consequence with my life, should it prove otherwise. From what funds the sum which I propose may be supplied, shall now be explained. * * * *

[Here the secretary of the assembly reads a scheme for raising the supplies, and proposes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.] These are the supplies, Athenians! in our power to raise. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon some effectual provision, that you may oppose Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjusted, if the situation of the country, which is to be the scene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and seasons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Philip's conquests; that he watches the blowing of the Eteoclis, and the severity of the winter, and forms his sieges when it is impossible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to consider this, and not to carry on the war by occasional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army constantly kept up. And for winter-quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thasus, and Scetiatus, and the adjacent islands; in which there are ports and provisions, and all things necessary for the soldiers in abundance. As to the seafon of the year, in which we may land our forces with the greatest ease, and be in no danger from
from the winds, either upon the coast to which we are bound, or at the entrance of those harbours where we may put in for provisions—this will be easily discovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the juncture of affairs. What you are to perform, on your part, is contained in the decree I have now proposed. And if you will be persuaded, Athenians, first, to raise these supplies which I have recommended, then, to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and lastly to confine your forces, by a law, to that service which is appointed to them; referring the care and distribution of their money to yourselves, and strictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer waited in continual debates upon the same subject, and scarcely to any purpose; then, you will deprive him of the most considerable of his revenues. For his arms are now supported, by seizing and making prizes of those who pass the seas.—But is this all?—No.—You shall also be secure from his attempts: not as when some time since he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he surprized your vessels at Geraftus, and spoiled them of an unspakeable quantity of riches; not as when lately he made a descent on the coast of Marathon, and carried off our sacred galley: while you could neither oppose these insults, nor detach your forces at such junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians! what is the reason (think ye) that the public festivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of persons less distinguished; (festivals which cost more treasure than is usually expended upon a whole navy; and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever cost) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methone, that to Pegase, that to Potidea. The reason is this: every thing relating to the former is ascertained by law; and every one of you knows long before, who is to conduct the several entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of these things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, first, we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the supplies are considered. These points once settled, we resolve to make our fleet with strangers and foreigners; then find it necessary to supply their place ourselves. In the midst of these delays, what we are failing to defend, the enemy is already master of: for the time of action we spend in preparing: and the junctures of affairs will not wait our slow and irrefolute measures. These forces too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raised, when put to the proof plainly discover their insufficiency. By these means hath he arrived to such a pitch of insolence, as to send a letter to the Euboeans, conceived in such terms as these:

* * * The Letter is read.

What hath now been read, is for the most part true, Athenians! too true! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by supposing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themselves could be prevented, then the sole concern of a public speaker should be to please. If, on the contrary, these unreasonably pleasing speeches be really injurious, it is shameful, Athenians, to deceive yourselves, and, by deferring the consideration of every thing disagreeable, never once to move until it be too late; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow, but to direct events: to direct them with the same absolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces: that the course of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their measures. But you, Athenians, although possessed of the greatest power of all kinds, ships, infantry, cavalry, and treasure; yet, to this day, have never employed any of them seasonably, but are ever last in the field. Just as barbarian engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip: for, when one of these receives a blow, that blow engages him: if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted: but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist—for this, he hath neither skill nor spirit. Even fo, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you resolve to send forces thither; if in Thermopylae, thither; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution,
or already crowned with success. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It seems to me, Athenians, that some divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inspired Philip with this reflefs ambition. For were he to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conquests and acquisitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at those transactions, which have branded our state with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is base. But as he still pursues his conquests, as he is still extending his ambitious views, possibly he may at last call you forth, unless you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is astonishing, that none of you looks back to the beginning of this war, and considers that we engaged in it to chastise the insolence of Philip; but that now it is become a defensive war, to secure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating these attempts is manifest, unless some power rises to oppose him. But, if we wait in expectation of this, if we send out armaments composed of empty galleys, and those hopes with which some speaker may have flattered you; can you then think your interests well secured? shall we not embark? shall we not fail, with at least a part of our domestic force, now, since we have not hitherto?—But where shall we make our defects?—Let us but engage in the enterprise, and the war itself, Athenians, will shew us where he is weakest. But if we sit at home, listening to the mutual invectives and accusations of our orators; we cannot expect, no, not the least success, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not present, the favour of the gods and the kindness of fortune attend to fight upon our side; but when we send out a general, and an insignificant decree, and the hopes of our speakers, misfortune and disappointment must ensue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a sport, but strike our allies with deadly apprehensions. For it is not, it is not possible for any one man to perform every thing you desire. He may promise, and harangue, and accuse this or that person; but to such proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For, when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are persons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falsehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, just from their suggestions; what must be the consequence? How then shall these abuses be removed?—By offering yourselves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witnesses of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: so as not only to hear how your affairs are transacted, but to inspect them. But now, so shamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to answer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life, by once engaging his enemy. No; they chuse the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors should die by the sentence of the law. Generals should meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, as to your own conduct—some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolusion of some free states. Others affirm us he hath sent an embassy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours)—Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his influence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, that all the resources left is in ourselves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be persuaded of this, and then shall we come to a proper determination, then shall we be freed from those idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never upon any occasion chosen to court your favour, by speaking any thing but what I was convinced
vinced would serve you. And, on this occasion, I have freely declared my sentiments, without art, and without reserve. It would have pleased me indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true interest laid before you, so I might be affured that he who layeth it before you, would share the advantage: for then I had spoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the consequence with respect to me, I yet determined to speak, because I was convinced that these measures, if pursued, must have their use. And, of all those opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be chosen, which will best advance the general weal! Leland.

§ 2. The first Olynthiac Oration; pronounced four Years after the first Philippic, in the Archonship of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign.

INTRODUCTION.

The former Oration doth not appear to have had any considerable effect. Philip had his creatures in the Athenian assembly, who probably recommended less vigorous measures, and were but too favourably heard. In the mean time, this prince pursued his ambitious designs. When he found himself shut out of Greece, he turned his arms to such remote parts, as he might reduce without alarming the flates of Greece. And, at the same time, he revenged himself upon the Athenians, by making himself master of some places which they laid claim to. At length his success emboldened him to declare those intentions which he had long entertained secretly against the Olynthians.

Olynthus (a city of Thrace possessed by Greeks originally from Chalcis,—a town of Euboea and colony of Athens) commanded a large tract called the Chalcedian region, in which there were thirty-two cities. It had arisen by degrees to such a pitch of grandeur, as to have frequent and remarkable contests both with Athens and Lacedemon. Nor did the Olynthians shew great regard to the friendship of Philip when he first came to the throne, and was taking all measures to secure the possession of it. For they did not scruple to receive two of his brothers by another marriage, who had fled to avoid the effects of his jealousy; and endeavoured to conclude an alliance with Athens, against him, which he, by secret practices, found means to defeat. But as he was yet fearfully secure upon his throne, instead of expressing his resentment, he courted, or rather purchased, the alliance of the Olynthians, by the cession of Anthemus, a city which the kings of Macedon had long disputed with them, and afterwards, by that of Pydna and Potidea; which their joint forces had besieged and taken from the Athenians. But the Olynthians could not be influenced by gratitude towards such a benefactor. The rapid progress of his arms, and his glaring acts of perfidy, alarmed them exceedingly. He had already made some inroads on their territories, and now began to act against them with less reserve. They therefore dispatched ambassadors to Athens to propose an alliance, and request assistance against a power which they were equally concerned to oppose.

Philip affected the highest resentment at this step; alleged their mutual engagements to adhere to each other in war and peace; inveighed against their harbouring his brothers, whom he called the conspirators; and, under pretence of punishing their infractions, pursued his hostilities with double vigour, made himself master of some of their cities, and threatened the capital with a siege.

In the mean time, the Olynthians pressed the Athenians for immediate succours. Their ambassadors opened their commission in an assembly of the people, who had the right either to agree to, or to reject their demand. As the importance of the occasion increased the number of speakers, the elder orators had debated the affair before Demosthenes arose. In the following oration therefore he speaks as to a people already informed, urges the necessity of joining with the Olynthians, and confirms his opinion by powerful arguments; lays open the defects and practices of Philip, and labours to remove their dreadful apprehensions of his power. He concludes with recommending to them to reform abuses, to restore ancient discipline, and to put an end to all domestic dissensions.

IN many instances (Athenians!) have the gods, in my opinion, manifestly declared their favour to this state: nor is it least observable
fervable in this present juncture. For that
an enemy should arise against Philip, on the
very confines of his kingdom, of no incon-
siderable power, and, what is of most im-
portance, so determined upon the war, that
they consider any accommodation with him,
first, as insidious, next, as the downfall of
their country: this seems no less than the
gracious interposition of Heaven itself. It
must, therefore, be our care (Athenians!)
that we ourselves may not frustrate this
goodness. For it must reflect disgrace, nay,
the foulest infamy upon us, if we appear to
have thrown away not those states and ter-
ritories only which we once commanded,
but those alliances and favourable incidents,
which fortune hath provided for us.

To begin on this occasion with a display
of Philip's power, or to press you to exert
your vigour, by motives drawn from hence,
is, in my opinion, quite improper. And
why? Because whatever may be offered
upon such a subject, sets him in an hon-
ourable view, but seems to me, as a re-
proach to our conduct. For the higher his
exploits have arisen above his former effi-
mation, the more must the world admire
him: while your disgrace hath been the
greater, the more your conduct hath proved
unworthy of your state. These things
therefore I shall pass over. He indeed, who
examines justly, must find the source of all
his greatness here, not in himself. But the
services he hath here received, from those
whose public administration hath been de-
voted to his interest; those services which
you must punish, I do not think it reason-
able to display. There are other points of
more moment for you all to hear; and
which must excite the greatest abhorrence of
him, in every reasonable mind.—These I
shall lay before you.

And now, should I call him perjured and
perfidious, and not point out the inanes of
this his guilt, it might be deemed the
mere virulence of malice, and with justice.
Nor will it engage too much of your atten-
tion to hear him fully and clearly convicted,
from a full and clear detail of all his actions.
And this I think useful upon two accounts:
first, that he may appear, as he really is,
treacherous and false; and then, that they
who are struck with terror, as if Philip was
something more than human, may see that
he hath exhausted all those artifices to which
he owes his present elevation; and that his
affairs are now ready to decline. For I
myself (Athenians!) should think Philip
really to be dreaded and admired, if I saw
him raised by honourable means. But I
find, upon reflection, that at the time when
certain persons drove out the Olyanthians
from this assembly, when desirous of con-
ferring with you, he began with abusing
our simplicity by his promise of surrender-
ing Amphipolis, and executing the secret
article of his treaty, then so much spoken
of: that, after this, he courted the friend-
ship of the Olyanthians by besieging Potidaea,
where we were rightful sovereigns, depoils-
ning us his former allies, and giving them
possession: that, but just now, he gained
the Thessalians, by promising to give up
Magnaia; and, for their ease, to take the
whole conduct of the Phocian war upon
himself. In a word, there are no people
who ever made the least use of him, but
have suffered by his subtility: his present
greatness being wholly owing to his de-
ceiving those who were unacquainted with
him, and making them the instruments of
his success. As these states therefore raised
him, while each imagined he was pro-
moting some interest of theirs; these states
must also reduce him to his former mean-
s, as it now appears that his own private
interest was the end of all his actions.

Thus then, Athenians! is Philip circum-
stanced. If not, let the man stand forth,
who can prove to me, I should have paid to
this assembly, that I have affurred these
things falsely; or that they whom he hath
deceived in former instances, will confide
in him for the future; or that the Theessa-
lions, who have been so basely, so undev-
ersely enslaved, would not gladly em-
brace their freedom.—If there be any one
among you, who acknowledges all this,
yet thinks that Philip will support his power,
as he hath secured places of strength, con-
venient ports, and other like advantages; he
is deceived. For when forces join in har-
mony and affection, and one common in-
terest unites the confederating powers, then
they share the toils with alacrity, they en-
dure the difficulties, they persevere. But
when extravagant ambition, and lawless
power (as in his case) have aggrandizd
a single perfon; the first pretence, the flightest
accident, overthrows him, and all his great-
ess is dashed at once to the ground. For
it is not, no, Athenians! it is not possible
to found a lasting power upon injustice, per-
jury, and treachery. These may perhaps
succeed for once; and borrow for a while,
from hope, a gay and flourishing appear-
ance. But time betrays their weaknesses;
and they fall into ruin of themselves. For,
as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true. But these advantages are not found in the actions of Philip.

I say then, that you should dispatch succours to the Olynthians: (and the more honourably and expeditiously this is proposed to be done, the more agreeably to my sentiments) and send an embassy to the Thessalians, to inform some, and to enliven that spirit already raised in others: (for it hath actually been resolved to demand the restitution of Pegae, and to affect their claim to Magnesia.) And let it be your care, Athenians, that our ambassadors may not depend only upon words, but give them some action to display, by taking the field in a manner worthy of the state, and engaging in the war with vigour. For words, if not accompanied by actions, must ever appear vain and contemptible; and particularly when they come from us, whose prompt abilities, and well-known eminence in speaking, make us to be always heard with the greater suspicion.

Would you indeed regain attention and confidence, your measures must be greatly changed, your conduct totally reformed, your fortunes, your persons, must appear devoted to the common cause; your utmost efforts must be exerted. If you will act thus, as your honour and your interest require; then, Athenians, you will not only discover the weakness and insincerity of the confederates of Philip, but the ruinous condition of his own kingdom will also be laid open. The power and sovereignty of Macedon may have some weight indeed, when joined with others. Thus, when you marched against the Olynthians under the conduct of Timotheus, it proved an useful ally; when united with the Olynthians against Potidæa, it added something to their force; just now, when the Thessalians were in the midst of disorder, sedition, and confusion, it aided them against the family of their tyrants: (and in every case, any, even a small accession of strength, is, in my opinion, of considerable effect.) But of itself, unsupported, it is infirm, it is totally dis-tempered: for by all those glaring exploits, which have given him this apparent greatness, his wars, his expeditions, he hath rendered it yet weaker than it was naturally. For you are not to imagine that the inclinations of his subjects are the same with those of Philip. He thirsts for glory: this is his object, this he eagerly pursues, through toils and dangers of every kind; despising safety and life, when compared with the honour of achieving such actions as no other prince of Macedon could ever boast of. But his subjects have no part in this ambition. Harassed by these various excursions he is ever making, they groan under perpetual calamity; torn from their businesses, and their families, and without opportunity to dispose of that pittance which their toils have earned; as all commerce is shut out from the coast of Macedon by the war.

Hence one may perceive how his subjects in general are affected to Philip. But then his auxiliaries, and the soldiers of his phalanx, have the character of wonderful forces, trained compleatly to war. And yet I can affirm, upon the credit of a person from that country, incapable of falsehood, that they have no such superiority. For, as he affures me, if any man of experience in military affairs should be found among them, he diffmilles all such, from an ambition of having every great action ascribed wholly to himself: (for, besides his other passions, the man hath this ambition in the highest degree.) And if any person, from a sense of decency, or other virtuous principle, betray a dislike of his daily intemperance, and riotings, and obscenities, he loves all favour and regard; so that none are left about him, but wretches, who subsist on rapine and flattery, and who, when heated with wine, do not scruple to defend such inhumanities of revelry, as it would shock you to repeat. Nor can the truth of this be doubted: for they whom we all conspire to drive from hence, as infamous and abandoned, Calias the public fervant, and others of the fame stamp; buffoons, composers of lewd songs, in which they ridicule their companions: these are the persons whom he entertains and cares for. And these things, Athenians, trifling as they may appear to some, are to men of just discernment great indications of the weakness both of his mind and fortune. At present, his successes cast a shade over them; for prosperity hath great power to veil such bafenesses from observation. But let his arms meet with the least disgrace, and all his actions will be exposed. This is a truth, of which he himself, Athenians! will, in my opinion, soon convince you, if the gods favour us, and you exert your vigour. For as in our bodies, while a man is in health, he feels no effect of any inward weaknesses; but, when disease attacks him, every thing becomes sensible,
fused, that time hath been entirely wafted. And are you so devoid of apprehension, as to imagine, when our state hath been reduced from greatness to wretchedness, that the very fame conduct will raise us from wretchedness to greatness? No! this is not reasonable, it is not natural; for it is much easier to defend, than to acquire dominions. But, now, the war hath left us nothing to defend: we must acquire. And to this work you yourselves alone are equal.

This, then, is my opinion. You should raise supplies; you should take the field with alacrity. Prosecutions should be all suspended until you have recovered your affairs; let each man’s sentence be determined by his actions: honour those who have deserved applause; let the iniquitous meet their punishment: let there be no pretences, no deficiencies on your part; for you cannot bring the actions of others to a severe scrutiny, unless you have first been careful of your own duty. What indeed can be the reason, think ye, that every man whom ye have sent out at the head of an army, hath deferred your service, and fought out some private expedition? (if we must speak ingenuously of these our generals also,) the reason is this: when engaged in the service of the state, the prize for which they fight is yours. Thus, should Amphipolis be now taken, you instantly poiffeys yourselves of it: the commanders have all the danger, the rewards they do not share. But, in their private enterprizes, the dangers are less; the acquisitions are all shared by the generals and soldiery; as were Lampacius, Sigaeum, and those vessels which they plundered. Thus are they all determined by their private interest. And, when you turn your eyes to the wretched state of your affairs, you bring your generals to a trial; you grant them leave to speak; you hear the necessities they plead; and then acquit them. Nothing then remains for us, but to be disheartened with endless contentions and divisions: (some urging these, some those measures) and to feel the public calamity. For in former times, Athenians, you divided into classes, to raise supplies. Now the business of these classes is to govern; each hath an orator at its head, and a general, who is his creature; the three hundred are affidants to these, and the rest of you divide, some to this, some to that party. You must rectify these disorders: you must appear yourselves: you must leave the power of speaking, of advising, and of acting, open to every citizen.

But
But if you suffer some persons to issue out their mandates, as with a royal authority; if one set of men be forced to fit out ships, to raise supplies, to take up arms; while others are only to make decrees against them, without any charge, any employment besides; it is not possible that any thing can be effect'd reasonably and successfully: for the injured party ever will defert you; and then your sole resource will be to make them feel your resentment instead of your enemies.

To sum up all, my sentiments are these:—That every man should contribute in proportion to his fortune; that all should take the field in their turns, until all have served; that whoever appears in this place, should be allowed to speak: and that, when you give your voices, your true interest only should determine you, not the authority of this or the other speaker. Pursue this course, and then your applause will not be lavished on some orator, the moment he concludes; you yourselves will share it hereafter, when you find how greatly you have advanced the interests of your state.

Leland.

§ 3. The second Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same Year.

INTRODUCTION.

To remove the impression made on the minds of the Athenians by the preceding oration, Demades and other popular leaders in the interests of Philip rose up, and opposed the propositions of Demothones, with all their eloquence. Their opposition, however, proved ineffectual: for the assembly decreed, that relief should be sent to the Olynthians: and thirty galleys and two thousand forces were accordingly dispatched, under the command of Chares. But these succours, confining intirely of mercenaries, and commanded by a general of no great reputation, could not be of considerable service: and were besides suspected, and scarcely left dreaded by the Olynthians than the Macedonians themselves. In the mean time, the progress of Philip's arms could meet with little interruption. He reduced several places in the region of Chalcis, razed the fortresses of Zeira, and, having twice defeated the Olynthians in the field, at last shut them up in their city. In this emergency, they again applied to the Athenians, and pressed for fresh and effectual succours. In the following oration, Demosthenes endeavours to support this petition; and to prove, that both the honour and the interest of the Athenians demanded their immediate compliance. As the expence of the armament was the great point of difficulty, he recommends the abrogation of such laws, as prevented the proper settlement of the funds necessary for carrying on a war of such importance. The nature of these laws will come immediately to be explained.

It appears, from the beginning of this oration, that other speakers had arisen before Demosthenes, and inveighed loudly against Philip. Full of the national prejudices, or disposed to flatter the Athenians in their notions of the dignity and importance of their state, they breathed nothing but indigination against the enemy, and possibly, with some contempt of his present enterprises, propoed to the Athenians to correct his arrogance, by an invasion of his own kingdom. Demosthenes, on the contrary, insists on the necessity of self-defence; endeavours to rouse his hearers from their secuirty, by the terror of impending danger; and affeets to consider the defence of Olynthus, as the last and only means of preferring the very being of Athens.

I AM by no means affected in the same manner, Athenians! when I review the state of our affairs, and when I attend to those speakers, who have now declared their sentiments. They insist, that we should punish Philip: but our affairs, situated as they now appear, warn us to guard against the dangers with which we ourselves are threatened. Thus far therefore I must differ from these speakers, that I apprehend they have not propoed the proper object of your attention. There was a time indeed, I know it well, when the state could have possessed her own dominions in security, and sent out her armies to inflict chastisement on Philip. I my self have seen that time when we enjoyed such power. But, now, I am persuaded we should confine ourselves to the protection of our allies. When this is once effected, then we may consider the punishment of his outrages have merited. But, till the first great point be well secured, it is weakness to debate about our more remote considerations.

And
And now, Athenians, if ever we stood in need of mature deliberation and counsel, the present juncture calls loudly for them. To point out the course to be pursued on this emergency, I do not think the greatest difficulty: but I am in doubt in what manner to propose my sentiments; for all that I have observed, and all that I have heard, convinces me, that most of your misfortunes have proceeded from a want of inclination to pursue the necessary meafures, not from ignorance of them.—Let me intreat you, that, if I now speak with an unusual boldness, ye may bear it: considering only, whether I speak truth, and with a sincere intention to advance your future interefts: for you now see, that by some orators, who study but to gain your favour, our affairs have been reduced to the extremity of diftrefs.

I think it necessary, in the first place, to recall some late tranfactions to your thoughts. You may remember, Athenians, that, about three or four years fince, you received advice that Philip was in Thrace, and had laid fiege to the ftreffs of Heraea. It was then the month of November. Great comotions and debates arose. It was resolved to fend out forty galleys; that all citizens, under the age of fiive and forty, should themfelves embark; and that fifty talents fhould be raifed. Thus it was agreed; that year paffed away; then came in the months July, August, September. In this laft month, with great difficulty, when the mysteries had firft been celebrated, you fent out Charidemus, with juft ten veffels unmanned, and five talents of silver. For when reports came of the ficknefs, and the death of Philip (both of these were affirmed) you laid aside your intended armament, imagining, that at fuch a juncture, there was no need of fucours. And yet this was the very critical moment; for, had they been difpatched with the fame alacrity with which they were granted, Philip would not have then escaped, to become that formidable enemy he now appears.

But what was then done, cannot be a-mended. Now we have the opportunity of another war: that war I mean, which hath induced me to bring these tranfactions into view, that you may not once more fall into the fame errors. How then fhall we improve this opportunity? This is the only question. For, if you are not resolved to affift with all the force you can command, you are really serving under Philip, you are fighting on his fide. The Olynthians are a people, whose power was thought confiderable. Thus were the circumstances of affairs: Philip could not confide in them; they looked with equal fuspicion upon Philip. We and they then entered into mutual engagements of peace and alliance: this was a grievous embarraffment to Philip, that we fhould have a powerful state confe-derated with us, fpies upon the incidents of his fortune. It was agreed, that we fhould, by all means, engage this people in a war with him: and now, what we all fo earnestly defired, is effected; the manner is of no moment. What then remains for us, Athenians, but to fend immediate and effectual fucours, I cannot fee. For besides the difgrace that muft attend us, if any of our interefts are fupinely difregarded, I have no small apprehenfions of the confequence, (the Thebans affected as they are towards us, and the Phocians exhausted of their treasures) if Philip be left at full liberty to lead his armies into thefe territories, when his present enterprifes are accomplished. If any one among you can be fo far immersed in indolence as to fuffer this, he muft chufe to be witness of the misfery of his own country, rather than to hear of that which stran-gers fuffer; and to fee auxiliaries for himself, when it is now in his power to grant affi-fance to others. That this muft be the confequence, if we do not exert ourfelves on the prefent occafion, there can scarcely re-main the leaft doubt among us.

But, as to the neceffity of fending fucours, this, it may be faid, we are agreed in; this is our resolution. But how fhall we be enabled? that is the point to be explained. Be not surprized, Athenians, if my sentiments on this occafion feem repugnant to the general fenfe of this afembly. Appoint magiftrates for the inspection of your laws: not in order to enact any new laws: you have already a fufficient number; but to repeal thofe, whose ill effects you now experience. I mean the laws relating to the theatrical funds (thus openly I declare it) and none about the foldiery. By the firt, the foldier's pay goes as theatrical expenses to the ufeless and inactive; the others fcreen thofe from justice, who de-cline the fervice of the field, and thus damp the ardour of thofe difpofed to ferve us. When you have repealed thofe, and rendered it confident with safety to advice you juftly, then fcek for fome perfon to proftate that deeree, which you all are fnfible the common good requires. But, till this be done, expect not that any man will urge your true
interest, when, for urging your true interest, you repay him with destruction. Ye will never find such zeal; especially since the consequence can be only this; he who offers his opinion, and moves for your concurrence, suffers some unmerited calamity; but your affairs are not in the least advanced; nay, this additional inconvenience must arise, that for the future it will appear more dangerous to advise you, than even at present. And the authors of these laws should also be the authors of their repeal. For it is not just that the public favour should be bestowed on them, who in framing these laws, have greatly injured the community; and that the odium should fall on him, whose freedom and sincerity are of important service to us all. Until these regulations be made, you are not to think any man so great that he may violate these laws with impunity; or so devoid of reason, as to plunge himself into open and foreseen destruction.

And be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no significance, unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty, could they even execute the things which they enact; so many would not have been made to so little, or rather to no good purpose; nor would the influence of Philip have had so long a date. For, if decrees can punish, he hath long since felt all their fury. But they have no such power; for, though proposing and resolving be first in order; yet, in force and efficacy, action is superior. Let this then be your principal concern; the others you cannot want; for you have men among you capable of advising, and you are of all people most acute in apprehending: now, let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting. What reason indeed, what opportunity do you wait for, more favourable than the present? Or when will you exert your vigour, if not now, my countrymen? Hath not this man feized all those places that were ours? Should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? Are not they whom we have promis'd to afflict, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themselves? Is he not our enemy? Is he not in possession of our dominions? Is he not a barbarian? Is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs; heavens! can we then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well, we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as in the dangers of the field: not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general, or his fellow-soldiers: yet every s inge man that fled was accessory to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own post; and, had every man maintained his, succe'ss must have ensued. Thus then, in the present case, is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection? Let the next rifle, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Dost another offer some more salutary counsel? Pursue it, in the name of Heaven. "But then it is not pleasing." This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he hath neglected to express his affection in prayers and withes. To pray is easy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, where both cannot be obtained.

But if there be a man who will leave us the theatrical funds, and propose other subsidies for the service of the war, are we not rather to attend to him? I grant it, Athenians! if that man can be found. But I should account it wonderful, if it ever did, if it ever can happen to any man on earth, that while he lavishes his present possessions on unnecessary occasions, some future funds should be procured, to supply his real necessities. But such proposals find a powerful advocate in the breast of every hearer. So that nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe; but such expectations are oftentimes inconsistent with our affairs. On this occasion, therefore, let your affairs direct you: then will you be enabled to take the field; then you will have your full pay. And men, whose judgments are well directed, and whose souls are great, could not support the infamy which must attend them, if obliged to desert any of the operations of a war, from the want of money. They could not, after snatching up their arms, and marching against the Corinthians and Megareans, suffer Philip to enslave the states of Greece, through the want of provisions for their forces. I say not this wantonly, to raise the resentment of some among you. No; I am not so unhappily perversie as to study to be hated, when no good purpose can
can be answered by it: but it is my opinion, that every honest speaker should prefer the interest of the state to the favour of his hearers. This (I am assured, and perhaps you need not be informed) was the principle which actuated the public conduct of those of our ancestors who spoke in this assembly (men, whom the present set of orators are ever ready to applaud, but whose example they by no means imitate): such were Aristides, Nicias, the former Demosthenes, and Pericles. But since we have had speakers, who, before their public appearance, ask you "What do you desire? What shall I propose? How can I oblige you?" The interest of our country hath been sacrificed to momentary pleasure, and popular favour. Thus have we been diverted; thus have these men riven to greatnefs, and you sunk into disgrace.

And here let me intreat your attention to a summary account of the conduct of your ancestors, and of your own. I shall mention but a few things, and these well known (for, if you would pursue the way to happiness, you need not look abroad for leaders) our own countrymen point it out. These our ancestors, therefore, whom the orators never courted, never treated with that indulgence with which you are flattered, held the sovereignty of Greece with general consent, five and forty years; depofited above ten thousand talents in our public treafury; kept the king of this country in that subje&ion, which a barbary owes to Greeks; erected monuments of many and illustrious actions, which they themselves achieved by land and sea; in a word, are the only perfons who have transmitted to posterity such glory as is superior to envy. Thus great do they appear in the affairs of Greece. Let us now view them within the city, both in their public and private conduct. And, first, the edifices which their administrations have given us, their decorations of our temples, and the offerings depofited by them, are fo numerous and fo magnificent, that all the efforts of posterity cannot exceed them. Then, in private life, fo exemplary was their moderation, their adherence to the ancient manners fo scrupulously exact, that if any of you ever discovered the house of Aristides, or Miltiades, or any of the illustrious men of those times, he must know that it was not distinguished by the least extraordinary splendor. For they did not so conduct the public business as to aggrandize themselves; their sole great object was to exalt the state. And thus, by

their faithful attachment to Greece, by their piety to the gods, and by that equality which they maintained among themselves, they were rafied, and no wonder, to the summit of prosperity.

Such was the state of Athens at that time, when the men I have mentioned were in power. But what is your condition under these indulgent ministers who now direct us? Is it the fame, or nearly the fame? Other things I shall pass over, though I might expatiate on them. Let it only be observed, that we are now, as you all fee, left without competitors; the Lacedemonians loft; the Thebans engaged at home; and not one of all the other states of consequence sufficient to dispute the sovereignty with us. Yet, at a time when we might have enjoyed our own dominions in security, and been the umpires in all disputes abroad; our territories have been wrested from us; we have expended above one thousand five hundred talents to no purpose; the allies which we gained in war have been lost in time of peace; and to this degree of power have we rafied an enemy against ourselves. (For let the man stand forth who can shew, whence Philip hath derived his greatnefs, if not from us.)

"Well! if these affairs have but an unfavourable aspect, yet those within the city are much more flourishing than ever." Where are the proofs of this? The walls which have been whitened? the ways we have repaired? the supplies of water, and such trifles? Turn your eyes to the men, of whose administrations these are the fruits. Some of whom, from the lowest state of poverty, have arisen suddenly to affluence; come from meannefs to renown; others have made their own private houses much more magnificent than the public edifices. Just as the state hath fallen, their private fortunes have been rafied.

And what caufe can we assign for this? How is it that our affairs were once fo flourishing, and now in such disorder? Because formerly, the people dared to take up arms themselves; were themselves masters of those in employment, disposers themselves of all emoluments: fo that every citizen thought himself happy to derive honours and authority, and all advantages whatever from the people. But now, on the contrary, favours are all dispenc'd, affairs all transacted by the ministers; while you, quite enervated, robbed of your riches, your allies, stand in the mean rank of servants and affilnants: happy if these men grant you the theatrical
appointments, and send you scraps of the public meal. And, what is of all most fordid, you hold yourselves obliged to them for that which is your own, while they confine you within these walls, lead you on gently to their purposes, and soothe and tame you to obedience. Nor is it possible, that they who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits, can entertain great and generous sentiments. No! such as their employments are, so must their dispositions prove.—And now I call Heaven to witnesses, that it will not surprise me, if I suffer more by mentioning this your condition, than they who have involved you in it! Freedom of speech you do not allow on all occasions; and that you have now admitted it, excites my wonder.

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field, and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen! perhaps some infiance of confummate good fortune may attend you, and ye may become so happy as to despife those pittances, which are like the morfels that a physician allows his patient. For these do not restore his vigour, but jufi keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot ferve any valuable purpofe, but are jufi fufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus inceafe the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, "What then! is it "your opinion that these sums fhould pay "our army?"—And besides this, that the flate fhould be regulated in fuch a manner, that every one may have his share of public businefs, and approve himfelf an ufeful citizen, on what occasion forever his aid may be required. Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by induftriness to any thing dishonourable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the prefent? Let him difcharge that facred duty which he owes to his country, by applying these fums to his support in the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public buhinefs, regularly merit his share of the distributions which he now receives, without any duty enjoined, or any return made to the community. And thus, with fearefully any alteration, either of abolifhing or inno- vatig, all irregularities are removed, and the flate completely settled; by appointing one general regulation, which fhall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the fame time oblige them to take arms, to adminifter justice, to act in all cases as their time of life, and our affairs require. But if never hath, nor could it have been moved by me, that the rewards of the diligent and active fhould be befowed on the irrelefs citizen: or that you fhould fit here, fupine, languid, and irrefolute, listening to the ex- ploits of some general's foreign troops (for thus it is at prefent)—not that I would reflect on him who ferves you in any infance. But you yourselves, Athenians, fhould perform thofe services, for which you heap honours upon others, and not recede from that illuf- trious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your anceforts, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interefTed. It is your part to embrace that opinion, which the welfare of the flate in general, and that of every fingle member, recommends to your acceptance.

Leland.

§ 4. The third Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the fame Year.

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding oration had no further effect upon the Athenians, than to prevail on them to fend orders to Charidemus, who commanded for them at the Hellefpont, to make an attempt to relieve Olynthus. He accordingly led some forces into Chalcis, which, in conjunction with the forces of Olynthus, ravaged Pallene, a peninsula of Macedon, towards Thrace and Bottia, a country on the confines of Chalcis, which among other towns contained Pella, the capital of Macedon.

But these attempts could not divert Philip from his resolution of reducing Olynthus, which he had now publicly avowed. The Olynthians, therefore, found it necessary to have once more recourse to Athens; and to requell, that they would fend troops, compofed of citizens, animated with a sincere ardor for their interest, their own glory, and the common cause.

Demochenes, in the following oration, insifts on the importance of saving Olynthus; alarms his hearers with the apprehension of a war, which actually threatened Attica, and even the capital;
pital; urges the necessity of personal service; and returns to his charge of the misapplication of the public money; but in such a manner, as he weth, that his former remonstrances had not the desired effect.

I AM persuaded, Athenians! that you would account it less valuable to possess the greatest riches, than to have the true interest of the state on this emergency clearly laid before you. It is your part, therefore, readily and cheerfully to attend to all who are disposed to offer their opinions. For your regards need not be confined to those, whose counsels are the effect of premeditation: it is your good fortune to have men among you, who can at once suggest many points of moment. From opinions, therefore, of every kind, you may easily chuse that most conducive to your interest.

And now, Athenians, the present juncture calls upon us; we almost hear its voice, declaring loudly, that you yourselves must engage in these affairs, if you have the least attention to your own security. You entertain I know not what sentiments, on this occasion: my opinion is, that the reinforcements should be instantly decreed; that they should be raised with all possible expedition; that so our succours may be sent from this city, and all former inconveniences be avoided; and that you should send ambassadors to notify these things, and to secure our interests by their presence. For as he is a man of consummate policy, compleat in the art of turning every incident to his own advantage; there is the utmost reason to fear, that partly by concessions, where they may be reasonable; partly by menaces, (and his menaces may be believed) and partly by rendering us and our absence suspected; he may tear from us something of the last importance, and force it into his own service.

Those very circumstances, however, which contribute to the power of Philip, are happily the most favourable to us. For that uncontrolled command, with which he governs all transactions public and secret; his entire direction of his army, as their leader, their sovereign, and their treasurer; and his diligence, in giving life to every part of it, by his presence; these things greatly contribute to carrying on a war with expedition and success, but are powerful obstacles to that accommodation, which he would gladly make with the Olyni-thians. For the Olyn-thians see plainly, that they do not now fight for glory, or for part of their territory, but to defend their state from dissolusion and slavery. They know how he rewarded those traitors of Amphipolis, who made him master of that city; and those of Pydna, who opened their gates to him. In a word, free states, I think, must ever look with suspicion on an absolute monarchy: but a neighbouring monarchy must double their apprehensions.

Convinced of what hath now been offered, and possessed with every other just and worthy sentiment; you must be resolved, Athenians; you must exert your spirit; you must apply to the war, now, if ever; your fortunes, your persons, your whole powers, are now demanded. There is no excuse, no pretence left, for declining the performance of your duty. For that which you were all ever urging loudly, that the Olyn-thians should be engaged in a war with Philip, hath now happened of itself; and this in a manner most agreeable to our interest. For, if they had entered into this war at our persuasion, they must have been precarious allies, without steadiness or resolution: but, as their private injuries have made them enemies to Philip, it is probable that enmity will be lasting, both on account of what they fear, and what they have already suffered. My countrymen! let not so favourable an opportunity escape you: do not repeat that error which hath been so often fatal to you. For when, at our return from afflicting the Euboeans, Hierax and Stratocles, citizens of Amphipolis, mounted this gallery, and pressed you to send out your navy, and to take their city under your protection; we discovered that resolution in our own cause, which we exerted for the safety of Euboea; then had Amphipolis been yours; and all those difficulties had been avoided, in which you have been since involved. Again, when we received advice of the siege of Pydna, Potidea, Methone, Pagaeza, and other places, (for I would not detain you with a particular recital) had we ourselves marched with a due spirit and alacrity to the relief of the first of these cities, we should now find much more compliance, much more humility in Philip. But by still neglecting the present, and imagining our future interests will not demand our care; we have aggrandized our enemy, we have raised him to a degree of eminence, greater than any king of Macedonia hath ever yet enjoyed.—Now we have another opportunity. That which the Olyn-thians
thians, of themselves, present to the state: one no less considerable than any of the former.

And, in my opinion, Athenians! if a man were to bring the dealings of the gods towards us to a fair account, though many things might appear not quite agreeable to our wishes, yet he would acknowledge that we had been highly-favoured by them; and with great reason: for that many places have been left in the course of war, is truly to be charged to our own weak conduct. But that the difficulties, arisen from hence, have not long affected us; and that an alliance now presents itself to remove them, if we are disposed to make the just use of it; this I cannot but ascribe to the divine goodness. But the same thing happens in this case, as in the use of riches. If a man be careful to save those he hath acquired, he readily acknowledges the kindnes of fortune: but if by his imprudence they be once lost, with them he also loses the sense of gratitude. So in political affairs, they who neglect to improve their opportunities, forget the favours which the gods have bestowed; for it is the ultimate event which generally determines men's judgment of every thing precedent. And, therefore, all affairs hereafter should engage your strictest care; that, by correcting our errors, we may wipe off the inglorious stain of past actions. But should we be deaf to these men too, and should he be suffered to subvert Olynthus; say, what can prevent him from marching his forces into whatever territory he pleases?

Is there a man among you, Athenians! who reflects not by what steps, Philip, from a beginning so inconceivable, hath mounted to this height of power? First, he took Amphipolis: then he became master of Pydna; then Potidaæ fell; then Methone: then came his inroad into Thessaly: after this, having disposed of affairs at Pheræ, at Pagææ, at Magnesia, entirely as he pleased, he marched into Thrace. Here, while engaged in expelling some, and estabishing other princes, he fell sick. Again, recovering, he never turned a moment from his course to ease or indulgence, but instantly attacked the Olynthisians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Paeonians, against Argybians, I pass all over. But I may be asked, why this recital, now? That you may know and fee your own error, in ever neglecting some part of your affairs, as if beneath your regard: and that active spirit with which Philip purfueh his designs: which ever fires him; and which never can permit him to rest satisfied with those things he hath already accomplished. If then he determines firmly and invariably to pursue his conquests; and if we are obstinately resolved against every vigorous and effectual measure: think, what consequences may we expect! In the name of Heaven, can any man be so weak, as not to know, that, by neglecting this war, we are transferring it from that country to our own! And should this happen, I fear, Athenians! that as they who inconsiderately borrow money upon high interest, after a short-lived affluence are deprived of their own fortunes; so we, by this continued indulgence, by consulting only our ease and pleasure, may be reduced to the grievous necessity of engaging in affairs the most shocking and disagreeable, and of exposing ourselves in the defence of this our native territory.

To cenure, some one may tell me, is easy, and in the power of every man: but the true counsellor should point out that conduct which the present exigence demands.

—Senible as I am, Athenians, that when your expectations have in any instance been disappointed, your repentment frequently falls not on those who merit it, but on him who hath spokæ last; yet I cannot, from a regard to my own safety, suppress what I deem of moment to lay before you. I say then, this occasion calls for a twofold armament. First, we are to defend the cities of the Olynthians, and for this purpose to detach a body of forces: in the next place, in order to inflect his kingdom, we are to send out our navy manned with other levies. If you neglect either of these, I fear your expedition will be fruitless. For, if you content yourselves with inflecting his dominions, this he will endure, until he is master of Olynthus, and then he can with ease repel the invasion; or, if you only send succours to the Olynthisians, when he fees his own kingdom free from danger, he will apply with constancy and vigilance to the war, and at length weary out the besieged to a submiffion. Your levies therefore must be considerable enough to serve both purpoaes.—These are my sentiments with respect to our armament.

And now, as to the expense of these preparations. You are already provided for the payment of your forces better than any other people. This provifion is distributed among yourselves in the manner most agreeable; but if you restore it to the army, this supplies will be complete without any addition; if not, an addition will be necessary.
or the whole, rather, will remain to be raised. " How then (I may be asked) do " you move for a decree to apply those " funds to the military service?" By no means! it is my opinion indeed, that an army must be raised; that this money really belongs to the army; and that the same regulation which entitles our citizens to receive, should oblige them also to act. At present you expend these sums on entertain-ments, without regard to your affairs. It remains then that a general contribution be raised: a great one, if a great one be required: a small one, if such may be sufficient. Money must be found: without it nothing can be effected: various schemes are proposed by various persons: do you make that choice which you think most ad- vantages; and, while you have an oppor-tunity, exert yourselves in the care of your interests.

It is worthy your attention to consider, how the affairs of Philip are at this time circumstanced. For they are by no means so well dispos'd, so very flourishing, as an inattentive observer would pronounce. Nor would he have engaged in this war at all, had he thought he should have been obliged to maintain it. He hoped that, the moment he appeared, all things would fall before him. But these hopes were vain. And this disappointment, in the first place, troubles and dispirits him. Then the Thetifians alarm him; a people remarkable for their perfidy on all occasions, and to all persons. And just as they have ever proved, even so he finds them now. For they have resolved in council to demand the restitution of Pa-gafe, and have opposed his attempt to for-tify Magnesia: and I am informed, that for the future he is to be excluded from their ports and markets, as these conveniencies belong to the states of Thessaly, and are not to be intercepted by Philip. And, thou'd he be deprived of such a fund of wealth, he must be greatly strength'en to support his foreign troops. Besides this, we must suppoze that the Paeonians and the Illyrians, and all the others, would prefer freedom and independence to a state of slavery. They are not accustom'd to subjection, and the infolence of this man, it is said, knows no bounds; nor is this impro-bable: for great and unexpepted successe is apt to hurry weak minds into extravagancies. Hence it often proves much more difficult to maintain acquisitions, than to acquire. It is your part, therefore, to regard the time of his distress as your most favourite opportunity: improve it to the utmost; send out your embassies; take the field your-selves, and excite a general ardor abroad; ever considering how readily Philip would attack us, if he were favoured by any in-cident like this, if a war had broken out on our borders. And would it not be shameful to want the resolution to bring that distress on him, which, had it been equally in his power, he certainly would have made you feel?

This too demands your attention, Athe-nians! that you are now to determine whether it be most expedient to carry the war into his country, or to fight him here. If Olynthus be defended, Macedon will be the seat of war: you may harass his king-dom, and enjoy your own territories free from apprehensions. But, should that na-tion be subdued by Philip, who will oppose his marching hither? will the Thes-ians? let it not be thought severe when I affirm that they will join readily in the invasion. Will the Phocians? a people fearfully able to defend their own country, without your assistance. Will any others?—" But, Sir," cries one, " he would make no such " attempt."—This would be the greatest of absurdities; not to execute those threats, when he hath full power, which, now when they appear so idle and extravagant, he yet dares to utter. And I think you are not yet to learn how great would be the dif- ference between our engaging him here, and there. Were we to be only thirty days abroad, and to draw all the necessaries of the camp from our own lands, even were there no enemy to ravage them, the damage would, in my opinion, amount to more than the whole expense of the late war. Add then the presence of an enemy, and how greatly must the calamity be increas'd: but, further, add the infamy; and to those who judge rightly, no distress can be more grievous than the scandal of misconduct.

It is incumbent therefore, upon us all, (justly influenced by these considerations) to unite vigorously in the common cause, and repel the danger that threatens this territory. Let the rich exert themselves on this occasion; that, by contributing a small portion of their affluence, they may secure the peaceful possession of the rest. Let those who are of the age for military duty; that, by learning the art of war in Phi-lip's dominions, they may become for-midable defenders of their native land. Let our orators, that they may safely submit their conduct to the public inspection. For
your judgment of their administra
tions will ever be determined by the event of things. And may we all contribute to render that
favourable! Leland.

§ 5. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

L. Sergius Catiline was of Patrician ex-
tration, and had sided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his
prætorship, he was sent to the govern-
ment of Africa; and after his return, was accused of mal-administration by P. Clodius, under the consulship of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volctius
Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the design of the conspiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces against it. Catiline, after his return from Africa, had sued for the consulship, but was rejected. The two following
years he likewise stood candidate, but still met with the same fate. It ap-
ppears that he made a fourth attempt under the consulship of Cicero, who made use of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he succeeded to his wish. After the picture Sallust
has drawn of Catiline, it were needless to attempt his character here; besides that the four following orations will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with it. This first speech was pro-
nounced in the senate, convened in the
temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the six hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The oc-
casion of it was as follows: Catiline, and the other conspirators, had met together in the house of one Marcus
Leccan; where it was resolved, that a
general insurrection should be raised through Italy, the different parts of which were assigned to different leaders; that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begun at the same time of the whole senate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be spared except the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the confession of the fire and massacre, Catiline should be ready with his Tuscan army to take the benefit of the public confusion, and make himself master of the city; where Lentulus in the mean while, as first in dignity, was to preside in their general councils; Catius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the massacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obstacle to all their hopes, Catiline was very dextrous to see him taken off before he left Rome; upon which two knights of the com-
pany undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early visit on pretence of business. They were both of his acquaintance, and used to frequent his house; and knowing his custom of giving free access to all, made no doubt of being readily ad-
mitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confessed. The meet-
ing was no sooner over, than Cicero had information of all that passed in it: for by the intrigues of a woman named
Fulvia, he had gained over Curius her gallant, one of the conspirators of sen-
natorial rank, to send him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He
presently imparted his intelligence to some of the chiefs of the city, who were assembled that evening, as usual, at his house, informing them not only of the design, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the house well guarded, and all admittance refused to them. Next day Cicero summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not usually held but in times of public alarm. There had been several debates before this on the fame subject of Catiline's treasons, and his design of killing the consul; and a decree had passed at the motion of Ci-
cero, to offer a public reward to the first discoverer of the plot; if a slave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and sixteen hundred. Yet Catiline, by a profound di
cimulation, and the constant pro-
fessions of his innocence, still deceived many of all ranks; representing the whole as the fiction of his enemy Ci-
cero, and offering to give security for his behaviour, and to deliver himself
to the custody of any whom the senate would name; of M. Lepidus, of the praetor Metellus, or of Cicero himself: but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he should never think himself safe in the same house, when he was in danger by living in the same city with him. Yet he still kept on the mark, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which so shocked the whole assembly, that none even of his acquaintance durst venture to salute him; and the consular senators quitted that part of the house in which he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by his impudence, that instead of entering upon any business, as he designed, addressing himself directly to Catiline, he broke out into the present most severe invective against him; and with all the force and fire of an incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villainies, and the notoriety of his treasons.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wise and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designing are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together, and the meaures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the senate is apprized of all this, the conful beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I say, he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Catiline, ought the conful to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all.

Could that illustrious citizen Publius Scipio, sovereign pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we confuls suffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Sertilius Aha, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melleus, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave fors punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Catiline: the commonwealth wants not wisdom, nor this house authority: but we, the confuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the conful L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the praetor, satisfied by their death the justice of their country. But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could wish, confertip fathers, to be merciful; I could wish too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myself with negligence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The enemy increaseth daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate-house itself, plotting daily some intolerable mischief against the state. Should I order you, Catiline, to be instantly seized and put to death; I have reason to believe, good men would rather reproach me.
me with flowness than cruelty. But at
present certain reasons restrain me from this
step, which indeed ought to have been taken
long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death,
when not a man is to be found, so wicked,
so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own
it was done justly. As long as there is one
who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live;
and live so as thou now dost, surrounded
by the numerous and powerful guards which
I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer
thee to stir a foot against the republic;
whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch
thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou
little thoughtest of it.

But what is it, Catiline, thou canst not
have in view, if neither the obscurity of
night can conceal thy traiterous assemblies,
or the walls of a private house prevent the
voice of thy treason from reaching our
ears? If all thy projects are discovered, and
burst into public view? Quit then your de-
testable purpose, and think no more of mas-
draces and conflagrations. You are beset
on all hands; your most secret counsels are
clear as noon-day; as you may easily gather,
from the detail I am now to give you. You
may remember that on the nineteenth of
October last, I said publicly in the senate,
that before the twenty-fifth of the same
month, C. Manlius, the confederate and
creature of your guilt, would appear in
arms. Was I deceived, Catiline, I say not
as to this enormous, this detestable, this
improbable attempt; but, which is still
more surprizing, as to the very day on
which it happened? I said likewise, in the
senate, that you had fixed the twenty-sixth
of the same month for the massacre of our
nobles, which induced many citizens of the
first rank to retire from Rome, not so much
on account of their own preservation, as
with a view to baffle your designs. Can
you deny, that on that very same day you
wished my vigilance, and the guards I placed
about you, that you found it impossible to attempt any thing against
the state; though you had given out, after
the departure of the reti, that you would
nevertheless content yourself with the blood
of those who remained. Nay, when on the
first of November, you confidently hoped
to surprize Frascole by night; did you not
find that colony secured by my order, and
the guards, officers, and garrison I had ap-
pointed? There is nothing you either think,
contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear,
see, and plainly understand.

Call to mind only in conjunction with
me, the transfections of last night. You
will soon perceive, that I am much more
active in watching over the preservation,
than you in plotting the destruction of the
state. I say then, and say it openly, that
last night you went to the house of M.
Lecca, in the street called the Gladiators:
that you were met there by numbers of your
associates in guilt and madness. Dare you
deny this? Why are you silent? If you
disown the charge, I will prove it: for I
see fome in this very assembly, who were of
your confederacy. Immortal gods! what
country do we inhabit? what city do we
belong to? what government do we live
under? Here, here, conscript fathers, within
these walls, and in this assembly, the most
awful and venerable upon earth, there are
men who meditate my ruin and yours, the
destruction of this city, and consequently
of the world itself. Myself, your consul,
behold these men, and ask their opinions on
public affairs; and instead of dooming them
to immediate execution, do not so much as
wound them with my tongue. You went
then that night, Catiline, to the house of
Lecca; you cantoned out all Italy; you
appointed the place to which every one was
to repair; you singled out those who were
to be left at Rome, and those who were to
accompany you in person; you marked out
the parts of the city destined to confagra-
tion; you declared your purpose of leaving
it soon, and said you only waited a little
to see me taken off. Two Roman knights
undertook to eafe you of that care, and af-
saffinate me the same night in bed before
day-break. Searce was your assembly dif-
mised, when I was informed of all this: I
ordered an additional guard to attend, to
secure my house from assailt; I refused ad-
mittance to those whom you sent to compli-
ment me in the morning; and declared to
many worthy persons beforehand who they
were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Catiline, such is the state of
your affairs, finish what you have begun;
quit the city; the gates are open; nobody
opposes your retreat. The troops in Man-
lius's camp long to put themselves under
your command. Carry with you all your
confederates; if not all, at least as many as
possible. Purge the city. It will take
greatly from my fears, to be divided from
you by a wall. You cannot pretend to stay
any longer with us: I will not bear, will
not suffer, will not allow of it. Great
thanks are due to the immortal gods, and
chiefly to thee Jupiter Stator, the ancient
pro-
ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

Book III.

protectors of this city, for having already so often preferred us from this dangerous, this destructive, this perfidious scourge of his country. The supreme safety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again exposed to danger for the sake of a single man. While I was only confid elect, Catiline, I contended myself with guarding against your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When at the last election of consuls, you had resolved to affaminate me, and your competitors in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpose by the aid of my friends, without disturbing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I singly opposed your fury; though I well saw, that my death would necessarily be attended with many signal calamities to the state. But now you openly strike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the mansions of Rome, the lives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to slaughter and devastation. Since therefore I dare not pursue that course, which is most agreeable to ancient discipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, less severe indeed as to the criminal, but more useful in its consequences to the public. For should I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would still harbour in its bosom the other conspirators; but by driving you from the city, I shall clear Rome at once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How, Catiline! Do you hesitate to do at my command, what you were so lately about to do of your own accord? The confid orders a public enemy to depart the city. You ask whether this be a real banishment? I say not expressly so: but was I to advise in the cause, it is the best course you can take.

For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not defiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the fames of senility? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and chafe to let it remain in silence, that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befall you the very next month; and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the diffrillesies and turpidity of your domestic life; but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Catiline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to annihilate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over these things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many threats of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion, and, as they term it, a gentle defection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing, of which I have not timely information. Yet you cease not to concert, and enterprize. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a confid! What are we to think of your preferential situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man,
do you expect that I should embitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed by the silent detestation of all present? Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you were observed to approach them? Did not all the confular senators, whose destruc-
tion you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a dread of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countrymen, I would sooner withdraw my self from public view, than be held with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long-merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and fenes can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does the reason with you, Catiline; and thus does flie, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years, but has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Catiline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone then, and rid me of my present terror; that if jilt, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear.

Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought the not to find obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that to avoid fulpiion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the prætor. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very relolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of irons and a jail, whose own confidence condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Catiline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a life, so often and so justly forfeited to thy country? But, say you, put the question to the senate, (for to you affect to talk) and if it be their pleasure that I go into banishment, I am ready to obey. I will put no such question; it is contrary to my temper: yet will I give you an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of the senate with regard to you. Leave the city, Catiline; deliver the republic from its fears; go, if you wait only for that word, into banishment. Observe now, Catiline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senato remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have risen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their confin in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Catiline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their content. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have
have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your perfon: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform? Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet purely in future times. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the influence of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Catiline, art none of those, whom shame reclains from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would swell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this flep you will bring upon me an insupportable load of cenfure; nor shall I be able to sufian the weight of the public indignation, shoul'd thou, by order of the conful, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouze every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you were not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this flep, when I know you have already bent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accomplices? Can you absent yourself any longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right-hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you for this desperate enterprise. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious and destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when amongst so great a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically filled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprizes: your treacherous watchfulnefs, not only to take advantage of the husband's flumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which however you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not opprefs her as a conful; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, confult fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me; attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treaure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which is to me much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience, that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt; the man who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the...
custom of our ancestors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even persons in a private station have often put perilous citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the punishment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors against their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of potteries? A noble proof, indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who without any recommendation from your ancestors, have been raised by them through all the degrees of honour to sovereign dignity, should, for the sake of any danger to yourself, neglect the care of the public safety. But if censure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be most apprehended, the censure incurred for having acted with firmness and courage, or that for having acted with sloth and pusillanimity? When Italy shall be laid desolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to elude the flames of public indignation?

To this most sacred voice of my country, and to all those who blame me after the same manner, I shall make this short reply; That if I had thought it the most advizable to put Catiline to death, I would not have allowed that gladiator the use of one moment's life. For it, in former days, our greatest men, and most illustrious citizens, instead of bullying, have done honour to their memories, by the destruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this parricide, any envy would lie upon me with potteries. Yet if the greatest was sure to befal me, it was always my persuasion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are some of this very order, who do not either see the dangers which hang over us, or else dissemble what they see; who by the force of their votes cherish Catiline's hopes, and add strength to the conspiracy by not believing it; whose authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had punished this man as he deserved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am persuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whither he actually designs to go, none can be so silly, as not to see that there is a plot; none so wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this petition would be somewhat checked, it could not be suppressed: but when he has thrown himself into rebellion, and carried out his friends along with him, and drawn together the profigate and desperate from all parts of the empire, not only this ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and seed of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, confcript fathers, that we have trod amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy: but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all those crimes, and of this long ripening rage and insouciance, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic. For as men, oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this disposition which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will from his surviving associates soon assume new force. Wherefore, confcript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them separate themselves from the honest, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us: let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house, to befet the tribunal of the city praetor, to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city; in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promise, confcript fathers, that by the diligence of the consul, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honest, Catiline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons detected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, of all prosperity to the republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilst thou, Jupiter, whole religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the stay and prop of this empire, wilt drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houes and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes
Book III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS. 27

Upon of us all; and will destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villainy.

Whitehurst's Cicero.

§ 6. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, astonished by the thunder of the last speech, had little to say for himself in answer to it; yet with downcast looks, and supplicant voice, he begged of the fathers, not to believe too hastily what was said against him by an enemy; that his birth and past life offered every thing to him that was hopeful; and it was not to be imagined, that a man of patrician family, whose ancestors, as well as himself, had given many proofs of their affectation to the Roman people, should want to overturn the government; while Cicero, a stranger, and late inhabitant of Rome, was so zealous to preserve it. But as he was going on to give foul language, the senate interrupted him by a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide: upon which, being furious and desperate, he declared again aloud what he had said before to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which was raised about him by the common ruin; and so rushed out of the assembly. As soon as he was come to his house, and began to reflect on what had passed, perceiving it in vain to diffimile any longer, he resolved to enter into action immediately, before the troops of the public were incpanied, or any new levies made; so that after a short conference with Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest, about what had been concerted in the last meeting, having given fresh orders and assurances of his speedy return at the head of a strong army, he left Rome that very night with a small retinue, to make the best of his way towards Etruria. He no sooner disappeared, than his friends gave out that he was gone into a voluntary exile at Marseilles, which was industriously spread through the city the next morning, to raise an odium upon Cicero, for driving an innocent man into banishment, without any previous trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was too well informed of his motions to entertain any doubt about his going to Manlius's camp, and into actual rebellion. He knew that he had sent thither already a great quantity of arms, and all the ensigns of military command, with that silver eagle, which he used to keep with great superstitition in his house, for its having belonged to C. Marius, in his expedition against the Cimbri. But, left the story should make an ill impression on the city, he called the people together into the forum, to give them an account of what passed in the senate the day before, and of Catiline's leaving Rome upon it. And this makes the subject of the oration now before us.

At length, Romans, have we driven, discarded, and pursued with the keenest reproaches to the very gates of Rome, L. Catiline, intoxicated with fury, breathing mischief, impiously plotting the destruction of his country, and threatening to lay waste this city with fire and sword. He is gone, he is fled, he has escaped, he has broke away. No longer shall that monster, that prodigy of mischief, plot the ruin of this city within her very walls. We have gained a clear conquest over this chief and ring-leader of domestic broils. His threatening dagger is no longer pointed at our breasts, nor shall we now any more tremble in the field of Mars, the forum, the senate-house, or within our domestic walls. In driving him from the city, we have forced his most advantageous post. We shall now, without opposition, carry on a just war against an open enemy. We have effectually ruined the man, and gained a glorious victory, by driving him from his secret plots into open rebellion. But how do you think is he overwhelmed and crushed with regret, at carrying away his dagger unbathed in blood, at leaving the city before he had effected my death, at seeing the weapons prepared for our destruction wrested out of his hands; in a word, that Rome is still standing, and her citizens safe! He is now quite overthrown, Romans, and perceives himself impotent and defpised, often casting back his eyes upon this city, which he loves, with regret, refused from his destructive jaws; and which seems to me to rejoice for having disgorged and rid herself of so pestilent a citizen.

But
mark what I say, the defectors from the
army are more to be dreaded than the army
itself; and the more so, because they know
me to be informed of all their designs, yet
are not in the least moved by it. I behold
the perfon to whom Apulia is allotted, to
whom Etruria, to whom the territory of
Picenum, to whom Cifalpine Gaul. I see
the man who demanded the task of setting
fire to the city, and filling it with slaughter.
They know that I am acquainted with all
the secrets of their last nocturnal meeting:
I laid them open yesterday in the Senate:
Catiline himself was disheartened and fled:
what then can these others mean? They are
much mistaken, if they imagine I shall al-
ways use the same lenity.

I have at last gained what I have hitherto
been waiting for, to make you all sensible
that a conspiracy is openly formed against
the state; unless there be any one who ima-
gines, that such as resemble Catiline may
yet refuse to enter into his designs. There
is now therefore no more room for clemency,
the case itself requires severity. Yet I will
still grant them one thing; let them quit
the city, let them follow Catiline, nor suf-
fer their miserable leader to languish in their
absence. Nay, I will even tell them the
way; it is the Aurelian road; if they make
haste, they may overtake him before night.
O happy state, were it but once drained of
this flux of wickedness! To me the absence
of Catiline alone, seems to have restored
fresh beauty and vigour to the common-
wealth. What villainy, what mischief can
be devised or imagined, that has not entered
into his thoughts? What prisoner is to be
found in all Italy, what gladiator, what
robber, what assailin, what parricide, what
forger of wills, what sharper, what de-
bauche, what squanderer, what adulterer,
what harlot, what corrupter of youth, what
corrupted wretch, what abandoned criminal,
who will not own an intimate familiarity
with Catiline? What murder has been per-
petrated of late years without him? What
act of lewdness speaks not him for its au-
thor? Was ever man polluted of such ta-
lents for corrupting youth? To some he
profaned himself unnaturally; for others
he indulged a criminal passion. Many were
allured by the prospect of unbounded enjoy-
ment, many by the promise of their parents
death; to which he not only incited them,
but even contributed his assistance. What
a prodigious number of profligate wretches
has he just now drawn together, not only
from the city, but also from the country? The
There is not a person oppressed with debt, I will not say in Rome, but in the remotest corner of all Italy, whom he has not engaged in this unparalleled confederacy of guilt.

But to make you acquainted with the variety of his talents, in all the different kinds of vice; there is not a gladiator in any of our public schools, remarkable for being audacious in mischief, who does not own an intimacy with Catiline; not a player of distinguished impudence and guilt, but openly boast of having been his companion. Yet this man, trained up in the continued exercise of lewdness and villainy, while he was walling in riot and debauchery the means of virtue, and supplies of industry, was extolled by these his associates for his fortitude and patience in supporting cold, hunger, thirst, and watchings. Would his companions but follow him, would this profligate crew of desperate men but leave the city; how happy would it be for us, how fortunate for the commonwealth, how glorious for my consulship? It is not a moderate degree of depravity, a natural or supportable measure of guilt that now prevails. Nothing less than murders, rapines, and confabulations employ their thoughts. They have squandered away their patrimonies, they have wafted their fortunes in debauchery; they have been long without money, and now their credit begins to fail them; yet still they retain the same desires, though deprived of the means of enjoyment. Did they, amidst their revels and gaming, affect no other pleasures than those of lewdness and feasting, however desperate their cafe mutt appear, it might still notwithstanding be borne with. But it is altogether insufferable, that the cowardly should pretend to plot against the brave, the foolish against the prudent, the drunken against the sober, the drowsy against the vigilant; who lolling at feasts, embracing mistresses, flattering with wine, stuffed with victuals, crowned with garlands, daubed with perfumes, wallowed with intemperance, belch in their conversations of malacing the honest, and firing the city. Over such, I truth, some dreadful fascinated now hangs; and that the vengeance so long due to their villainy, base-ness, guilt, and crimes, is either just breaking, or just ready to break upon their heads. If my consulship, since it cannot cure, should cut off all these, it would add no small period to the duration of the republic. For there is no nation, which we have reason to fear; no king, who can make war upon the Roman people. All disturbances abroad, both by land and sea, are quelled by the virtue of one man. But a domestic war still remains: the treason, the danger, the enemy is within. We are to combat with luxury, with madness, with villainy. In this war I profess myself your leader, and take upon myself all the animosity of the desperate. Whatever can possibly be healed, I will heal; but what ought to be cut off, I will never suffer to spread to the ruin of the city. Let them therefore depart, or be at rest; but if they are resolved both to remain in the city, and continue their wonted practices, let them look for the punishment they deserve.

But some there are, Romans, who affect, that I have driven Catiline into banishment. And indeed, could words compass it, I would not scruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be sure, was so very ridiculous and modest, that he could not stand the words of the conful; but being ordered into banishment, immediately acquiesced and obeyed. Yesterday, when I ran so great a hazard of being murdered in my own house, I assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the confederates. When Catiline came thither, did so much as one senator accost or salute him? In fine, did they regard him only as a desperate citizen, and not rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the confederal senators quitted what part of the house where he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Here I, that violent confus, who by a single word drove citizens into banishment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had not been at the nocturnal meeting in the house of M. Lecca. And when he, the most audacious of men, struck dumb by self-conviction, returned no answer, I laid open the whole to the senate; acquainting them with the transactions of that night; where he had been, what was reserved for the next, and how he had settled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared disconcerted and speechless, I asked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already sent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military ensigns, and that silver eagle, to which he had raised an impious altar in his own house. Can I be said to have driven into banishment a man who had already commenced hostilities against his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obscure citizen, who has pitched his camp upon the plain:
But why do I speak so much about one enemy? An enemy too, who has openly proclaimed himself such; and whom I no longer dread, since, as I always wished, there is now a wall between us. Shall I say nothing of those who diffuse their treason, who continue at Rome, and mingle in our assemblies? With regard to these, indeed, I am less intent upon vengeance, than to reclaim them, if possible, from their errors, and reconcile them to the republic. Nor do I perceive any difficulty in the undertaking, if they will but listen to my advice. For first I will throw you, citizens, of what different sorts of men their forces consist, and then apply to each, as far as I am able, the most powerful remedies of persuasion and eloquence. The first sort consists of those, who having great debts, but still greater possessions, are so passionately fond of the latter, that they cannot bear the thought of infringing them. This, in appearance, is the most honourable class, for they are rich; but their intention and aim is the most infamous of all. Art thou distinguished by the possession of an estate, houses, money, flaves, and all the conveniences and superfluities of life; and dost thou scruple to take from thy possessions, in order to add to thy credit? For what is it thou expectest? Is it war? and dost thou hope thy possessions will remain unviolated, amidst an universal invasion of property? Is it new regulations about debts, thou hast in view? "Tis an error to expect this from Catiline. New regulations shall indeed be proffered by my means, but attended with public auctions, which is the only method to preserve those who have estates from ruin. And had they consented to this expedient sooner, nor foolishly run out their estates in mortgages, they would have been at this day both richer men, and better citizens. But I have no great dread of this class of men, as believing they may be easily disengaged from the conspiracy; or, should they persiffl, they seem more likely to have recourse to imprecations than arms.

The next class consists of those, who though oppressed with debt, yet hope for power, and aspire at the chief management of public affairs; imagining they shall obtain those honours by throwing the state into confusion, which they despair of during its tranquillity. To these I shall give the same advice as to the rest, which is, to quit all hope of succeeding in their attempts. For first, I myself am watchful, active, and attentive to the interest of the republic; then
there is on the side of the honest party, great
courage, great unanimity, a vast multitude
of citizens, and very numerous forces: in
fine, the immortal gods themselves will not
fail to interpose in behalf of this uncon-
quered people, this illustrious empire, this
fair city, against the daring attempts of
guilty violence. And even supposing them
not to accomplish what they wish with so much frantic
rage desire, do they hope to spring up con-
flils, dictators, or kings, from the ashes of
a city, and blood of her citizens, which
with so much treachery and facrilege they
have conspire to spill? They are ignorant
of the tendency of their own desires, and
that, in case of success, they must them-
selves fall a prey to some fugitive or gla-
diator. The third clafs consists of men
of advanced age, but hardened in all the ex-
cercises of war. Of this fort is Manlius,
whom Catiline now succeeds. Thefe come
mostly from the colonies planted by Sylla
at Fesulae; which, I am ready to allow,
consift of the best citizens, and the bravest
men: but coming many of them to the
fudden and unexpected poftiffion of great
wealth, they ran into all the excifes of
luxury and profuion. Thefe, by building
fine houfes, by affluent living, splendid
equipages, numerous attendants, and fump-
tuous entertainments, have plunged them-
selves fo deeply in debt, that, in order to
retrieve their affairs, they muft recall Sylla
from his tomb. I fay nothing of thofe
needy indigent rufcif, whom they have
gained over to their party, by the hopes of
feeing the scheme of rapine renewed: for I
consider both in the fame light of robbers
and plunderers. But I admire them to drop
their frantic ambition, and think no more
of diftraitorships and profcriptions. For to
deep an imprefion have the calamities of
those times made upon the state, that not
only men, but the very beafts would not
bear a repetition of fuch outrage.

The fourth is a mixt, motly, mutinous
tribe, who have been long ruined beyond
hopes of recovery; and, partly through in-
dolence, partly through ill management,
partly too through extravagance, droop
beneath a load of ancient debt: who, per-
fecuted with arrefts, judgments, and con-
fifcations, are faid to refort in great num-
bers, both from city and country, to the
enemy’s camp. Thefe I confider, not as
brave foldiers, but defpirited bankrupts. If
they cannot fupport themselves, let them
even fall; yet fo, that neither the city nor
neighbourhood may receive any fhock.

For I am unable to perceive why, if they
cannot live with honour, they should chufe
to die with infamy: or why they should
fancy it left painful to die in company with
others, than to perifh by themfelves. The
fifth fort is a collection of parricides, af-
faffins, and rufcians of all kinds; whom I
ask not to abandon Catiline, as knowing
them to be infeparable. Let thefe even
perifh in their robberies, since their number
is fo great, that no prifon could be found
large enough to contain them. The laft
clafs, not only in this enumeration, but
likewise in character and morals, are Catil-
line’s peculiar associates, his choice compa-
nions, and bofom friends; fuch as you fee
with curled locks, near array, beardless, or
with beards nicely trimmed; in full drefs,
in flowing robes, and wearing mantles in-
stead of gowns; whole whole labour of
life, and induftry in watching, are ex-
hausted upon midnight entertainments.

Under this clafs we may rank all gamblers,
whoremakers, and the lewd and luflful of
every denomination. These whim delicate
youths, practifed in all the arts of raising
and allaying the amorous fire, not only
know to fing and dance, but on occasion
may aim the murdering dagger, and admi-
nifer the poisonous draught. Unless thefe
depart, unlefs thefe perifh, know, that was
even Catiline himfelf to fall, we fhall
still have a nurfery of Catilines in the state.

But what can this fiverable race have in
view? Do they propofe to carry their
wrenches along with them to the camp? In-
deed, how can they be without them thofe
cold winter nights? But have they con-
fidered of the Appennine frofts and snows?
or do they imagine they will be the able
to endure the rigours of winter, for having
learned to dance naked at revels? O formi-
dable and tremendous war! where Catiline’s
pratorian guard confifts of fuch a difflute
effeminat crew.

Against thefet gallant troops of your ad-
verfary, prepare, 0 Romans, your garrifons
and armies: and at first, to that battered
and maimed gladiator, oppofe your confuls
and generals: next, againft that outcaft
miferable crew, lead forth the fhower and ftrength
of all Italy. The walls of our colonies and
free towns will easily refift the efforts of Ca-
tiline’s rufcian troops. But I ought not to
run the parallel farther, or compare your
other refources, preparations, and defences,
the indigence and nakednefs of that
rober. But if omitting all thofe advan-
tages of which we are provided, and he
dilute,
defitute, as the senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the public revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign states: I say, if omitting all these, we only compare the contending parties between themselves, it will soon appear how very low our enemies are reduced. On the one side modestly contends, on the other pertulance: here chastity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneness: here resolution, there rage: here honour, there baseness: here moderation, there unbridled licentiousness: in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, raihness: every virtue with every vice. Lastly, the contest lies between wealth and indigence, found and depraved reason, strength of understanding and frenzy; in fine, between well-grounded hope, and the most absolute despair. In such a conflict and struggle as this, was even human aid to fail, will not the immortal gods enable such illustrious virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Such, Romans, being our present situation, do you, as I have before advised, watch and keep guard in your private houses: for as to what concerns the public tranquillity, and the defence of the city, I have taken care to secure that, without tumult or alarm. The colonies and municipal towns, having received notice from me of Catiline’s nocturnal retreat, will be upon their guard against him. The band of gladiators, whom Catiline always depended upon as his belt and surest support, though in truth they are better affected than some part of the patricians, are nevertheless taken care of in such a manner, as to be in the power of the republic. Q. Metellus the praetor, whom, foreseeing Catiline’s flight, I sent into Gaul and the district of Picenum, will either wholly crush the traitor, or baffle all his motions and attempts. And to settle, ripen, and bring all other matters to a conclusion, I am just going to lay them before the senate, which you see now assembling. As for those therefore who continue in the city, and were left behind by Catiline, for the destruction of it and us all; though they are enemies, yet as by birth they are likewise fellow-citizens, I again and again admonish them, that my lenity, which to some may have rather appeared remissness, has been waiting only for an opportunity of demonstrating the certainty of the plot. As for the rest, I shall never forget that this is my country, that I am its conful, and that I think it my duty either to live with my countrymen, or die for them. There is no guard upon the gates, none to watch the roads; if any one has a mind to withdraw himself, he may go wherever he pleases. But whoever makes the least stir within the city, so as to be caught not only in any overt act, but even in any plot or attempt against the republic; he shall know, that there are in it vigilant consuls, excellent magistrates, and a resolute senate; that there are arms, and a prison, which our ancestors provided as the avenger of manifold and atrocious crimes.

And all this shall be transacted in such a manner, citizens, that the greatest disorders shall be quelled without the least hurry; the greatest dangers without any tumult; a domestic and intestine war, the most cruel and desperate of any in our memory, by me, your only leader and general, in my gown; which I will manage so, that, as far as it is possible, not one even of the guilty shall suffer punishment in the city: but if their audaciousness and my country’s danger should necessitarily drive me from this mild resolution; yet I will effect, what in so cruel and treacherous a war could hardly be hoped for, that not one honest man shall fall, but all of you be safe by the punishment of a few. This I promise, citizens, not from any confidence in my own prudence, or from any human counsels, but from the many evident declarations of the gods, by whose impulse I am led into this persuasion; who allust us, not as they used to do, at a distance, against foreign and remote enemies, but by their present help and protection defend their temples and our houses. It is your part therefore, citizens, to worship, implore, and pray to them, that since all our enemies are now subdued both by land and sea, they would continue to preserve this city, which was designed by them for the most beautiful, the most flourishing and most powerful on earth, from the detestable treasons of its own desperate citizens.

§ 7. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, as we have seen, being forced to leave Rome, Lentulus, and the rest who remained in the city, began to prepare all things for the execution of their grand design. They solicited men of all ranks, who seemed likely to favour
favour their cause, or to be of any use to it; and among the rest, agreed to make an attempt on the ambassadors of the Allobroges, a warlike, mutinous, faithless people, inhabiting the countries now called Savoy and Dauphiny, greatly disaffected to the Roman power, and already ripe for rebellion. These ambassadors, who were preparing to return home, much out of humour with the senate, and without any redress of the grievances which they were sent to complain of, received the proposal at first very greedily, and promised to engage their nation to assist the conspirators with what they principally wanted, a good body of horse, whenever they should begin the war: but reflecting afterwards, in their cooler thoughts, on the difficulty of the enterprise, and the danger of involving themselves and their country in so desperate a cause, they resolved to discover what they knew to Q. Fabius Sanga, the patron of their city, who immediately gave intelligence of it to the consul. Cicero's instructions upon it were, that the ambassadors should continue to feign the same zeal which they had hitherto shewn, and promise every thing which was required of them, till they had got a full insight into the extent of the plot, with distinct proofs against the particular actors in it; upon which, at their next conference with the conspirators, they insisted on having some credentials from them to shew to their people at home, without which they would never be induced to enter into an engagement so hazardous. This was thought reasonable, and presently complied with, and Vulturicius was appointed to go along with the ambassadors, and introduce them to Catiline on their road, in order to confirm the agreement, and exchange assurances also with him; to whom Lentulus sent at the same time a particular letter under his own hand and seal, though without his name. Cicero being punctually informed of all these facts, concerted privately with the ambassadors the time and manner of their leaving Rome in the night, and that on the Milvian bridge, about a mile from the city, they should be arrested with their papers and letters about them, by two of the praetors, L. Flaccus and C. Pontius, whom he had instructed for that purpose, and ordered to lie in ambush near the place, with a strong guard of friends and soldiers: all which was successfully executed, and the whole company brought prisoners to Cicero's house by break of day. The rumour of this accident prefently drew a report of Cicero's principal friends about him, who advised him to open the letters before he produced them in the senate, left, if nothing of moment were found in them, it might be thought rash and imprudent to raise an unnecessary terror and alarm through the city. But he was too well informed of the contents, to fear any cenure of that kind; and declared, that in a cafe of public danger, he thought it his duty to lay the matter entire before the public council. He summoned the senate therefore to meet immediately, and sent at the same time for Gabinius, Statilius, Cethegus, and Lentulus, who all came presently to his house, suspeeting nothing of the discovery; and being informed also of a quantity of arms provided by Cethegus for the use of the conspiracy, he ordered C. Sulpicius, another of the praetors, to go and search his house, where he found a great number of swords and daggers, with other arms, all newly cleaned, and ready for present service. With this preparation he set out to meet the senate in the temple of Concord, with a numerous guard of citizens, carrying the ambassadors and the conspirators with him in custody: and after he had given the assembly an account of the whole affair, the several parties were called in and examined, and an ample discovery made of the whole progress of the plot. After the criminals and witnesses were withdrawn, the senate went into a debate upon the state of the republic, and came unanimously to the following resolutions: That public thanks should be decreed to Cicero, in the amplest manner, by whole virtue, counsel, and providence, the republic was delivered from the greatest dangers: that Flaccus and Pontius the praetors, should be thanked likewise, for their vigorous and punctual execution of Cicero's orders: that Antonius, the other consul, should be praised, for having removed from his counseis all those who were concerned in
To-day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, your lives, estates, fortunes, your wives and children, the august seat of this renowned empire, this fair and flourishing city, preferred and restored to you, rescued from fire and sword, and almost snatched from the jaws of fate, by the distinguished love of the immortal gods towards you, and by means of my toils, councils and dangers. And if the days in which we are preferred from ruin, be no less joyous and memorable than those of our birth; because the pleasure of deliverance is certain, the condition to which we are born uncertain; and because we enter upon life without consciousness, but are always sensible to the joys of preservation: surely, since our gratitude and esteem for Romulus, the founder of this city, has induced us to rank him amongst the immortal gods; he cannot but merit honour with you and posterity, who has preserved the same city, with all its accessions of strength and grandeur. For we have extinguished the flames that were dispersed on all sides, and just ready to seize the temples, sanctuaries, dwellings, and walls of this city; we have blunted the swords that were drawn against the state; and turned aside the daggers that were pointed at your throats. And as all these particulars have been already explained, cleared, and fully proved by me in the senate; I shall now, Romans, lay them briefly before you, that such as are strangers to what has happened, and wait with impatience to be informed, may understand what a terrible and manifest destruction hung over them, how it was traced out, and in what manner discovered. And first, ever since Catiline, a few days ago, fled from Rome; as he left behind him the partners of his treason, and the boldest champions of this execrable war, I have always been upon the watch, Romans, and studying how to secure you amidst such dark and complicated dangers.

For at that time, when I drove Catiline from Rome (for I now dread no reproach from that word, but rather the cenure of having suffered him to escape alive) I say, when I forced him to quit Rome, I naturally concluded, that the rest of his accomplices would either follow him, or, being deprived of his assistance, would proceed with less vigour and firmness. But when I found that the most daring and forward of the conspirators still continued with us, and remained in the city, I employed myself night and day to unravel and fathom all their proceedings and designs; that since my words found less credit with you, because of the inconceivable enormity of the treason, I might lay the whole so clearly before you, as to compel you at length to take measures for your own safety, when you could no longer avoid seeing the danger that threatened you. Accordingly, when I found, that the ambassadors of the Allobrogians had been solicited by P. Lentulus to kindle a war beyond the Alps, and raife commotions in Hither Gaul; that they had been sent to engage their state in the conspiracy, with orders to confer with Catiline by the way, to whom they had letters and instructions; and that Vulturicus was appointed to accompany them, who was likewise entrusted with letters to Catiline; I thought a fair opportunity offered, not only of satisfying myself with regard to the conspiracy, but likewise of clearing it up to the senate and you, which had always appeared a matter of the greatest difficulty, and been the constant subject of my prayers to the immortal gods. Yesterday, therefore, I sent to the prætors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus, men of known courage, and distinguished zeal for the republic. I laid the whole matter before them, and made them acquainted with what I designed. They, full of the noblest and most generous sentiments with regard to their country, undertook the business without delay or hesitation; and upon the approach of night, privately repaired to the Milvian bridge, where they disposed themselves in such manner in the neighbouring villages, that they formed two bodies, with the river and bridge between them. They likewise carried
ried along with them a great number of brave soldiers, without the least suspicion; and I dispatched from the prefecture of Reate several chosen youths well armed, whose assistance I had frequently used in the defence of the commonwealth. In the mean time, towards the close of the third watch, as the deputies of the Allobrogians, accompanied by Vulturcius, began to pass the bridge with a great retinue, our men came out against them, and swords were drawn on both sides. The affair was known to the praetors alone, none else being admitted into the secret.

Upon the coming up of Pontinus and Flaccus, the conflict ceased; all the letters they carried with them were delivered sealed to the praetors; and the deputies, with their whole retinue being seized, were brought before me towards the dawn of day. I then sent for Gabinius Cimber, the contriver of all these detestable treasons, who suspected nothing of what had passed: L. Statilius was summoned next, and then Cethegus: Lentulus came the last of all, probably because, contrary to custom, he had been up the greatest part of the night before, making out the dispatches. Many of the greatest and most illustrious men in Rome, hearing what had passed, crowded to my house in the morning, and advised me to open the letters before I communicated them to the senatus, lest, if nothing material was found in them, I should be blamed for rashly occasioning so great an alarm in the city. But I refused to comply, that an affair which threatened public danger, might come entire before the public council of the state. For, citizens, had the informations given me appeared to be without foundation, I had yet little reason to apprehend, that any censure would befall me for my over-diligence in so dangerous an aspect of things. I immediately assembled, as you saw, a very full senatus; and at the same time, in consequence of a hint from the Allobrogian deputies, dispatched C. Sulpicius the praetor, a man of known courage, to search the house of Cethegus, where he found a great number of swords and daggers.

I introduced Veturcius without the Gallic deputies; and by order of the house, offered him a free pardon in the name of the public, if he would faithfully discover all that he knew: upon which, after some hesitation, he confessed, that he had letters and instructions from Lentulus to Catiline, to press him to accept the assistance of the slaves, and to lead his army with all expedition towards Rome, to the intent that when, according to the scheme previously settled and concerted among them, it should be set on fire in different places, and the general massacre begun, he might be at hand to intercept those who escaped, and join with his friends in the city. The ambassadors were next brought in, who declared, that an oath of secrecy had been exacted from them, and that they had received letters to their nation from Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius; that these three, and L. Cassius also, required them to send a body of horse as soon as possible into Italy, declaring, that they had no occasion for any foot: that Lentulus had assured them from the Sibylline books, and the answers of soothsayers, that he was the third Cornelius, who was destined to empire, and the sovereignty of Rome, which Cinna and Sylla had enjoyed before him; and that this was the fatal year marked for the destruction of the city and empire, being the tenth from the acquittal of the Vestal virgins, and the twentieth from the burning of the capitol: that there was some dispute between Cethegus and the rest about the time of firing the city; because, while Lentulus and the other conspirators were for fixing it on the feast of Saturn, Cethegus thought that day too remote and dilatory.

But not to be tedious, Romans, I at last ordered the letters to be produced, which were said to be sent by the different parties. I first shewed Cethegus his seal; which he owning, I opened and read the letter. It was written with his own hand, and addressed to the senate and people of the Allobrogians, signifying that he would make good what he had promised to their ambassadors, and entrusting them also to perform what the ambassadors had undertaken for them. Then Cethegus, who a little before, being interrogated about the arms that were found at his house, had answered that he was always particularly fond of neat arms; upon hearing his letter read, was so detected, confounded, and self-convicted, that he could not utter a word in his own defence. Statilius was then brought in, and acknowledged his hand and seal; and when his letter was read, to the same purpose with that of Cethegus, he confessed it to be his own. Then Lentulus's letter was produced. I asked if he knew the seal; he owned he did. It is indeed, said I, a well known seal; the head of your illustrious grandfather, so distinguished for his love
to his country and fellow-citizens, that it is amazing the very sight of it was not sufficient to restrain you from so black a treason. His letter, directed to the senate and people of the Allobroges, was of the same import with the other two; but having leave to speak for himself, he at first denied the whole charge, and began to question the ambassadors and Vulturcius, what business they ever had with him, and on what occasion they came to his house; to which they gave clear and distinct answers; signifying by whom, and how often they had been introduced to him; and then asked him in their turn, whether he had never mentioned any thing to them about the Sibylline oracles; upon which being confounded, or infatuated rather by the sense of his guilt, he gave a remarkable proof of the great force of confidence: for not only his usual parts and eloquence, but his impunity too, in which he outrid all men, quite failed him; so that he confessed his crime, to the surprize of the whole assembly. Then Vulturcius desired, that the letter to Catiline, which Lentulus had sent by him, might be opened; where Lentulus again, though greatly disordered, acknowledged his hand and seal. It was written without any name, but to this effect: “You will know who I am, from him whom I have sent to you. Take care to shew yourself a man, and recollect in what situation you are, and consider what is now necessary for you. Be sure to make use of the affidavit of all, even of the lowest.” Gabinius was then introduced, and behaved immoderately for a while; but at last denied nothing of what the ambassadors charged him with. And indeed, Romans, though their letters, seals, hands, and laftly their several voluntary confessions, were strong and convincing evidences of their guilt; yet had I still clearer proofs of it from their looks, change of colour, countenances, and silence. For such was their amazement, fuch their downcast looks, fuch their stolen glanced one at another, that they seemed not so much convicted by the information of others, as detected by the consciousness of their own guilt.

The proofs being thus laid open and cleared, I confulted the senate upon the measures proper to be taken for the public safety. The most severe and vigorous resolutions were proposed by the leading men, to which the senate agreed without the least opposition. And as the decree is not yet put into writing, I shall, as far as my memory serves, give you an account of the whole proceeding. First of all, public thanks were decreed to me in the amplitude manner, for having by my courage, counsel, and foresight, delivered the republic from the greatest dangers: then the praetors L. Placcus, and C. Pontinus were likewise thanked, for their vigorous and punctual execution of my orders. My colleague, the brave Antonius was praised, for having removed from his own and the counsels of the republic, all those who were concerned in the conspiracy. They then came to a resolution, that P. Lentulus, after having abdicated the praetorship, should be committed to safe custody; that C. Cethegus, L. Statilius, P. Gabinius, all three then present, should likewise remain in confinement; and that the same sentence should be extended to L. Caffius, who had offered himself to the talk ofiring the city; to M. Ceparius, to whom, as appeared, Apulia had been assigned for raising the shepherds; to P. Furius, who belonged to the colonies settled by Sylla at Fufula; to Q. Magius Chilo, who had always seconded this Furius, in his application to the deputies of the Allobrogians; and to P. Umbrenus, the son of a freedman, who was proved to have first introduced the Gauls to Gabinius. The senate chose to proceed with this lenity, Romans, from a perfusion that though the conspiracy was indeed formidable, and the strength and number of our domestic enemies very great; yet by the punishment of nine of the most desperate, they should be able to preserve the state, and reclaim all the rest. At the same time, a public thanksgiving was decreed in my name to the immortal gods, for their signal care of the commonwealth; the first, Romans, since the building of Rome, that was ever decreed to any man in the gown. It was conceived in these words: “Because I had preferred the city from a confagration, “the citizens from a massacre, and Italy “from a war.” A thanksgiving, my countrymen, which, if compared with others of the same kind, will be found to differ from them in this; that all others were appointed for some particular services to the republic, this alone for faving it. What required our first care was first executed and dispatched. For P. Lentulus, though in consequence of the evidence brought against him, and his own confession, the senate had adjudged him to have forfeited not only the praetorship, but the privileges of a Roman citizen, divested himself of his magistracy; that
that the consideration of a public character, which yet had no weight with the illustrious C. Marius, when he put to death the proctor C. Glauceia, against whom nothing had been expressly decreed, might not occasion any scruple to us in punishing P. Lentulus, now reduced to the condition of a private man.

And now, Romans, as the detestable leaders of this impious and unnatural rebellion are seized and in custody, you may justly conclude, that Catiline's whole strength, power, and hopes are broken, and the dangers that threatened the city dispelled. For when I was driving him out of the city, Romans, I clearly forefaw, that if he was once removed, there would be nothing to apprehend from the droublenews of Lentulus, the fat of Caffius, or the rashness of Cathegus. He was the alone formidable person of the whole number, yet no longer so, than while he remained within the walls of the city. He knew every thing; he had access in all places; he wanted neither abilities nor boldness to ad- dress, to tempt, to solicit. He had a head to contrive, a tongue to explain, and a hand to execute any undertaking. He had select and proper agents to be employed in every particular enterprise; and never took a thing to be done, because he had ordered it; but always pursued, urged, attended, and saw it done himself; declining neither hunger, cold, nor thirst. Had I not driven this man, so keen, so resolute, so daring, so crafty, so alert in mischief, so active in desperate designs, from his secret plots within the city, into open rebellion in the fields, I could never so easily, to speak my real thoughts, Romans, have delivered the republic from its dangers. He would not have fixed upon the feast of Saturn, nor named the fatal day for our destruction so long before-hand, nor suffered his hand and seal to be brought against him, as manifest proofs of his guilt. Yet all this has been so managed in his absence, that no theft in any private house was ever more clearly de- tected than this whole conspiracy. But if Catiline had remained in the city till this day; though to the utmost I would have obstructed and opposed all his designs, yet, to say the least, we must have come at last to open force; nor would we have found it possible, while that traitor was in the city, to have delivered the commonwealth from such threatening dangers with so much ease, quiet, and tranquillity.

Yet all these transactions, Romans, have been so managed by me, as if the whole was the pure effect of a divine influence and foreight. This we may conjecture, not only from the events themselves being above the reach of human counsel, but because the gods have so remarkably interposed in them, as to shew themselves almost visibly. For not to mention the nightly streams of light from the western sky, the blazing of the heavens, the thunder, the earthquakes, with the other many prodigies which have happened in my consulship, that seem like the voice of the gods predicting these events; surely, Romans, what I am now about to say, ought neither to be omitted, nor pass without notice. For doubtles, you must remember, that under the consul- ship of Cotta and Torquatus, several turrets of the capitol were struck down with light- ning: that the images of the immortal gods were likewise overthrown, the statues of ancient heroes displaced, and the brazen tables of the laws melted down: that even Romulus, the founder of this city, escaped not unhurt; whose gilt statue, repreffenting him as an infant, sucking a wolf, you may remember to have seen in the capitol. At that time the footsayers, being called together from all Etruria, declared, that fire, slaughter, the overthrow of the laws, civil war, and the ruin of the city and empire were portended, unless the gods, appeased by all sorts of means, could be prevailed with to interpose, and bend in some measure the destinies themselves. In consequence of this answer, solemn games were celebrated for ten days, nor was any method of pacifying the gods omitted. The fame foot- sayers likewise ordered a larger statue of Jupiter to be made, and placed on high, in a position contrary to that of the former image, with its face turned towards the east; intimating, that if his statue, which you now behold, looked towards the rising sun, the forum, and the senate house; then all secret machinations against the city and empire would be detected so evidently, as to be clearly seen by the senate and people of Rome. Accordingly the consuls of that year ordered the statue to be placed in the manner directed: but from the flow progres of the work, neither they, nor their successors, nor I myself, could get it finished till that very day.

Can any man after this be such an enemy to truth, so rash, so mad, as to deny, that all things which we see, and above all, that this city is governed by the power and pro- vidence of the gods? For when the foot-
fayers declared, that massacres, conflagrations, and the entire ruin of the state were then devising; crimes! the enormity of whose guilt rendered the prediction to some incredible: yet are you now feasible, that all this has been by wicked citizens not only devised, but even attempted. Can it then be imputed to any thing but the immediate interposition of the great Jupiter, that this morning, while the conspirators and wretches were by my order carried through the forum to the temple of Concord, in that very moment the statue was fixed in its place? And being fixed, and turned to look upon you and the senate, both you and the senate saw all the treasonable designs against the public safety, clearly detected and exposed. The conspirators, therefore, justly merit the greater punishment and detestation, for endeavouring to involve in impious flames, not only your houses and habitations, but the dwellings and temples of the gods themselves: nor can I, without intolerable vanity and presumption, lay claim to the merit of having defeated their attempts. It was he, it was Jupiter himself, who opposed them: to him the capitol, to him the temples, to him this city, to him are you all indebted for your preservation. It was from the immortal gods, Romans, that I derived my resolution and foresight; and by their providence, that I was enabled to make such important discoveries. The attempt to engage the Allobrogians in the conspiracy, and the infatuation of Lentulus and his associates, in trifling affairs and letters of such moment to men barbarous and unknown to them, can never freely be accounted for, but by supposing the gods to have confounded their understandings. And that the ambassadours of the Gauls, a nation so disaffected, and the only one at present that seems both able and willing to make war upon the Roman people, should flght the hopes of empire and dominion, and the advantageous offers of men of patrician rank, and prefer your safety to their own interest, must needs be the effect of a divine interposition; especially when they might have gained their ends, not by fighting, but by holding their tongues.

Wherefore, Romans, since a thanksgiving has been decreed at all the thrones of the gods, celebrate the same religiously with your wives and children. Many are the proofs of gratitude you have justly paid to the gods on former occasions, but never freely were they more apparently due than at present. You have been snatch'd from a most cruel and deplorable fate; and that too without slaughter, without blood, without an army, without fighting. In the habit of citizens, and under me your only leader and conductor in the robe of peace, you have obtained the victory. For do but call to mind, Romans, all the civil dissensions in which we have been involved; not those only you may have heard of, but those too within your own memory and knowledge. L. Sylla destroyed P. Sulpicius; drove Marius, the guardian of this empire, from Rome; and partly banished, partly slaugthered, a great number of the most deserting citizens. Cn. Octavius, when confus, expelled his colleague by force of arms, from the city. The forum was filled with carcafs, and flowed with the blood of the citizens. Cinna afterwards, in conjunction with Marius, prevailed: and then it was that the very lights of our country were extinguished by the slaughter of her most illustrious men. Sylla avenged this cruel victory; with what massacre of the citizens, with what calamity to the state, it is needless to relate. M. Lepidus had a difference with Q. Catulus, a man of the most distinguished reputation and merit. The ruin brought upon the former was not so afflicting to the republic, as that of the rival who perished upon the same occasion. Yet all these dissensions, Romans, were of such a nature, as tended only to a change in the government, not a total destruction of the state. It was not the aim of the perfons concerned, to extingush the commonwealth, but to be leading men in it; they defir'd not to see Rome in flames, but to rule in Rome. And yet all these civil differences, none of which tended to the overthrow of the state, were so obstinately kept up, that they never ended in a reconciliation of the parties, but in a massacre of the citizens. But in this war, a war the fiercest and most implacable ever known, and not to be paralleled in the history of the most barbarous nations; a war in which Lentulus, Catiline, Cassius and Cethegus laid it down as a principle, to consider all as enemies who had any interest in the well-being of the state; I have conducted myself in such a manner, Romans, as to preserve you all. And though your enemies imagined that no more citizens would remain, than what escaped endless massacre; nor any more of Rome be left standing, than was snatch'd from a devouring conflagration; yet have I preferred both city and citizens from harm.
For all these important services, Romans, I deserve no other reward of my zeal, no other mark of honour, no other monument of praise, but the perpetual remembrance of this day. It is in your breaths alone, that I would have all my triumphs, all my titles of honour, all the monuments of my glory, all the trophies of my renown, recorded and preferred. Lifeless statues, silent testimonies of fame; in fine, whatever can be compassed by men of inferior merit, has no charms for me. In your remembrance, Romans, shall my actions be cherished, from your praises shall they derive growth and nourishment, and in your annals shall they ripen and be immortalized: nor will this day, I flatter myself, ever cease to be propagated, to the safety of the city, and the honour of my consulship: but it shall eternally remain upon record, that there were two citizens living at the same time in the republic, the one of whom was terminating the extent of the empire by the bounds of the horizon itself; the other preferring the sweat and capitol of that empire.

But as the fortune and circumstances of my actions are different from those of your generals abroad, in as much as I must live with those whom I have conquered and subdued, whereas they leave their enemies either dead or enthrall'd; it is your part, Romans, to take care, that if the good actions of others are beneficial to them, mine prove not detrimental to me. I have baffled the wicked and bloody purposes formed against you by the most daring offenders; it belongs to you to baffle their attempts against me: though as to myself, I have in reality no cause to fear any thing, since I shall be protected by the guard of all honest men, whose friendship I have for ever secured by the dignity of the republic itself, which will never cease to be my flent defender; and by the power of confidence, which all those must needs violate, who shall attempt to injure me. Such too is my spirit, Romans, that I will never yield to the audacious offers of any, but even provoke and attack all the wicked and the profligate: yet if all the rage of our domestic enemies, when repelled from the people, shall at last turningly upon me, you will do well to consider, Romans, what effect this may afterwards have upon those, who are bound to expose themselves to envy and danger for your safety. As to myself in particular, what have I farther to wish for in life, since both with regard to the honours you confer, and the reputation flowing from virtue, I have already reached the highest point of my ambition. This however I expressly engage for, Romans, always to support and defend in my private condition, what I have acted in my consulship; that if any envy be stirred up against me for preferring the state, it may hurt the envious, but advance my glory. In short, I shall so behave in the republic, as ever to be mindful of my past actions, and shew that what I did was not the effect of chance, but of virtue. Do you, Romans, since it is now night, repair to your several dwellings, and pray to Jupiter, the guardian of this city, and of your lives: and though the danger be now over, keep the fame watch in your houses as before. I shall take care to put a speedy period to the necessity of these precautions, and to secure you for the future in uninterrupted peace.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 8. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Though the design of the conspiracy was in a great measure defeated, by the commitment of the most considerable of those concerned in it, yet as they had many secret favourable and well-wishers within the city, the people were alarmed with the rumour of fresh plots, formed by the slaves and dependants of Lentulus and Cethegus for the rescue of their masters, which obliged Cicero to reinforce his guards; and for the prevention of all such attempts, to put an end to the whole affair, by bringing the question of their punishment, without further delay, before the senate; which he accordingly announced for that purpose. The debate was of great delicacy and importance; to decide upon the lives of citizens of the first rank. Capital punishments were rare, and ever odious in Rome, whose laws were of all others the least singular; banishment, with confiscation of goods, being the ordinary punishment for the greatest crimes. The senate indeed, as has been said above, in cases of sudden and dangerous tumults, claimed the prerogative of punishing the leaders with death, by the authority of their own decrees. But this was looked upon as a stretch of power, and an infringement of the rights of the people, which nothing could excuse but the necessity of times, and the extremity of danger. For there was an old law of Porcius d 4.

Larca,
Læca, a tribune, which granted all criminals capitally condemned, an appeal to the people; and a later one of C. Gracchus, to prohibit the taking away the life of any citizen, without a formal hearing before the people: so that some senators, who had concurred in all the previous debates, withdrew themselves from this, to shew their dislike of what they expected to be the issue of it, and to have no hand in putting Roman citizens to death by a vote of the senate. Here was ground enough for Cicero's enemies to act upon, if extreme methods were pursued: he himself was aware of it, and saw, that the public interest called for the severest punishment, his private interest the gentlest: yet he came resolved to sacrifice all regards for his own quiet, to the consideration of the public safety. As soon therefore as he had moved the question, What was to be done with the conspirators? Silanus, the consuls elect, being called upon to speak the first, advised, that those who were then in custody, with the rest who should afterwards be taken, should all be put to death. To this all who spoke after him readily assented, till it came to Julius Caesar, then praetor elect, who in an elegant and elaborate speech, treated that opinion, not as cruel, since death, he said, was not a punishment, but relief to the miserable, and left no chance either of good or ill beyond it; but as new and illegal, and contrary to the constitution of the republic: and though the heinousness of the crime would justify any severity, yet the example was dangerous in a free state; and the falutary use of arbitrary power in good hands, had been the cause of fatal mischiefs when it fell into bad; of which he produced several instances, both in other cities and their own; and though no danger could be apprehended from these times, or such a confus as Cicero; yet in other times, and under another consul, when the sword was once drawn by a decree of the senate, no man could promise what mischief it might not do before it was sheathed again: his opinion therefore was, that the estates of the conspirators should be confiscated, and their persons closely confined in the strong towns of Italy; and that it should be criminal for any one to move the senate or the people for any favour towards them. These two contrary opinions being proposed, the next question was, which of them should take place: Caesar's had made a great impression on the assembly, and staggered even Silanus, who began to excite and mitigate the severity of his vote; and Cicero's friends were going forwardly into it, as likely to create the least trouble to Cicero himself, for whose future peace and safety they began to be solicitous: when Cicero, observing the inclination of the house, and rising up to put the question, made this fourth speech on the subject of the conspiracy; in which he delivers his sentiments with all the skill both of the orator and statesman; and while he seems to shew a perfect neutrality, and to give equal commendation to both the opinions, artfully labours all the while to turn the scale in favour of Silanus's, which he considered as a necessary example of severity in the present circumstances of the republic.

I PERCEIVE, confcript fathers, that every look, that every eye is fixed upon me. I see you solicitous not only for your own and your country's danger, but was that repelled, for mine also. This proof of your affection is grateful to me in forrow, and pleasing in distress: but by the immortal gods I conjure you! lay it all aside; and without any regard to my safety, think only of yourselves, and of your families. For should the condition of my confulship be such as to subject me to all manner of pains, hardships, and sufferings; I will bear them not only resolutely but cheerfully, if by my labours I can secure your dignity and safety, with that of the people of Rome. Such, conscript fathers, has been the fortune of my confulship, that neither the forum, that centre of all equity, nor the field of Mars, consecrated by confular auspices, nor the senate-house, the principal refuge of all nations, nor domestic walls, the common asylum of all men; nor the bed, deftined to repose; nay, nor even this honourable seat, this chair of state, have been free from perils and the terrors of death. Many things have I dissembled, many have I suffered, many have I yielded to, and many struggled with in silence, for your quiet. But if the immortal gods would grant that I shine to my confulship, of having you, conscript fathers, and the people of Rome,
Rome, from a massacre; your wives, your children, and the veal virgins, from the bitterest persecution; the temples and altars of the gods, with this our fair country, from sacrilegious flames; and all Italy from war and devastation; let what fate ever attend me, I will be content with it. For if P. Lentulus, upon the report of foot-slayers, thought his name portended the ruin of the state; why should not I rejoice, that my confuclship has been as it were referred by fate for its preservation?

Wherefore, conscript fathers, think of your own safety, turn your whole care upon the state, secure yourselves, your wives, your children, your fortunes; guard the lives and dignity of the people of Rome, and cease your concern and anxiety for me.

For first, I have reason to hope, that all the gods, the protectors of this city, will reward me according to my merits. Then, should anything extraordinary happen, I am prepared to die with an even and constant mind. For death can never be dishonourable to the brave, nor premature to one who has reached the dignity of conful, nor afflicting to the wife. Nor that I am so hardened against all the impressions of humanity, as to remain indifferent to the grief of a dear and affectionate brother here present, and the tears of all those by whom you see me surrounded. Nor can I forbear to own, that an afflicted wife, a daughter dispirited with fear, an infant son, whom my country seems to embrace as the pledge of my confuclship, and a fon-in-law, whom I behold waiting with anxiety the issue of this day, often recall my thoughts homewards. All these objects affect me, yet in such a manner, that I am chiefly concerned for their preservation and yours, and scruple not to expose myself to any hazard, rather than that they and all of us should be involved in one general ruin. Wherefore, conscript fathers, apply yourselves wholly to the safety of the state, guard against the storms that threaten us on every side, and which it will require your utmost circumspection to avert. It is not a Tiberius Gracchus, caballing for a second tribuneship; nor a Caius Gracchus, stirring up the people in favour of his Agrarian law; nor a Lucius Saturninus, the murderer of Caius Memmius, who is now in judgment before you, and exposèd to the severities of the state; but traitors, who remained at Rome to fire the city, to massacre the senate, and to receive Catiline. Their letters, their seals, their hands; in short, their several confessions, are in your custody; and clearly convict them of soliciting the Allobrogians, spiritting up the slaves, and sending for Catiline. The scheme proposed was, to put all, without exception, to the sword; that not a soul might remain to lament the fate of the commonwealth, and the overthrow of so mighty an empire.

All this has been proved by witnesses, the criminals themselves have confessed, and you have already condemned them by several previous acts. First, by returning thanks to me in the most honourable terms, and declaring that by my virtue and vigilance, a conspiracy of desperate men has been laid open. Next, by deposing Lentulus from the praetorship, and committing him, with the rest of the conspirators, to custody. But chiefly, by decreeing a thanksgiving in my name, an honour which was never before conferred upon any man in the gown. Lastly, you yesterday voted ample rewards to the deputies of the Allobrogians, and Titus Vulturcius; all which proceedings are of such a nature, as plainly to make it appear, that you already without scruple condemn those, whom you have by name ordered into custody. But I have resolved, conscript fathers, to propose to you anew the question both of the fact and punishment, having first premised what I think proper to say as conful. I have long observed a spirit of disorder working in the state, new projects devising, and pernicious schemes set on foot: but never could I imagine, that a conspiracy so dreadful and destructive, had entered into the minds of citizens. Now whatever you do, or which ever way your thoughts and voices shall incline, you must come to a resolution before night. You see the heinous nature of the crime laid before you; and if you think that but few are concerned in it, you are greatly mistaken. The mischief is spread wider than most people imagine, and has not only infected Italy, but crossed the Alps, and, imperceptibly creeping along, seized many provinces. You can never hope to suppress it by delay and irresolution. Whatever course you take, you must proceed with vigour and expedition.

There are two opinions now before you; the first, of D. Silanus, who thinks the projectors of so destructive a conspiracy worthy of death; the second, of C. Cæsar, who, excepting death, is for every other the most rigorous method of punishing. Each, agreeably to his dignity, and the importance of the cause, is for treating them with
with the last severity. The one thinks, that those who have attempted to deprive us and the Roman people of life, to abolish this empire, and extinguish the very name of Rome, ought not to enjoy a moment’s life, or breathe this vital air: and hath fliewed withal, that this punishment has often been inflicted by this state on licentious citizens. The other maintains, that death was not designed by the immortal gods as a punishment, but either as a necessary law of our nature, or a cessation of our toils and miseries; so that the wife never suffer it unwillingly, the brave often seek it voluntarily: that bonds and imprisonment, especially if perpetual, are contrived for the punishment of detectable crimes: that therefore the criminals should be distributed among the municipal towns. In this proposal, there seems to be some injustice, if you impose it upon the towns; or some difficulty, if you only desire it. Yet decree so, if you think fit. I will endeavour, and I hope I shall be able to find those, who will not think it unsuitable to their dignity, to comply with whatever you shall judge necessary for the common safety. He adds a heavy penalty on the municipal towns, if any of the criminals should escape; he invests them with formidable guards; and, as the enormity of their guilt deserves, forbids, under severe penalties, all application to the senate or people, for a mitigation of their punishments. He even deprives them of hope, the only comfort of unhappy mortals. He orders their estates also to be confiscated, and leaves them nothing but life; which, if he had taken away, he would by one momentary pang have ealled them of much anguish both of mind and body, and all the sufferings due to their crimes. For it was on this account that the ancients invented those internal punishments of the dead; to keep the wicked under some awe in this life, who without them would have no dread of death itself.

Now, conscript fathers, I see how much my interest is concerned in the present debate. If you follow the opinion of C. Cæsar, who has always purged those measures in the state, which favour most of popularity; I shall perhaps be less exposed to the arrows of public hatred, when he is known for the author and adviser of this vote. But if you fall in with the motion of D. Silanus, I know not what difficulties it may bring me under. However, let the service of the commonwealth supercede all considerations of my danger. Cæsar, agreeably to his own dignity, and the merits of his illustrious ancestors, has by this proposal given us a perpetual pledge of his affection to the state, and shewed the difference between the affected lenity of busy declaimers, and a mind truly popular, which seeks nothing but the real good of the people. I observe that one of those, who affects the character of popularity, has abdented himself from this day’s debate, that he may not give a vote upon the life of a Roman citizen. Yet but the other day he concurred in sending the criminals to prison, voted me a thanksgiving, and yesterday decreed ample rewards to the informers. Now no one can doubt what his sentiments are on the merits of the cause, who votes imprisonment to the accusers, thanks to the discoverer of the conspiracy, and rewards to the informers. But C. Cæsar urges the Sempronian law, forbidding to put Roman citizens to death. Yet here it ought to be remembered, that those who are adjudged enemies to the state, can no longer be considered as citizens; and that the author of that law himself suffered death by the order of the people. Neither does Cæsar think that the profuse and prodigal Lentulus, who has concerted so many cruel and bloody schemes for the destruction of the Roman people, and the ruin of the city, can be called a popular man. Accordingly this mild and merciful senator makes no scruple of condemning P. Lentulus to perpetual bonds and imprisonment; and provides that no one shall henceforward have it in his power to boast of having procured a mitigation of this punishment, or made himself popular by a step so destructive to the quiet of his fellow-citizens. He likewise adds the confiscation of their goods, that want and beggary may attend every torment of mind and body.

If therefore you decree according to this opinion, you will give me a partner and companion to the assembly, who is dear and agreeable to the Roman people. Or, if you prefer that of Silanus, it will be early time to defend both you and myself from any imputation of cruelty; nay, and to make appear, that it is much the gentler punishment of the two. And yet, conscript fathers, what cruelty can be committed in the punishment of so enormous a crime? I speak according to my real sense of the matter. For may I never enjoy, in conjunction with you, the benefit of my country’s safety, if the eagerness which I fliew in this cause proceeds from any severity of temper, (for no man has lefs of it) but from pure humanity and
and clemency. For I seem to behold this city, the light of the universe, and the citadel of all nations, suddenly involved in flames. I figure to myself my country in ruins, and the miserable bodies of slaughtered citizens, lying in heaps without burial. The image of Cethegus, furiously revelling in your blood, is now before my eyes. But when I refer to my imagination Lentinus on the throne, as he owns the faults encouraged him to hope; Gabinius cloathed in purple; and Catiline approaching with an army; then am I struck with horror at the shrieks of mothers, the flight of children, and the violation of the veal virgins. And because these calamities appear to me in the highest degree deplorable and dreadful, therefore am I severe and unrelenting towards those who endeavoured to bring them upon us. For let me ask, should a master of a family, finding his children butchered, his wife murdered, and his house burnt by a slave, inflict upon the offender a punishment that fell short of the highest degree of vengeance; would he be accounted mild and merciful, or inhuman and cruel? For my own part, I should look upon him as hard-hearted and insensible, if he did not endeavour to avenge his own anguish and torment, by the torment and anguish of the guilty cause. It is the same with us in respect of those men who intended to murder us with our wives and children; who endeavoured to destroy our several dwellings, and this city, the general seat of the commonwealth; who confpired to settle the Allobroges upon the ruins of this state, and raise them from the ashes of our empire. If we punish them with the utmost severity, we shall be accounted compassionable: but if we are remiss in the execution of justice, we may deservedly be charged with the greatest cruelty, in exposing the republic and our fellow-citizens to ruin. Unless any one will pretend to say, that L. Cæsar, a brave man, and zealous for the interest of his country, acted a cruel part the other day, when he declared, that the husband of his sister, a lady of distinguished merit, and that too in his own presence and hearing, deferred to suffer death; alleging the example of his grandfather, slain by order of the confuls; who likewise commanded his son, a mere youth, to be executed in præsom, for bringing him a message from his father. And yet, what was their crime compared with that now before us? had they formed any conspiracy to destroy their country? A partition of lands was then indeed propéed, and a spirit of faction began to prevail in the state: at which time the grandfather of this very Lentinus, an illustrious patriot, attacked Gracchus in arms; and in defence of the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, received a cruel wound. This his unworthy descendant, to overthrow the very foundations of the state, sends for the Gauls, stirs up the slaves, invites Catiline, assigns the murdering of the senators to Cethegus, the massacre of the rest of the citizens to Gabinius, the care of settling the city on fire to Caælius, and the devastation and plunder of Italy to Catiline. Is it possible you should be afraid of being thought too severe in the punishment of so unnatural and monstrous a treason? when in reality you have much more cause to dread the charge of cruelty to your country for your too great lenity, than the imputation of severity for proceeding in an exemplary manner against such implacable enemies.

But I cannot, conscript fathers, conceal what I hear. Reports are spread through the city, and have reached my ears, tending to inflame, that we have not a sufficient force to support and execute what you shall this day decree. But be assured, conscript fathers, that every thing is concerted, regulated, and settled, partly through my extreme care and diligence; but still more by the indefatigable zeal of the Roman people, to support themselves in the possession of empire, and preserve their common fortunes. The whole body of the people is assembled for your defence: the forum, the temples round the forum, and all the avenues of the senate are possessed by your friends. This, indeed, is the only cause since the building of Rome, in which all men have been unanimous, those only excepted, who, finding their own ruin unavoidable, chose rather to perish in the general wreck of their country, than fall by themselves. These I willingly except, and separate from the rest; for I consider them not so much in the light of bad citizens, as of implacable enemies. But then as to the rest, immortal gods! in what crowds, with what zeal, and with what courage do they all unite in defence of the public welfare and dignity? What occasion is there to speak here of the Roman knights? who without disputing your precedence in rank, and the administration of affairs, vie with you in their zeal for the republic, whom, after a disension of many years, this day's cause has entirely reconciled and united with you. And if this union, which my consulship has confirmed, be preserved and perpe-
perpetuated, I am confident, that no civil or domestic evil can ever again disturb this state. The like zeal for the common cause appears among the tribunes of the exchequer, and the whole body of the scribes: who happening to assemble this day at the treasury, have dropped all consideration of their private affairs, and turned their whole attention upon the public safety. The whole body of free-born citizens, even the meanest, offer us their assistance. For where is the man, to whom these temples, the face of the city, the possession of liberty; in short, this very light, and this parent soil, are not both dear and delightful.

And here, conscript fathers, let me recommend to your notice the zeal of those freedmen, who having by their merit obtained the privilege of citizens, consider this as their real country; whereas some born within the city, and born too of an illustrious race, treat it not as a mother soil, but as a hostile city. But why do I speak of men, whom private interest, whom the good of the public, whom, in fine, the love of liberty, that dearest of all human blessings, haverouzed to the defence of their country? There is not a flaw in any tolerable condition of life, who does not look with horror on this daring attempt of profligate citizens, who is not anxious for the preservation of the state; in fine, who does not contribute all in his power to promote the common safety. If any of you, therefore, are shocked by the report of Lentulus's agents running up and down the streets, and soliciting the needy and thoughtless to make some effort for his rescue; the fact indeed is true, and the thing has been attempted: but not a man was found so desperate in his fortune, so abandoned in his inclinations, who did not prefer the field in which he worked and earned his daily bread, his little hut and bed in which he slept, and the easy, peaceful course of life he enjoyed, to all the proposals made by these enemies of the state. For the greatest part of those who live in shops, or to speak indeed more truly all of them, are of nothing so fond as peace: for their whole flock, their whole industry and subsistence depends upon the peace and fulness of the city; and if their gain would be interrupted by shutting up their shops, how much more would it be so, by burning them? Since then, conscript fathers, the Roman people are not wanting in their zeal and duty towards you, it is your part not to be wanting to the Roman people.

You have a confidănt snatched from various snares and dangers, and the jaws of death, not for the preservation of his own life, but for your security. All orders unite in opinion, inclination, zeal, courage, and a professed concern to secure the commonwealth. Your common country, beset with the brands and weapons of an impious conspiracy, stretches out her suppliant hands to you for relief; recommends herself to your care, and beseeches you to take under your protection the lives of the citizens, the citadel, the capitol, the altars of domestic worship, the everlasting fire of Vesta, the thrones and temples of the gods, the walls of the city, and the houses of the citizens. Consider likewise, that you are this day to pass judgment on your own lives, on those of your wives and children, on the fortunes of all the citizens, on your houses and properties. You have a leader, such as you will not always have, watchful for you, regardles of himself. You have likewise, what was never known before in a case of this kind, all orders, all ranks of men, the whole body of the Roman people, of one and the same mind. Reflect how this mighty empire reared with so much toil, this liberty established with so much bravery, and this profusion of wealth improved and heightened by such favour and kindness of the gods, were like in one night to have been for ever destroyed. You are this day to provide, that the same thing not only shall never be attempted, but not so much as thought of again by any citizen. All this I have said, not with a view to animate your zeal, in which you almost surpass me; but that my voice, which ought to lead in what relates to the commonwealth, may not fall short of my duty as confidănt.

But before I declare my sentiments farther, conscript fathers, suffer me to drop a word with regard to myself. I am sensible I have drawn upon myself as many enemies, as there are persons concerned in the conspiracy, whose number you see to be very great: but I look upon them as a base, abject, impotent, contemptible faction. But if, through the madness of any, it shall rise again, so as to prevail against the senate and the republic; yet never, conscript fathers, shall I repent of my present conduct and counsels. For death, with which perhaps they will threaten me, is prepared for all men; but none ever acquired that glory of life, which you have conferred upon me by your decrees. For to others you have decreed thanks for serving the republic successfully; to me alone, for having saved it. Let
Let Scipio be celebrated, by whose conduct and valour Hannibal was forced to abandon Italy, and return into Africa; let the other Africans be crowned with the highest praise, who destroyed Carthage and Numantia, two cities at irreconcilable enmity with Rome: for ever renowned be L. Paulus, whose chariot was graced by the captivity of Perseus, a once powerful and illustrious monarch: Immortal honour be the lot of Marius, who twice delivered Italy from invasion, and the dread of servitude: above all others, let Pompey's name be renowned, whose great actions and virtues know no other limits than those that regulate the course of the sun. Yet surely, among so many heroes, some place will be left for my praise; unless it be thought a greater merit to open a way into new provinces, whence we may retire at pleasure, than to take care that our conquerors may have a home to return to. In one circumstance, indeed, the condition of a foreign victory is better than that of a domestic one; because a foreign enemy, when conquered, is either quite crushed and reduced to slavery, or, obtaining favourable terms, becomes a friend: but when profli- gate citizens once turn rebels, and are baffled in their plots, you can neither keep them quiet by force, nor oblige them by favours. I therefore see myself engaged in an eternal war with all traitorous citizens; but am confident I shall easily repel it from me and mine, through your and every worthy man's affiance, joined to the remembrance of the mighty dangers we have escaped; a remembrance that will not only subdue among the people delivered from them, but which must for ever cleave to the minds and tongues of all nations. Nor, I trust, will any force be found strong enough, to overpower or weaken the present union between you and the Roman knights, and this general confederacy of all good citizens.

Therefore, conscript fathers, instead of the command of armies and provinces, which I have declined; instead of a triumph, and other distinctions of honour, which for your preservation, and that of this city, I have rejected; instead of attachments and dependencies in the provinces, which, by means of my authority and credit in the city I laboured no less to support than acquire; for all these services, I say, joined to my singular zeal for your interest, and that un- wearied diligence you see me exert to pre- serve the state; I require nothing more of you than the perpetual remembrance of this juncture, and of my whole confuflnship.

While that continues fixed in your minds, I shall think myself surrounded with an im- pregnable wall. But should the violence of the factious ever disappoint and get the better of my hopes, I recommend to you my infant son, and trust that it will be a sufficient guard, not only of his safety, but of his dignity, to have it remembered, that he is the son of one who, at the hazard of his own life, preferred you all. Therefore, conscript fathers, let me exhort you to pro- ceed with vigour and resolution in an affair that regards your very being, and that of the people of Rome; your wives, and children; your religion, and properties; your altars, and temples; the houses, and dwellings of this city; your empire; your liberty; the safety of Italy; and the whole system of the commonwealth. For you have a consul, who will not only obey your de- crees without hesitation, but while he lives, will support and execute in person whatever you shall order. Whitworth's Cicero.


THE ARGUMENT.

A. Licinius Archias was a native of An- tioch, and a very celebrated poet. He came to Rome when Cicero was about five years old, and was courted by men of the greatest eminence in it, on ac- count of his learning, genius, and politeness. Among others, Lucullus was very fond of him, took him into his family, and gave him the liberty of opening a school in it, to which many of the young nobility and gentry of Rome were sent for their education. In the consulship of M. Pupius Piso and M. Valerius Meuffala, one Grac- chus, a person of obscure birth, ac- cused Archias upon the law, by which those who were made free of any of the confederated cities, and at the time of passing the law dwelt in Italy, were obliged to claim their privilege before the pretor within sixty days. Cicero, in his oration, endeavours to prove, that Archias was a Roman citizen in the sense of that law; but dwells chiefly on the praises of poetry in general, and the talents and genius of the defendant, which he displays with great beauty, elegance, and spirit. The oration was made in the forty-sixth year of Cicero's age, and the six hundred and ninety- second of Rome.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book III.

IF, my lords, I have any abilities, and I am sensible they are but small; if, by speaking often, I have acquired any merit as a speaker; if I have derived any knowledge from the study of the liberal arts, which have ever been my delight, A. Licinius may justly claim the fruit of all. For looking back upon past scenes, and calling to remembrance the earliest part of my life, I find it was he who prompted me first to engage in a course of study, and directed me in it. If my tongue, then formed and animated by him, has ever been the means of saving any, I am certainly bound by all the ties of gratitude to employ it in the defence of him, who has taught it to assist and defend others. And though his genius and course of study are very different from mine, let no one be surprized at what I advance: for I have not bestowed the whole of my time on the study of eloquence, and besides, all the liberal arts are nearly allied to each other, and have, as it were, one common bond of union.

But let it should appear strange, that, in a legal proceeding, and a public cause, before an excellent praetor, the most impartial judges, and so crowded an assembly, I lay aside the usual titles of trials, and introduce one very different from that of the bar; I must beg to be indulged in this liberty, which, I hope, will not be disagreeable to you, and which seems indeed to be due to the defendant: that whilst I am pleading for an excellent poet, and a man of great erudition, before so learned an audience, such distinguished patrons of the liberal arts, and so eminent a praetor, you would allow me to enlarge with some freedom on learning and liberal studies; and to employ an almost unprecedented language for one, who, by reason of a studious and unactive life, has been little conversant in daugter public trials. If this, my lords, is granted me, I shall not only prove that A. Licinius ought not, as he is a citizen, to be deprived of his privileges, but that, if he were not, he ought to be admitted.

For no sooner had Archias got beyond the years of childhood, and applied himself to poetry, after finishing those studies by which the minds of youth are usually formed to a taste for polite learning, than his genius shewed itself superior to any at Antioch, the place where he was born, of a noble family; once indeed a rich and renowned city, but still famous for liberal arts, and fertile in learned men. He was afterwards received with such applause in the other cities of Asia, and all over Greece, that though they expected more than fame had promised concerning him, even these expectations were exceeded, and their admiration of him greatly increased. Italy was, at that time, full of the arts and sciences of Greece, which were then cultivated with more care among the Latins than now they are, and were not even neglected at Rome, the public tranquillity being favourable to them. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Tarentum, Rhegium and Naples, made him free of their respective cities, and conferred other honours upon him; and all those who had any taste, reckoned him worthy of their acquaintance and friendship. Being thus known by fame to those who were strangers to his person, he came to Rome in the confuhip of Marius and Catulus; the first of whom had, by his glorious deeds, furnished out a noble subject for a poet; and the other, besides his memorable actions, was both a judge and a lover of poetry. Though he had not yet reached his seventeenth year, yet no sooner was he arrived than the Luculli took him into their family; which, as it was the first that received him in his youth, so it afforded him freedom of access even in old age; nor was this owing to his great genius and learning alone, but likewise to his amiable temper and virtuous disposition.

At that time too, Q. Metellus Numidicus, and his son Pius, were delighted with his conversation; M. Aemilius was one of his hearers; Q. Catulus, both the elder and younger, honoured him with their intimacy; L. Crassus courted him; and being united by the greatest familiarity to the Luculli, Drusus, the Octavi, Cato, and the whole Horatian family, it was no small honour to him to receive marks of the highest regard, not only from those who were really defirous of hearing him, and of being instructed by him, but even from those who affected to be so.

A considerable time after, he went with L. Lucullus into Sicily, and leaving that province in company with the fame Lucullus, came to Heraclea, which being joined with Rome by the closest bonds of alliance, he was defirous of being made free of it; and obtained his request, both on account of his own merit, and the interest and authority of Lucullus. Strangers were admitted to the freedom of Rome, according to the law of Silvanus and Carbo, upon the following conditions: If they were enrolled by free cities; if they had a dwelling in Italy,
when the law passed; and if they declared their enrolment before the praetor within the space of sixty days. Agreeable to this law, Archias, who had resided at Rome for many years, made his declaration before the praetor Q. Metellus, who was his intimate friend. If the right of citizenship and the law is all I have to prove, I have done; the cause is ended. For which of these things, Gracchus, can you deny? Will you say that he was not made a citizen of Heraclea at that time? Why, here is Lucullus, a man of the greatest credit, honour, and integrity, who affirms it; and that not as a thing he believes, but as what he knows; not as what he heard of, but as what he saw; not as what he was present at, but as what he transacted. Here are likewise deputies from Heraclea, who affirm the same; men of the greatest quality, come hither on purpose to give public testimony in this cause. But here you'll desire to see the public register of Heraclea, which we all know was burnt in the Italian war, together with the office wherein it was kept. Now, is it not ridiculous to say nothing to the evidences which we have, and to declare those which we cannot have; to be silent as to the testimony of men, and to demand the testimony of registers; to pay no regard to what is affirmed by a person of great dignity, nor to the oath and integrity of a free city of the strictest honour, evidences which are incapable of being corrupted, and to require those of registers which you allow to be frequently vitiated. But he did not reside at Rome: what he, who for so many years before Silvanus's law made Rome the seat of all his hopes and fortune. But he did not declare; so far is this from being true, that his declaration is to be seen in that register, which, by that very act, and its being in the custody of the college of prae tors, is the only authentic one.

For the negligence of Appius, the corruption of Gabinius before his condemnation, and his disgrace after, having destroyed the credit of public records; Metellus, a man of the greatest honour and modesty, was so very exact, that he came before Lentulus the praetor and the other judges, and declared that he was uneasy at the erasure of a single name. The name of A. Licinius therefore is still to be seen; and as this is the case, why should you doubt of his being a citizen of Rome, especially as he was enrolled likewise in other free cities? For when Greece bestowed the freedom of its cities, without the recommendation of merit, upon persons of little consideration, and those who had either no employment at all, or very mean ones, is it to be imagined that the inhabitants of Rhegium, Locri, Naples, or Tarentum, would deny to a man so highly celebrated for his genius, what they conferred even upon comedians? When others, not only after Silanus's law, but even after the Papian law, shall have found means to creep into the registers of the municipal cities, shall he be rejected, who, because he was always desirous of passing for an Heraclean, never availed himself of his being enrolled in other cities? But you desire to see the enrolment of our eftate; as if it were not well known, that under the last censorship the defendant was with the army commanded by that renowned general L. Lucullus; that under the censorship immediately preceding, he was with the same Lucullus then quætor in Afa; and that, when Julius and Crassus were cenfors, there was no enrolment made? But, as an enrolment in the cenfors books does not confirm the right of citizenship, and only shews that the person enrolled affirmed the character of a citizen, I must tell you that Archias made a will according to our laws, succeeded to the eftsates of Roman citizens, and was recommended to the treasury by L. Lucullus, both when praetor and consul, as one who deserved well of the state, at the very time when you allege that, by his own confession, he had no right to the freedom of Rome.

Find out whatever arguments you can, Archias will never be convicted for his own conduct, nor that of his friends. But you'll no doubt ask the reason, Gracchus, of my being so highly delighted with this man? Why, it is because he furnishes me with what relieves my mind, and charms my ears, after the fatigue and noice of the forum. Do you imagine that I could possibly plead every day on such a variety of subjects, if my mind was not cultivated with science; or that it could bear being stretched to such a degree, if it were not sometimes unbent by the amusements of learning. I am fond of these studies, I own: let those be ashamed who have buried themselves in learning so as to be of no use to society, nor able to produce any thing to public view; but why should I be ashamed, who for so many years, my lords, have never been prevented by indolence, seduced by pleasure, nor diverted by sleep, from doing good offices to others? Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which
learning; who, surely, would never have applied to the study of learning, had they thought it of no service towards the acquisition and improvement of virtue. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength in youth, and joy in old age; adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are easy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relief for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others.

Was there any of us so void of taste, and of so unfeeling a temper, as not to be affected lately with the death of Roscius? For though he died in an advanced age, yet such was the excellence and inimitable beauty of his art, that we thought him worthy of living for ever. Was he then so great a favourite with us all on account of the graceful motions of his body: and shall we be insensible to the surprising energy of the mind, and the sprightly fallacies of genius? How often have I seen this Archias, my lords, (for I will presume on your goodness, as you are pleased to favour me with so much attention in this unusual manner of pleading) how often, I say, have I seen him, without using his pen, and without any labour or study, make a great number of excellent verbes on occasional subjects? How often, when a subject was resum’d, have I heard him give it a different turn of thought and expression, whilst those compositions which he finished with care and exactness were as highly approved as the most celebrated writings of antiquity. And shall not I love this man? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not defend him to the utmost of my power? For men of the greatest eminence and learning have taught us, that other branches of science require education, art, and precept; but that a poet is formed by the plastic hand of nature herself, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated as it were by a kind of divine enthusiasm. It is with justice therefore that our Ennius beports upon poets the epithet of venerable, because they seem to have some peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us. Let the.
name of poet then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and defarts reecho sounds; savage beasts are often footed by mufe, and listen to its charms; and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry? The Calophonians give out that Homer is their countryman, the Chians declare that he is theirs, the Salaminians lay claim to him, the people of Smyrna affirm that Smyrna gave him breath, and have accordingly dedicated a temple to him in their city: besides these, many other nations contend warmly for this honour.

Do they then lay claim to a stranger even after his death, on account of his being a poet; and shall we reject this living poet, who is a Roman both by inclination and the laws of Rome; especially as he has employed the utmost efforts of his genius to celebrate the glory and grandeur of the Roman people? For, in his youth, he sung the triumphs of C. Marius over the Cimbri, and even pleased that great general, who had but little relish for the charms of poetry. Nor is there any person so great an enemy to the Muses, as not readily to allow the poet to blazon his fame, and consecrate his actions to immortality. Themistocles, that celebrated Athenian, upon being asked what music, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, is reported to have answered, that man's, who could best celebrate his virtues. The fame Marius too had a very high regard for L. Plotius, whose genius, he thought, was capable of doing justice to his actions. But Archias has described the whole Mithridatic war; a war of such danger and importance, and so very memorable for the great variety of its events both by sea and land. Nor does his poem reflect honour only on L. Lucullus, that very brave and renowned man, but likewise adds lustre to the Roman name. For, under Lucullus, the Roman people penetrated into Pontus, impregnable till then by means of its situation and the arms of its monarchs; under him, the Romans, with no very considerable force, routed the numberless troops of the Armenians; under his conduct too, Rome has the glory of delivering Cyzicum, the city of our faithful allies, from the rage of a monarch, and re-cuing it from the devouring jaws of a mighty war. The praises of our fleet shall ever be recorded and celebrated, for the wonders performed at Te nedos, where the enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain: such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Tho' therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name. Our Ennius was greatly beloved by the elder Africanus, and accordingly he is thought to have a marble flatue amongst the monuments of the Scipio's. But tho' praises are not appropriated to the immediate subjects of them; the whole Roman people have a share in them. Cato, the ancestor of the judge here present, is highly celebrated for his virtues, and from this the Romans themselves derive great honour: in a word, the Maximi, the Marcelli, the Fulvii cannot be praiséd, without praising every Roman.

Did our ancestors then confer the freedom of Rome on him who sung the praises of her heroes, on a native of Rutiae; and shall we thrust this Heraclean out of Rome, who has been courted by many cities, and whom our laws have made a Roman? For if any one imagines that less glory is derived from the Greek, than from the Latin poet, he is greatly mistaken; the Greek language is understood in almost every nation, whereas the Latin is confined to Latin territories, territories extremely narrow. If our exploits, therefore, have reached the utmost limits of the earth, we ought to be defirous that our glory and fame should extend as far as our arms: for as these operate powerfully on the people whose actions are recorded; so to those who expost their lives for the sake of glory, they are the grand motives to toils and dangers. How many persons is Alexander the Great reported to have carried along with him, to write his history! And yet, when he stood by the tomb of Achilles at Sigeum, "Happy youth," he cried, "who could find a Homer to blazon thy fame!" And what he said, was true; for had it not been for the Iliad, his ashes and fame had been buried in the same tomb. Did not Pompey the Great, whose virtues were equal to his fortune, confer the freedom of Rome, in the presence of a military assembly, upon Theopha -phanes of Mitylene, who sung his triumphs? And these Romans of ours, men brave indeed, but unpolished and mere soldiers, moved with the charms of glory, gave shouts of applause, as if they had shared in the honour of their leader. Is it to be supposed then, that Archias, if our laws had not made him a citizen of Rome, could not have obtained his freedom from some general? Would Sylla, who conferred the
rights of citizenship on Gauls and Spaniards, have refused the suit of Archias? That Sylla, whom we saw in an assembly, when a bad poet, of obscure birth, prefented him a petition upon the merit of having written an epigram in his praise of unequal ho-bling verses, order him to be instantly re-
warded out of an estate he was selling at the time, on condition he should write no more verses. Would he, who even thought the industry of a bad poet worthy of some reward, not have been fond of the genius, the spirit, and eloquence of Archias? Could our poet, neither by his own interest, nor that of the Luculli, have obtained from his intimate friend Q. Metellus Pius the freedom of Rome, which he bestowed so frequently upon others? Especially as Metellus was so very desirous of having his actions celebrated, that he was even somewhat pleased with the dull and barbarous verses of the poets born at Corduba.

Nor ought we to dissemble this truth, which cannot be concealed, but declare it openly; we are all influenced by the love of praise, and the greatest minds have the greatest passion for glory. The philosophers themselves prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame, while they af-
fect to depriue them. Decimus Brutus, that great commander and excellent man, adorned the monuments of his family, and the gates of his temples, with the verses of his intimate friend Atticus: and Fulvius, who made war with the Aetolians attended by Ennius, did not scruple to consecrate the spoils of Mars to the Muses. In that city therefore, where generals, with their arms almost in their hands, have reverenced the fardines of the Muses and the name of poets, furely magistrates in their robes, and in times of peace, ought not to be averse to honouring the one, or protecting the other. And to engage you the more readily to this, my lords, I will lay open the very senti-
ments of my heart before you, and freely confefs my passion for glory, which, though too keen perhaps, is however virtuous. For what I did in conjunction with you during my confullhip, for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of my fellow-ci-
tizens, and for the interests of the state, Archias intends to celebrate in verse, and has actually begun his poem. Upon reading what he has wrote, it appeared to me so sublime, and gave me so much pleasure, that I encouraged him to go on with it.

For virtue desires no other reward for her toils and dangers, but praise and glory; take but this away, my lords, and what is there left in this short, this scanty career of human life, that can tempt us to en-
gage in so many and so great labours? Surely, if the mind had no thought of fu-
turity, if she confined all her views within those limits which bound our present ex-
istence, she would neither waste her strength in so great toils, nor haraft herself with so many cares and watchings, nor struggle so often for life itself: but there is a certain principle in the breast of every good man, which both day and night quickens him to the pursuit of glory, and puts him in mind that his fame is not to be measured by the extent of his present life, but that it runs parallel with the line of posterity.

Can we, who are engaged in the affair of the state, and in so many toils and dan-
gers, think so meanly as to imagine that, after a life of uninterrupted care and trou-
ble, nothing shall remain of us after death?

If many of the greatest men have been careful to leave their statues and pictures thefere representations not of their minds but of their bodies; ought not we to be much more desirous of leaving the portraits of our enterprifes and virtues drawn and finifhed by the most eminent artists? As for me, I have always imagined, whilg I was engaged in doing whatever I have done, that I was spreading my actions over the whole earth, and that they would be held in eternal re-
membrance. But whether I shall lose my confciousness of this at death, or whether as the wisest men have thought, I shall re-
tain it after, at present the thought delight me, and my mind is filled with pleasur-
hopes. Do not then deprive us, my lords of a man, whom modesty, a graceful man-
er, engaging behaviour, and the affection of his friends so strongly recommend; th greatnefs of whose genius may be estimate from this, that he is courted by the mo-
eminent men of Rome; and whose plea-
s, such, that it has the law in its favour, the authority of a municipal town, the felf-
moy of Lucullus, and the regifter of Met-
tellus. This being the cafe, we beg of you my lords, fince in matters of fuch impo-
tance, not only the interceffion of men of gods is necessary, that the man, who h-
always celebrated your virtues, thoie of yo-
generals, and the victories of the Rome-
people; who declares that he will raiie ete-
nal monuments to your praise and mine in our conduct in our late domestic danger, danger
and who is of the number of those that have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you, as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity, than to complain of your rigour. What I have said, my lords, concerning this cause, with my usual brevity and simplicity, is, I am confident, approved by all: what I have advanced upon poetry in general, and the genius of the defendant, contrary to the usage of the forum and the bar, will, I hope, be taken in good part by you; by him who presides upon the bench, I am convinced it will.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 10. Oration for T. Annius Milo.

The Argument.

This beautiful oration was made in the 55th year of Cicero's age, upon the following occasion. In the year of Rome, 761, T. Annius Milo, Q. Metellus Scipio, and P. Plautius Hypius, stood candidates for the consulship; and, according to Plutarch, put on their several interests with such open violence and bribery, as if it had been to be carried only by money or arms. P. Clodius, Milo's professed enemy, stood at the same time for the praetorship, and used all his interest to disappoint Milo, by whose obtaining the consulship he was sure to be controuled in the exercise of his magistracy. The senate and the better sort were generally in Milo's interest; and Cicero, in particular, served him with distinguished zeal: three of the tribunes were violent against him, the other seven were his fast friends; above all M. Cælius, who out of regard to Cicero, was very active in his service. But whilst matters were proceeding in a very favourable train for him, and nothing seemed wanting to crown his success, but to bring on the election, which his adversaries, for that reason, endeavoured to keep back; all his hopes and fortunes were blasted at once by an unhappy encounter with Clodius, in which Clodius was killed by his servants, and by his command. His body was left in the Appian road, where it fell, but was taken up soon after by Tedius, a senator, who happened to come by, and brought to Rome; where it was exposed, all covered with blood and wounds, to the view of the populace, who flocked about in crowds to lament the miserable fate of their leader. The next day, Sextus Clodius, a kinsman of the deceased, and one of his chief incendiaries, together with the three tribunes, Milo's enemies, employed all the arts of party and faction to inflame the mob, which they did to such a height of fury, that snatching up the body, they ran away with it into the senate-house, and tearing up the benches, tables, and every thing combustible, dressed up a funeral pile upon the spot; and, together with the body, burnt the house itself, with a basilica or public hall adjoining. Several other outrages were committed, so that the senate were obliged to pass a decree, that the inter-rex, affiHied by the tribunes, and Pompey, should take care that the republic received no detriment; and that Pompey, in particular, should raise a body of troops for the common security, which he presently drew together from all parts of Italy. Amidst this confusion, the rumour of a dictator being industriously spread, and alarming the senate, they resolved presently to create Pompey the single consul, whose election was accordingly declared by the inter-rex, after an interregnum of near two months. Pompey applied himself immediately to quiet the public disorders, and published several new laws, prepared by him for that purpose; one of them was, to appoint a special commission to enquire into Clodius's death, &c. and to appoint an extraordinary judge, of confular rank, to preside in it. He attended Milo's trial himself with a strong guard, to preserve peace. The accusers were young Appius, the nephew of Clodius, M. Antonius, and P. Valerius. Cicero was the only advocate on Milo's side; but as soon as he rose up to speak, he was received with so rude a clamour by the Clodians, that he was much discompoled and daunted at his first setting out: he recovered spirits enough, however, to go through his speech, which was taken down in writing, and published as it was delivered; though the copy of it now extant is supposed to have been retouched, and corrected by him afterwards, for a present to Milo, who was condemned
and went into Exile at Marseille, a few days after his condemnation.

THOUGH I am apprehensive, my lords, it may seem a reflection on a person's character to discover any signs of fear, when he is entering on the defence of so brave a man, and particularly unbecoming in me, that when T. Annius Milo himself is more concerned for the safety of the state than his own, I should not be able to maintain an equal greatness of mind in pleading his cause; yet I must own, the unusual manner in which this new kind of trial is conducted, strikes me with a kind of terror, while I am looking around me, in vain, for the ancient usages of the forum, and the forms that have been hitherto observed in our courts of judicature. Your bench is not surrounded with the usual circle; nor is the crowd such as used to throng us. For those guards you fee planted before all the temples, however intended to prevent all violence, yet strike the orator with terror; so that even in the forum and during the trial, though attended with an useful and necessary guard, I cannot help being under some apprehensions, at the same time I am sensible they are without foundation. Indeed, if I imagined it was stationed there in opposition to Milo, I should give way, my lords, to the times; and conclude there was no room for an orator in the midst of such an armed force. But the prudence of Pompey, a man of such distinguished wisdom and equity, both cheers and relieves me; whose justice will never suffer him to leave a person exposed to the rage of the multitude, whom he has delivered up to a legal trial; nor his wisdom, to give the function of public authority to the outrages of a furious mob. Wherefore those arms, those centurions and cohorts, are so far from threatening me with danger, that they assure me of protection; they not only banish my fears, but inspire me with courage; and promise that I shall be heard not merely with safety, but with silence and attention. As to the rest of the assembly, those at leaf, that are Roman citizens, they are all on our side; nor is there a single person of all that multitude of spectators, whom you see on all sides of us, as far as any part of the forum can be distinguished, waiting the event of the trial, who, while he favours Milo, does not think his own fate, that of his potterity, his country, and his property likewise at stake.

There is indeed one set of men our inveterate enemies; they are those whom the madness of P. Clodius has trained up, and supported by plunder, firing of houses, and every species of public mischief; who were spirited up by the speeches of yesternight, to dictate to you what sentence you should pass. If these should chance to raise any clamour, it will only make you cautious how you part with a citizen who always despaired that crew, and their loudest threatenings, where your safety was concerned. Act with spirit, then, my lords, and if you ever entertained any fears, dismiss them all. For if ever you had it in your power to determine in favour of brave and worthy men, or of deserving citizens; in a word, if ever any occasion was presented to a number of persons selected from the most illustrious orders, of declaring, by their actions and their votes, that regard for the brave and virtuous, which they had often expressed by their looks and words; now is the time for you to exert this power in determining whether we, who have ever been devoted to your authority, shall spend the remainder of our days in grief and misery, or after having been so long infulted by the most abandoned citizens, shall at last through your means, by your fidelity, virtue and wisdom, recover our wonted life and vigour. For what, my lords, can be mentioned or conceived more grievous to us both; what more vexatious or trying, than that we who entered into the service of our country from the hopes of the highest honours, cannot even be free from the apprehensions of the severest punishments? For my own part, I always took it for granted, that the other storms and tempests which are usually raised in popular tumults would beat upon Milo, because he has constantly approved himself the friend of good men in opposition to the bad; but in a public trial, where the most illustrious persons of all the orders of the state were to sit as judges, I never imagined that Milo's enemies could have entertained the least hope not only of destroying his safety, while such persons were upon the bench, but even of giving the least flain to his honour. In this cause, my lords, I shall take no advantage of Annius's tribunalship, nor of his important services to the state during the whole of his life, in order to make out his defence, unless you shall see that Clodius himself actually lay in wait for him; nor shall I intreat you to grant a pardon for one rash action, in consideration of the many glorious things he has performed for his
his country; nor require, that if Clodius’s death prove a blessing to you, you should ascribe it rather to Milo’s virtue, than the fortune of Rome: but if it should appear clearer than the day, that Clodius did really lie in wait, then I must beseech and adjure you, my lords, that if we have loft every thing else, we may at least be allowed without fear of punishment to defend our lives against the infolent attacks of our enemies.

But before I enter upon that which is the proper subject of our present enquiry, it will be necessary to confute those notions which have been often advanced by our enemies in the senate, often by a set of worthless fellows, and even lately by our accusers before an assembly, that having thus removed all ground of mistake, you may have a clearer view of the matter that is to come before you. They say, that a man who confesses he has killed another, ought not to be suffered to live. But where, pray, do these stupid people use this argument? Why truly, in that very city where the first person that was ever tried for a capital crime was the brave M. Horatius; who before the state was in possession of its liberty, was acquitted by the comitia of the Roman people, though he confessed he had killed his sister with his own hand. Can any one be so ignorant as not to know that in cafes of blood-shed, the fact is either absolutely denied, or maintained to be just and lawful? Were it not so, P. Africanus must be reckoned out of his senses, who, when he was asked in a sedulous manner by the tribune Carbo before all the people, what he thought of Gracchus’s death? said, that he deferred to die. Nor can Ahala Servilius, P. Nafica, L. Oppimius, C. Marius, or the senate itself, during my conclave, be acquitted of the most enormous guilt if it be a crime to put wicked citizens to death. It is not without reason, therefore, my lords, that learned men have informed us, though in a fabulous manner, how that, when a difference arose in regard to the man who had killed his mother in revenge for his father’s death, he was acquitted by a divine decree, nay, by a decree of the goddess Wisdom herself. And if the twelve tables allow a man, without fear of punishment, to take away the life of a thief in the night, in whatever situation he finds him; and, in the daytime, if he uses a weapon in his defence; who can imagine that a person must universally deserve punishment for killing another, when he cannot but fee that the laws themselves in some cafes put a sword into our hands for this very purpose?

But if any circumstance can be alleged, and undoubtedly there are many such, in which the putting a man to death can be vindicated; that in which a person has acted upon the principle of self-defence, must certainly be allowed sufficient to render the action not only just, but necessary. When a military tribune, a relation of C. Marius, made an unnatural attempt upon the body of a soldier in that general’s army, he was killed by the man to whom he offered violence; for the virtuous youth chose rather to expose his life to hazard, than submit to such dishonourable treatment; and he was acquitted by that great man, and delivered from all apprehensions of danger. But what death can be deemed unjust, that is inflicted on one who lies in wait for another, on one who is a public robber? To what purpose have we a train of attendants? or why are they furnished with arms? It would certainly be unlawful to wear them at all, if the use of them was absolutely forbid: for this, my lords, is not a written, but an innate law. We have not been taught it by the learned, we have not received it from our ancestors, we have not taken it from books; but it is derived from, it is forced upon us by nature, and stamped in indelible characters upon our very frame: it was not conveyed to us by instruction, but wrought into our constitution; it is the dictate, not of education, but instinct, that if our lives should be at any time in danger from concealed or more open assaults of robbers or private enemies, every honourable method should be taken for our security. Laws, my lords, are silent amidst arms; nor do they require us to wait their decisions, when by such a delay one must suffer an undeserved punishment himself, rather than inflict it justly on another. Even the law itself, very wisely, and in some measure tacitly, allows of self-defence, as it does not forbid the killing of a man, but the carrying a weapon in order to kill him; since then the fire is laid not upon the weapon but the end for which it was carried, he that makes use of a weapon only to defend himself, can never be condemned as wearing it with an intention to take away a man’s life. Therefore, my lords, let this principle be laid down as the foundation of our plea: for I don’t doubt but I shall make out my defence to your satisfaction, if you only keep in mind what I think it is impossible for you to forget, that a man who
who lies in wait for another may be lawfully killed.

I come now to consider what is frequently insinuated upon by Milo's enemies; that the killing of P. Clodius has been declared by the senate a dangerous attack upon the state. But the senate has declared their approbation of it, not only by their suffrages, but by the warmest testimonies in favour of Milo. For how often have I pleaded that very cause before them? How great was the satisfaction of the whole order! How loudly, how publicly did they applaud me! In the fullest house, when were there found four, at most five, who did not approve of Milo's conduct? This appears plainly from the lifeless harangues of that ingred tribune, in which he was continually inveighing against my power, and alleging that the senate, in their decree, did not follow their own judgment, but were entirely under my direction and influence. Which, if it must be called power, rather than a moderate share of authority in just and lawful causes, to which one may be entitled by services to his country; or some degree of interest with the worthy part of mankind, on account of my readiness to exert myself in defence of the innocent; let it be called so, provided it is employed for the protection of the virtuous against the fury of ruffians. But as for this extraordinary trial, though I do not blame it, yet the senate never thought of granting it; because we had laws and precedents already, both in regard to murder and violence: nor did Clodius's death give them so much concern as to occasion an extraordinary commission. For if the senate was deprived of the power of passing sentence upon him for an incestuous debauch, who can imagine they would think it necessary to grant any extraordinary trial for enquiring into his death? Why then did the senate decree that burning the court, the assault upon M. Lepidus's house, and even the death of this man, were actions injurious to the republic? because every act of violence committed in a free state by one citizen against another, is an act against the state. For even force in one's own defence is never desirable, though it is sometimes necessary; unless indeed it be pretended that no wound was given the state, on the day when the Gracchi were slain, and the armed force of Saturninus crushed.

When it appeared, therefore, that a man had been killed upon the Appian way, I was of opinion that the party who acted in his own defence should not be deemed an enemy to the state; but as both contrivance and force had been employed in the affair, I referred the merits of the cause to a trial, and admitted of the fact. And if that frantic tribune would have permitted the senate to follow their own judgment, we should at this time have had no new commission for a trial: for the senate was coming to a resolution, that the cause should be tried upon the old laws, only not according to the usual forms. A division was made in the vote, at whose request I know not; for it is not necessary to expose the crimes of every one. Thus the remainder of the senate's authority was destroyed by a mercenary interposition. But, it is said, that Pompey, by the bill which he brought in, decided both upon the nature of the fact in general, and the merits of this cause in particular. For he published a law concerning this encounter in the Appian way, in which P. Clodius was killed. But what was the law? why, that enquiry should be made into it. And what was to be enquired into? whether the fact was committed? But that is not disputed. By whom? that too is clear. For Pompey saw, though the fact was confessed, that the justice of it might be defended. If he had not seen that a person might be acquitted, after making his confession, he would never have directed any enquiry to be made, nor have put into your hands, my lords, an acquitting as well as a favourable letter. But Cn. Pompey seems to me not only to have determined nothing severe against Milo, but even to have pointed out what you are to have in view in the course of the trial. For he who did not punish the confession of the fact, but allowed of a defence, was surely of opinion that the cause of the bloodshed was to be enquired into, and not the fact itself. I refer it to Pompey himself, whether the part he acted in this affair proceeded from his regard to the memory of P. Clodius, or from his regard to the times.

M. Drusus, a man of the highest quality, the defender, and in those times almost the patron of the senate, uncle to that brave man M. Cato, now upon the bench, and tribune of the people, was killed in his own house. And yet the people were not consulted upon his death, nor was any commission for a trial granted by the senate on account of it. What deep distress is said to have spread over the whole city, when P. Africanus was assassinated in the night-time as he lay on his own bed? What breast did not then sigh, what heart was not pierced with
with grief, that a person, on whom the wishes of all men would have conferred immortality, could wishes have done it, should be cut off by so early a fate? was no decree made then for an enquiry into Africanus's death? None. And why? Because the crime is the same, whether the character of the perfons that suffer be illustrious or obsecur. Grant that there is a difference, as to the dignity of their lives, yet their deaths, when they are the effect of villainy, are judged by the same laws, and attended by the same punishments: unless it be a more heinous parricide for a man to kill his father if he be of confular dignity, than if he were in a private station; or the guilt of Clodius's death be aggravated by his being killed amongst the monuments of his ancestors; for that too has been urged; as if the great Appius Caecus had paved that road, not for the convenience of his country, but that his posterity might have the privilege of committing acts of violence with impunity. And accordingly when P. Clodius had killed M. Papirius, a most accomplished person of the Equeflrian order; on this Appian way, his crime must pass unpunished; for a nobleman had only killed a Roman knight amongst the monuments of his own family. Now the very name of this Appian way what a fir does it make? what was never mentioned while it was stained with the blood of a worthy and innocent man, is in every one's mouth, now it is dyed with that of a robber and a murderer. But why do I mention these things? one of Clodius's slaves was feized in the temple of Cætor, where he was placed by his master, on purpose to affainitate Pompey: he confeded it, as they were wretcing the dagger out of his hands. Pompey abfented from the forum upon it, he abfented from the senate, he abfented from the public. He had recourse, for his security, to the gates and walls of his own house, and not to the authority of laws, or courts of judicature. Was any law pafted at that time? was any extraordinary commiffion granted? And yet, if any circumftance, if any perfon, if any juncture ever merited fuch a diffiutation, it was certainly upon this occafion. An affainitation was placed in the forum, and in the very porch of the fenate-house, with a defign to murder the man, on whose life depended the safety of the flate; and at fo critical a juncture of the republic, that if he had fallen, not this city alone, but the whole empire must have fallen with him. But poffibly you may imagine he ought not to be punifhed, because his design did not succeed; as if the fuccefs of a crime, and not the intention of the criminal, was cognizable by the laws. There was fels reason indeed for grief, as the attempt did not succeed; but certainly not at all the fels for punishment. How often, my lords, have I myself escaped the threatening dagger, and bloody hands of Clodius? From which, if neither my own good fortune, nor that of the republic had preferved me, who would ever have procured an extraordinary trial upon my death?

But it is weak in one to prefsume to compare Drufus, Africanus, Pompey, or myself, with Clodius. Their lives could be difpenfed with; but as to the death of P. Clodius, no one can hear it with any degree of patience. The fenate mourns, the Equeftrian order is filled with diftrefs, the whole city is in the deepest affliction, the corporate towns are all in mourning, the colonies are overwhelmed with sorrow; in a word, even thefields themselves lament the losf of fo generous, fo ufeful, and fo humane a citizen. But this, my lords, is by no means the reafon why Pompey thought himself obliged to appoint a commiffion for a trial; being a man of great wisdom, of deep and almoft divine penetration, he took a great variety of things into his view. He con- sidered that Clodius had been his enemy, that Milo was his intimate friend, and was afraid that, if he took his part in the general joy, it would render the fincerity of his reconciliation fpculated. Many other things he knew, and particularly this, that though he had made a severe law, you would act with becoming resolution on the trial. And accordingly, in appointing judges, he flected the greatest ornaments of the moft illufrious orders of the flate; nor in making his choice, did he, as fome have pretended, set aside his friends. For neither had this person, fo eminent for his justice, any fuch design, nor was it poifible for him to have made fuch a diftinution, if only worthy men were chosen, even if he had been defirous of doing it. My influence is not confined to my particular friends, my lords, the number of whom cannot be very large, becaufe the intimacies of friendship can extend but to a few. If I have any interest, it is owing to this, that the affairs of the flate have connected me with the virtuous and worthy members of it; out of whom when he chose the moft deferving, to which he would think himself bound in honour, he could not fail of nominating those who had
an affection for me. But in fixing upon you, L. Domitius, to preside at this trial, he had no other motive than a regard to justice, disinterestedness, humanity and honour. He enacted that the president should be of consular rank; because, I suppose, he was of opinion that men of distinction ought to be proof against the levity of the populace, and the raillery of the abandoned; and he gave you the preference to all others of the same rank, because you had, from your youth, given the strongest proofs of your contempt of popular rage.

Therefore, my lords, to come at last to the cause itself, and the accusation brought against us; if it be not unusual in some cafes to confess the fact; if the senate has decreed nothing with relation to our cause, but what we ourselves could have wished; if he who enacted the law, though there was no dispute about the matter of fact, was willing that the lawfulness of it should be debated; if a number of judges have been chosen, and a person appointed to preside at the trial, who might canvass the affair with wisdom and equity; the only remaining subject of your enquiry is, which of these two parties way-laid the other. And that you may be able the more easily to determine this point, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair before you. P. Clodius being determined, when created praetor, to harrow his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold his office many months; not regarding, like the rest, the dignity of the station, but being solicitous both to avoid having L. Paulus, a man of exemplary virtue, for his colleague, and to obtain a whole year for oppressing the state; all on a sudden threw up his own year, and referred himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year for exercising his praetorship; that is, for overturning the commonwealth. He was sensible he must be contend and cramped in the exercise of his praetoriat authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen confid by the unanimous content of the Roman people. Accordingly he joined the candidates that opposed Milo, but in such a manner that he overruled them in every thing, had the sole management of the election, and as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes; he thrust himself into their counsels, and formed a new Colliniat tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness, saw that he brazen his hand, and his most invertebrate enemy would certainly be confid; when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He sent for that rude and barbarous crew of slaves from the Appenines, whom you have seen, with whom he used to ravage the public forests, and harrafs Etruria. The thing was not in the least a secret; for he used openly to say, that though Milo could not be deprived of the confidate, he might of his life. He often intimated this in the senate, and declared it expressly before the people; infomuch that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying on his furious designs, while Milo was alive; he replied, that in three or four days at most he should be taken out of the way: which reply Favonius immediately communicated to M. Cato.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew, (nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence) that Milo was obliged by the eighteenth of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to nominate a praetor, a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year; he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as appears by the event, to way-lay Milo, in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs; a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villainy. But Milo, after having flaid in the senate that day till the houfe was broke up, went home, changed his shoes and cloaths, waited awhile, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. Clodius meets him, equipped for an engagement, on horfeback, without either chariot or baggage, without his Grecian servants; and, what was more extraordinary, without his wife. While this
lie-in-wait, who had contrived the journey on purpose for an assassination, was in a chariot with his wife, muffled up in his cloak, encumbered with a crowd of servants, and with a feeble and timid train of women and boys; he meets Clodius near his own estate, a little before fun-fet, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the mean time Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot in order to attack Milo in the rear, whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind: these, being resolute and faithful to their master, were, some of them, slain; whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be fact, acted upon this occasion (I mention it not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case) without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would with his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

This, my lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who lay in wait was himself overcome, and force subdued by force, or rather audaciousnesse chastified by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to yourselves in particular, and to all good men; I am content to wave the argument I might draw from hence in favour of my client, whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But if reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common custom all nations in general, and even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives when attacked, by all possible methods, you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining at the same time that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius, who had more than once before this made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed; for that we grant; but whether justly or unjustly, an enquiry of which many precedents are to be found. That a plot was laid is very evident; and this is what the senate decreed to be injurious to the state; but by which of them laid, is uncertain. This then is the point which the law directs us to enquire into. Thus, what the senate decreed, related to the action, not the man; and Pompey enacted not upon the matter of fact, but of law.

Is nothing else therefore to be determined but this single question, which of them way-laid the other? Nothing, certainly. If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit us of the crime that has been laid to our charge. What method then can we take to prove that Clodius lay in wait for Milo? It is sufficient, considering what an audacious abandoned wretch he was, to shew that he lay under a strong temptation to it, that he formed great hopes, and professed to himself great advantages from Milo's death. Let that question of Caflius therefore, whose interest was it? be applied to the present case. For though no consideration can prevail upon a good man to be guilty of a base action, yet to a bad man the least prospect of advantage will often be sufficient. By Milo's death, Clodius not only gained his point of being praetor, without that restraint which his adversary's power as confid would have laid upon his wicked designs, but likewise that of being praetor under those confuls, by whom connivance at least, if not assistance, he hoped he should be able to betray the state into the mad schemes he had been forming; persuading himself, that as they thought themselves under so great an obligation to him, they would have no inclination to oppose any of his attempts, even if they should have it in their power; and that if they were inclined to do it, they would perhaps be scarce able to control the most profligate of all men, who had been confirmed and hardened in his audaciousnesse by a long series of villanies. Are you then, my lords, alone ignorant? are you strangers in this city? Has the report, which so generally obtains in the town, of those laws (if they are to be called laws, and not rather the scourges
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(courges of the city and the plagues of the republic) which he intended to have imposed and fixed as a brand of infamy upon us all, never reached your ears? Shew us, I beg of you, Sextus Clodius, shew us, that register of your laws; which, they say, you rescued out of his house, and carried off like another Palladium, in the midst of an armed force and a midnight mob; that you might have an honourable legacy, and ample instructions for some future tribune, who should hold his office under your direction, if such a tribune you could find. Now he calls a look at me, like that he used to assume when he threatened universal ruin. I am indeed struck with that light of the senate.

What, Sextus, do you imagine I am angry with you, who have treated my greatest enemy with more severity than the humanity of my temper could have allowed me to have required? You threw the bloody body of P. Clodius out of his house, you exposed it to public view in the streets, you left it by night a prey to the dogs, half consumed with unhallowed wood, and it of its images, and deprived of the usual encomiums and funeral pomp. This, though it is true you did it out of mere necessity, I cannot commend; yet as my enemy was the object of your cruelty, I ought not certainly to be angry with you. You saw there was the greatest reason to dread a revolution in the state from the pretorship of Clodius, unless the man, who had both courage and power to control him, were chosen confidant. When all the Roman people were convinced that Milo was the man, what citizen could have hesitated a moment about giving him his vote, when by that vote he at once relieved his own fears, and delivered the republic from the utmost danger? But now Clodius is taken off, it requires extraordinary efforts in Milo to support his dignity. That singular honour by which he was distinguished, and which daily increased by his repressing the outrages of the Clodian faction, vanished with the death of Clodius. You have gained this advantage, that there is now no citizen you have to fear; while Milo has lost a fine field for displaying his valour, the interest that supported his election, and a perpetual source of glory. Accordingly, Milo’s election to the confulate, which could never have been hurt while Clodius was living, begins now upon his death to be disputed. Milo, therefore, is so far from receiving any benefit from Clodius’s death, that he is really a sufferer by it. But it may be said that hatred prevailed, that anger and resentment urged him on, that he avenged his own wrongs, and redressed his own grievances. Now if all these particulars may be applied not merely with greater propriety to Clodius than to Milo, but with the utmost propriety to the one, and not the least to the other; what more can you desire? For why should Milo bear any other hatred to Clodius, who furnished him with such a rich harvest of glory, but that which every patriot must bear to all bad men? As to Clodius, he had motives enough for bearing ill-will to Milo; first, as my protector and guardian; then as the opposer of his mad schemes, and the controller of his armed force; and lastly, as his accuser. For while he lived, he was liable to be convicted by Milo upon the Plorian law. With what patience, do you imagine, such an imperious spirit could bear this? How high must his resentment have risen, and with what justice too, in so great an enemy to justice?

It remains now to consider what arguments their natural temper and behaviour will furnish in defence of the one, and for the conviction of the other. Clodius never made use of any violence; Milo never carried any point without it. What then, my lords, when I retired from this city, leaving you in tears for my departure, did I fear standing a trial; and not rather the insults of Clodius’s slaves, the force of arms, and open violence? What reason could there be for restoring me, if he was not guilty of injustice in banishing me? He had fummoned me, I know he had, to appear upon my trial; had set a fine upon me, had brought an action of treason against me, and I had reason to fear the event of a trial in a cause that was neither glorious for you, nor very honourable for myself. No, my lords, this was not the case; I was unwilling to expose my countrymen, whom I had saved by my counsels and at the hazard of my life, to the swords of slaves, indigent citizens, and a crew of ruffians. For I saw, yes, I myself beheld this very Q. Hortenfius, the light and ornament of the republic, almost murdered by the hands of slaves, while he waited on me; and it was in the same tumult, that C. Vibienus, a senator of great worth who was in his company, was handled so roughly, that it cost him his life. When therefore, has that dagger, which Clodius received from Catiline, reflected in its sheath? it has been ained
aimed at me; but I would not suffer you to expose yourselves to its rage on my account: with it he lay in wait for Pompey, and stained the Appian way, that monument of the Clodian family, with the blood of Papirius. The fame, the very fame weapon was, after a long distance of time, again turned against me; and you know how narrowly I escaped being destroyed by it lately at the palace. What now of this kind can be laid to Milo's charge? whose force has only been employed to save the state from the violence of Clodius, when he could not be brought to a trial. Had he been inclined to kill him, how often had he the fairest opportunities of doing it? Might he not legally have avenged himself upon him, when he was defending his house and household gods against his assault? Might he not, when that excellent citizen and brave man, P. Sextus, his colleague, was wounded? might he not, when Q. Fabricius, that worthy man, was abused, and a most barbarous slaineughter made in the forum, upon his proposing the law for my reformation? might he not, when the house of L. Cecilius, that upright and brave praetor, was attacked? might he not, on that day when the law passed in relation to me? when a vast concurse of people from all parts of Italy, animated with a concern for my safety, would, with joyful voice, have celebrated the glory of the action, and the whole city have claimed the honour of what was performed by Milo alone?

At that time P. Lentulus, a man of distinguished worth and bravery, was consul; the professed enemy of Clodius, the avenger of his crimes, the guardian of the senate, the defender of your decrees, the supporter of that public union, and the restorer of my safety: there were seven praetors, and eight tribunes of the people in my interest, in opposition to him. Pompey, the first mover and patron of my return, was his enemy; whose important and illustrious decree for my restoration was seconded by the whole senate; who encouraged the Roman people, and when he passed a decree in my favour at Capua, gave the signal to all Italy, solicitous for my safety, and imploiring his assistance in my behalf, to repair in a body to Rome to have my sentence reversed. In a word, the citizens were then so inflamed with rage against him from their affection to me, that had he been killed at that juncture, they would not have thought so much of acquitting as of rewarding the person by whose hand he fell. And yet Milo so far governed his temper, that though he prosecuted him twice in a court of judicature, he never had recourse to violent meafures against him. But what do I say? while Milo was a private perfon, and foon accused by Clodius before the people, when Pompey was attacked in the midft of a speech he was making in Milo's favour, what a fair opportunity, and I will even add, sufficient reason was there for dispatching him? Again, when Mark Antony had, on a late occasion, raised in the minds of all good men the moft lively hopes of seeing the stage in a happier condition; when that noble youth had bravely undertaken the defence of his country in a most dangerous quarter, and had actually secured that wild beast in the toils of justice, which he endeavoured to avoid: Immortal gods! how favourable was the time and place for destroying him? When Clodius concealed himself beneath a dark fair-cafe, how easily could Milo have destroyed that plague of his country, and thus have heightened the glory of Antony, without incurring the hatred of any? How often was it in his power, while the comitia were held in the field of Mars? when Clodius had forced his way within the inclosure, and his party began, by his direction, to draw their swords and throw stones; and then on a sudden, being fruck with terror at the sight of Milo, fled to the Tiber, how earnestly did you and every good man wish that Milo had then displayed his valour?

Can you imagine then that Milo would chufe to incur the ill-will of any by an action which he forebore when it would have gained him the applause of all? Would he make no scruple of killing him at the hazard of his own life, without any provocation, at the moft improper time and place, whom he did not venture to attack when he had justice on his fide, had fo convenient an opportunity, and would have run no rifique? especially, my lords, when his struggle for the supreme office in the flate, and the day of his election was at hand; at which critical season (for I know by experience how timorous ambition is, and what a solicitous concern there is about the confulate) we dread not only the charges that may openly be brought againft us, but even the moft secret whispers and hidden furmifes: when we tremble at every rumour, every falfte, forged, and frivolous story; when we explore the features, and watch the looks of every one we meet. For nothing is fo changeable, fo ticklish, fo frail and fo flexible,
flexible, as the inclinations and sentiments of our fellow-citizens upon such occasions; they are not only displeased with the dishonourable conduct of a candidate, but are often disgraced with his most worthy actions. Shall Milo then be suppos'd, on the very day of election, a day which he had long wished for and impatiently expected, to present himself before that august assembly of the centuries, having his hands stained with blood, publicly acknowledging and proclaiming his guilt? Who can believe this of the man? yet who can doubt, but that Clodius imagined he should reign without controul, were Milo murdered? What shall we say, my lords, to that which is the source of all audacity? Does not every one know, that the hope of impunity is the grand temptation to the commission of crimes? Now which of these two was the most exposed to this? Milo, who is now upon his trial for an action which must be deemed at least necessar[i]; if not glorious; or Clodius, who had so thoroughly a contempt for the authority of the magistrate, and for penalties, that he took delight in nothing that was either agreeable to nature or consistent with law? But why should I labour this point so much, why dispute any longer? I appeal to you, Q. Petilius, who are a most worthy and excellent citizen; I call you, Marcus Cato, to witness; both of you placed on that tribunal by a kind of supernatural direction. You were told by M. Favonius, that Clodius declared to him, and you were told it in Clodius's life-time, that Milo should not live three days longer. In three days time he attempted what he had threatened: if he then made no scruple of publishing his design, can you entertain any doubt of it when it was actually carried into execution?

But how could Clodius be certain as to the day? This I have already accounted for. There was no difficulty in knowing when the dictator of Lanuvium was to perform his stated sacrifices. He faw that Milo was obliged to fet out for Lanuvium on that very day. Accordingly he was before-hand with him. But on what day? that day, on which, as I mentioned before, a mad assembly was held by his mercenary tribune: which day, which assembly, which tumult he would never have left, if he had not been eager to execute his meditated villany. So that he had not the least pretence for undertaking the journey, but a strong reason for staying at home; while Milo, on the contrary, could not possibly stay, and had not only a sufficient reason for leaving the city, but was under an absolute necessity of doing it. Now what if it appear that, as Clodius certainly knew Milo would be on the road that day, Milo could not so much as suspect the fame of Clodius? First then, I ask which way he could come at the knowledge of it? A question which you cannot put, with respect to Clodius. For had he applied to no body else, T. Patinas, his intimate friend, could have informed him, that Milo, as being dictator of Lanuvium, was obliged to create a prieff there on that very day. Besides, there were many other persons, all the inhabitants of Lanuvium indeed, from whom he might have very easily had this piece of intelligence. But of whom did Milo enquire of Clodius's return? I shall allow, however, that he did enquire; nay, I shall grant farther, with my friend Arrius, so liberal am I in my conceffions, that he corrupted a slave. Read the evidence that is before you: C. Cassinius of Interamna, surnamed Scola, an intimate friend and companion of P. Clodius, who swore on a former occasion that Clodius was at Interamna and at Rome at the fame hour, tells you that P. Clodius intended to have spent that day at his feast near Alba, but that hearing very unexpectedly of the death of Cyrus the architect, he determined immediately to return to Rome. The fame evidence is given in by C. Clodius, another companion of P. Clodius.

Observe, my lords, how much this evidence makes for us. In the first place it plainly appears, that Milo did not undertake his journey with a design to way-lay Clodius, as he could not have the least prospect of meeting him. In the next place, (for I see no reason why I should not likewise speak for myself) you know, my lords, there were persons who in their zeal for carrying on this prosecution did not scruple to say, that though the murder was committed by the hand of Milo, the plot was laid by a more eminent person. In a word, those worthless and abandoned wretches, represented me as a robber and an assassin. But this calumny is confuted by their own witnesies, who deny that Clodius would have returned to Rome that day, if he had not heard of the death of Cyrus. Thus I recover my spirits; I am acquitted, and am under no apprehensions, lest I should seem to have contrived what I could not so much as have suspected. Proceed I now to their other objections; Clodius, say they, had not the least thought of way-laying Milo.
Milo, because he was to have remained at Albanum, and would never have gone from his country-feast to commit a murder. But I plainly perceive that the person, who is pretended to have informed him of Cyrus's death, only informed him of Milo's approach. For why inform him of the death of Cyrus, whom Clodius, when he went from Rome, left expiring? I was with him, and fealed up his will along with Clodius; for he had publicly made his will, and appointed Clodius and me his heirs. Was a messenger sent him then by four o'clock the next day to acquaint him with the death of a person, whom but the day before, about nine in the morning, he had left breathing his lait?

Allowing it however to be so, what reason was there for hurrying back to Rome? For what did he travel in the night-time? what occasioned all this dispatch? was it because he was the heir? In the first place, this required no hurry; and, in the next, if it had, what could he have got that night, which he must have loft, had he come to Rome only next morning? And as a journey to town in the night was rather to be avoided than desired by Clodius, so if Milo had formed any plot against his enemy, and had known that he was to return to town that evening, he would have stopped and waited for him. He might have killed him by night in a suspicious place, infected with robbers. No body could have disbelieved him if he had denied the fact, since even after he has confess'd it, every one is concerned for his safety. First of all, the place itself would have been charged with it, being a haunt and retreat for robbers; while the silent solitude and shades of night must have concealed Milo: and then as such numbers had been assaulted and plundered by Clodius, and so many others were apprehensive of the like treatment, the suspicious must naturally have fallen upon them; and, in short, all Etruria might have been prosed. But it is certain that Clodius, in his return that day from Aricia, called at Albanum. Now though Milo had known that Clodius had left Aricia, yet he had reason to suspect that he would call at his feast which lies upon the road, even though he was that day to return to Rome. Why then did he not either meet him sooner and prevent his reaching it, or post himself where he was sure Clodius was to pass in the night-time? Thus far, my lords, every circumstance concurs to prove that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius; that on the one side there was a most impecable hatred, on the other not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly for told by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew nothing when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark, but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo, or to Clodius. But can there, my lords, be any room for doubt, or for any farther deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs; when the one was sitting in his chariot muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance? the drefs, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place, fullying out on
on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? in the evening; what urged him? late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Al- fium. 'To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be 'upon the spot when Milo came up.

Now please to compare the travelling equipage of a determined robber, with that of Milo. Clodius, before that day, always travelled with his wife; he was then without her: he never used to travel but in his chariot; he was then on horseback: he was attended with Greeks wherever he went, even when he was hurrying to the Tuscan camp; at that time he had nothing insignifi- cant in his retinue. Milo, contrary to his usual manner, happened then to take with him his wife's fingers, and a whole train of her women: Clodius, who never failed to carry his whores, his Catamites, and his bawds along with him, was then attended by none but those who seemed to be picked out by one another. How came he then to be overthrown? Because the traveller is not always killed by the robber, but sometimes the robber by the traveller; because, though Clodius was prepared, and fell upon those who were unprepared, yet Clodius was but a woman, and they were men. Nor indeed was Milo ever so little unprepared, as not to be a match for him almost at any time. He was always sensible how much it was Clodius's interest to get rid of him, what an inveterate hatred he bore to him, and what audacious attempts he was capable of; and therefore as he knew that a price was set upon his life, and that it was in a manner devoted to destruction, he never exposed it to any danger without a guard. Add to this effect of accidents, the uncertain issue of all combats, and the common chance of war, which often turns against the victor, even when ready to plunder and triumph over the vanquished. Add the unskilfulness of a glutinous, drunken, stupid leader, who when he had surrounded his adversary, never thought of his attendants that were behind; from whom, fired with rage, and despairing of their master's life, he suffered the punishment which those faithful slaves inflicted in revenge for their master's death. Why then did he give them their freedom? He was afraid, I suppose, lest they should betray him, lest they should not be able to endure pain, lest the torture should oblige them to confess that P. Clodius was killed by Milo's servants on the Appian way. But what occasion for torture? what was you to extort? If Clodius was killed? he was: but whether lawfully or unlawfully, can never be determined by torture. When the question relates to the matter of fact, we may have recourse to the executioner; but when to a point of equity, the judge must decide.

Let us then here examine into what is to be the subject of inquiry in the present case; for as to what you would extort by torture, we confess it all. But if you ask why he gave them their freedom, rather than why he bestowed so small a reward upon them, it shews that you do not even know how to find fault with this action of your adversary. For M. Cato, who sits on this bench, and who always speaks with the utmost resolutions and steadiness, said, and said it in a tumultuous assembly, which however was quelled by his authority, that those who had defended their master's life, well deserved not only their liberty, but the highest rewards. For what reward can be great enough for such affectionate, such worthy and faithful servants, to whom their master is indebted for his life? And which is yet a higher obligation, to whom he owes it, that his most inveterate enemy has not sealed his eyes, and satisfyed his wishes, with the sight of his mangled bloody corpse. Who, if they had not been made free, these deliverers of their master, these avengers of guilt, these defenders of innocent blood, must have been put to the torture. It is matter, however, of so small satisfaction to him under his present misfortunes, to reflect, that whatever becomes of himself, he has had it in his power to reward them as they deserved. But the torture that is now inflicting in the porch of the temple of Liberty, bears hard upon Milo. Upon whose slaves is it inflicted? do you ask? on those of P. Clodius. Who demanded them? Appius. Who produced them? Appius. From whence came they? from Appius. Good gods! can any thing be more severe? Servants are never examined against their masters but in cafes of incest, as in the instance of Clodius, who now approaches nearer the gods, than when he made his way into their very presence; for the same enquiry is made into his death as if their sacred mysteries had been violated. But our ancestors would not allow a slave to be put to the torture for what affected his master, not because the truth could not thus be
be discovered, but because their matters thought it dishonourable and worse than death itself. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Roscio, call in Casca. Did Clodius waylay Milo? He did. Drag them instantly to execution: he did not. Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination? They are hurried away on a sudden to the rack, but are confined separately, and thrown into dungeons, that no person may have an opportunity of speaking to them: At last, after having been, for a hundred days, in the hands of the prosecutor, he himself produces them. What can be more fair and impartial than such an examination?

But if, my lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unainted with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had intrusted with the care of the whole republic, all the youth of Italy, and all the military force of Rome: to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause; especially as that person heard every report, was apprehensive of very great danger, had many suspicions, and gave credit to some stories. Great, my lords, is the force of confidence; great both in the innocent and the guilty; the first have no fears, while the other imagine their punishment is continually before their eyes. Nor indeed is it without good reason that Milo’s cause has ever been approved by the senate; for those wise men perceived the justice of his cause, his presence of mind, and the resolution with which he made his defence. Have you, my lords, when the news of Clodius’s death had reached us, what were the reports and opinions that prevailed, not only amongst the enemies of Milo, but even amongst some other weak persons, who affirmed that Milo would not return to Rome? For if he committed the fact in the heat of passion, from a principle of resentment, they imagined he would look upon the death of P. Clodius as of such consequence, that he could be content to go into banishment, after having fatiated his revenge with the blood of his enemy; or if he put him to death with a view to the safety of his country, they were of opinion that the same brave man, after he had saved the state by exposing his own life to danger, would cheerfully submit to the laws, and leaving us to enjoy the blessings he had preferred, be satisfied himself with immortal glory. Others talked in a more frightful manner, and called him a Catiline; he will break out, said they, he will seize some strong place, he will make war upon his country. How wretched is often the fate of those citizens who have done the most important services to their country! their noblest actions are not only forgot, but they are even suspected of the most impious. These suggestions therefore were groundless: yet they might have proved too well founded, had Milo done anything that could not be defended with truth and justice.

Why should I mention the calumnies that were afterwards heaped upon him? And though they were such as would have filled any breast with terror that had the least consciousness of guilt, yet how he bore them! Immortal gods! bore them, did I say? Nay, how he despised and set them at nought! Though a guilty person even of the greatest courage, nor an innocent person, unless ended with the greatest fortitude, could never have neglected them. It was whispered about, that a vast number of shields, swords, bridles, darts, and javelins might be found; that there was not a street nor lane in the city, where Milo had not hired a house; that arms were conveyed down the Tiber to his seat at Cecicum; that his house on the Capitoline hill was filled with shields; and that every other place was full of hand-granades for firing the city. These stories were not only reported, but almost believed; nor were they looked upon as groundless till after a search was made. I could not indeed but applaud the wonderful diligence of Pompey upon the occasion: but to tell you freely, my lords, what I think, those who are charged with the care of the whole republic, are obliged to hear too many stories; nor indeed is it in their power to avoid it. He could not refuse
fuse an audience to a paltry fellow of a priest, Licinius I think he is called, who gave information that Milo’s slaves, having got drunk at his house, confedered to him a plot they had formed to murder Pompey, and that afterwards one of them had stabbed him, to prevent his discovering it. Pompey received this intelligence at his gardens. I was sent for immediately; and by the advice of his friends the affair was laid before the senate. I could not help being in the greatest consternation, to see the guardian both of me and my country under so great an apprehension; yet I could not help wondering, that such credit was given to a butcher; that the confessions of a parcel of drunken slaves should be read; and that a wound in the side, which seemed to be the prick only of a needle, should be taken for the thrust of a gladiator. But, as I understand, Pompey was weighing his caution, rather than his fear; and was disposed to be suspicious of every thing, that you might have reason to fear nothing. There was a rumour also, that the house of C. Caesar, so eminent for his rank and courage, was attacked for several hours in the night. No body heard, no body perceived any thing of it, though the place was so public; yet the affair was thought fit to be enquired into. I could never suspect a man of Pompey’s distinguished valour, of being timorous; nor yet think any caution too great in one, who has taken upon himself the defence of the whole republic. A senator too, in a full house, affirmed lately in the capitol, that Milo had a dagger under his gown at that very time: upon which he struck himself in that most sacred temple, that, since his life and manners could not gain him credit, the thing itself might speak for him.

These stories were all discovered to be false malicious forgeries: but if, after all, Milo must still be feared; it is no longer the affair of Clodius, but your suspicions, Pompey, which we dread: your, your suspicions, I say, and speak it so, that you may hear me. If you are afraid of Milo, if you imagine that he is either now forming, or has ever before contrived, any wicked design against your life; if the forces of Italy, as some of your agents allude, if this armed force, if the Capitoline troops, if these centuries and guards, if the chosen band of young men that guard your person and your house, are armed against the assaults of Milo; if all these precautions are taken and pointed against him, great undoubtedly must be his strength, and incredible his valour; far surpassing the forces and power of a single man, since the most eminent of all our generals is fixed upon, and the whole republic armed to repel him. But who does not know that all the infirm and feeble parts of the state are committed to your care, to be restored and strengthened by this armed force? Could Milo have found an opportunity, he would immediately have convinced you, that no man ever had a stronger affection for another than he has for you; that he never declined any danger, where your dignity was concerned; that to raise your glory, he often encountered that monster Clodius; that his tribune was employed, under your direction, in securing my safety, which you had then so much at heart; that you afterwards protected him, when his life was in danger, and used your interest for him, when he fled for the praetorship; that there were two perfons whose warmest friendship he hoped he might always depend upon; yourself, on account of the obligations you laid him under, and me on account of the favours I received from him. If he had failed in the proof of all this; if your suspicions had been so deeply rooted as not to be removed; if Italy, in a word, must never have been free from new levies, nor the city from arms, without Milo’s destruction, he would not have scrupled, such is his nature and principles, to bid adieu to his country: but first he would have called upon me, O thou great one, as he now does.

Consider how uncertain and variable the condition of life is, how unfettered and inconstant a thing fortune; what unfaithfulness is to be found amongst friends; what indignities suited to times and circumstances; what defection, what cowardice in our dangers, even of those who are dearest to us. There will, there will, I say, be a time, and the day will certainly come, when you, with safety still, I hope, to your fortunes, though changed perhaps by some turn of the common times, which, as experience shews, will often happen to us all, may want the affection of the friendliest, the fidelity of the worthiest, and the courage of the bravest man living. Though who can believe that Pompey, so well skilled in the laws of Rome, in ancientalogues, and the constitution of his country, when the senate had given it him in charge, to see that the republic received no detriment; a sentience always sufficient for arming the confuls without assigning them an armed force; that he, I say, when an army and a chosen band of soldiers were assigned him, should wait the event.
event of this trial, and defend the conduct of the man who wanted to abolish trials? It was sufficient that Pompey cleared Milo from those charges that were advanced against him, by enacting a law, according to which, in my opinion, Milo ought, and by the confession of all, might lawfully be acquitted. But by fitting in that place, attended by a numerous guard assigned him by public authority, he sufficiently declares his intention is not to overawe (for what can be more unworthy a man of his character, than to oblige you to condemn a person, whom, from numerous precedents, and by virtue of his own authority, he might have punished himself) but to protect you: he means only to convince you that, notwithstanding yesterday's riotous assembly, you are at full liberty to pass sentence according to your own judgments.

But, my lords, the Clodian accusation gives me no concern; for I am not so stupid, so void of all experience, or so ignorant of your sentiments, as not to know your opinion in relation to the death of Clodius. And though I had not refuted the charge, as I have done, yet Milo might, with safety, have made the following glorious declaration in public, though a false one: I have flain, I have flain, not a Sp. Mallius, who was suspected of aiming at the regal power, because he courted the favour of the people by lowering the price of corn, and beffowing extravagant presents to the ruin of his own estate; not a Tiberius Gracchus, who sedulously deposed his colleague from his magistracy; though even their destroyers have filled the world with the glory of their exploits: but I have flain the man (for he had a right to use this language, who had faved his country at the hazard of his own life) whose abominable adulteries our noblest matrons discovered even in the most sacred recesses of the immortal gods: the man, by whose punishment the senate frequently determined to stone for the violation of our religious rites: the man whose incest with his own sister, Lucullus swore he had discovered, by due examination: the man who, by the violence of his flaves, expelled a person esteemed by the senate, the people, and all nations, as the preserver of the city and the lives of the citizens: the man, who gave and took away kingdoms, and parcelled out the world to whom he pleased: the man who, after having committed several murders in the forum, by force of arms obliged a citizen of illustrious virtue and character to confine himself within the walls of his own house: the man, who thought no instance of villainy or lust unlawful: the man, who fired the temple of the Nymphs, in order to destroy the public register, which contained the cenfure of his crimes: in a word, the man, who governed himself by no law, disregarded all civil institutions, and observed no bounds in the division of property; who never attempted to seize the estate of another by quirks of law, suborned evidence, or false oaths, but employed the more effectual means of regular troops, encampments, and standards; who by his armed forces endeavoured to drive from their possessions, not only the Tuscarans (for them he utterly despised) but Q. Varius, one of our judges, that brave man and worthy citizen; who with his architects and measurers traveled the estates and gardens of a great many citizens, and gratified in his own imagination all that lies between Janiculum and the Alps; who when he could not persuade Titus Facavius, an illustrious and brave Roman knight, to sell an island upon the Pontian lake, immediately conveyed timber, stone, mortar, and sand into the island in boats, and made no scruple of building a house on another person's estate, even while the proprietor was viewing him from the opposite bank; who had the impudence, immortal gods! to declare to such a man as Titus Furfanius (for I shall omit the affair relating to the widow Scantia, and the young Apronius, both of whom he threatened with death, if they did not yield to him the possession of their gardens); who had the impudence, I say, to declare to Titus Furfanius, that if he did not give him the sum of money he demanded, he would convey a dead body into his house, in order to expose to eminent a man to the public odium; who dispossessed his brother Appius of his estate in his absence, a man united to me in the closest friendship; who attempted to run a wall through a court-yard belonging to his fitter, and to build it in such a manner as not only to render the court-yard uselefs, but to deprive her of all entrance and access to her house.

Yet all these violations were tolerated, though committed no less against the commonwealth than against private persons, against the remotest as well as the nearest, strangers as well as relations; but the amazing patience of Rome was become, I know not how, perfectly hardened and callous. Yet by what means could you have warded off those dangers that were more immediate and threatening, or how could you have submitted
submitted to his government, if he had obtained it? I pass by our allies, foreign nations, kings and princes; for it was your ardent prayer that he would turn himself loose upon those rather than upon your estates, your houses, and your money. Your money did I say? By heavens, he had never restrained his unbridled lust from violating your wives and children. Do you imagine that these things are mere fictions? are they not evident? not publicly known? not remembered by all? Is it not notorious that he attempted to raise an army of slaves, strong enough to make him master of the whole republic, and of the property of every Roman? Wherefore if Milo, holding the bloody dagger in his hand, had cried aloud, Citizens, I beseech you, draw near and attend: I have killed Publius Clodius: with this right-hand, with this dagger, I have saved your lives from that fury, which no laws, no government could restrain: to me alone it is owing, that justice, equity, laws, liberty, modesty, and decency, have yet a being in Rome: could there be any room for Milo to fear how his country would take it? Who is there now that does not approve and applaud it? Where is the man that does not think and declare it as his opinion, that Milo has done the greatest possible service to his country; that he has spread joy amongst the inhabitants of Rome, of all Italy, and the whole world? I cannot indeed determine how high the transports of the Roman people may have risen in former times, this present age however has been witness to many signal victories of the bravest generals; but none of them ever occasioned such real and lasting joy. Commit this, my lords, to your memories. I hope that you and your children will enjoy many blessings in the republic, and that each of them will be attended with this reflection, that if P. Clodius had lived, you would have enjoyed none of them. We now entertain the highest, and, I trust, the best-grounded hopes, that so excellent a person being confult, the licentiousness of men being curbed, their schemes broke, law and justice established, the present will be a most fortunate year to Rome. But who is so stupid as to imagine this would have been the case had Clodins lived? How could you possibly have been secure in the possession of what belongs to you, of your own private property, under the tyranny of such a fury?

I am not afraid, my lords, that I should seem to let my resentment for personal injuries rise so high, as to charge these things upon him with more freedom than truth; For though it might be expected this should be the principal motive, yet so common an enemy was he to all mankind, that my aversion to him was fearfully greater than that of the whole world. It is impossible to express, or indeed to imagine what a villain, what a pernicious monster he was.

But, my lords, attend to this; the prefent trial relates to the death of Clodius: form now in your minds (for our thoughts are free, and reprent what they please just in the same manner as we perceive what we see) form, I say, in your minds the picture of what I shall now describe. Suppose I could persuade you to acquit Milo, on condition that Clodius should revive. Why do your countenances betray those marks of fear? how would he affect you when living, if the bare imagination of him, though he is dead, so powerfully strikes you? what if Pompey himself, a man possessed of that merit and fortune which enable him to effect what no one besides can; if he, I say, had it in his power either to appoint Clodius's death to be enquired into, or to raise him from the dead, which do you think he would chuse? Though from a principle of friendship he might be inclined to raise him from the dead, yet a regard to his country would prevent him. You therefore sit as the avengers of that man's death, whom you would not recall to life if you were able; and enquiry is made into his death by a law which would not have passed if it could have brought him to life. If his destroyer then should confess the fact, need he fear to be punished by those whom he has delivered? The Greeks render divine honours to those who put tyrants to death. What have I seen at Athens? what in other cities of Greece? what ceremonies were instituted for such heroes? what hymns? what songs? The honours paid them were almost equal to those paid to the immortal gods. And will you not only refuse to pay any honours to the preferrer of so great a people, and the avenger of such execrable villanies, but even suffer him to be dragged to punishment? He would have confessed, I say, had he done the action; he would have bravely and freely confessed that he did it for the common good; and indeed he ought not only to have confessed, but to have proclaimed it.

For if he does not deny an action for which he defires nothing but pardon, is it likely, that he would scruple to confess what he might hope to be rewarded for? unless he
he thinks it is more agreeable to you, that he should defend his own life, than the lives of your order; especially, as by such a confession, if you were inclined to be grateful, he might expect to obtain the noblest honours. But if you had not approved of the action (though how is it possible that a person can disapprove of his own safety!) if the courage of the brave man alive had not been agreeable to his countrymen; he would have departed with steadiness and resolution from so ungrateful a city. For what can shew greater ingratitude, than that all should rejoice, while he alone remained disconsolate, who was the cause of all the joy? Yet, in destroying the enemies of our country, this has been our constant persuasion, that as the glory would be ours, so we should expect our share of odium and danger. For what praise had been due to me, when in my confluence I made so many hazardous attempts for you and your posterity, if I could have proposed to carry my designs into execution without the greatest struggles and difficulties? what woman would not dare to kill the most villainous and outrageous citizen, if she had no danger to fear? But the man who bravely defends his country with the prospect of public odium, danger, and death, is a man indeed. It is the duty of a grateful people to bestow distinguished honours upon distinguished patriots; and it is the part of a brave man, not to be induced by the greatest sufferings to repent of having boldly discharged his duty. Milo therefore might have made the confession which Ahala, Naica, Opinius, Marius, and I myself formerly made. And had his country been grateful, he might have rejoiced; if ungrateful, his conscience must still have supported him under ingratitude. But that gratitude is due to him for this favour, my lords, the fortune of Rome, your own preservation, and the immortal gods, all declare. Nor is it possible that any man can think otherwise, but he who denies the existence of an over-ruling power or divine providence; who is unaffected by the majesty of your empire, the fun itself, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the changes and laws of nature, and above all, the wisdom of our ancestors, who religiously observed the sacred rites, ceremonies, and auspices, and carefully transmitted them to their posterity.

There is, there certainly is such a Power; nor can this grand and beautiful fabric of nature be without an animating principle, when these bodies and feeble frames of ours are endowed with life and perception. Unless perhaps men think otherwise, because it is not immediately discerned by them; as if we could discern that principle of wisdom and foresight by which we act and speak, or even could discover the manner and place of its existence. This, this is the very power which has often, in a wonderful manner, crowned Rome with glory and prosperity; which has destroyed and removed this plague; which inspired him with permission to irritate by violence, and provoke by the sword, the bravest of men, in order to be conquered by him; a victory over whom would have procured him eternal impunity, and full scope to his audaciousness. This, my lords, was not effected by human prudence, nor even by the common care of the immortal gods. Our sacred places themselves, by heavens, which faw this monster fall, seemed to be interested in his fate, and to vindicate their rights in his destruction. For you, ye Alban mounts and groves, I implore and attest, ye demolished altars of the Albans, the companions and partners of the Roman rites, which his fury, after having demolished the sacred groves, buried under the extravagant piles of his building. Upon his fall, your altars, your rites, flourished, your power prevailed, which he had defiled with all manner of villainy. And you, O venerable Jupiter! from your lofty Latian mount, whose lakes, whose woods and borders he polluted with the most abominable lust, and every species of guilt, at last opened your eyes to behold his destruction: to you, and in your presence, was the late, but just and deserved penalty paid. For surely it can never be alleged that, in his encounter with Milo before the chapel of the Bona Dea, which stands upon the estate of that worthy and accomplished youth, P. Sextius Gallus, it was by chance he received that first wound, which delivered him up to a shameful death, I may say under the eye of the gods herself: no; it was that he might appear not acquitted by the infamous decree, but reserved only for this signal punishment.

Nor can it be denied that the anger of the gods inspired his followers with such madness, as to commit to the flames his exposed body, without pageants, without finging, without shews, without pomp, without lamentations, without any oration in his praise, without the rites of burial, besmirched with gore and dirt, and deprived of that funeral solemnity which is always granted even to enemies. It was inconsistent with
pity, I imagine, that the images of such illustrious persons should grace so monstrous a parricide; nor could he be torn by the dogs, when dead, in a more proper place than that where he had been so often condemned while alive. Truly, the fortune of the Roman people seemed to me hard and cruel, which saw and suffered him to infilt the state for so many years. He defiled with his most sacred rites; violated the most solemn decrees of the senate; openly corrupted his judges; narrated the senate in his tribunship; abolished those acts which were passed with the concurrence of every order for the safety of the state; drove me from my country; plundered my goods; fired my house; perfecuted my wife and children; declared an execrable war against Pompey; affaflinated magistrates and citizens; burnt my brother's house; laid Tuscany waste; drove many from their habitations and estates; was very eager and furious; neither Rome, Italy, provinces nor kingdoms could confine his frenzy. In his house, laws were hatched, which were to subject us to our own slaves; there was nothing belonging to any one, which he coveted, that this year he did not think would be his own. None but Milo opposed his designs; he looked upon Pompey, the man who was best able to oppose him, as firmly attached to his interest, by their late reconciliation. The power of Cæsar he called his own; and my fall had taught him to despise the sentiments of all good men: Milo alone resilted him.

In this situation, the immortal gods, as I before observed, inspired that furious miscreant with a design to way-lay Milo. No otherwise could the monster have been destroyed; the state could never have avenged its own cause. Is it to be imagined, that the senate could have restrained him when he was praetor, after having effected nothing while he was only in a private station? Could the confuls have been strong enough to check their praetor? In the first place, had Milo been killed, the two confuls must have been of his faction; in the next place, what conful would have had courage to oppose him when praetor, whom he remembered, while tribune, to have grievously harassed a person of consular dignity? He might have oppressed, feized, and obtained every thing; by a new law which was found among the other Clodian laws, he would have made our slaves his freed-men. In short, had not the immortal gods inspired him, effeminate as he was, with the frantic resolution of attempting to kill the bravest of men, you would this day have had no republic. Had he been prætor, had he been conful, if indeed we can suppose that these temples and these walls could have stood till his confulship; in short, had he been alive, would he have committed so mischiefs; who, when dead, by the direction of Sextus Claudius, one of his dependents, let the senate-house on fire? Was ever fight more dreadful, more shocking, and more miserable? That the temple of holines, dignity, wisdom, public counsel, the head of this city, the sanctuary of her allies, the refuge of all nations, the seat granted to this order by the unanimous voice of the Roman people, should be fired, erased, and defiled? And not by a giddy mob, though even that would have been dreadful, but by one man; who, if he dared to commit such havoc for his deceased friend as a revenger, what would he not, as a leader, have done for him when living? He chose to throw the body of Clodius into the senate-house, that, when dead, he might burn what he had subverted when living. Are there any who complain of the Appian way, and yet are silent as to the senate-house? Can we imagine that the forum could have been defended against that man, when living, whose lifeless corpse destroyed the senate-house? Raise, raise him if you can from the dead; will you break the force of the living man, when you can scarce sustain the rage occasioned by his unaburied body? Unles you pretend that you sustained the attacks of those who ran to the senate-house with torches, to the temple of Cæsar with fasces, and slew all over the forum with swords. You saw the Roman people massacred, an assembly attacked with arms, while they were attentively hearing Marcus Cælius, the tribune of the people; a man undaunted in the service of the republic; most resolute in whatever cause he undertakes; devoted to good men, and to the authority of the senate; and who has discovered a divine and amazing fidelity to Milo under his present circumstances; to which he was reduced either by the force of envy, or a singular turn of fortune.

But now I have said enough in relation to the cause, and perhaps taken too much liberty in digressing from the main subject. What then remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my lords, to extend that compati-
you have not seen him shed a single tear while all are weeping around him, though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language, do not on this account withhold it from him: Indeed I know not whether these circumstances ought not to plead with you in his favour. If in the combats of gladiators, where persons of the lowest rank, the very dregs of the people are engaged, we look with so much contempt on cowards, on those who meanly beg their lives, and are so fond of saving the brave, the intrepid, and those who cheerfully offer their breasts to the sword; if I say, we feel more pity for those who seem above asking our pity, than for those who with callousness treat it, how much more ought we to be thus affected where the interests of our bravest citizens are concerned? The words of Milo, my lords, which he frequently utters, and which I daily hear, kill and confound me. May my fellow-citizens, says he, flourished, may they be safe, may they be glorious, may they be happy! May this renowned city prosper, and my country, which shall ever be dear to me, in whatsoever manner the shall please to treat me: since I must not live with my fellow-citizens, let them enjoy peace and tranquillity without me; but then, to me let them owe their happiness. I will withdraw, and retire into exile: if I cannot be a member of a virtuous commonwealth, it will be some satisfaction not to live in a bad one; and as soon as I set foot within a well-regulated and free state, there will I fix my abode. Alas, cries he, my fruitless toils! my fallacious hopes! my vain and empty schemes! Could I, who, in my tribunehip, when the state was under oppression, gave myself up wholly to the service of the senate, which I found almost destroyed; to the service of the Roman knights, whose strength was so much weakened; to the service of all good citizens, from whom the oppressive arms of Clodius had wrested their due authority; could I ever have imagined I should want a guard of honest men to defend me? When I restored you to your country, (for we frequently discourse together) could I ever have thought that I should be driven myself into banishment? Where is now that senate, to whose interest we devoted ourselves? Where, where, says he, are those Roman knights of yours? What is become of that warm affection the municipal towns formerly testified in your favour? What is become of the acclamations of all Italy? What is become of thy art, of thy eloquence, my Tully, which have so often been employed to preserve your fellow-citizens? Am I the only person, to whom alone they can give no assistance; I, who have so often engaged my life in your defence?

Nor does he utter such sentiments as these, my lords, as I now do, with tears, but with the same intrepid countenance you now behold. For he denies, he absolutely denies, that his fellow citizens have repaid his services with ingratitude; but he confesses they have been too timorous, too apprehensive of danger. He declares, that in order to insure your safety, he gained over the common people, all the scum of the populace, to his interest, when under their leader Clodius they threatened your property and your lives; that he not only curbed them by his resolution, but fomented their rage at the expense of his three inheritances. And while, by his liberality he appeases the fury of the people, he enters not the least doubt but that his extraordinary services to the state will procure him your affection and favour. Repeated proofs of the senate's esteem, he acknowledges that he has received, even upon the present occasion; and declares, that, wherever fortune may convey him, he can never deprive him of those marks of honour, regard, and affection, conferred upon him by you and the people of Rome. He recollects too, that he was declared confid by the universal suffrage of the people, the only thing he valued or desired; and that, in order to his being invested with that office, the voice of the people was only wanting; a matter, in his opinion, of very little importance. But now if these arms are to be turned against him, at last, 'tis a satisfaction to him that it is not owing to his guilt, but the suspicion of it. He adds likewise, what is unquestionably true, that the brave and wise perform great actions, not so much on account of the rewards attending them, as on account of their own intrinsic excellence; that through his whole course of life, whatever he has done has been nobly done, since nothing can be more truly great than for a man to rescue his country from impending dangers: that they are without doubt happy, whom their fellow-citizens have repaid with their due reward of honour; but that neither are those to be esteemed unhappy, whose services have exceeded their rewards. Yet, should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, he is convinced that the noblest of all is glory; that this
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,  
Book III.

this alone compensates the shortness of life,  
by the immortality of fame; that by this  
we are still present, when absent from  
the world, and survive even after death; and  
that by the steps of glory, in short, mortals  
seem to mount to heaven. Of me, says he,  
the people of Rome, all the nations of the  
earth, shall talk, and my name shall be  
known to the latest posterity. Nay, at this  
very time, when all my enemies combine to  
inflame an universal odium against me, yet I  
receive the thanks, congratulations, and  
applauses of every assembly. Not to mention  
the Tuscan festivals instituted in honour of  
me, it is now about an hundred days since  
the death of Clodius, and yet, I am  
persuaded, not only the fame of this action, but  
the joy arising from it, has reached beyond  
the remotest bounds of the Roman empire.  
It is therefore, continues he, of little impor-  
tance to me, how this body of mine is dispo- 
sed of, since the glory of my name already  
fills, and shall ever poffefs, every region of  
the earth.

This, Milo, is what you have often  
talked to me, while these were absent; and  
now that they are present, I repeat it to  
you. Your fortitude I cannot sufficiently  
applaud, but the more noble and divine your  
virtue appears to me, the more diftrefs I feel  
in being torn from you. Nor when you  
are separated from me, shall I have the  
poor consolation of being angry with those  
who give the wound. For the separation is  
not made by my enemies, but by my friends;  
not by thoje who have at any time treated  
to me injuriously, but by thoje to whom I  
have been always highly obliged. Load me, my  
lords, with as severe affiictions as you please,  
even with that I have juft mentioned (and  
one purely can be more severe) yet shall I  
ever retain a grateful fene of your former  
favour. But if you have loft the remem-  
brance of thee, or if I have fallen under  
your difleasure, why do not ye avenge  
yourfelves rather upon me, than Milo?  
Long and happily enough I shall have lived,  
could I but die before such a calamity befal  
me. Now I have only one confolation  
to support me, the consciousness of having  
performed for thee, my Milo, every good  
office of love and friendship it was in my  
power to perform. For thee, I have dared  
the refentment of the great and powerful:  
for thee, I have often expoed my life to the  
fiwords of thy enemies; for thee, I have  
often proffrated myself as a suppliant; I  
have embarked my own and my family's  
estate on the fame bottom with thine; and  
at this very hour, if you are threatened with  
any violence, if your life runs any hazard,  
I demand a share in your danger. What  
now remains? what can I say? what can I  
do to repay the obligations I am under to  
you, but embrace your fortune, whatever it  
shall be, as my own? I will not refuse;  
I accept my share in it: and, my lords, I  
itreat you either to crown the favours you  
have conferred upon me by the prefervation  
of my friend, or cancel them by his  
deftraftion.

Milo, I perceive, beholds my tears without  
the leaff emotion. Incredible firmness of soul! he thinks himself in exile there,  
where virtue has no place; and looks upon  
death, not as a punishment, but as the pe- 
period of our lives. Let him then retain that  
benevolence of soul, which is natural to him;  
but how, my lords, are you to determine?  
Will ye still preferve the memory of Milo,  
and yet drive his perfon into banifhment?  
And shall there be found on earth a place  
more worthy the refidence of fuch virtue,  
than that which gave it birth? On you, on  
you I call, ye heroes, who have loft so  
much blood in the fervice of your country;  
to you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal  
in this hour of danger to the best of men,  
and bravest of citizens; while you are looking  
on, while you stand here with arms in  
your hands, and guard this tribunal, shall  
virtue like this be expelled, exterminated,  
cut out with ufhame? Unhappy, wretched  
man that I am! could you, Milo, by these  
recall me to my country; and by these shall  
I not be able to keep you in yours? What  
answer shall I make to my children, who  
look on you as another father? What to  
you, Quintus, my absent brother, the kind  
partner of all my misfortunes? that I could  
not preferve Milo by thoje very instruments  
which he employed in my prefervation? in  
what caufe could I not preferve him? a  
caufe approved of by all. Who have put  
it out of my power to preferve him? Thoje  
who gained moft by the death of Clodius.  
And who solicited for Milo? I myfelf;  
What crime, what horrid villainy was I  
guilty of, when thoje plots that were con- 
ceived for our common deftruftion, were all,  
by my induftry, traced out, fully discovered,  
laid open before you, and cruflhed at once?  
From that copious fource flow all the cala- 
mities which befal me and mine. Why  
did you defire my return from banifhment?  
Was it that I might fee thoje very perfons  
who were instrumental in my reftoration  
banifhed before my face? Make not, I con-  
jure
But try in fhours. Happy wretched, how especially pursue, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a profector, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his praetorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a conful stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houfe, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his praetorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his inhumanity. The mischief done by him in that country during the three years of his injurious administration, are such, that many years, under the wifeft and best of praetors, will not be fufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all caufes in Sicily for three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deferred punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banifhed, unheard. The har-

§ II. Part of Cicero’s Oration against Verres.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been withdawn for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in persecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this pandorous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a profector, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his praetorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a conful stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houfe, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his praetorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his inhumanity. The mischief done by him in that country during the three years of his injurious administration, are such, that many years, under the wifeft and best of praetors, will not be fufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all caufes in Sicily for three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deferred punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banifhed, unheard. The har-

bours
bours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the fannelery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stipped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decent forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impunity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his insidious sentences, filled the prisons with the most indolent and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gags; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked pretor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked pretor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served "under Lucius Pretius, who is now at "Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty pretor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Mothers, was an innocent Roman citizen, publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and intamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the crosses!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the crosses, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and fets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Cicero's Orations.

§ 12. The Oration which was spoken by Pericles, at the public Funeral of those Athenians who had been first killed in the Peloponnesian War.

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by
by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one perfon, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they bear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since succeeding generation. Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which those ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have rofe to this height of glory and power; by what policy, and by what conduct we are thus aggandized, I shall first endeavour to shew, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. Thefe, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different forever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the fame general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preference from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life we converse together without difidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight.

The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book III.

page and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if anywhere where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we shew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is disgrace indeed. There is visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the foundle judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein confits our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we shew the greatest courage, and yet debate before-hand the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards.

And those undoubtedly must be owned to have the greatest souls, who, most acutely sensible of the miferies of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The perfon obliged is compelled to act the more infipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a moft graceful demeanour, and a moft ready habit of dispatch.

That I have not, on this occasfon, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath rose, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempt their defeat from the blush of indignation, and give to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off a history with the charms of verfe, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we have more at stake than men.
men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the fullest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed in their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effecteth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life belittles; not one was the less lavish of his life, through that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes shewed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but professed their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantaneously dropped; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonour their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Befalling thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious. Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native foil alone that shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, Reported more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances, in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those
§ 13. Hamlet to the Players.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoke my lines. And do not faw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special oberservation, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to fhow Virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and belldowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villainous, and fhes a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. 

Shakespeare.

§ 14. The Character of Marius.

The birth of Marius was obscure, though some call it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of

* The law was, that they should be intrusted at the public expense, and when come to age presented with a complete suit of armour, and honoured with the first seats in all public places.

cent grief for his departed friends, and then retire. Thucydidès.
of that age, the younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardiness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extrication, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory; for being asked by some of his officers, who were supposing with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory; so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular facility to produce the most glorious conterminer, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of substantiating his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had faved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventeenth sufficiency; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained. Middlet. § 15. Romulus to the People of Rome, after building the City.

If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intelli divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, fobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils.

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived. Hobbe. § 16. The
§ 16. The Character of Sylla.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither diffembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chafe a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent questor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a questor. But, whether routed by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiery, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money; so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his questor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purpouses; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried al-

ways about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiery, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detected the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a matter of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the fame infult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

§ 17. Hannibal to Scipio Africanus, at their Interview preceding the Battle of Zama.

Since fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you. I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prefered it to; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed,
blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obdurate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the insufficiency of fortune, incline me to leave nothing to her determination, which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannae, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the spoils of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because the smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

§ 18. Scipio's Answer.

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long, pollied of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more senfible than I am of the weaknesses of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are matters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part: Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at disfetion, or must vanquish us in battle.

§ 19. The Character of Pompey.

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that fort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarlyy made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lefser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of the empire. He was about six years older than Caesar; and while Caesar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and, by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the poft that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man
man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator.

It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of revered haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were pliable, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so he gained in the camp he usually lopt in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in thee two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable; he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly disdained both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preferred his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superition, and attention to thofe vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had feen the fame temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and even farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged, to him for his protection at Rome, and reparation to his kingdom: and the son had sent a confidérable fleet to his affittance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whole politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that field, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been referred for an example of the instability of human greatnes, he, who a few days before commanded kings and confuls, and all the nobility of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of flaves; murdered by a base defector; cast out naked and headles on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon
upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brases, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was fought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 20. Submission; Complaint; Intreating—
The Speech of Seneca the Philosopher to Nero, complaining of the Envoy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.

May it please the imperial majesty of Caesar favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to preferre to their prince where to beflow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancellor, Augustus, bestowed on his desiring favourite, Agrippa and Maccenas, honours and emoluments, fittable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" say my enemies, "shall I private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fadd? Shall a philo-

pher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase eftates, and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expence, and for his own pleasure?"

Caesar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince beftowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Caesar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despire the envious. As the overloaded foldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, fo I, in this laft stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequall to the lightest cares, beg, that Caesar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to ref tore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbersome. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Caesar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Caesar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on one, who, to far from being intoxicated with them, swewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

Corn. Tacit.

§ 21. Speech of Charidemus, an Athenian Exile at the Court of Darius, on being asked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince against Alexander.

Perhaps your Majefthy may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majefthy's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the ealt, may feem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendor of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

Si

make a {how which furpaffes the imaginaThe Mation of all who have not feen it.
cedonian army, with which your Majefty's

Book

111.

for parts, learning, eloquence, fcarce inferior
His orations were admire*.! for
to any man.

two qualities, which are feldom found togoing to contend, is, on the con- gether, ftrength and elegance Cicero ranks
trary, grim, and horrid of afpeft, and clad him among the greatelt orators that Rome
The irrefiftible phalanx is a body ever bred; and Quindlilian fays, that he
in iron.
of men who, in the field of battle, fear no {poke with the fame force with which he
and if he had devoted himfelf to
onfet, being praftifed to hold together, man fought
to man, (liield to fiiield, and fpear to fpear; the bar, would have been the only man caNor was he %
broke pable of rivalling Cicero.
fo that a brazen wa
through.
In advancing, in wheeling to m.after only of the politer arts; but converfant
alfo
with
the
moft
abifrufe
and critical
right or left, in attacking, in every exercife
of arms, they aft as one man. They an- parts of learning; and, among other works
fwer the flightell lign from the commander, which he publiihed, addreffed two books to
as if his foul animated the whole army. Cicero, on the analogy of language, oj the
Every foldler has a knowledge of war fuffi- art of fpeaking and v/riting correftly. He
And this difcipline, by was a moit liberal patron of wit and learning,,
cient for a general.
which the Macedonian army is become- fo wherefoever they were found ; and cut of
foriiiidable, was firft eftablifhed, and has been his love of thofe talents, would readily parall along kept up, by a iixed contempt of don thofe who had employed them againft
what your Majefty's troops are fo vain'of, I himfelf; rightly judging, that by making
mean gold and fiber. The t)are earth ferves fuch m.en his friends, he Ihould draw praifes
them for beds. Whatever will fatisfy na- from the fame fountain from which he had
His capital pafTions were
ture, is their luxury. Their repofe is always been afperfed.
Your Majefty may, ambition, and love of pleafure; which hc
fiiorter than the night.
therefore, judge, whether the I'heflalian, indulged in their turns to the greateil excefs
Acarnanian, and ./EtoHan cavalry, and the yet the firft was always predominant; to
Macedonian phalanx an army that has, in which he could ealily facrifice all the charms
fpite of all oppofition, overrun half the world oF the fecond, and draw pleafure even from
"
are to be repelled by a multitude (how- toils and dangers, when they miniftered to
For he thought Tyranny, as
ever numerous) armed with flings, and ftakes his glory.
hardened at the points by fire.
To be upon Cicero fays, the greatcft of goddefifes aiKi
equal ter.rjs with Alexander, your Majefty had frequently in his mouth a verfe of Eu.ought to have an army compofed of the fame ripides, which expretled the image of his
fort of troops
and they are no where to be foul, that if right and juftice were ever to be
had, but in the fame countries which pro- violated, they were to be violated for the
fake of rei gnmg.
This was the chief end
duced thofe conquerors of the world.
It is therefore my opinion, that, if your and purpole of his life; the fchemc that he
Majefty were to apply the gold- and filver, had formed from his early youth ; fo that»
which now fofuperfluoufly adorns your men, as Cato truly declared of him, he cara«
to the purpofe of hiring an army from with fobriety and meditation to the fubGreece, to contend with Greeks, you might verfion of the republic. He ufed to fay,,
have fome chance for fuccefs; otherwife I that there were two things neceffary, to acfee no reafon to expecf any thing elfe, than quire and to fupport power— foldiers and
that your army fhould be defeated, as all money; which yet depended mutuaily upoa
with money therefore he prothe others have been who have encountered each other
vided foldiers, and with foldiers extorted
the irrefiftible Macedonians.
and
was,
money;
of all men, the moft rapaCitrtius.
cious in plundering both friends and foes
fparing neither prince, nor ftate, nor'temple,
§22. TheChara^erof]\iLiVsCjESA.K.
nor even private perfons, who were known
Csfar was endowed with every great and to pofi'efs any fhare of treafure. His great
noble quality, that could exalt human na- abilities would neceflarily have, made him
ture, and give a man the afcendant in fo- one of the firft citizens of Rome; but, diiciety
formed to excel in peace, as well as daining the condition of a fubjeft, he couJd
var provident in council ; fearlefs in aftion
never reft, till he made himfelf a monarcii.
and executing what he had refolved with an In afting this laft part, his ufual prudeiice
amazing celerity generous beyond meafure feemed to fail him; as if the height to whicb
to his friends ; placable to his eiieniies ; and he was niounted, hmi turned his liead, and
forces are

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made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 23. Calisthenes's Reproof of Cleon's Flattery to Alexander, on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by Vote.

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed: he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmansly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praise is lafting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been defiled till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were defiled over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confefs ourselves inferior to them? Q. Curtius.

§ 24. The Character of Cato.

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the fictitious rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compunction: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him; and, instead of managing the power of the great, to as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his fett, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.

Middleton.


Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my caufe; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenfure me, in your wisdom; and awake your fenfes, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rofe against Caesar? this is my anfwer.—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I flew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.

Book III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.
ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. —I pause for a reply. —

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is inrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart—That, as I flew my belt lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakspeare.


As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were very high equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosify; Cato for his unfulfilled integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an artless severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never beflowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immovable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he defired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modelly with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Rowe.

§ 27. Caius Marius to the Romans, showing the Absurdity of their insisting to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on Account of his Extradition.

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and truft, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be desirable to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, pecuniarily hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.
I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen confuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then thought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to fly my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bettia, whether, if they had their choice, they would defer sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors; whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy, like wife, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they defpised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most-industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors calls a light, indeed, upon their potesties; but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one’s illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one’s own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces.

§ 23. The Character of Catiline.

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and
intend broils; and in these he employed
his younger days. His body was formed
for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest,
to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was
daring, subtle, and changeable: he was ex-
pert in all the arts of simulation and dissimu-
lation; covetous of what belonged to others,
Viligious in his own; violent in his passion;
he had eloquence enough, but a small share
of wisdom. His boundless soul was con-
stantly engaging in extravagant and romantic
projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla’s usurpation, he was fired
with a violent desire of seizing the govern-
ment; and, provided he could but carry his
point, he was not at all solicitous by what
means. His spirit, naturally violent, was
daily more and more hurried on to the
execution of his design, by his poverty, and
the consciousness of his crimes; both which
evils he had heightened by the practices
above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it
by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly
debauched by luxury and avarice; vices
equally fatal, though of contrary natures.

Sallust, by Mr. Rose.

§ 29. Speech of Titus Quinctius
to the Romans, when theÆqui and
Volsci, taking Advantage of their in-
tense Commotions, ravaged their Country to the
Gates of Rome.

Though I am not conscious, O Romans,
of any crime by me committed, it is yet
with the utmost shame and confusion that I
appear in your assembly. You have seen
it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth
confufl.nl of Titus Quinctius, theÆqui and
Volsci (tirce a match for the Hernici
alone) came in arms to the very gates of
Rome, and went away again unchallenged.
The course of our manners, indeed, and the
state of our affairs, have long been b场所,
that I had no reason to prefage much good;
but, could I have imagined that so great an
ignominy would have befallen me this year,
I would, by banishment or death (if all
other means had failed) have avoided the
station I am now in. What might Rome
then have been taken, if those men who
were at our gates had not wanted courage for
the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was
conful!—Of honours I had sufficient—of
life enough—more than enough—I should
have died in my third confulate.

But who are they that our daftardly en-
emies thus despise?—the consuls, or you,
Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or
punish us yet more severely. If you are to
blame—may neither gods nor men punish
your faults! only may you repent! No,
Romans, the confidence of our enemies is
not owing to their courage, or to their be-

fief of your cowardice: they have been too
often vanquished, not to know both them-
seives and you. Discord, discord, is the
ruin of this city! The eternal disputes be-
tween the senate and the people are the sole
cause of our misfortunes. While we will
set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to
your liberty; while you impatiently endure
Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our
enemies take heart, grow elated, and pre-
sumptuous. In the name of the immortal
gods, what is it, Romans, you would have?
You defied Tribunes; for the sake of peace,
we granted them. You were eager to have
Decemvirs; we consented to their creation.
You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we
obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursed
them when reduced to private men;
and we suffered you to put to death, or
banish, Paticians of the first rank in the
republic. You inflamed upon the restoration
of the Tribunship; we yielded: we quietly
flew Consuls of your own faction elected.
You have the protection of your Tribunes,
and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians
are subjected to the decrees of the Commons.
Under pretence of equal and impartial laws,
you have invaded our rights; and we have
suffered it, and we still suffer it. When
shall we see an end of discord? When shall
we have one interest, and one common
country? Victorious and triumphant, you
shew less temper than we under defeat.
When you are to contend with us, you can
feize—the Aventine hill, you can possess
yourselves of the Mons Sacer.
The enemy is at our gates, theÆquilme
is near being taken, and nobody flirs to
hinder it. But against us you are valiant,
against us you can arm with diligence. Come
on then, before the senate-house, make a
camp of the forum, fill the jails with our
chief nobles; and, when you have achieved
these glorious exploits, then, at lafl, fall
out at theÆquilme gate, with the same
fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your
resolution fail you for this? Go then, and
behold from our walls your lands ravaged,
your houses plundered and in flames, the
whole country laid waste with fire and sword.
Have you any thing here to repair these
damages? Will the Tribunes make up your
loves to you? They'll give you words as
many as you please; bring impeachments in
abundance against the prime men in the
state.
§ 30. MICEPSA TO JUGURTHA.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My diffulement seems now to be fait approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindnefs to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any stranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwife, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases: by division a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.

Sallust.

§ 31. Speech of Publius Scipio to the Roman Army, before the Battle of the Ticin.

Were you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time: for, what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signallv vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confefs themselves conquered? But, as these troops, having been inrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a confult for your captain, against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprized of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the fame, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been these twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your flames on a sudden rise up in arms against you. Conquered and

enslaved,
enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle, unless you can believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and forlorn! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man’s help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion: and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily sin with what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreaded Afdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy’s march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men, who fought at the Aegates, and whom, at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journeys, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousnes of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father’s memory, to the treaty written with Hamilcar’s own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we releas’d them, when they were closely shut up, without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hare-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our slate, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

§ 32. Speech of Hannibal to the Carthaginian Army, on the same Occasion.

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left: not a ship to fly to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river breeder and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which,
which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the fame fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to with for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these, with the matters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toil since marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your compleated service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and founding. It has often happened, that a defpifed enemy has given a bloody-battle; and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom should one place the two armies, without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is confus. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side forever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a moft gallant cavalry: you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of auxiliaries, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hoftile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge. First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivere up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! you are to preferibe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! "Pax not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city." Is it a small matter then that you have depriv'd us of our ancient possesions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain, and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their confuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your
your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

§ 33. The Character of Hannibal.

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his ar-
ival there attracted the eyes of the whole
army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was
revived and rejoiced to them: they saw the
fame vigorous countenance, the fame pierc-
ing eye, the fame complexion and features.
But in a short time his behaviour occasioned
this resemblance of his father to contribute
the least towards his gaining their favour.
And, in truth, never was there a genius
more happily formed for two things, most
manfully contrary to each other—to obey
and to command. This made it difficult to
determine, whether the general or soldiers
loved him most. Where any enterprise
required vigour, and value in the perform-
ance, Aefdrubal always chose him to com-
mand at the executing it; nor were the
troops ever more confident of success, or
more intrepid, than when he was at their
head. None ever shewed greater bravery in
undertaking hazardous attempts, or more
presence of mind and conduct in the exe-
cution of them. No hardship could fatigue
his body, or daunt his courage: he could
equaliy bear cold and heat. The necessary
reflection of nature, not the pleasure of his
 palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He
made no distinction of day and night in his
watching, or taking rest; and appropriated
no time to sleep, but what remained after
he had completed his duty: he never sought
for a soft or retired place of repose; but was
often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt
in a soldier's cloak, amongst the centinels
and guards. He did not distinguish himself
from his companions by the magnificence of
his drefs, but by the quality of his horfe
and arms. At the fame time, he was by
far the bent foot and horfe foldier in the
army; ever the foremost in a charge, and
the left who left the field after the battle
was begun. These fhining qualities were
however balanced by great vices; inhuman
cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery;
no respect for truth or honour, no fear of
the gods, no regard for the fanaticity of oaths,
no feme of religion. With a disposition
thus chequered with virtues and vices, he
ferved three years under Aefdrubal, without
neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing,
that could contribute to make him hereafter
a complete general.

§ 34. The Scythian Ambassadors to
Alexander, on his making Prepara-
tions to attack their Country.

If your perfon were as gigantic as your
desires, the world would not contain you.
Your right hand would touch the eaf, and
your left the west at the fame time: you
grasp at more than you are equal to. From
Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay
hold on Europe. And if you fhould con-
quer all mankind, you feem disposed to
wage war with woods and fnows, with
rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to
fubdue nature. But, have you confidered
the ufual course of things? have you re-
flected, that great trees are many years in
growing to their height, and are cut down
in an hour? It is foolish to think of the
fruit only, without confidering the height
you have to climb to come at it. Take care
left, while you strive to reach the top, you
fall to the ground with the branches you
have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the
Scy/thians, or the Scythians with you? We
have never invaded Macedon; why fhould
you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the
punisher of robbers; and are yourself the
general robber of mankind. You have taken
Lydia; you have feized Syria; you are
mater of Persia; you have subdued the
Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will
not fatisfy you, unless you lay your greedy
and infatiable hands upon our flocks and our
herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You
grasp at riches, the po/leffion of which
only increafes your avarice. You increafe
your hunger, by what fhould produce fatiety;
fo that the more you have, the more
you defire. But have you forgot how long
the conquest of the Bactrians detained you?
while you were subduing them the Sogdians
revolted. Your victories fer/ve ro no other
purpofe than to find you employment by
producing new wars; for the buifiness of
every conquest is twofold, to win, and to
preserve; and though you may be the greatest
of warriors, you must expect that the na-
tions you conquer will endeavour to fhake
off the yoke as fast as poflible: for what
people chufe to be under foreign dominion?

If you will crofs the Tanais, you may
travel over Scythia, and obferve how ex-
tensive a territory we inhabit. But to con-
quer us is quite another buifiness; you will
find us, at one time, too nimble for your
purpofe; and at another time, when you
think we are fled far enough from you, you
will
Book III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

will have us surprize you in your camp: for
the Scythians attack with no lefs vigour
than they fly. It will therefore be your
wisdom to keep with strict attention what
you have gained: catching at more, you
may lose what you have. We have a pro-
verbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has
no feet, and is furnished only with hands to
distribute her capricious favours, and with
fans to elude the grasp of those to whom she
has been bountiful.—You give yourself out
to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it
fits the character of a god to belowe favours
on mortals, not to deprive them of what
they have. But if you are no god, reflect
on the precarious condition of humanity.
You will thus shew more wisdom, than by
dwelling on those subjects which have puffed
up your pride, and made you forget yourfelf.

You see how little you are likely to gain
by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On
the other hand, you may, if you please,
have in us a valuable alliance. We com-
mand the borders of both Europe and Asia.
There is nothing between us and Bactria but
the river Tanais; and our territory extends
to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders
on Macedon. If you decline attacking us
in a hostile manner, you may have our friend-
ship. Nations which have never been at
war are on an equal footing; but it is in
vain that confidence is repose in a conquered
people: there can be no sincere friendship
between the oppressors and the oppressed;
even in peace, the latter think themselves
entitled to the rights of war against the
former. We will, if you think good, enter
into a treaty with you, according to our
manner, which is not by signing, sealing,
and taking the gods to witnefs, as is the Grecian
custom; but by doing actual services.
The Scythians are not used to pro-
mife, but perform without promising. And
they think an appeal to the gods superfluous;
for that those who have no regard for the
eflee of men will not hesitate to offend the
gods by perjury.—You may therefore con-
ference with yourself, whether you had better
have a people of such a character, and do
fitted as to have it in their power either
to serve you, or to annoy you, according
as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

Q. Curtius.

§ 35. JUNIUS BRUTUS over the dead
Body of Lucretia, who had stabbed herfelf in Consequence of the Rape of
Tarquin.

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood
which was once so pure, and which nothing
but royal villainy could have polluted, that
I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud,
his wicked wife, and their children, with
fire and fword: nor will I suffer any of that
family, or of any other whatsoever, to be
king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to
witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that
fad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius,
Collatinus’s wife—she died by her own
hand! See there a noble lady, whom the
lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity
of being her own executioner, to afeet her in-
nocence. Hopefibly entertained by her as
a kinfman of her husband, Sextus, the per-
fidious guest, became her brutal ravisher.

The charite, the generous Lucretia could not
survive the insult. Glorious woman! but
once only treated as a slave, the thought
life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a
woman, disdained a life that depended on a
tyrant’s will; and shall we, shall men, with
such an example before our eyes, and after
five-and-twenty years of ignominious servi-
tude, shall we, through a fear of dying,
defer one fingle instant to afeet our liberty?

No, Romans; now is the time; the favour-
able moment we have fo long waited for is
come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patri-
cians are at the head of the enterprize: the
city is abundantly provided with men, arms,
and all things necessary. There is nothing
wanting to fervice the Succes, if our own
courage does not fail us. And shall those
warriors who have ever been fo brave when
foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when
conquests were to be made to gratify the
ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then
only cowards, when they are to deliver them-
elves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by
the army which Tarquin now commands:
the feldiers, you imagine, will take the part
of their general. Banish fuch a groundless
fear: the love of liberty is natural to all
men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel
the weight of oppreffion with as quick a
fene as you that are in Rome; they will as
eagerly feize the occasion of throwing off
the yoke. But let us grant there may be
fome among them who, through bafefifs of
spirit, or a bad education, will be difpoled
to favour the tyrant: the number of thofe
can be but small, and we have means fufci-
cient in our hands to reduce them to reafton.
They have left us hostages more dear to
them than life; their wives, their children,
their fathers, their mothers, are here in the
2
city.
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city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and safety of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

Liv. § 36. Speech of Adherbal to the Roman Senate, imploring their assistance against Jugurtha.

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipsa, my father, on his death bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; affuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maffinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descen-

dant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, deftitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has feized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatnefs of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitrefs of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickednefs over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

"O wretched prince! O cruel reverfe of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must then the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither shall I fly! If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I then expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbibe in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be...
Some alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family in Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in his interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the crofs; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distrests of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distrests, and might for him have slain in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel distrests, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—But why should I lament his death! He is indeed deprived of the blest light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family? But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, is delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies, full low, gored with wounds, and fettering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life: so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurer, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbitres of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked, injury, and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

Sallust.

§ 37. Speech of Canuleius, a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Consulship, and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin!—They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the
the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected, or defpised, on account of his race and defect. And did the state prosper less for that? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing now that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us? But, "we find that, upon the abolition "of the regal power, no commoner was "chosen to the consulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days there was no Census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quaestors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free estate. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician; those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean? They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing at the same market-place: they might as well pretend, that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motives to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls; whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more inlift themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

§ 38. Life of Cicero.

The story of Cicero's death continued fresh on the minds of the Romans for many ages after it; and was delivered down to posterity, with all its circumstances, as one of the most affecting and memorable events of their history; so that the spot, on which it happened, seems to have been visited by travellers with a kind of religious reverence. The odium of it fell chiefly on Antony; yet it left a stain of perfidy and ingratitude also on Augustus; which explains the reason of that silence, which is observed about him, by the writers of that age; and why his name is not so much as mentioned either by Horace or Virgil. For though his character would have furnished a glorious subject for many noble lines, yet he was no subject for court poets, since the very mention of him must have been a satire on the prince,
prince, especially while Antony lived; among the hypocrites of whose court it was fashionable to infilt his memory, by all the methods of calumny that wit and malice could invent: nay, Virgil, on an occasion that could hardly fail of bringing him to his mind, instead of doing justice to his merit, chose to do an injustice rather to Rome itself, by yielding the superiority of eloquence to the Greeks, which they themselves had been forced to yield to Cicero.

Livy, however, whose candour made Angius call him a Pompeian, while out of complaisance to the times, he seems to extenuate the crime of Cicero's murder, yet after a high encomium of his virtues, declares, 'that to praise him as he deserved, required the eloquence of Cicero himself.' Angius too, as Plutarch tells us, happening one day to catch his grandson reading one of Cicero's books, which, for fear of the emperor's displeasure, the boy endeavoured to hide under his gown, took the book into his hands, and turning over a great part of it, gave it back again, and said, 'This was a learned man, my child, and a lover of his country.'

In the succeeding generation, as the particular envy to Cicero subsided, by the death of those whose private interests and personal quarrels had engaged to hate when living, and defame him when dead, so his name and memory began to shine out in its proper lustre; and in the reign even of Tiberius, when an eminent senator and historian, Cremutius Cordus, was condemned to die for praising Brutus, yet Paterculus could not forbear breaking out into the following warm expostulation with Antony on the subject of Cicero's death: 'Thou hast done nothing, Antony; hast done nothing, I say, by letting a price on that divine and illustrious head, and by a detestable reward procuring the death of so great a conful and preserver of the republic. Thou hast snatched from Cicero a troublesome being, a declining age, a life more miserable under thy dominion than death itself; but so far from diminishing the glory of his deeds and sayings, thou hast increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all ages; and as long as this system of nature, whether by chance or providence, or what way soever formed, which he alone of all the Romans comprehended in his mind, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall remain entire, it will draw the praises of Cicero along with it; and all posterity will ad-

"mire his writings against thee, curfe thy act against him——"

From this period, all the Roman writers, whether poets or historians, seem to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of Cicero, as the most illustrious of all their patriots, and the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence; who had done more honour to his country by his writings, than all their conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond those of their empire. So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the class of their inferior deities; a rank which he would have preferred to this day, if he had happened to live in papal Rome, where he could not have failed, as Erasmius says, from the innocence of his life, of obtaining the honour and title of a saint.

As to his person, he was tall and flender, with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; preferring a comeliness and dignity to the laft, with a certain air of clearness and serenity, that impressed both affection and respect. His constitution was naturally weak, yet was so confirmed by his management of it, as to enable him to support all the fatigues of the most active, as well as the most studious life, with perpetual health and vigour. The care that he employed upon his body, consisted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens for the refreshment of his voice from the labour of the bar: yet in the summer, he generally gave himself the exercise of a journey, to visit his several estates and villas in different parts of Italy. But his principal instrument of health was diet and temperance; by these he preferred himself from all violent dis-temper: and when he happened to be attacked by any slight indisposition, used to infource the severity of his abstinence, and starve it presently by fasting.

In his garbs and dresses, which the wise have usually considered as an index of the mind, he observed, what he prescribes in his book of Offices, a modesty and decency adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanliness, without the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of singularity, and avoiding the extremes of a rustic negligence and foppish delicacy; both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or illiberal contempt of it, the other a childish pride and ostentation of proclaiming our pretentions to it.

In his domestic and social life his beha-
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viour was very amiable: he was a most indulgent parent, a sincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous master. His letters are full of the tenderest expressions of love for his children; in whose endearing conversation, as he often tells us, he used to drop all his cares, and relieve himself from all his struggles in the senate and the forum. The same affection, in an inferior degree, was extended also to his flaves, when by their fidelity and services they had recommended themselves to his favour. We have seen a remarkable instance of it in Tyro, whose cafe was no otherwise different from the rest, than as it was distinguished by the superiori ty of his merit. In one of his letters to Atticus, "I have nothing more," says he, "to write; and my mind indeed is somewhat ruffled at present; for Soce citheus, my reader, is dead; a hopeful youth; which has afflict ed me more than "one would imagine the death of a slave "ought to do."

He entertained very high notions of friendship, and of its excellent use and benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illustrated in his entertaining treatise on that subject; where he lays down no other rules than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendships in which his eminent rank engaged him, he never was charged with deceiving, deferting, or even flighting any one whom he had once called his friend, or esteemed an honest man. It was his delight to advance their prosperity, to relieve their adversity; the same friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was most wanted, and his services the most disinterested: looking upon it not as a friendship, but a forbid traffic and merchandize of benefits, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice estimate of gain and loss. He calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it the most capital of all duties; and ufed the words grateful and good as terms synonymous, and inseparably united in the same character. His writings abound with sentiments of this sort, as his life did with the examples of them; so that one of his friends, in apologizing for the impor tunity of a request, observes to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a sufficient excuse for it; since he had established such a custom, of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requested, but claimed a right to command him.

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greatest injuries, upon the slightest submission; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himself, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he fought out reasons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his most inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous instances in his history. He declared nothing to be more laudable and worthy of a great man than placability; and laid down for a natural duty, to moderate our revenge, and observe a temper in punishing; and held repentance to be a sufficient ground for remitting it: and it was one of his sayings, delivered to a public assembly, that his enemies were mortal, his friendships immortal.

His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character, splendid and noble: his house was open to all the learned strangers and philosophers of Greece and Asia; several of whom were constantly entertained in it as part of his family, and spent their whole lives with him. His levee was perpetually crowded with multitudes of all ranks; even Pompey himself not dis daining to frequent it. The greatest part came not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of business to the senate or the forum; where, upon any debate or transactiou of moment, they constantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when these morning visits were over, as they usually were before ten, he retired to his books, and shut himself up in his library, without seeking any other diversion, but what his children afforded to the short intervals of his leisure. His supper was the greatest meal; and the usual feast with all the great of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night: yet he was out of his bed early the morning before it was light; and never used to sleep again at noon, as all others generally did, and as it is commonly practised in Rome to this day.

But though he was so temperate and frugal, yet when he was engaged to sup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aside his rules, and forgot the invalid; and was gay and sprightly, and the very soul of the company. When friends were met together, to heighten the comforts of social life, he thought it inhospitable not to contribute his share to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churlish refereuces. But he was really a lover of cheerful entertainments,
tains, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and singularly turned to raillery; a talent which was of great service to him at the bar, to correct the petulance of an adversary; relieve the fatety of a tedious cause; divert the minds of the judge; and mitigate the rigour of a sentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expense of the accuser.

This use of it was always thought fair, and greatly applauded in public trials; but in private conversations, he was charged sometimes with putting his raillery too far; and through a conscientiousness of his superior wit, exerting it often intemperately, without reflecting what cruel wounds his lashes inflicted. Yet of all his farcical jokes, which are transmitted to us by antiquity, we shall not observe any but what were pointed against characters, either ridiculous or profligate; such as he despaired for their follies, or hated for their vices; and though he might provoke the spleen, and quicken the malice of his enemies, more than was consistent with a regard to his own ease, yet he never appears to have hurt or loft a friend, or any one whom he valued, by the levity of jesting.

It is certain, that the fame of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence, and that several spurious collections of his sayings were handed about in Rome in his life-time, till his friend Trebonius, after he had been consul, thought it worth while to publish an authentic edition of them, in a volume which he addressed to Cicero himself. Cesar likewise, in the height of his power, having taken a fancy to collect the Apophthegms, or memorable sayings of eminent men, gave strict orders to all his friends who used to frequent Cicero, to bring him every thing of that sort, which happened to drop from him in their company. But Tiro, Cicero’s freedman, who served him chiefly in his studies and literary affairs, published after his death the most perfect collection of his Sayings, in three books; which Quintilian however wishes, that he had been more sparing in the number, and judicious in the choice of them. None of these books are now remaining, nor any other specimen of the jests, but what are incidentally scattered in different parts of his own and other people’s writings; which, as the fame judicious critic observes, through the change of taste in different ages, and the want of that action or gesture, which gave the chief spirit to many of them, could never be explained to advantage, though several had attempted it.

How much more cold then and insipid must they needs appear to us, who are unacquainted with the particular characters and stories to which they relate, as well as the peculiar fashions, humour, and taste of wit in that age? Yet even in these, as Quintilian also tells us, as well as in his other compositions, people would sooner find what they might reject, than what they could add to them.

He had a great number of fine houses in different parts of Italy; some writers reckon up eighteen; which, excepting the family seat at Arpinum, seem to have been all purchased, or built by himself. They were situated generally near to the sea, and placed at proper distances along the lower coast, between Rome and Pompeii, which was about four leagues beyond Naples; and for the elegance of structure, and the delights of their situation, are called by him the eyes, or the beauties of Italy. Those in which he took the most pleasure, and usuallv spent some part of every year, were his Tusculum, Antium, Anfura, Arpinum; his Formian, Cuman, Puteolan, and Pompeian villas; all of them large enough for the reception not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous guests; many of whom, of the first quality, used to pass several days with him in their excursions from Rome. But besides these that may properly be reckoned flats, with large plantations and gardens around them, he had several little inns, as he calls them, or baiting-places on the road, built for his accommodation in passing from one house to another.

His Tusculan house had been Sylla’s, the dictator; and in one of its apartments had a painting of his memorable victory near Nola, in the sacred war, in which Cicero had served under him as a volunteer: it was about four leagues from Rome, on the top of a beautiful hill, covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable prospect of the city, and the country around it, with plenty of water flowing through his grounds in a large stream or canal, for which he paid a rent to the corporation of Tusculum. Its neighbourhood to Rome gave him the opportunity of a retreat at any hour from the fatigues of the bar or the senate, to breathe a little fresh air, and divert himself with his friends or family: so that this was the place in which he took the most delight, and spent the greatest share of his leisure; and for that reason improved and adorned it beyond all his other houses.
When a greater satiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum, disposed him to seek a calmer scene, and more undisturbed retirement, he used to remove to Antium or Aftura. At Antium he placed his best collection of books, and as it was not above thirty miles from Rome, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that passed in the city. Aftura was a little island, at the mouth of a river of the same name, about two leagues farther towards the south, between the promontories of Antium and Circeum, and in the view of them both; a place peculiarly adapted to the purposes of solitude, and a severe retreat; covered with a thick wood, cut out into shady walks, in which he used to spend the gloomy and spleenetic moments of his life.

In the height of summer, the manfion-house at Arpinum, and the little island adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and cascades, afforded the best defence against the inconvenience of the heats; where, in the greatest that he had ever remembered, we find him refreshing himself, as he writes to his brother, with the utmost pleasure, in the cool stream of his Fibrenus. His other villas were situate in the more public parts of Italy, where all the best company of Rome had their houses of pleasure. He had two at Formiss, a lower and upper villa; the one near to the port of Cajeta, the other upon the mountains adjoining. He had a third on the shore of Baiae, between the lake Avernus and Putelei, which he calls his Puteolan; a fourth on the hills of Old Cumae, called his Cuman villa; and a fifth at Pompeii, four leagues beyond Naples, in a country famed for the purity of its air, fertility of its soil, and delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan house was built after the plan of the Academy of Athens, and called by that name; being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the same use of philosophical conferences. Some time after his death, it fell into the hands of Antistius Vetus, who repaired and improved it; when a spring of warm water, which happened to burst out in one part of it, gave occasion to the following epigram, made by Laurea Tullius, one of Cicero's freedmen.

Quo tua Romana vindex clariffime linguis
Sylla loco melius, surgere Juilia viret,
Atque Academia celebratam nomine villam
Nume reparat cultu fab potiore Vetus,
Hic etiam apparent lymbae non ante repertae,
Languida qua intus lumina rure levanty

Nimiriun locus ipse fui Ciceronis honos,
Hoc dedit, hac fontes cum patefecit ope,
Ut quoniam totum legitur fine fine per orbem,
Sint plurcs, occulis que mediantur, aquae.


"Where groves, once thine, now with fresh verdure bloom,
Great Parent of the eloquence of Rome,
And where thy Academy, favourite seat,
Now to Antistius yields its sweet retreat.
A gushing stream bursts out, of wonderous pow'r,
To heal the eyes, and weaken'd fight restore.
The place, which all its pride from Cicero drew,
Repays this honour to his memory due,
That since his works throughout the world are spread,
And with such eagerness by all are read,
New springs of healing quality shall rise,
To ease the incares of labour to the eyes."

The furniture of his houses was suitable to the elegance of his taste, and the magnificence of his buildings; his galleries were adorned with statues and paintings of the best Grecian masters; and his vellums and moveables were of the best work and choicest materials. There was a cedar table of his remaining in Pliny's time, said to be the first which was ever seen in Rome, and to have cost him eighty pounds. He thought it the part of an eminent citizen to preserve an uniformity of character in every article of his conduct, and to illustrate his dignity by the splendor of his life. This was the reason of the great variety of his houses, and of their situation in the most conspicuous parts of Italy, along the course of the Appian road; that they might occur at every stage to the observation of travellers, and lie commodious for the reception and entertainment of his friends.

The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on what the old writers have said on the mediocrity of his paternal estate, will be at a loss to conceive whence all his revenues flowed, that enabled him to sustain the vast expense of building and maintaining such a number of noble houses; but the solution will be easy, when we recollect the great opportunities that he had of improving his original fortunes. The two principal funds of wealth to the leading men of Rome, were first, the public magnifacies, and provincial commands; secondly, the presents of kings, princes, and foreign states, whom they had obliged by their services and protection; and though no man was more moderate in the use of these advantages than Cicero, yet...
to one of his prudence, economy, and contempt of vicious pleasures, these were abundantly sufficient to answer all his expenses: for in his province of Cilicia, after all the memorable instances of his generosity, by which he avowed to the public a full million sterling, which all other governors had applied to their private use, yet at the expiration of his year, he left in the hands of the publicans in Asia near twenty thousand pounds, referred from the strict dues of his government, and remitted to him afterwards at Rome. But there was another way of acquiring money, esteemed the most reputable of any, which brought large and frequent supplies to him, the legacies of deceased friends. It was the peculiar custom of Rome, for the clients and dependants of families, to bequeath at their death to their patrons, some considerable part of their estates, as the most effectual testimony of their respect and gratitude; and the more a man received in this way, the more it re
dounded to his credit. Thus Cicero mentions it to the honour of Lucullus, that while he governed Asia as proconfual, many great estates were left to him by will: and Nepos tell us in praise of Atticus, that he succeeded to many inheritances of the same kind, bequeathed to him on no other account than on his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero had his full share of these testamentary donations; as we fee from the many instances of them mentioned in his letters; and when he was falsely reproached by Antony, with being neglected on these occasions, he declared in his reply, that he had gained from this single article about two hundred thousand pounds, by the free and voluntary gifts of dying friends; not the forged wills of perfons unknown to him, with which he charged Antony.

His moral character was never blemished by the stain of any habitual vice; but was a shining pattern of virtue to an age, of all others the most licentious and profligate. His mind was superior to all the fordid passions which engrofs little souls; avare, envy, malice, luft. If we sift his familiar letters, we cannot discover in them the least hint of any thing base, immodest, spiteful or pernicious, but an uniform principle of benevolence, justice, love of his friends and country, flowing through the whole, and inspiring all his thoughts and actions. Though no man ever felt the effects of other people’s envy more severely than he, yet no man was ever more free from it: this is allowed to him by all the old writers, and is evident indeed from his works; where we find him perpetually praising and recommending whatever was laudable, even in a rival or an adversary; celebrating merit wherever it was found, whether in the ancients or his contemporaries; whether in Greeks or Romans; and verifying a maxim, which he had declared in a speech to the senate, that no man could be eminent of another’s virtue, who was conscious of his own.

His sprightly wit would naturally have recommended him to the favour of the ladies, whose company he used to frequent when young, and with many of whom of the first quality, he was oft engaged in his riper years to confer about the interests of their husbands, brothers, or relations, who were absent from Rome; yet we meet with no trace of any criminal gallantry or intrigue with any of them. In a letter to Ptoius, towards the end of his life, he gives a jocose account of his.fumping with their friend Volumnius, an epicurean wit of the first class, when the famed courtfain, Cytheris, who had been Volumnius’s slave, and was then his mistrefs, made one of the company at table: where, after several jokes on that incident, he says, that he never suspected she would have been of the party; and though he was always a lover of cheerful entertainments, yet nothing of that sort had ever pleased him when young, much less now, when he was old. There was one lady, however, called Casefia, with whom he kept up a particular familiarity and correspondence of letters; on which Dio absurdly grounds some little scandal, though he owns her to have been seventy years old. She is frequently mentioned in Cicero’s letters as a lover of books and philosophy, and on that account as fond of his company and writings: but while out of complaisance to her sex, and a regard to her uncommon talents, he treated her always with respect; yet by the hints which he drops of her to Atticus, it appears that she had no share of his affections, or any real authority with him.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; such as flowed from his constitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to be too jangvine in prosperity, too depending in adversity: and apt to perflude himself in each fortune, that it would never leave an end. This is Pollio’s account of him, which seems in general to be true: Brutus touches the first part of it

h 2
in one of his letters to him; and when things were going prosperously against An-
tony, puts him gently in mind, that he seemed to trust too much to his hopes: and he
himself allows the second, and says, that if any one was timorous in great and dangerous
events, apprehending always the worst, rather than hoping the best, be was the man; and if
that was a fault, confesses himself not to be free from it: yet in explaining afterwards
the nature of this timidity, it was such, he
tells us, as shewed itself rather in foreseeing
dangers, than in encountering them: an ex-
planation which the latter part of his life
fully confirmed, and above all his death,
which no man could sustain with greater
courage and resolution.

But the most conspicuous and glaring
passion of his soul was, the love of glory and
shyffe of praise: a passion that he not only
avoied, but freely indulged; and some-
times, as he himself confesses, to a degree
even of vanity. This often gave his ene-
mics a plausible handle of ridiculing his
pride and arrogance; while the forwardnes-
that he shewed to celebrate his own merits
in all his public speeches, seemed to justify
their centuries: and since this is generally
considered as the grand folly of his life,
and has been handed down implicitly from
age to age, without ever being fairly exa-
mined, or rightly understood, it will be
proper to lay open the source from which
the passion itself flowed, and explain the
nature of that glory, of which he professes
himself so fond.

True glory then, according to his own
definition of it, is a wide and illustrious fame
of many and great benefits conferred upon our
friends, our country, or the noble race of man-
kind; it is not, he says, the empty bash of
popular favour, or the applause of a giddy mul-
titude, which all wife men had ever despised,
and none more than himself; but the con-
senting praise of all honest men, and the in-
corrupt testimony of those who can judge of ex-
cellent merit, which reflows always to virtue,
as the echo to the voice; and since it is the
general companion of good actions, ought
not to be rejected by good men. That
those who aspired to this glory were not to
expect ease or pleasure, or tranquillity of life
for their pains; but must give up their own
peace, to secure the peace of others; must expose
themselves to toils and dangers for the public
good; must gain many battles with the audacious
and the wicked, and some even with the pow-
erful: in short, must behave themselves so,
as to give their citizens cause to rejoice that they
had ever been born. This is the notion that
he inculcates every where of true glory;
which is surely one of the noblest principles
that can inspire a human breast; implanted
by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt
it; and always found the strongest in the
belt and most elevated minds; and to which
we owe every thing great and laudable,
thrift that has to offer us through all the
ages of the heathen world. There is not
an instance, says Cicero, of a man's exert-
ing himself ever with praise and virtue in the
dangers of his country, who was not drawn to
it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to pofterity.
Give me a boy, says Quintilian, whom praise
excites, whom glory warms: for such a scholnar was sure to answer all his hopes,
and do credit to his discipline. "Whether
"poftcrity will have any respect for me,"
says Pliny, "I know not, but I am sure
"that I have deserved some from it: I
"will not say by my wits, for that would
"be arrogant; but by the zeal, by the
"pains, by the reverence which I have
"always paid to it."

It will not seem strange, to observe the
wise of the ancients pursuing this principle
to fo great a length, and considering glory
as the amplest reward of a well-spent life,
when we reflect, that the greatest part of
them had no notion of any other reward or
futurity; and even those who believed a
flate of happiness to the good, yet entan-
tained it with so much diffidence, that they
indulged it rather as a wish, than a well
grounded hope, and were glad therefore to
lay hold on that which seemed to be within
their reach; a futurity of their own creating;
an immortality of fame and glory from the
applause of pofterity. This, by a pleasing
fiction, they looked upon as a propagation of life, and an eternity of existence; and
had no small comfort in imagining, that
though the sense of it should not reach to
themselves, it would extend at least to
others; and that they should be doing good
still when dead, by leaving the example of
their virtues to the imitation of mankind.

Thus Cicero, as he often declares, never
looked upon that to be his life, which was
confined to this narrow circle on earth, but
considered his acts as seeds sown in the
immenfe univerfe, to raise up the fruit of
glory and immortality to him through a
succession of infinite ages; nor has he been
frutrutted of his hope, or disappointed of his
end; but as long as the name of Rome
subsists, or as long as learning, virtue, and
liberty preferve any credit in the world, he
will
will be great and glorious in the memory of
all posterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the
proof of his vanity, drawn from his boasting
so frequently of himself in his speeches both to
the senate and the people, though it may
appear to a common reader to be abund-
antly confirmed by his writings; yet if we
attend to the circumstances of the times, and
the part which he acted in them, we shall
find it not only excusable, but in some de-
gree even necessary. The fate of Rome
was now brought to a crisis, and the con-
tending parties were making their last efforts
either to oppose or preferve it; Cicero was
the head of those who stood up for its li-
berty, which entirely depended on the in-
fuences of his counsels; he had many years,
therefore, been the common mark of the
rage and malice of all who were aiming at
illegal powers, or a tyranny in the state;
and while these were generally supported by
the military power of the empire, he had
no other arms or means of defeating them
but his authority with the senate and people,
grounded on the experience of his services,
and the persuasion of his integrity; so that
to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the
factious, he was obliged to incalculate the
merit and good effects of his counsels, in
order to confirm people in their union and
adherence to them, against the intrigues of
those who were employing all arts to subvert
them. "The frequent commemoration of
his acts," says Quintilian, "was not
made so much for glory as for defence;
"to repel calumny, and vindicate his mea-
sures when they were attacked;" and this
is what Cicero himself declared in all
his speeches, "That no man ever heard
him speak of himself but when he was
forced to it: that when he was urged
with fictitious crimes, it was his custom
to answer them with his real services:
"and if ever he said any thing glorious of
himself, it was not through a fondness
of praise, but to repel an accusation: that
no man who had been conversant in
great affairs, and treated with particular
envy, could refute the contumely of an
enemy, without touching upon his own
praises; and after all his labours for the
common safety, if a just indignation had
"dawned on him, at any time, what
"might seem to be vain-glory, it might
reasonably be forgiven to him: that
"when others were silent about him, if he
could not then forbear to speak of him-
self, that indeed would be shameful;
"but when he was injured, accused, ex-
posed to popular odium, he must cer-
tainly be allowed to affer his liberty, if
they would not suffer him to retain his
dignity."

This then was the true state of the cause,
as it is evident from the facts of his history;
he had an ardent love of glory, and an
eager thirst of praise: was pleased, when
living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more
still with imagining, that they would ever
be celebrated when he was dead: a passion
which, for the reasons already hinted, had
always the greatest force on the greatest
fouls: but it must needs raife our contempt
and indignation, to see every conceived
pedant, and trifling declamer, who knew
little of Cicero's real character, and left
still of their own, presuming to call him
the vaineft of mortals.

But there is no point of light in which we
can view him with more advantage or affi-
taction to ourselves, than in the contempla-
tion of his learning, and the surprifing exten-
Ss of his knowledge. This finifes fo con-
picuous in all the monuments which remain of
him, that it even lefens the dignity of his
general character: while the ideal of the
scholar abfords that of the senator; and by
considering him as the greatest writer, we
are apt to forget, that he was the greatest
magistrate also of Rome. We learn our
Latin from him at school; our fïle and
sentiments at the college: here the genera-
lity take their leave of him, and feldom
think of him more but as of an orator, a
moralift, or philofopher of antiquity. But
it is with characters as with pictures; we
cannot judge well of a single part, without
furveying the whole, fince the perfection of
each depends on its proportion and relation
to the ref; while in viewing them all to-
gether, they mutually refleet an additional
grace upon each other. His learning, con-
 sidered feparately, will appear admirable;
yet much more fo, when it is found in the
pofteffion of the first flatefman of a mighty
empire. His abilities as a statefman are
glorious; yet purpifie us still more when
they are obferved in the ablefl scholar and
philofopher of his age; but an union of both
these characters exhibits that sublime fpe-
cimen of perfection, to which the best parts,
with the best culture, can exalt human
nature.

No man, whose life had been wholly
spent in study, ever left more numerous, or
more valuable fruits of his learning in every
branch of science, and the polite arts; in

Book III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book III.

Oratory, poetry, philosophy, law, history, criticism, politics, ethics; in each of which he equalled the greatest masters of his time; in some of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a small part of what he really published; and though many of these are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are justly esteemed the most precious remains of all antiquity, and, like the fable line books, if more of them had perished, would have been equal till to any price.

His industry was incredible, beyond the example, or even conception of our days; this was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the leaf interval of it to be lost; but what other people gave to the public favours, to pleasures, to sports, may even to sleep, and the ordinary refreshments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of business, when he had any thing particular to compose, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, where he used to dictate his thoughts to his scribes who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before day-light; and some from the senate; others from his meals; and the crowd of his morning tears.

No compositions afford more pleasure than the epistles of great men; they touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer. The letters of eminent wits, eminent scholars, eminent statesmen, are all esteemed in their several kinds; but there never was a collection that excelled so much in every kind as Cicero's, for the purity of style, the importance of the matter, or the dignity of the persons concerned in them. We have above a thousand still remaining, all written after he was forty years old; which are a small part not only of what he wrote, but of what were actually published after his death by his servant Tiro. For we see many volumes of them quoted by the ancients, which are utterly lost; as the first book of his Letters to Licinius Calvus; the first also to Q. Axius; a second book to his son; a second also to Corn. Nepos; a third book to J. Cæsar; a third to Octavius; a third also to Pansa; an eighth book to M. Brutus; and a ninth to A. Hirtius. Of all which, excepting a few to J. Cæsar and Brutus, we have nothing more left than some scattered phrases and sentences, gathered from the citations of the old critics and grammarians. What makes these letters still more estimable is, that he had never designed them for the public, nor kept any copies of them; for the year before his death, when Atticus was making some enquiry about them, he sent him word, that he had made no collection; and that Tiro had preferred only about seventy. Here then we may expect to see the genuine man, without disguise or affectation; especially in his letters to Atticus, to whom he talked with the same frankness as to himself; opened the rife and progress of each thought, and never entered into any affair without his particular advice; so that these may be considered as the memoirs of his times; containing the most authentic materials for the history of that age, and laying open the grounds and motives of all the great events that happened in it, and it is the want of attention to them that makes the generality of writers on those times so superficial, as well as erroneous; while they chuse to transcribe the dry and imperfect relations of the later Greek histories, rather than take the pains to extract the original account of facts from one who was a principal actor in them.

In his familiar letters he affected no particular elegance or choice of words, but took the first that occurred from common use, and the language of conversation. Whenever he was disposed to joke, his wit was easy and natural; flowing always from the subject, and throwing out what came uppermost, nor disdaining even a pun, when it served to make his friends laugh. In letters of compliment, some of which were addressed to the greatest men who ever lived, his inclination to please is expressed in a manner agreeable to nature and reason, with the utmost delicacy both of sentiment and diction, yet without any of those pompous titles and lofty epithets, which modern custom has introduced into our commerce with the great, and falsely stamped with the name of polite
dness; though they are the real offspring of barbarism, and the effects of our degeneracy both in taste and manners. In his political letters, all his maxims are drawn from an intimate knowledge of men and things: he always touches the point on which the affair turns; foresees the danger, and foretells the mischief, which never failed to follow upon the neglect of his counsels; of which there were so many instances, that, as an eminent writer of his own time observed to him, his prudence seemed to be a kind of divination, which foretold every thing that afterwards happened, with the veracity of a prophet. But
none of his letters do him more credit than those of the recommendatory kind: the others showed his wit and his parts, these his benevolence and his probity: he solicits the interests of his friends, with all the warmth and force of words of which he was master; and alludes generally some personal reason for his peculiar zeal in the cause, and that his own honour was concerned in the success of it.

But his letters are not more valuable on any account, than for their being the only monuments of that sort, which remain to us from free Rome. They breathe the last words of expiring liberty; a great part of them having been written in the very crisis of its ruin, to rouse up all the virtue that was left in the honest and the brave, to the defence of their country. The advantage which they derive from this circumstance, will easily be observed by comparing them with the epistles of the belt and greatest, who flourished afterwards in Imperial Rome. Pliny's letters are justly admired by men of taste: they showed the scholar, the wit, the fine gentleman; yet we cannot but observe a poverty and barrenness through the whole, that betrays the awe of a master. All his stories and reflections terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of public counsels: he had borne all the fame offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect nominal, conferred by a superior power, and administered by a superior will; and with the old titles of conful and proconsul, we want fill the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture to repair a bath, or to punish a fugitive slave, or incorporate a company of majors, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan.

His historical works are all loft; the Commentaries of his Confulship in Greece; the History of his own Affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verse; and his Anecdotes; as well as the pieces that he published on Natural History, of which Pliny quotes one upon the Wonders of Nature, and another on Perfumes. He was meditating likewise a general History of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, as the only man capable of adding that glory also to his country, of excelling the Greeks in a species of writing, which of all others was at that time the least cultivated by the Romans. But he never found leisure to execute so great a task: yet he has sketched out a plan of it, which, short as it is, seems to be the best that can be formed for the design of a perfect history.

"He declares it to be the first and fundamental law of history, that it should neither dare to say any thing that was false, or fear to say any thing that was true, nor give any just suffisicion either of favour or disaffection; that in the relation of things, the writer should observe the order of time, and add also the description of places; that in all great and memorable transactions he should first explain the councils, then the acts, lastly the events; that in councils he should introduce his own judgment, or the merit of them; in the acts, should relate not only what was done, but how it was done; in the events should shew, what chance, or raphines, or prudence had in them; that in regard to persons, he should describe not only their particular actions, but the lives and characters of all those who bear an eminent part in the story; that he should illustrate the whole in a clear, easy, natural style, flowing with a perpetual smoothness and equality, free from the affectation of points and sentences, or the roughness of judicial pleadings."

We have no remains likewise of his poetry, except some fragments occasionally interpersed through his other writings; yet there, as I have before observed, are sufficient to convince us, that his poetical genius, if it had been cultivated with the fame care, would not have been inferior to his oratorical. The two arts are so nearly allied, that an excellency in the one seems to imply a capacity for the other, the fame qualities being essential to them both; a sprightly fancy, fertile invention, flowing and numerous description. It was in Cicero's time, that the old rusticity of the Latin muse first began to be polished by the ornaments of drefs, and the harmony of numbers; but the height of perfection to which it was carried after his death by the succeeding generation, as it left no room for a mediocrity in poetry, so it quite eclipsed the fame of Cicero. For the world always judges of things by comparison, and because he was not so great a poet as Virgil and Horace, he was decrived as none at all; especially in the courts of Antony and Augustus, where it was a compliment to the sovereign, and a fashion consequently
among their flatterers, to make his character ridiculous wherever it lay open to them; hence flowed that percutial raiillery which subsists to this day, or his famous verses:

Cedant arma togae, concedat laurea lingue,
O fortunatum natam me Confule Romam.

And two bad lines picked out by the malice of enemies, and transmitted to posterity as a specimen of the rest, have served to damn many thousands of good ones. For Plutarch reckons him among the most eminent of the Roman poets; and Pliny the younger was proud of emulating him in his poetic character; and Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his cenfurers to a principle of malignity. But his own verses carry the surest proof of his merit, being written in the best manner of that age in which he lived, and in the spirit of Lucretius, whose poem he is said to have revised and corrected for its publication, after Lucretius's death. This however is certain, that he was the conflant friend and generous patron of all the celebrated poets of his time; of Acius, Archias, Chilius, Lucretius, Catullus, who pays his thanks to him in the following lines, for some favour that he had received from him:—

Tully, most eloquent by far
Of all, who have been or who are,
Or who in ages still to come
Shall rise of all the sons of Rome,
To thee Catullus grateful lends
His warmest thanks, and recommends
His humble muse, as much below
All other poets he, as thou
All other patrons doft excell,
In power of words and speaking well.

Catull. 47.

But poetry was the amnemment only, and relief of his other studies; eloquence was his distinguishing talent, his sovereign attribute: to this he devoted all the faculties of his soul, and attained to a degree of perfection in it, that no mortal ever surpassed: so that as a polite historian observes, Rome had but few orators before him, whom it could praise; none whom it could admire. Demo-thenes was the pattern by which he formed himself; whom he emulated with such success, as to merit what St. Jerome calls that beautiful eloge: Demosthenes has snatched from thee the glory of being the first: thus from Demo-thenes, that of being the only orator. The genius, the capacity, the file and manner of them both were much the same; their eloquence of that great, sublime, and com-preensive kind, which dignified every subject, and gave it all the force and beauty of which it was capable; it was that roundness of speaking, as the ancients call it, where there was nothing either redundant or deficient; nothing either to be added or retrched: their perfections were in all points so tran; scendent, and yet so similar, that the critics are not agreed on which side to give the preference. Quintilian indeed, the most judicious of them, has given it on the whole to Cicero; but if, as others have thought, Cicero had not all the nerves, the energy, or, as he himself calls it, the thunder of Demosti-thenes; he excelled him in the copiousness and elegance of his diction, the variety of his sentiments, and, above all, in the suavity of his wit, and smartness of his raiillery: Demo-thenes had nothing joque or facetious in him; yet, by attempting sometimes to jest, flewed, that the thing itself did not displeas, but did not belong to him: for, as Longinus says, whenever he was to be pleasant, he made himself ridiculous; and if he happened to raise a laugh, it was chiefly upon himself. Whereas Cicero, from a perpetual fund of wit and ridicule, had the power always to please, when he found himself unable to convince, and could put his judges into good humour, when he had cause to be afraid of their severity; so that, by the opportunity of a well-timed joke, he is said to have preserved many of his clients from manifest ruin.

Yet in all this height and fame of his eloquence, there was another set of orators at the fame time in Rome, men of parts and learning, and of the first quality; who, while they acknowledged the superiority of his genius, yet cenfured his diction, as not truly attic or classical; some calling it loose and languid, others timid and exuberant. These men affected a minute and faultidious cor-rectness, pointed sentences, short and concise periods, without a syllable to spare in them, as if the perfection of oratory consisted in a frugality of words, and in crowding our sentiments into the narrowest compass. The chief patrons of this taste were, M. Brutus, Licinius, Calvus, Asinius, Pollio, and Sallust, whom Seneca seems to treat as the author of the obscure, abrupt, and ten-tentious style. Cicero often ridicules these pretenders to attic elegance, as judging of eloquence not by the force of the art, but their own weaknefs; and resolving to decree what they could not attain, and to admire nothing but what they could imitate; and though their way of speaking, he says, might please the ear of a critic or a scholar, yet it was not
of that sublime and sonorous kind, whose
end was not only to instruct, but to move an
audience: an eloquence, born for the mul-
titude; whose merit was always shewn by its
effects of exciting admiration, and extorting
springs of applause; and on which there never
was any difference of judgment between the
learned and the populace.

This was the genuine eloquence that pre-
vailed in Rome as long as Cicero lived: his
were the only speeches that were relished or
admired by the city; while those sordid ora-
tors, as they called themselves, were gene-

rally despised, and frequently deferted by the
audience, in the midst of their harangues.

But after Cicero’s death, and the ruin of
the republic, the Roman oratory funk of
courte with its liberty, and a false species
universally prevailed; when instead of that
elate, copious, and flowing eloquence, which
launched out freely into every subject, there
succeeded a guarded, dry, sententious kind,
full of laboured turns and studied points;
and proper only for the occasion on which it
was employed, the making panegyrics and
fervile compliments to their tyrants. This
change of style may be observed in all their
writers, from Cicero’s time to the younger
Pliny, who carried it to its utmost perfection,
in his celebrated panegyric on the
emperor Trajan; which, as it is justly admired
for the elegance of diction, the beauty of
sentiments, and the delicacy of its compli-
ments, fo is become in a manner the standard
of fine speaking to modern times, where it is
common to hear the pretenders to criticism,
deceanting on the tedious length and spir-
ited exuberance of the Cicervian periods.

But the superiority of Cicero’s eloquence, as
it was acknowledged by the polite age of
free Rome, so it has received the most au-
thetic confirmation that the nature of things
can admit, from the concurrent senfe of na-
tions; which neglecting the productions of
his rivals and contemporaries, have preferred
to us his inestimable remains, as a specimen
of the most perfect manner of speaking, to
which the language of mortals can be exalt-
ed: fo that, as Quintilian declared of him
even in that early age, he has acquired such
fame with posterity, that Cicero is not
reckoned fo much the name of a man, as of
eloquence itself.

But we have hitherto been considering the
exterior part of Cicero’s character, and shall
now attempt to penetrate the recesses of his
mind, and discover the real foure and prin-
ciple of his actions, from a view of that
philosophy which he profefled to follow, as
the general rule of his life. This, as he
often declares, was drawn from the academic
seat; which derived its origin from the So-
crates, and its name from a celebrated gym-

nafium, or place of exercise in the suburbs
of Athens, called the Academy, where the pro-
feffors of that school used to hold their lec-
tures and philosophical disputation.
Socrates

was the first who banifhed physics out of
philosophy, which till his time had been the
sole object of it, and drew it off from the
obscure and intricate inquiries into nature,
and the constitution of the heavenly bodies,
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This was the state of the academic school under five successive masters, who governed it after Plato; Speusippus, Xenocrates, Poleno, Crates, Crantor; till Arcesilaus the sixth discarded at once all the systems of his predecessors, and revived the Socratic way of affirming nothing, doubting of all things, and exposing the vanity of the then reigning opinions. He alleged the necessity of making this reformation, from that obscurity of things, which had reduced Socrates, and all the ancients before him, to a confession of their ignorance: he observed, as they had all likewise done, that the senses were narrow, reason inform, life short, truth immersed in the deep, opinion and custom everywhere predominant, and all things involved in darkness. He taught therefore, "That there was no certain knowledge or perception of any thing in nature, nor any infallible criterion of truth and falsehood; that nothing was so detestable as rashness, nothing so scandalous to a philosopher, as to profess what was either false or unknown to him; that we ought to assert nothing dogmatically, but in all cases to suspend our assent; and instead of pretending to certainty, content ourselves with opinion, grounded on probability, which was all that a rational mind had to acquaint it in." This was called the new academy, in distinction from the Platonic, or the old: which maintained its credit down to Cicero's time, by a succession of able masters; the chief of whom was Carnesdes, the fourth from Arcesilaus, who carried it to its utmost height of glory, and is greatly celebrated by antiquity for the vivacity of his wit, and force of his eloquence.

We must not however imagine, that these academies continued doubting and fluctuating all their lives in scepticism and irresolution, without any precise opinions, or settled principle of judging and acting: no; their rule was as certain and consistent as that of any other sect, as it is frequently explained by Cicero, in many parts of his works. "We are not of that sort," says he, "whose mind is perpetually wandering in error, without any particular end or object of its pursuit: for what would such a mind or such a life indeed be worth, which had no determinate rule or method of thinking and acting? But the difference between us and the rest is, that whereas they call something certain, and others uncertain; we call the one probable, the other improbable. For what reason then, should not I pursue the probable, reject the contrary, and declining the arrogance of affirming, avoid the imputation of rashness, which of all things is the farthest removed from wisdom? Again; we do not pretend to say that there is no such thing as truth; but that all truths have some fallacy annexed to them, of so near a resemblance and similitude, as to afford no certain note of distinction, whereby to determine our judgment and assent: whence it follows also of course, that there are many things probable, which, though not perfectly comprehended, yet on account of their attractive and specious appearance, are sufficient to govern the life of a wise man. In another place, there is no difference, says he, between us, and those who pretend to know things; but that they never doubt of the truth of what they maintain: whereas we have many probabilities, which we readily embrace, but dare not affirm. By this we preferve our judgment free and unprejudiced, and are under no necessity of defending what is prescribed and enjoined to us; whereas in other sects, men are tied down to certain doctrines, before they are capable of judging what is the best; and in the most infirm part of life, drawn either by the authority of a friend, or charmed with the first matter whom they happen to hear, they form a judgment of things unknown to them; and to whatever school they chance to be driven by the tide, cleave to it as fast as the oyster to the rock."

Thus the academy held the proper medium between the rigid stoic, and the indifferency of the sceptic: the stoics embraced all their doctrines, as so many fixed and immutable truths, from which it was infamous to depart; and by making this their point of honour, held all their disciples in an inviolable attachment to them. The sceptics, on the other hand, observed a perfect neutrality towards all opinions; maintaining all of them to be equally uncertain; and that we could not affirm of any thing, that it was this or that, since there was as much reason to take it for the one as for the other, or for neither of them; and wholly indifferent which of them we thought it to be: thus they lived, without ever engaging themselves on any side of a question, directing their lives in the mean time by natural affections, and the laws and customs of their country. But the academies, by adopting the probable instead of the certain, kept the balance in an equal poised between the two extremes, making it their general
general principle to observe a moderation in all their opinions; and as Plutarch, who was one of them, tells us, paying a great regard always to that old maxim,

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As this school then was in no particular opposition to any, but an equal adversary to all, or rather to dogmatical philosophy in general, so every other sect, next to itself, readily gave it the preference to the rest; which universal concession of the second place, is commonly thought to infer a right to the first: and if we reflect on the state of the heathen world, and what they themselves so often complain of, the darkens that surrounded them, and the infinite diffusions of the best and wisest on the fundamental questions of religion and morality, we must needfully allow, that the academic manner of philosophizing was of all others the most rational and modest, and the best adapted to the discovery of truth, whose peculiar character it was to encourage enquiry; to lift every question to the bottom; to try the force of every argument, till it had found its real moment, or the precise quantity of its weight.

This it was that induced Cicero, at his advanced life and ripened judgment, to desert the old academy, and declare for the new; when, from a long experience of the vanity of those sects who call themselves the proprietors of truth, and the fole guides of life, and through a despair of finding any thing certain, he was glad, after all his pains, to take up with the probable. But the genius and general character of both the academies was in some measure still the fame: for the old, though it professed to teach a peculiar system of doctrines, yet it was ever difdissant and cautious of affirming; and the new, only the more scrupulous and sceptical of the two; this appears from the writings of Plato, the first master of the old, in which, as Cicero observes, nothing is absolutely affirmed, nothing delivered for certain, but all things freely inquired into, and both sides of the question impartially discussed. Yet there was another reason that recommended this philosophy in a peculiar manner to Cicero, its being, of all others, the best suited to the profession of an orator; since by its practice of disputing for and against every opinion of the other sects, it gave him the best opportunity of perfecting his oratorical faculty, and acquiring a habit of speaking readily upon all subjects. He calls it therefore the parent of elegance and copiousness; and declares, that he owed all the fame of his eloquence, not to the mechanical rules of the rhetoricians, but to the enlarged and generous principles of the academy.

This school however was almost deferted in Greece, and had but few disciples at Rome, when Cicero undertook its patronage, and endeavoured to revive its drooping credit. The reason is obvious: it imposed a hard task upon its scholars, of disputing against every sect, and on every question in philosophy; and if it was difficult, as Cicero says, to be master of any one, how much more of them all? which was incumbent on those who professed themselves academicians. No wonder then that it lost ground every where, in proportion as sense and luxury prevailed, which naturally disposed people to the doctrine of Epicurus; in relation to which there is a smart saying recorded of Arcesilas, who being asked, why so many of all sects went over to the Epicureans, but none ever came back from them, replied, that men might be made eunuchs, but eunuchs could never be made men again.

This general view of Cicero’s philosophy, will help us to account in some measure, for that difficulty which people frequently complain of in discovering his real sentiments, as well as for the mistakes which they are apt to fall into in that search; since it was the distinguishing principle of the academy to refuse the opinions of others, rather than declare any of their own. Yet the chief difficulty does not lie here; for Cicero was not scrupulous on that head, nor affected any obscurity in the delivery of his thoughts, when it was his busines to explain them; but it is the variety and different characters of his several writings, that perplexes the generality of his readers: for wherever they dip into his works, they are apt to fancy themselves possessed of his sentiments, and to quote them indifferently as such, whether from his Orations, his Dialogues, or his Letters, without attending to the peculiar nature of the work, or the different person that he assumes in it.

His orations are generally of the judicial kind; or the pleadings of an advocate, whose business it was to make the best of his cause; and to deliver, not so much what was true, as what was useful to his client; the patronage of truth belonging in such cases to the judge, and not to the pleader. It would be absurd therefore to require a scrupulous veracity, or strict declaration of his sentiments in them; the thing does not admit of it; and he himself forbids us to expect it; and in one of those orations frankly declares the
true nature of the ... II.” “That man,” says he, “is much mistaken, who thinks, that in these judicial pleadings, he has an authentic specimen of our opinions; they are the speeches of the causes and the times; not of the men or the advocates: if the causes could speak of themselves, no body would employ an orator; but we are employed to speak, not what we would undertake to affirm upon our authority, but what is suggested by the cause and the thing itself.” Agreeably to this notion, Quintilian tells us, “that those who are truly wise, and have spent their time in public affairs, and not in idle disputes, though they have resolved with themselves to be strict and honest in all their actions, yet will not ferule to use every argument that can be of service to the cause which they have undertaken to defend.” In his orations, therefore, where we often meet with the sentences and maxims of philosophy, we cannot always take them for his own, but as topics applied to move his audience, or add an air of gravity and probability to his speech.

His letters indeed to familiar friends, and especially those to Atticus, place the real man before us, and lay open his very heart; yet in these some distinction must necessarily be observed; for in letters of compliment, condolence, or recommendation, or where he is soliciting any point of importance, he adapts his arguments to the occasion; and uses such as would induce his friend the most readily to grant what he desired. But as his letters in general seldom touch upon any questions of philosophy, except slightly and incidentally, so they will afford very little help to us in the discovery of his Philosophical Opinions, which are the subject of the present inquiry, and for which we must wholly recur to his philosophical works.

Now the general purpose of these works was, to give a history rather of the ancient philosophy, than any account of his own, and to explain to his fellow-citizens in their own language, whatever the philosophers of all sects, and all ages, had taught on every important question, in order to enlarge their minds, and reform their morals; and to employ himself most usefully to his country, at a time when arms and superior force had deprived him of the power of serving it in any other way. This he declares in his treatise called de Finibus, or on the Chief Good or Ill of Man; in that upon the Nature of the Gods; in his Insulan Disputations; and in his book on the Academic Philosophy; in all which he sometimes takes upon himself the part of a Stoic; sometimes of an Epicurean; sometimes of the Peripatetic; for the sake of explaining with more authority the different doctrines of each sect; and as he assumes the person of the one to confute the other, so in his proper character of an Academic, he sometimes disputes against them all; while the unwise reader, not reflecting on the nature of dialogues, takes Cicero still for the perpetual speaker; and under that mistake, often quotes a sentiment for his, that was delivered by him only in order to be confuted. But in these dialogues, as in all his other works, wherever he treats any subject profoundly, or gives a judgment upon it deliberately, either in his own person, or that of an Academy, there he delivers his own opinions; and where he himself does not appear in the scene, he takes care usually to inform us, to which of the characters he has assigned the patronage of his own sentiments, who was generally the principal speaker of the dialogue; as Cretius in his treatise on the Orator; Scipio, in that of the Republic; Cato, in his piece on Old Age. This key will let us into his real thoughts; and enable us to trace his genuine notions through every part of his writings, from which I shall now proceed to give a short abstract of them.

As to Physics, or Natural Philosophy, he seems to have had the same notion with Socrates, that a minute and particular attention to it, and the making it the sole end and object of our inquiries, was a study rather curious than profitable, and contributing but little to the improvement of human life. For though he was perfectly acquainted with the various systems of all the philosophers of any name, from the earliest antiquity, and has explained them all in his works; yet he did not think it worth while, either to form any distinct opinions of his own, or at least to declare them. From his account however of those systems we may observe, that several of the fundamental principles of modern philosophy, which pass for the original discoveries of these latter times, are the revival rather of ancient notions maintained by some of the first philosophers, of whom we have any notice in history; as the Motion of the Earth; the Antipodes; a Vacuum; and an universal Gravitation, or attractive Quality of Matter, which holds the World in its proper Form and Order.

But in all the great points of religion and morality, which are of more immediate relation to the happiness of man, the being of a God;
had nothing in it that was common to any of the rest. This opinion Cicero followed, and illustrated with his usual periphrasis in the following passage:

"The origin of the human soul," says he, "is not to be found anywhere on earth; there is nothing mixed, concrete, or earthly; nothing of water, air, or fire in it. For these natures are not susceptible of memory, intelligence, or thought; have nothing that can retain the past, foresee the future, lay hold on the present; which faculties are purely divine, and could not possibly be derived to man, except from God; the nature of the soul therefore is of a singular kind, distinct from these known and obvious natures; and whatever it be that feels and tastes, that lives and moves in us, it must be heavenly and divine, and for that reason eternal. Nor is God indeed himself, whose existence we can clearly discover, to be comprehended by us in any other manner, but as a free and pure mind, clear from all mortal conception; observing and moving all things; and indeed with an eternal principle of self-motion: of this kind, and of the same nature, is the human soul."

As to a future state of rewards and punishments, he considered it as a consequence of the soul's immortality, deducible from the attributes of God, and the condition of man's life on earth; and thought it to be highly probable, that we could hardly doubt of it, he says, unless it should happen to our minds, when they look into themselves, as it does to our eyes, when they look too intently at the sun, that finding their sight dazzled, they give over looking at all. In this opinion he followed Socrates and Plato, for whose judgment he professed to great a reverence, that if they had given no reasons, where yet they had given many, he should have been persuaded, he says, by their sole authority. Socrates, therefore, as he tells us, declared in his dying speech, "That there were two ways appointed to the human souls at their departure from the human body: that those who had been immersed in sensual pleasures and lusts, and had polluted themselves with private vices or public crimes against their country, took an obscure and devious road, remote from the seat and afflubly of the gods; whilst those who had preserved their integrity, and received little or no contagion from the body, from which they had constantly abstracted themselves, and in the bodies of men, imitated..."
"imitated the life of the gods, had an easy
"aspect lying open before them to those
gods, from whom they derived their
"being."

From what has already been said, the reader will easily imagine what Cicero's opinion must have been concerning the religion of his country: for a mind enlightened by the noble principles just pointed out, could not absolutely harbour a thought of the truth or divinity of so absurd a worship; and the liberty which not only he, but all the old writers take, in ridiculing the characters of their gods, and the fictions of their infernal torments shews, that there was not a man of liberal education, who did not consider it as an engine of state, or political system; contrived for the uses of government, and to keep the people in order; in this light Cicero always commends it as a wise institution, singularly adapted to the genius of Rome, and constantly inculcates an adherence to its rights as the duty of all good citizens.

Their religion consisted of two principal branches; the observation of the auspices, and the worship of the gods: the first was instituted by Romulus; the second by his successor, Numa; who drew up a ritual, or order of ceremonies, to be observed in the different sacrifices of their several deities: to these a third part was afterwards added, relating to divine admonitions from portents; monstrous births; the entrails of beasts in sacrifice; and the prophecies of the fylis. The College of Augurs presided over the auspices, as the supreme interpreters of the will of Jove; and determined what signs were propitious, and what not: the other priests were the judges of all the other cases relating to religion, as well of what concerned the public worship, as that of private families.

Now the priests of all denominations were of the first nobility of Rome, and the augurs especially were commonly fentators of confular rank, who had passed through all the dignities of the republic, and by their power over the auspices, could put an immediate stop to all proceedings, and disolve at once all the assemblies of the people convened for public business. The interpretation of the fylis prophecies was vested in the decemviri, or guardians of the fylisine books, ten persons of distinguished rank, chosen usually from the priests. And the province of interpreting prodigies, and inspecting the entrails, belonged to the barus-

particles; who were the servants of the public, hired to attend the magistrates in all their services; and who never failed to accommodate their answers to the views of those who employed them, and to whose protection they owed their credit and their livelihood.

This constitution of a religion among a people naturally superstitious, necessarily threw the chief influence of affairs into the hands of the senate, and the better sort; who by this advantage frequently checked the violence of the populace, and the factious attempts of the tribunes: so that it is perpetually applauded by Cicero as the main bulwark of the republic; though considered all the while by men of sense, as merely political, and of human invention. The only part that admitted any dispute concerning its origin, was augury, or their method of divining by auspices. The Stoics held that God, out of his goodness to man, had imprinted on the nature of things certain marks or notices of future events; as on the entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, thunder, and other celestial signs, which, by long observation, and the experience of ages, were reduced into an art, by which the meaning of each sign might be determined, and applied to the event that was signified by it. This they called artificial divination, in distinction from the natural, which they supposed to flow from an instinct, or native power, implanted in the soul, which it exercised always with the greatest efficacy, where it was the most free and disengaged from the body, as in dreams and madness. But this notion was generally ridiculed by the other philosophers; and of all the College of Augurs, there was but one who at this time maintained it, Appius Claudius, who was laughed at for his pains by the rest, and called the Pidian: it occasioned however a smart controversy between him and his colleague Marcellus, who severally published books on each side of the question; wherein Marcellus ascribed the whole affair to be the contrivance of statesmen: Appius, on the contrary, that there was a real art and power of divining subsisting in the augural discipline, and taught by the augural books. Appius dedicated this treatise to Cicero, who, though he preferred Marcellus's notion, yet did not wholly agree with either, but believed that augury might probably be instituted at first upon a persuasion of its divinity; and when by the improvements of arts and learning, that opinion was exploded in succeeding ages, yet the thing itself was so firmly retained for the sake of its use to the republic.

But whatever was the origin of the religion of Rome, Cicero's religion was undoubtedly
Book III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

doubtedly of heavenly extraction, built, as we have seen, on the foundation of a God; a providence; an immortality. He considered this short period of our life on earth as a state of trial, or a kind of school, in which we were to improve and prepare ourselves for that eternity of existence which was provided for us hereafter; that we were placed therefore here by our Creator, not so much to inhabit the earth, as to contemmate the heavens; on which were imprinted, in legible characters, all the duties of that nature which was given to us. He observed, that this spectacle belonged to no other animal but man; to whom God, for that reason, had given an erect and upright form, with eyes not prone or fixed upon the ground, like those of other animals, but placed on high and sublime, in a situation the most proper for this celestial contemplation, to remind him perpetually of his task, and to acquaint him with the place on which he sprang, and for which he was finally designed. He took the system of the world, or the visible works of God, to be the promulgation of God’s laws, or the declaration of his will to mankind; whence, as we might collect his being, nature, and attributes, so we could trace the reasons also and motives of his acting; still, by observing what He had done, we might learn what we ought to do, and, by the operations of the divine reason, be instructed how to perfect our own; since the perfection of man consisted in the imitation of God.

From this source he deduced the origin of all duty, or moral obligation; from the will of God manifested in his works; or from that eternal reason, fitness and relation of things, which is displayed in every part of the creation. This he calls the original, immutable law; the criterion of good and ill, of just and unjust; imprinted on the nature of things, as the rule by which all human laws are formed; which, whenever they deviate from this pattern, ought, he says, to be called any thing rather than laws, and are in effect nothing but acts of force, violence, and tyranny. That to imagine the distinction of good and ill not to be founded in nature, but in custom, opinion, or human institution, is mere folly and madness; which would overthrow all society, and confound all right and justice amongst men: that this was the constant opinion of the wisest of all ages; who held, that the mind of God, governing all things by eternal reason, was the principal and sovereign law; whose substitute on earth was the reason or mind of the wife; to which purpose there are many strong and beautiful passages scattered occasionally through every part of his works.

"The true law," says he, "is right reason, conformable to the nature of things; constant, eternal, diffused through all; which calls us to duty by commanding; deters us from sin by forbidding; which never loses its influence with the good, nor ever prefers it with the wicked. This cannot possibly be over-rulled by any other law, nor abrogated in the whole, or in part: nor can we be abdosed from it either by the senate or the people; nor are we to seek any other comment or interpreter of it but itself: nor can there be one law at Rome, another at Athens; one now, another hereafter; but the same eternal, immutable law, comprehends all nations, at all times, under one common Master and Governor of all, GOD. He is the inventor, propounder, enactor of this law; and whoever will not obey it, must first renounce himself, and throw off the nature of man; by doing which, he will suffer the greatest punishment, though he should escape all the other torments which are commonly believed to be prepared for the wicked."

In another place he tells us, that the study of this law was the only thing which could teach us that most important of all lessons, said to be prescribed by the Pythian oracle, to know ourselves; that is, to know our true nature and rank in the universal system, the relation that we bear to all other things, and the purposes for which we were sent into the world. "When a man," says he, "has attentively surveyed the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all things in them, observed whence they sprung, and whither they all tend; when and how they are to end; what part is mortal and perishable, what divine and eternal: when he has almost reached and touched, as it were, the Governor and Ruler of them all, and discovered himself not to be confined to the walls of any certain place, but a citizen of the world, as of one common city; in this magnificent prospect and knowledge of nature, good gods! how will he learn to know himself? How will he contend, despise, and feel at nought all those things which the vulgar esteem the most splendid and glorious?"

These were the principles on which Cicero built his religion and morality, which
shine indeed through all his writings, but were largely and explicitly illustrated by him in his Treatises on Government and on Laws; to which he added afterwards his book of Offices, to make the scheme compleat: volumes which, as the elder Pliny says to the emperor Titus, ought not only to be read, but to be got by heart. The first and greatest of these works is lost, except a few fragments, in which he had delivered his real thoughts so professedly, that in a letter to Atticus, he calls those six books on the republic, so many pledges given to his country for the integrity of his life; from which, if ever he swerved, he could never have the face to look into them again. In his book of Laws, he pursued the fame argument, and deduced the origin of law from the will of the supreme God. These two pieces therefore contain his belief, and the book of Offices his practice: where he has traced out all the duties of man, or a rule of life conformable to the divine principles, which he had established in the other two; to which he often refers, as to the foundation of his whole system. This work was one of the laft that he finifhed, for the ufe of his fon, to whom he adored it; being defirous, in the decline of a glorious life, to explain to him the maxims by which he had governed it, and teach him the way of passing through the world with innocence, virtue, and true glory, to an immortality of happiness: where the strictness of his morals, adapted to all the various cafes and circumstances of human life, will serve, if not to inftuct, yet to reproach the practice of most Christians. This was that law, which is mentioned by St. Paul, to be taught by nature, and written on the hearts of the Gentiles, to guide them through that state of ignorance and darknes, of which they themselves complained, till they should be blessed with a more perfect revelation of the divine will; and this scheme of it professed by Cicero, was certainly the most complete that the Gentile world had ever been acquainted with; the utmost effort that human nature could make towards attaining its proper end, or that supreme good for which the Creator had designed it: upon the contemplation of which sublime truths, as delivered by a heathen, Erasimus could not help perverting himself, that the breafh from which they flowed, must needs have been inspired by the Deity.

But after all these glorious sentiments that we have been affering to Cicero, and collecting from his writings, some have been apt to consider them as the flourishes rather of his eloquence, than the conclusions of his reason, since in other parts of his works he seems to intimate not only a diffidence, but a disbelief of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments; and especially in his letters, where he is supposed to declare his mind with the greatest frankness. But in all the passages brought to support this objection, where he is imagined to speak of death as the end of all things to man, as they are addressed to friends in distress by way of consolation; so some commentators take them to mean nothing more, and that death is the end of all things here below, and without any further sense of what is done upon earth; yet should they be understood to relate, as perhaps they may, to an utter extirpation of our being; it must be observed, that he was writing in all probability to Epicureans, and accommodating his arguments to the men; by offering such topics of comfort to them, from their own philosophy, as they themselves held to be the most effectual. But if this also should seem precarious, we must remember always, that Cicero was an academic; and though he believed a future state, was fond of the opinion, and declares himself resolved never to part with it; yet he believed it as probable only, not as certain; and as probability implies some mixture of doubt, and admits the degrees of more and less, so it admits also some variety in the stability of our persuasion: thus, in a melancholy hour, when his spirits were depressed, the fame argument will not appear to him with the same force; but doubts and difficulties get the ascendant, and what humored his present chagrin, find the readiest admission.

The passages alluded were all of this kind, and written in the season of his dejection, when all things were going with him, in the height of Caesar's power; and though we allow them to have all the force that they can possibly bear, and to express what Cicero really meant at that time; yet they prove at last nothing more, than that, agreeably to the characters and principles of the Academy, he sometimes doubted of what he generally believed. But after all, whatever be the fcnfe of them, it cannot surely be thought reasonable to oppose a few scattered hints, accidentally thrown out, when he was not considering the subject, to the volumes that he had deliberately written on the other side of the question.

As to his political conduct, no man was ever a more determined patriot, or a warmer lover
The lover of his country than he: his whole character, natural temper, choice of life and principles, made its true interest inseparable from his own. His general view therefore was always one and the same; to support the peace and liberty of the republic in that form and constitution of it, which their ancestors had delivered down to them. He looked upon that as the only foundation on which it could be supported, and used to quote a verse of old Ennius, as the dictate of an oracle, which derived all the glory of Rome from an adherence to its ancient manners and discipline.

Moribus antiquis flat res Romana virisque.

Fragm. de Repub. 1. 5.

It is one of his maxims, which he inculcates in his writings, that as the end of a pilot is a prosperous voyage; of a physician, the health of his patient; of a general, victory; so that of a statesman is, to make his citizens happy; to make them firm in power, rich in wealth, splendid in glory, eminent in virtue, which he declares to be the greatest and best of all works among men: and as this cannot be effected but by the concord and harmony of the constituent members of a city; so it was his constant aim to unite the different orders of the state into one common interest, and to inspire them with a mutual confidence in each other; so as to balance the supremacy of the people by the authority of the senate: that the one should enslave, but the other edify; the one have the last resort, the other the chief influence. This was the old constitution of Rome, by which it had been raised to all its grandeur; whilst all its misfortunes were owing to the contrary principle of distrust and dissension between these two rival powers: it was the great object, therefore, of his policy, to throw the ascendant in all affairs into the hands of the senate and the magistrates, as far as it was consistent with the rights and liberties of the people; which will always be the general view of the wife and beneficent in all popular governments.

This was the principle which he espoused from the beginning, and purposed to the end of his life: and though in some passages of his history, he may be thought perhaps to have deviated from it, yet upon an impartial view of the cafe, we shall find that his end was always the same, though he had changed his measures of pursuing it, when compelled to it by the violence of the times, and an over-ruling force, and a necessary regard to his own safety: so that he might fare with great truth, what an Athenian orator once said in excuse of his inconfinity; that he had acted indeed on some occasions contrary to himself, but never to the republic: and here also his academic philosophy seems to have shewn its superior use in practical as well as in speculative life, by indulging that liberty of acting which nature and reason require; and when the times and things themselves are changed, allowing a change of conduct, and a recourse to new means for the attainment of the fame end.

The three feats, which at this time chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome, were the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero, who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue; but the different behaviour of these three, will be determined by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society. The Stoics were the bigots or enthusiasts in philosophy, who held none to be truly wise but themselves; placed perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good; affirmed all fins to be equal; all deviations from right equally wicked; to kill a dunghill cock without reason, the fame crime as to kill a parent; a wise man could never forgive, never be moved by anger, favour, or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life, and acted in it, as Cicero says, as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the drags of Romulus. He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weaknesses of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power, not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least if he could not control it: he knew no way to this end but the direct, and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to push on, and either surmount them or perish in the attempt; taking it for bafeness and confession of being conquered, to decline a tithe from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the fame zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, helped to hasten that ruin which he was striving to avert: so that after a perpetual course of
disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his own way any farther, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans deprefsed it too low; as those raised to the heroic, thefe debased it to the brutal state; they held pleasure to be the chief good of a man; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness consequently in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life, esteeming virtue on no other account, than as it was a handmaid to pleasure; and helped to infure the possession of it, by preferring health and conciliating friends. Their wife man had therefore no other duty, but to provide for his own ease; to decline all struggles; to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods; by paffing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose; in the midst of rural shades and pleafant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity; the fame love of his country, and the fame sentiments in politics with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never at least so far as to disturb his eafe, or endanger his safety. For though he was fo strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interfet all the while with the opposite party faction, and a friendfhip even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure against all events the grand point, which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life.

Thus two excellent men by their miftaken notion of virtue, drawn from the principles of their philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and expofing himself to dangers, without the projecf of doing good; the other without attempting to do any, refolving never to act at all. Cicero chose the middle way between the obfinacity of Cato, and the indifference of Atticus: he preferred always the readieft road to what was right, if it lay open to him; if not, took the next; and in politics as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares the statesman to the pilot, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the moft perverse to the progress of his voyage; fo that by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of failing, to arrive with safety at his defined port. He mentions likewife an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had fift been repulsed by the senate. This was verified by all their civil diffentions, from the Gracchus down to Caesar: fo that when he faw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who by the splendor of their lives and actions had acquired an afcendant over the populace ; it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thift for power by a voluntary grant of it, as the belt way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate counfels. He declared contention to be no longer prudent, than while it either did service, or at leaft not hurt; but when faction was grown too strong to be withflood, that it was time to give over fighting, and noting left but to extract fome good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it, if poftible, to the interefl of the state. This was what he advised, and what he practifed; and it will account, in a great meafure, for those parts of his conduct which are the moft liable to exception, on the account of that complecence, which he is fuppofed to have paid at different times to the ferval ufurpers of illegal power.

He made a jufi distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted therefore, yet never confented to thofe ufurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a refufance, that he exprefed very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without controul, as in his confulship, in his province, and after Caesar’s death, the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself; there we fee him fhining out in his genuine character, of an excellent citizen; a great magistrate; a glorious patriot: there we fee the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the belt witnefs of his confience, that he had always done the greatefe service to his country, when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it, but...
It was divine. If we must needs compare him therefore with Cato, as some writers affect to do; it is certain, that if Cato's virtue seems more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other rational; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude; Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely; but was the proper end of such a life, which must have been rendered less glorious, if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was therefore what he not only expected, but in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For, he, who had before been timid in dangers and depending in difpers, yet from the time of Caesar's death, routed by the desperate state of the republic, affirmed the fortitude of a hero: disdained all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life, which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he resolved himself as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

Middleton's Cicero.

§ 39. The Character of Martin Luther.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a-gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved by a fea-onable death from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous seafon, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a translation among the counts of Mansfeld, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomac'h, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and virtues of a man, but the qualities of a daemon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration-bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing cenure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, routed by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feeble spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and seuriity. Accustomed himself to
consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disapproved him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regard-
less of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chaftised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasimus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eecius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorised, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal surliness; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouze mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit, more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increas'd upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he disovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self applaude. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigius multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his miniserial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forfake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine a Boria, who survived him: towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

Robertson.


The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were
were all his virtues tempered together, so

justly were they blended, and so powerfully
did prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to con-

clude the most enterprising spirit with the coo-

lest moderation; the most obstinate perse-

verance with the easiest flexibility; the

most severe justice with the greatest leni-

ty; the greatest vigour in command with the
greatest affability of deportment; the highest
capacity and inclination for science, with the
most shining talents for action. His

civil and his military virtues are almost
equally the objects of our admiration, ex-

cepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful,

seem chiefly to challenge our applause.

Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of his skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, de-

prived him of historians worthy to transmit

his fame to posterity; and we wish to see

him delineated in more lively colours, and

with more particular strokes, that we may at

least perceive some of those small specks and

blemishes, from which, as a man, it is im-

possible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 41. Another Character of Alfred.

Alfred, that he might be the better able
to extend his charity and munificence, regu-
lated his finances with the most perfect eco-

nomy, and divided his revenues into a cer-
tain number of parts, which he appropriated
to the different expenses of the state, and
the exercise of his own private liberality and

devotion; nor was he a less economical in the
distribution of his time, which he divided
into three equal portions, allotting one to
sleep, meals, and exercise; and devoting the
other two to writing, reading, business, and

prayer. That this division might not be
encroached upon inadvertently, he measured
them by tapers of an equal size, which he
kept continually burning before the shrines
of relics. Alfred seemed to be a genius
self-taught, which contrived and comprehended every thing that could contribute to the security of his kingdom. He was au-

thor of that inestimable privilege, peculiar to the subjects of this nation, which consists in their being tried by their peers; for he first instituted juries, or at least improved upon an old institution, by specifying the

number and qualifications of jurymen, and

extending their power to trials of property

as well as criminal indictments; but no regu-

lation redounded more to his honour and the

advantage of his kingdom, than the mea-

sures he took to prevent rapine, murder, and

other outrages, which had so long been com-
mitted with impunity. His attention flooped
even to the meanest circumstances of his
people's convenience. He introduced the
art of brick-making, and built his own
houefes of those materials; which being much
more durable and secure from accidents
than timber, his example was followed by
his subjects in general. He was, doubtles,

an object of most perfect esteem and admira-

tion; for, exclusive of the qualities which
distinguished him as a warrior and legisla-
tor, his personal character was amiable in
every respect. Died 897, aged 52.

Smollett.

§ 42. Character of William the

Conqueror.

Few princes have been more fortunate
than this great monarch, or were better en-
tituled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he dis-
played in all his conduct. His spirit was
bold and enterprising, yet guided by pru-

dence. His ambition, which was exorbit-

ant, and lay little under the restraints of
justice, and still less under those of humanity,
ever submitted to the dictates of reason and
sound policy. Born in an age when the
minds of men were intracable and unac-
quainted with submission, he was yet able
to direct them to his purposes; and, partly
from the ascendant of his vehement disposi-
tion, partly from art and dissimulation, he
could establish an unlimited monarchy. Though
not infensible to generosity, he was hardened
against compassion, and formed equally
obstinate and ambitious of celer in his
clumsy, and his severity. The maxims of
his administration were severe; but might
have been useful, had they been solely em-
ployed in preserving order in an established
government: they were ill calculated for

softening the rigours which under the most
gentle management are inseparable from
conquest. His attempt against England was
the last enterprise of the kind, which, dur-
ing the course of seven hundred years, had
fully succeeded in Europe; and the great-
ness of his genius broke through those
limits, which first the feudal institutions,
then the refined policy of princes, have
fixed on the several states of Christendom.

Though
Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violations, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63. Hume.

§ 43. Another Character of William the Conqueror.

From the transactions of William's reign, he appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity, and ambition; politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; stern and haughty in his deportment, reserved and jealous in his disposition. He was fond of glory; and, though parsimonious in his household, delighted much in ostentation. Though sudden and impetuous in his enterprises, he was cool, deliberate, and indefatigable, in times of danger and difficulty. His aspect was nobly severe and imperious, his stature tall and portly; his constitution robust, and the composition of his bones and muscles strong; there was hardly a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms. Smollett.

§ 44. Another Character of William the Conqueror.

The character of this prince has seldom been fet in its true light; some eminent writers have been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen its faults; while others, out of a strong detestation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing preeminence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preferred their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the times wherein he lived. His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in personal strength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he professed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved; being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprises; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superior to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no fash relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weaknesses, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a most extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earliest youth, amidst all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and the seductions of sovereign power! Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than those he restrained. A lust of power, which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most infatiable avarice, poissified his soul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity, some shocking instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him flight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but
but his religion was after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or crofs, but suffered him unrefrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was indeed so far wise, that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employ the properft means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that during his reign a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bofom full of gold, nor durft any king another in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation, that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he legally was entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxation, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom. It must however be owned, that if his avarice was inftantly and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that fordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at least his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions that most particularly distinguift the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but still more to abhor.

Lyttleton.

§ 45. The Character of William Rufus.

The memory of this monarch is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerat- ed, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which they have affigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities: he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungeneorous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay fo much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged entirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice. The
monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Westminster Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died August 2, 1100, aged 40. Hume.

§ 46. Another Character of William Rufus.

Thus fell William*, surnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four and forty years, and reigned near thirteen, during which time he oppressed his people in every form of tyranny and iniquity. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, passionate, and ungrateful; a scoffer at religion, a scourge to the clergy; vain-glorious, talkative, rapacious, lavish, and dissolute; and an inveterate enemy to the English, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this instance of their loyalty, he took all opportunities to fleece and enslave them; and at one time imprisoned fifty of the best families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; so that they were compelled to purchase their liberty at the expense of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the fiery ordeal. He lived in a scandalous commerce with prostitutes, professing his contempt for marriage; and, having no legitimate issue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was so intent upon the succession, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceased king. Smollett.

§ 47. Character of Henry I.

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance

* By the hand of Tyrrel, a French gentleman, remarkable for his address in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had dismounted after a chase. Tyrrel, impatient to show his dexterity, let fly at a stag wh. ch suddenly started before him; the arrow glancing from a tree, struck the king in his breast, and instantly slew him.

from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of Beau Clerc, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding; his natural good sense preferved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother thowed, that he was too much diffpofed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. Hume.

§ 48. Another Character of Henry I.

Henry was of a middle stature and robust make, with dark brown hair, and blue serene eyes. He was facetious, fluent, and affable to his favourites. His capacity, naturally good, was improved and cultivated in such a manner, that he acquired the name of Beau Clerc by his learning. He was cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unquestioned, and his fortitude invincible. He was vindictive, cruel, and implacable, inexorable to offenders, rigid and severe in the execution of justice; and, though temperate in his diet, a voluptuary in his amours, which produced a numerous family of illegitimate issue. His Norman defects and connections with the continent inspired him with a contempt for the English, whom he oppressed in the most tyrannical manner. Smollett.

§ 49. Character of Stephen.

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince; but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's
men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty or revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154.

Hume.

§ 50. Another Character of Stephen.

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harassed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety as were incompatible with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to set aside, in his first endeavours to ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession; and he was irritated by his jealousy and resentment to commit the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and found policy. His vices, as a king, seem to have been the effect of troubles in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the short calm that succeeded the tempest of his reign, he made a progress through his kingdom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed so long on his people.

Smollett.

§ 51. Character of Henry II.

Thus died, in the 57th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his execution easy, persiflusive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preferred health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstinence from victual, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he created himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I., excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pulsed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189.

Hume.

§ 52. Another Character of Henry II.

Thus died Henry in the fifty-seventh year of his age (Hume says 58) and thirty-fifth of his reign, in the course of which he had, on sundry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous, even to admiration, with regard to those who committed offences against his own person; but he never forgave the injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were punished severely without respect of persons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when they sparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition by hard exercise and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or ever sat down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, facetious; remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in distress; so charitable, that he constantly allotted one tenth of his household provisions to the poor, and in time of dearth he maintained ten thousand
thousand indigent persons, from the beginning of spring till the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great assiduity, and delighted in the conversation of learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was so surprizingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumstance that was worth remembering. Though superior to his contemporaries in strength, riches, true courage, and military skill; he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was so far from bloodshed, that he expressed an uncommon grief at the loss of every private soldier: yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his passions, naturally violent, often hurried him to excess; he was prone to anger, transported with the lust of power, and particularly accused of incontinence, not only in the affair of Rosamond, whom he is said to have concealed in a retreat at Woodstock, from the jealously of his wife, but also in a suppedoed commerce with the French princes Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his son Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hospitality, if he was actually guilty, is the foulest stain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue. 

Smollett.

§ 53. Character of Richard I.

The most shining part of this prince’s character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the lion-hearted, cœur de lion. He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have poissed every talent necessary for acquiring it: his refrrections also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He puffed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France; and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhauhted his kingdom, and to have expofed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. 

Hume.

§ 54. Another Character of Richard I.

This renowned prince was tall, strong, straight, and well-proportioned. His arms were remarkably long, his eyes blue, and full of vivacity; his hair was of a yellowish colour; his countenance fair and comely, and his air majestic. He was endowed with good natural understanding; his penetration was uncommon; he possessed a fund of manly eloquence; his conversation was spirited, and was admired for his talents of repartee; as for his courage and ability in war, both Europe and Asia found with his prifile. The Saracens filled their children with the terror of his name; and Saladin, who was an accomplished prince, admired his valour to such a degree of enthusiasm, that immediately after Richard had defeated him on the plains of Joppa, he sent him a couple of fine Arabian horses, in token of his esteem; a polite compliment, which Richard returned with magnificent presents. These are the shining parts of his character, which, however, cannot dazzle the judicious observer so much, but that he may perceive a number of blemishes, which no historian has been able to efface from the memory of this celebrated monarch. His ingratitude and want of filial affection are unpardonable. He was proud, haughty, ambitious, choleric, cruel, vindictive, and debauched; nothing could equal his rapaciousness but his profusion, and, indeed, the one was the effect of the other; he was a tyrant to his wife, as well as to his people, who groaned under his taxation to such a degree, that even the glory of his victories did not exempt him from their excreations; in a word, he has been aptly compared to a lion, a species of animals which he resembled not only in courage, but likewise in ferocity. 

Smollett.
§ 55. Character of John.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect, that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baufenes which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than he ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first left, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage, under the yoke of Rome; he gave the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at least when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch; but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216. Hume.

§ 56. Another Character of John.

John was in his person taller than the middle size, of a good shape and agreeable countenance; with respect to his disposition, it is strongly delineated in the transactions of his reign. If his understanding was contemptible, his heart was the object of detestation; we find him slothful, shallow, proud, imperious, cowardly, libidinous, and inconstant, abject in adversity, and overbearing in success; condemned and hated by his subjects, over whom he tyrannized to the utmost of his power; abhorred by the clergy, whom he oppressed with exactions; and despised by all the neighbouring princes of Europe: though he might have passed through life without incurring such a load of odium and contempt, had not his reign been perplexed by the turbulence of his barons, the rapaciousness of the pope, and the ambition of such a monarch as Philip Augustus; his character could never have afforded one quality that would have exempted him from the disgust and scorn of his people: nevertheless, it must be owned, that his reign is not altogether barren of laudable transactions. He regulated the form of the government in the city of London, and several other places in the kingdom. He was the first who coined sterling money.

£ 57. Character of Henry III.

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises; and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacrifice the lasting advantages arising from the truth and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variables of his conduct, his hasty repentances, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation in which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipation of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least disgusted, his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great
great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government; and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. 

§ 58. Another Character of Henry III.

Henry was of a middle size and robust make, and his countenance had a peculiar cast from his left eye-lid, which hung down so far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; irrefolute, incoumtant, and capricious; proud, infulent, and arbitrary; arrogant in propriety, and abject in adversity; profuse, rapacious, and choleric, though detestitue of liberalism, economy, and courage; yet his continence was praiwife-worthy, as well as his aversion to cruelty; for he contented himself with punishing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigious even to excess, and therefore always in necessitv. Notwithstanding the great sums he levied from his subjects, and though his occasions were never so pressing, he could not help squandering away his money upon worthless favourites, without concerning the difficulty he always found in obtaining supplies from parliament.

§ 59. Character of Edward I.

The enterprizes finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interests of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weaknesses of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wife and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprise may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprize. He was frugal in all expences that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasuries on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years. 

§ 60. Another Character of Edward I.

He was a prince of very dignified appearance, tall in stature; regular and comely in his features; with keen piercing eyes, and of an aspect that commanded reverence and esteem. His constitution was robust; his strength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom; and his shape was unblemished in all other respects, but that of his legs, which are said to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of Long Shanks. In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greatest monarchs who have sat on the English throne. He was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumstantial. The remotest corners of the earth founded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was considered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he less formative in his legislative capacity, than eminent for his proverbs. He may be styled the English Justinian: for, besides the excellent statutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the administration of justice, so as to render it more sure and summary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of jurisdiction; settled a new and easy method of collecting the revenue, and established wise and effectual methods of preserving peace and order among his subjects. Yet, with all these good qualities, he cherished a dangerous ambition, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the good of his country; witnessed his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave rise to that ran corrosive enmity which proved so prejudicial to...
to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chastity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole course of his reign, one instance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accomplished warrior, without the least spark of heroism.

Smollett.

§ 62. Another Character of Edward II.

Thus perished Edward II. after having atoned by his sufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is said to have resembled his father in the accomplishments of his person, as well as in his countenance: but in other respects he seems only to have inherited the defects of his character; for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity. He had levity, indolence, and irresolution, in common with other weak princes; but the distinguishing foible of his character was that unaccountable passion for the reigning favourites, to which he sacrificed every other consideration of policy and convenience, and at last fell a miserable victim.

Smollett.

§ 63. Character of Edward III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The descendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it; his amiable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lafting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless defolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great
§ 64. Another Character of Edward III.

Edward's constitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth: so that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach the common course of nature: and now he was seized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that soon put a period to his life. When his distemper became so violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forsook him, as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their services. The ungrateful Alice, waiting until the perceived him in the agonies of death, was so inhuman as to strip him of his rings and jewels, and leave him without one domestic to close his eyes, and do the last offices to his breathless corpse.

In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and assistance, the mighty Edward lay expiring; when a priest, not quite so savage as the rest of his domestics, approached his bed; and, finding him still breathing, began to administer some comfort to his soul. Edward had not yet lost all perception, when he found himself thus abandoned and forlorn, in the last moments of his life. He was just able to express a deep sense of sorrow and contrition for the errors of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of Jesus.

Such was the piteous and obfuscated end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus. Caesar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms, and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence.

§ 65. Character of Richard II.

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expenses, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent economy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of over-awing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much further his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprises upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility facrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy*

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been deposed, A. D. 1399, in the year of his age 34; of his reign 23.

§ 66. Another
§ 66. Another Character of Richard II.

Such was the last conclusion of Richard II. a weak, vain, frivolous, inconstant prince; without weight to balance the scales of government, without discernment to choose a good ministry; without virtue to oppose the measures, or advice, of evil counsellors, even where they happened to clash with his own principles and opinion. He was a dupe to flattery, a slave to ostentation, and not more apt to give up his reason to the suggestion of sycophants, and vicious ministers, than to sacrifice those ministers to his safety. He was idle, profligate, and flagitious; and, though brave by nature, naturally pusillanimous, and irresolute. His pride and resentment prompted him to cruelty and breach of faith; while his necessities obliged him to fleece his people, and degrade the dignity of his character and situation. Though we find none of his charities on record, all his historians agree, that he excelled all his predecessors in state hospitality, and fed a thousand every day from his kitchen.

Smollett.

§ 67. Another Character of Richard II.

Richard of Bourdeaux (so called from the place of his birth) was remarkably beautiful, and handsome in his person; and doth not seem to be naturally defective, either in courage or understanding. For on some occasions, particularly in the dangerous insurrections of the crown, he acted with a degree of spirit and prudence superior to his years. But his education was miserably neglected; or, rather, he was intentionally corrupted and debauched by three ambitious uncles, who, being desirous of retaining the management of his affairs, encouraged him to spend his time in the company of dissolute young people of both sexes, in a continual course of lewdness and dissipation. By this means, he contracted a taste for pomp and pleasure, and a dislike to business. The greatest boisterous in the character of this unhappy prince was an excessive fondness for, and unbounded liberality to his favourites, which enraged his uncles, particularly the duke of Gloucester, and disfigured such of the nobility as did not partake of his bounty. He was an affedionate husband, a generous master, and a faithful friend; and if he had received a proper education, might have proved a great and good king.

Henry.

§ 68. Character of Henry IV.

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir; the murder of his sovereign and near relation; these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, and filled all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarkable, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then depopulating his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he poffessed his envied greatness, and the remorses by which, it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he poffessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation.

Hume.

Died 1413. Aged 43.

§ 69. Another
§ 69. Another Character of Henry IV.

Henry IV. was of a middle stature, well proportioned, and perfect in all the exercises of arms and chivalry; his countenance was severe, rather than serene, and his disposition four, fallen, and reserved: he possessed a great share of courage, fortitude, and penetration; was naturally imperious, though he bridled his temper with a great deal of caution; superstitious though without the least tincture of virtue and true religion; and meanly parsimonious, though justly cenured for want of economy, and ill-judged profusion. He was tame from caution, humble from fear, cruel from policy, and rapacious from indigence. He rode to the throne by perfidy and treason; and established his authority in the blood of his subjects, and died a penitent for his sins, because he could no longer enjoy the fruit of his transgressions.

§ 70. Character of Henry V.

This prince possessed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unblam'd by any considerable blemish; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldness of his enterprises was no less remarkable than his personal valor in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by address and clemency.

The English, dazzled by the luftre of his character, still more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almost forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining justice in his civil administration, and preserving discipline in his armies, made some amends to both nations for the calamities inseparable from those wars in which his short reign was almost occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himself, is a sure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied so on his friendship, is no less a proof of his established character for candour and sincerity.

There remain, in history, few instances of such mutual trust; and still fewer, where neither found reason to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His stature was somewhat above the middle size; his countenance beautiful, his limbs genteel and slender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exercises.

Died 31st August, 1422: in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th.

§ 71. Another Character of Henry V.

Henry was tall and slender, with a long neck, and engaging aspect, and limbs of the most elegant turn. He excelled all the youth of that age, in agility, and the exercise of arms; was hardy, patient, laborious, and more capable of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue, than any individual in his army. His valour was such as no danger could startle, and no difficulty oppose; nor was his policy inferior to his courage.

He managed the diffusions among his enemies with such address, as spoke him confummate in the arts of the cabinet. He fomented their jealousy, and converted their mutual resentment to his own advantage.

Henry possessed a self-taught genius, that blazed out at once, without the aid of instruction and experience; and a fund of natural sagacity, that made ample amends for all these defects. He was chaste, temperate, moderate, and devout, scrupulously just in his administration, and severely exact in the discipline of his army; upon which he knew his glory and success, in a great measure, depended. In a word, it must be owned, he was without an equal in the arts of war, policy, and government. But we cannot be so far dazzled with his great qualities, as to overlook the defects in his character. His pride and imperious temper loft him the hearts of the French nobility, and frequently fell out into outrage and abuse; as at the siege of Melun, when he treated the Marechal l'Isle d'Adam with the utmost indignity, although that nobleman had given him no other offence, than that of coming into his presence in plain decent apparel.

§ 72. Hume's Account of Henry VI.

(For there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian) it is expressed in the following Manner.

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI, who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely
entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weaknesses, and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 73. Smollett's Account of the Death of Henry VI. with some Strictures on his Character, is as follows.

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortunate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alleged that he was assassinated by the duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affection of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his late disalter. His sudden death was fulfivicous, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently fulminated indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compassionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred; but it was afterwards removed, by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 74. Character of Edward IV.

Edward IV. was a prince more splendid and shrewd, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and lastly fittest to prevent ills by wife precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprise.

§ 75. Another Character of Edward IV.

He was a prince of the most elegant person and inimitable address: endowed with the utmost fortitude and intrepidity; possessed of uncommon sagacity and penetration; but, like all his ancestors, was brutally cruel and vindictive, perfidious, lewd, perjured, and rapacious: without one liberal thought, without one sentiment of humanity.

§ 76. Another Character of Edward IV.

When Edward ascended the throne, he was one of the handiest men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and easy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at first sight. These qualities gained him esteem and affection, which
which flood him in great stead in several circumstances of his life. For some time he was exceeding liberal; but at length he grew covetous, not so much from his natural temper, as out of a necessity to bear the immediate expences which his pleasures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and a sound judgment, he committed, however, several omissions. But the crimes Edward is most justly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The first appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the scaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reason to shew mercy in cafe of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almost impossible to fland neuter, and so difficult to chose the justest side between the two houses that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not see that Edward had any regard to that consideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may say, that his whole life was one continued scene of excess that way; he had abundance of mistresses, but especially three, of whom he said, that one was the merriest, the other the wittiest, and the other the holiest in the world, since she would not flir from the church but when he sent for her.—What is most astonishing in the life of this prince is his good fortune, which seemed to be prodigious.

He was raised to the throne, after the loss of two battles, one by the duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the house of York. The head of the father was still upon the walls of York, when the son was proclaimed in London.

Edward escaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was restored to the throne, or at least received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilst his fortune yet depended upon the issue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in person. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month.

§ 77. Edward V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V, though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father, and the usurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

§ 78. Character of Richard III.

Those historians who favour Richard, for even he has met with partizans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confessed, that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of small stature, hump-backed, and had a very harsh disagreeable visage; so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind.

§ 79. Another Character of Richard III.

Such was the end of Richard III. the most cruel, unrelenting tyrant that ever sat on the throne of England. He seems to have been an utter stranger to the softer emotions of the human heart, and entirely destitute of every social enjoyment. His ruling passion was ambition; for the gratification of which he trampled upon every law, both human and divine; but this thirst of dominion was unattended with the least work of generosity, or any desire of rendering himself agreeable to his fellow-creatures: it was the ambition of a savage, not of a prince; for he was a solitary king, altogether detached from the rest of mankind, and incapable of that satisfaction which results from private friendship and disinterested society. We must acknowledge, however, that after his accession to the throne, his administration in general was conducted by the rules of justice; that he enacted salutary laws, and established wife regulations; and that, if his reign had been protracted, he might

* Slain at the battle of Bosworth.
have proved an excellent king to the English nation. He was dark, silent, and reserved, and so much master of dissimulation, that it was almost impossible to dive into his real sentiments, when he wanted to conceal his designs. His stature was small, his aspect cloudy, severe, and forbidding: one of his arms was withered, and one shoulder higher than another, from which circumstance of deformity he acquired the epithet of Crook-backed.

**§ 81. Another Character of Henry VII.**

Henry was tall, straight, and well-shaped, though slender; of a grave aspect, and turnine complexion; autere in his dress, and reserved in conversation, except when he had a favourite point to carry; and then he would fawn, flatter, and practice all the arts of insinuation. He inherited a natural fund of fagacity, which was improved by study and experience; nor was he deficient in personal bravery and political courage. He was cool, close, cunning, dark, distrustful, and designing; and of all the princes who had fat on the English throne, the most fordid, selfish, and ignorant. He possessed, in a peculiar manner, the art of turning all his domestic troubles, and all his foreign disputes, to his own advantage; hence he acquired the appellation of the English Solomon; and all the powers of the continent courted his alliance, on account of his wealth, wisdom, and uninterrupted prosperity.

The nobility he excluded entirely from the administration of public affairs, and employed clergymen and lawyers, who, as they had no interest in the nation, and depended entirely upon his favour, were more obsequious to his will, and ready to concur in all his arbitrary measures. At the same time it must be owned, he was a wise legislator; chaste, temperate, and affiduous in the exercise of religious duties; decent in his deportment, and exact in the administration of justice, when his private interest was not concerned; though he frequently used religion and justice as cloaks for perjury and oppression. His soul was continually actuated by two ruling passions, equally base and unkingly, namely, the fear of losing his crown, and the desire of amassing riches: and these motives influenced his whole conduct. Nevertheless, his apprehension and avarice redounded, on the whole, to the advantage of the nation. The first induced him to depress the nobility, and abolish the feudal tenures, which rendered them equally formidable to the prince and people; and his avarice prompted him to encourage industry and trade, because it improved his customs, and enriched his subjects.
whom he could afterwards pillage at discretion.

§ 82. Character of Henry VIII.

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and uncontrolled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He poissified, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself, or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profu

§ 83. Another Character of Henry VIII.

Henry VIII, before he became corpulent, was a prince of a goodly personage, and commanding aspect, rather imperious than dignified. He excelled in all the exercises of youth, and poissified a good understanding, which was not much improved by the nature of his education. Instead of learning that philosophy which opens the mind, and extends the qualities of the heart, he was confined to the study of gloomy and scholastic disquisitions, which served to cramp his ideas, and pervert the faculty of reason, qualifying him for the disputant of a cloister, rather than the lawgiver of a people. In the first years of his reign, his pride and vanity seemed to dominate over all his other passions; though from the beginning he was imperious, headstrong, impatient of contradiction and advice. He was rath, arrogant, prodigal, vain-glorious, pedantic, and superficial. He delighted in pomp and pageantry, the baubles of a weak mind. His passions, soothed by adulation, rejected all restraint; and as he was an utter stranger to the finer feelings of the soul, he gratified them at the expense of justice and humanity, without remorse or compunction.

He wrested the supremacy from the bishop of Rome, partly on conscientious motives, and partly from reasons of state and convenience. He suppressed the monasteries, in order to supply his extravagance with their spoils; but he would not have made those acquisitions, had they not been productive of advantage to his nobility, and agreeable to the nation in general. He was frequently at war; but the greatest conquest he obtained was over his own parliament and
and people.—Religious disputes had divided them into two factions. As he had it in his power to make either scale preponderate, each courted his favour with the most obsequious submission, and, in trimming the balance, he kept them both in subjection. In accustoming them to these abject compliances, they degenerated into flaves, and he from their profligation acquired the most despotic authority. He became rapacious, arbitrary, froward, fretful, and so cruel that he seemed to delight in the blood of his subjects.

He never seemed to betray the least symptoms of tenderness in his disposition; and, as we already observed, his kindness to Cranmer was an inconsistency in his character. He seemed to live in defiance of cenfure, whether ecclesiastical or secular; he died in apprehension of futurity; and was buried at Windsor, with idle proceffions and childish pageantry, which in those days passed for real taste and magnificence.

§ 84. Character of Edward VI.

Thus died Edward VI. in the sixteenth year of his age. He was counted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal sciences, but he knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he studied fortification, and understood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his dominions, with the depth of the water, and way of coming into them. He understood foreign affairs so well, that the ambassadors who were sent into England, published very extraordinary things of him, in all the courts of Europe. He had great quickness of apprehension; but, being diftraffful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was considerable) in Greek characters, that thofe about him might not understand what he wrote, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful: when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conspiring the death of the other counfellors, he upon that abandoned him.

Barnaby Fitz Patrick was his favourite; and when he sent him to travel, he writ off to him to keep good company, to avoid excess and luxury; and to improve himfelf in thofe things that might render him capable of employment at his return. He was afterwards made Lord of Upper Offory, in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and did anfwer the hopes this excellent king had of him. He was very mercifull in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingnefs to sign the warrant for burning the maid of Kent. He took great care to have his debts well paid, reckoning that a prince who breaks his faith, and lofes his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual diftruf, and extreme contempt. He took fpecial care of the petitions that were given him by poor and oppreff people. But his great zeal for religion crowned all the reft—it was not an angry heat about it that actuated him, but it was a true tenderness of conience, founded on the love of God and his neighbour. These extraordinary qualities, set off with great sweetnefs and affability, made him universally beloved by his people. Burnet.

§ 85. Another Character of Edward VI.

All the English historians dwell with pleafure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the most tender affections of the public. He profefled mildnefs of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He feems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and perfecution. But as the bigotry of Protestants, lefts governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of Catholics, the effect of this malignant quality were the lefts to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward. Hume.

§ 86. Another Character of Edward VI.

Edward is celebrated by historians for the beauty of his perfon, the sweetnefs of his disposition, and the extent of his knowledge. By that time he had attained his sixteenth year, he understood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages; he was versed in the sciences of logic, music, natural philosophy, and matter of all theological disputes; infomuch that the famous Cardanus, in his return from Scotland, visiting the English court, was astonished at the progres he had made in learning; and afterwards extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature. Notwithstanding these encomiums, he seems to have had an ingredient of bigotry in his disposition,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book III.

Disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender cons-
fiences, who might have happened to dif-
fer with him in religious principles; nor

can we reconcile either to his boasted hu-

manity or penetration, his contumacy to the
death of his uncle, who had served him
faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted re-

solution to withstand the importunities of
his minions, and was deficient in that vi-

gour of mind, which often exists independ-
dent of learning and culture. Smollett.

§ 87. Character of Mary.

It is not necessary to employ many words in
drawing the character of this princess. She
possessed few qualities either estimable
or amiable, and her person was as little
engaging as her behaviour and address.
Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, ma-
lignity, revenge, and tyranny; every cir-

cumstance of her character took a tincture
from her bad temper and narrow under-
standing. And amidst that complication of
vices which entered into her composition,
we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity;
a quality which she seems to have maintained
throughout her whole life, except in the
beginning of her reign, when the necessity
of her affairs obliged her to make some pro-

mises to the Protestants, which she certainly
never intended to perform. But in these
cases a weak bigoted woman, under the

government of priests, easily finds casuistry suf-

ficient to justify to herself the violation of
an engagement. She appears, as well as

her father, to have been susceptible of some
attachment of friendship; and that without
caprice and inconstancy, which were so re-
markable in the conduct of that monarch.
To which we may add, that in many cir-

cumstances of her life, she gave indications of
resolution and vigour of mind; a quality
which seems to have been inherent in her
family.

Died Nov. 7, A.D. 1558. Home.

§ 88. Another Character of Mary.

We have already observed, that the cha-

racteristics of Mary were bigotry and re-

venge: we shall only add, that she was
prond, imperious, froward, avaricious, and
wholly delitute of every agreeable quali-
cation.

Smollett.

§ 89. Character of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had a great deal of wit, and
was naturally of a found and solid judgment.
This was visible by her whole management,
from one end of her reign to the other.
Nothing shews her capacity more, than her
address in surmounting all the difficulties and
troubles created by her enemies, especially
when it is considered who these enemies
were; persons the most powerful, the most
artful, the most subtle, and the least scru-

pulous in Europe. The following are the
maxims which he laid down for the rule
and measures of her whole conduct, and
from which she never swerved: "To make
"her self beloved by her people: To be
"frugal of her treasure: To keep up dif-
"fion amongst her neighbours."

Her enemies pretend that her abilities
confisted wholly in overstrained dissimulation,
and a profound hypocrisy. In a word,
they say she was a perfect comedian. For

my part, I don't deny that she made great
use of dissimulation, as well with regard to
the courts of France and Spain, as to the
queen of Scotland and the Scots. I am also
persuaded that, being as much concerned to

gain the love and esteem of her subjects,
the affected to speak frequently, and with ex-
aggeration, of her tender affection for them.
And that she had a mind to make it believed
that she'd done things from an excessive
love to her people, which she was led to
more by her own interest.

Avarice is another failing which her own
friends reproach her with. It will not deny
she was too parsimonious, and upon
some occasions stuck too close to the maxims
she had laid down, not to be at any ex pense
but what was absolutely necessary. How-
ever in general I maintain, that if her cir-
cumstances did not require her to be covet-
cus, at least they required that she shouldn't
not part with her money but with great
cautions, both in order to preserve the af fection
of her people, and to keep herself always in a condition to withstand her enemies.

She is accused also of not being fo chaite,
as the affected to appear. Nay, some pre-
tend that there are now in England, the
defendants of a daughter the had by the
Earl of Leicester; but as hitherto nobody
has undertaken to produce any proofs of this
accusation, one may safely reckon it among
the flanders which they endeavoured to stain
her reputation with, both in her life-time and
after her decease.

It is not so easy to justify her concerning
the death of the queen of Scots. Here it
must be owned she sacrificed equity, justice,
and it may be her own consience, to her
safety. If Mary was guilty of the murde


of her husband, as there is ground to believe, it was not Elizabeth's business to punish her for it. And truly it was not for that she took away her life; but she made use of that pretence to detain her in prison, under the deceitful colour of making her innocence appear. On this occasion her dilatation was blame-worthy. This first piece of injustice, drew her in afterwards to use a world of artful devices to get a pretence to render Mary's imprisonment perpetual. From hence arose the necessity of putting her to death on the scaffold. This doublets is Elizabeth's great blemish, which manifestly proves to what degree she carried the fear of losing a crown. The continual fear and uneasiness she was under on that account, is what characterises her reign, because it was the main spring of almost all her actions. The best thing that can be said in Elizabeth's behalf is, that the queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of the two queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall. I don't believe any body ever questioned her being a true Protestant. But, as it was her interest to be so, some have taken occasion to doubt whether the zeal she expressed for her religion, was the effect of her persuasion or policy. All that can be said is, that she happened sometimes to prefer her temporal concerns, before those of religion. To sum up in two words what may serve to form Elizabeth's character, I shall add she was a good and illustrious queen, with many virtues and noble qualities, and few faults. But what ought above all things to make her memory precious is, that she caused the English to enjoy a state of felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most part of the kings, her predecessors.

Died March 24, 1603, aged 70, having reigned 44 years, 4 months, and 8 days. Rapin.

§ 90. Another Character of Elizabeth.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous content of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, the controled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroine was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the fallacies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an unconstrained ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preferred her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least ferulous, the was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness mean while untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her,

fervi
serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princefs, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the luster of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weakneffes by which her fex is diftinguifhed. But the true method of effimating her merit is, to lay aside all those confiderations, and confider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a miftrrefs; but her qualities as a fovereign, though with some confiderable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

thus left unfinished by Hume.

§ 91. Another Character of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, in her perfon, was masculine, tall, straight, and strong-limbed, with an high round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair; she danced with great agility; her voice was strong and thrill; the underfoot music, and played upon several instruments. She pofeffed an excellent memory, and underfood the dead and living languages, and made good proficiency in the sciences, and was well read in history. Her conversation was sprightly and agreeable, her judgment folid, her apprehenfion acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible. She was the great bulwark of the Protestant religion; she was highly commendable for her general regard to the impartial administration of justice; and even for her rigid economy, which faved the public money, and evinced that love for her people which the fo warmly pofefsed. Yet she deviated from justice in some infances when her interest and passions were concerned; and, notwithstanding all her great qualities, we cannot deny she was vain, proud, imperious, and in some cafes cruel: her predominant passion was jealousy and avarice; though she was also subject to fuch violent gulf of anger as overwhelmed all regard to the dignity of her station, and even hurried her beyond the common bounds of decency. She was wife and fofty in her principles of government, and above all princes fortunate in a ministry.

§ 92. Character of James I.

James was of a middle fature, of a fine complexion, and a soft skin; his perfon plump, but not corpulent, his eyes large and rolling, his beard thin, his tongue too big for his mouth, his countenance difagreeable, his air awkward, and his gait remarkably ungraceful, from a weaknefs in his knees that prevented his walking without affiflence; he was tolerably temperate in his diet, but drank of little elfe than rich and strong wines. His character, from the variety of grotesque qualities that compose it, is not easy to be delineated. The virtues he pofefsed were fo loaded with a greater proportion of their neighbouring vices, that they exhibit no lights, to fet off the dark shades; his principles of generosity were tainted by fuch a childifh profufion, that they left him without means of paying his juft obligations, and subjected him to the neceffity of attempting irregular, illegal, and unjuft methods of acquiring money. His friendfhip, not to give it the name of vice, was directed by fo puerile a fancy, and fo abjur'd a caprice, that the objecls of it were contemptible, and its consequences attended with fuch an unmerited profufion of favours, that it was perhaps the moft exceflible quality of any he pofefsed. His dillinctions were formed on the principles of felfifhness; he valued no perfon for any endowments that could not be made fubfervient to his pleasures or his interest; and thus he rarely advanced any man of real worth and prefemtment. His familiar conversation, both in writing and speaking, was stuffed with vulgar and indecent phrases. Though proud and arrogant in his temper, and fuft of the importance of his fation, he defended to buffoonery, and fuffered his favourites to addrefs him in the moft difreftful terms of grofs familiarity.

Himfelf affected a fententious wit, but rofe no higher in those attempts than to quaff, and often fale conceits. His education had been a more learned one than is commonly beftowed on princes; this, from the conceit it gave him, turned out a very difad-
difadventagious circumstance, by contradi
ning his opinions to his own narrow views; his prelences to a confummate knowledge in divinity, politics, and the art of govern
ing, expose him to a high degree of ridi
cule; his conduct shewing him more than commonly deficient in all these points. His romantic idea of the natural rights of prin
ces, caused him publicly to avow prelences that impressed into the minds of the people an incurable jealousy; this, with an affection
ation of a profound skill in the art of difem
bling, or kingcraft, as he termed it, rendered him the object of fear and distrust; when at the same time he was himself the only dupe to an impertinent ufeles hypocrisy.

If the laws and constitution of England received no prejudice from his government, it was owing to his want of ability to effect a change fuitable to the purpose of an arbitrary fway. Stained with these vices, and filled with these weaknesses, if he is even exempt from our hatred, the exemption must arise from motives of contempt. Def
icable as he appears through his own Britannic government, his behaviour when king of Scotland was in many points unexcep
tionable; but, intoxicated with the power he received over a people whose privileges were but feebly established, and who had been long subjected to civil and ecclefiafical tyranny, he at once flung off that moderation that hid his deformities from the common eye. It is alledged that the corruption he met with in the court of England, and the time-serving genius of the Englifh noblemen, were the great means that debauched him from his circumfpeft conduct. Among the forwardeft of the worthifefs tribe was Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salifbury, who told him on his coming to the crown, that he should find his Englifh fubjects like affes, on whom he might lay any burden, and should need neither bit nor bridle, but their affes ears. Died March 27, A. D. 1625. Aged 59.

§ 93. Another Character of James.

James was in his fature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard fcarly, and his aspect mean; his eyes, which were weak and languid, he rolled about inceffantly, as if in queft of novelty; his tongue was fo large, that in speaking or drinking, he babbered the by-flanders; his knees were fo weak as to bend under the weight of his body; his address was awkward, and his appearance flowenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have in the course of his reign exhibited repeated infances of his ridiculou
vanity, prejudices, profufion, folly, and little
ness of foal. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, tem
perate in his meals, kind to his feryants, and even defirous of acquiring the love of his fubjects, by granting that as a favour, which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They left no severe impofitions; and the commons made coniderable proffes in afcertaining the li
berties of the nation.

§ 94. Another Character of James.

No prince, fo little enterprizing and fo inoffensive, was ever fo much expofed to the oppofite extremes of calumny and flattery, of fattery and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much difputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many
virtues, however, it must be owned, he was poiffefled of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generofity bordered on profufion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on puillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyifh fondnefs. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in fome of his actions, and fill more of his prelentions, to have encroached on the liberties of his pe
ople. While he endeavoured, by an exadt neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preferve fully the efteem and regard of none. His capacity was confiderable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate buifines.

His intentions were juft, but more adapt
e to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his perfon, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command repect: partial and undifcerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; ex
pofed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were fullifed with weaknefs, and
and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong pre-judge which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

Hume.

§ 95. Another Character of James.

The principal thing which is made to serve for matter for king James's panegyric, is the constant peace he caused his subjects to enjoy. This cannot be said to be the effect of chance, since it clearly appears, it was his sole, or at least his chief aim in the whole course of his administration. Nothing, say his friends, is more worthy a great king than such a design. But the same design loses all its merit, if the prince discovers by his conduct, that he preserves peace only out of fear, carelessness, excessive love of ease and repose; and king James's whole behaviour shews he acted from these motives, though he coloured it with the pretence of his affection for the people.

His liberality, which some praise him for, is exclaimed against by others as prodigality. These last pretend he gave without measure and discretion, without any regard to his own wants, or the merit of those whom he heaped his favours upon.

As to his manners, writers are no less divided: some will have him to be looked on as a very wise and virtuous prince; whilst others speak of him as a prince of a disolute life, given to drinking, and a great swearer in common conversation, especially when in a passion. He is likewise taxed with dis-solving the Earl of Essex's marriage, the pardoning the Earl and Countefs of Somerset, the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the confidence wherewith in full parliament he called God to witneses, that he never had any thoughts of giving the Papists a toleration, which he could not affirm but by means of some mental reservation.

But whatever may be said for or against James's person, it is certain England never flourished less than in his reign; the English saw themselves exposed to the insults and jeers of other nations, and all the world in general threw the blame on the king.

Rapin.

§ 96. Character of Charles I.

Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I, king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his vifage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best chiefly tenant of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted. He suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deferred the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the
§ 97. Another Character of Charles I.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperament from avarice, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinctured with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to pernicious of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns favoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince: but, for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; these are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. He excelled in horticulture and other exercises; and he polished all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities, which form an accomplished prince.

§ 98. Another Character of Charles I.

In the character of Charles, as represented by his panegyrists, we find the qualities of temperance, chastity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condescension, and equanimity; some have gone so far as to allow him integrity, and many writers, who condemn his political principles, give him the title of a moral man. In the comparison of this representation with Charles's conduct, accurately and justly described, it is discernible that vices of the worst tendency, when shaded by a plausible and formal carriage, when concordant to the interests of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, assume the appearances of, and are imposed on the credulous world as, virtues of the first rank.

Paffion
Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The interests of the crown, legitimated every measure, and sanctified in his eye the widest deviation from moral rule.

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery, he was undeniably professed. His manners partook of diffipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court. His chaffiness has been called in question, by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness, which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment, or heart left him fair opportunities of reinstatement in the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and so improved by a continual exercise, that, though in the beginning of his reign he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, towards the close of his life he discovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of style; in his debates elocution, and quickness of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity, occasioned him to observe a flatulency and imperiousness in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offensive; by the weak and formal it was mistaken for dignity.

In the exercise of horsemanship he excelled; had a good taste, and even skill, in several of the polite arts; but though a proficient in some branches of literature, was no encourager of useful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and bishops. His understanding in this point was so depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of priests, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure conversation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithstanding that the particularity of his situation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the same fond prejudices with which he had been fostered in his nursery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle stature, his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and his aspect melancholy, yet not unpleasing. His surviving issue, were three sons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windsor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macauley.

§ 99. Character of Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contents. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was dowered of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the feverish exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonry; yet he preferred the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs, ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villainy and virtue, basefins and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind.

Noble.

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral house of Cromwell.

† Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury above five hundred thousand pounds, and in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 2nd of April 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

§ 100.
§ 100. Character of Charles II.

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raiment was so tempered with good-breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to fartire was so checked with diffrecion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge*, could not be said to be of much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit.

And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even professed order, frugality, economy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his meagre (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great meaure, to the indulgence of his temper: a fault, which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wife one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54.

Hume.

§ 101. Another Character of Charles II.

Charles II. was in his person tall and swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband, an obliging lover, an affectionate father, and an indulgent master; even as a prince, he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than overbalanced by his weakkens and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminiate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprise, a stranger to any manly friendship and gratitude, deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore practised diffimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch; he was diffatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he deplored or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had perfecuted his father and himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments, he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of

* Marquis of Halifax,
§ 102. Another Character of Charles II.

Thus lived and died king Charles the Second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the losses of his father, and of the crown of England.—While he was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussells, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He purrifhed all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of thofe projects, with which, he complained often, his chancellor perfuted him. That in which he feemed moft concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often faid, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to reign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself fo entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He fpent little of his time in reading and study; and yet left in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accufomed himself to fay to every perfon, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please moft: fo that words or promifes went very easily from him. And he had fo ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things, and all perfons, with a depth of craft and difsimulation. He defired to become abfolute, and to overturn both our religion and laws; yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which fo great a defign required. He had an appearance of gentlenefs in his outward deportment; but he feemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature; and in the end of his life he became cruel.

Burnet.

§ 103. Another Character of Charles II.

The character of Charles the Second, like the tranfactions of his reign, has assumed various appearances, in proportion to the passions and prejudices of different writers. To affirm that he was a great and good king, would be as unjust as to allege that he was deftitute of all virtue, and a bloody and inhuman tyrant. The indolence of his disposition, and the diffipation occasioned by his pleasures, as they were at firft the source of his misfortunes, became afterwards the safety of the nation. Had he joined the ambition of power, and the perfeverance and attention of his brother, to his own insinuating and engaging address, he might have secured his reputation with writers, by enslaving them with the nation.

In his perfon he was tall and well made. His complexion was dark, the lines of his face strong and hard, when fitly traced: but when his features were comprehended in one view, they appeared dignified and even pleasing. In the motions of his perfon he was easy, graceful, and firm. His constitution was strong, and communicated an active vigour to all his limbs. Though a lover of cafe of mind, he was fond of bodily exercise. He rofe early, he walked much, he mixed with the meanest of his subjects, and joined in their conversation, without diminishing his own dignity, or raising their presumption. He was acquainted with many perfons in the lower stations of life. He capitivated them with sprightly terms of humour, and with a kind of good-natured wit, which rendered them pleased with themselves. His guards only attended him on public occasions. He took the air frequently in company with a single friend; and though crowds followed him, it was more from a wish to attract his notice, than from an idle curiosity. When evident designs against his life were daily exhibited before the courts of justice, he changed not his manner of appearing in public. It was soon after the Rye-houfe plot was discovered, he is faid to have been severe on his brother's character, when he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The duke returning from hunting with his guards, found the king one day in Hyde Park. He expreffed his surprifce how his majefty could venture his perfon alone at fuch a perilous time. "Iames," (replied the king,) "take you care of yourfelf, and I am fafe. No man in England will kill me, to make you king." When he was oppofed with moft violence in parliament, he continued the moft popular man in the kingdom. His good-breeding as a gentleman, overcame the opinion conceived of his faults as a king. His affabilis,
In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interests with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though flately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the futilities of his disposition of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deferted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to impose his forgivenefs, and even after they had raied another prince to the throne, they respected his perfon, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counfels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprises. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his perfon from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689.

§ 105. Another Character of James II.

The enemies of James did not fail to make the most of the advantages they had gained by their subtle manoeuvres; some said, that the king's flight was the effect of a disturbed confidence, labouring under the load of secret guilt; and those whose censures were more moderate, asserted, that his incurable bigotry had led him even to sacrifice his crown to the interests of his priests; and that he chose rather to depend on the precarious support of a French force to subdue the refractory spirit of his people, than to abide the issue of events which threatened such legal limitations as should effectually prevent any further abuse of power.

The whole tenor of the king's past conduct undoubtedly gave a countenance to informations which were in themselves sufficiently plausible to answer all the purposes for which they were indifferently circulated; but when the following circumstances are taken into consideration, namely, that timidity is natural to the human mind, when oppressed with an uninterrupted series of misfortunes; that the king's life was put entirely into the hands of a rival, whose ambitious views were altogether incompatible even with the shadow of regal power in his person; that the means taken to increase the apprehensions which reflections of this nature must necessarily occasion, were of the most mortifying kind; it must be acknowledged, that if the principles of heroic virtue might have produced conduct in some exalted individuals, yet that the generality of mankind would, in James's situation, have sought shelter in the professed generoity of a trusted friend, from personal infult, personal danger, and from all the harassing suprizes under which the mind of this imprudent and unfortunate monarch had long laboured.

The opposition of James's religious principles to those of his subjects, his unpopular connections with the court of France; but, above all, the permanent establishment of a rival family on the throne of England, has formed in his favour such an union of prejudice and interest, as to destroy in the minds of pofterity, all that sympathy which, on similar occasions, and in similar misfortunes, has so wonderfully operated in favour of other...
other princes; and whilst we pay the tribute of unavailing tears over the memory of Charles the First; whilst, with the Church of England, we venerate him as a martyr to the power and office of prelates; whilst we see, with regret, that he was stripped of his dignity and life at the very time when the chastening hand of affliction had, in a great measure, corrected the errors of a faulty education; the irresistible power of truth must oblige us to confess, that the adherence to religious principles, which cost the father of his life, deprived the son of his dominions; that the enormous abuses of power with which both sovereigns are accursed, owed their origin to the same source; the errors arising from a bad education, aggravated and extended by the impious flattery of designing priests; we shall also be obliged to confess, that the parliament itself, by an unprecedented fertility, helped to confirm James in the exalted idea he had entertained of the royal office, and that the doctrines of an absolute and unconditional submission on the part of subjects, which, in the reign of his father, was, in a great measure, confined to the precepts of a Laud, a Sibthorpe, and Maynwaring, were now taught as the avowed doctrines of the Church of England, were acknowledged by the two Universities, and implicitly avowed by a large majority of the nation; so great, indeed, was the change in the temper, manners, and opinions of the people, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the First to the commencement of the reign of his son James, that at this shameful period the people gloried in having laid all their privileges at the foot of the throne, and execrated every generous principle of freedom, as arising from a spirit totally incompatible with the peace of society, and altogether repugnant to the doctrines of Christianity.

This was the situation of affairs at the accession of the unfortunate James; and had he been equally unprincipled as his brother, the deceived king; had he professed himself a Protestant, whilst he was in his heart a Papist; had he not regarded it as his duty to use his omnipotent power for the re-flowing to some parts of its ancient dignity a Church which he regarded as the only true Church of Christ; or had he, instead of attacking the prerogative of the prelacy, suffered them to share the regal despotism which they had fixed on the basis of conscience, the most flagrant abuses of civil power would never have been called in judgment against him, and parliament themselves would have lent their constitutional authority to have riveted the chains of the empire in such a manner as should have put it out of the power of the most determined votaries of freedom to have re-established the government on its ancient foundation. From this immediate evil England owes its deliverance to the bigoted sincerity of James; a circumstance which ought, in some measure, to conciliate our affections to the memory of the sufferer, and induce us to treat those errors with lenity, which have led to the enjoyment of privileges which can never be entirely lost, but by a general corruption of principle and depravity of manners.

It was said by the witty duke of Buckingham, "that Charles the Second might " do well if he would, and that James " would do well if he could;" an observation which says little for the understanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemishes with which his public character is stained, he was not deficient in several qualities necessary to compose a good sovereign. His industry and business were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money, he cherished and extended the maritime power of the empire, and his encouragement of trade was attended with such success, that, according to the observation of the impartial historian Ralph, as the frugality of his administration helped to increase the number of malcontents, so his extreme attention to trade was not less alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his resolution not to rush into a war with France was mortifying to their stadtholder.

In domestic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great measure tainted with that licentiousness of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole society, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any excesses which trenched deeply on the duties of social life; and if the qualities of his heart were only to be judged by his different conduct in the different characters of husband, father, master, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable disposition. But those who know not how to forgive injuries, and can never pardon the errors, the inimitables, the vices, or even the virtues of their fellow-creatures, when in any respect they affect personal interest or inclination, will aim against them the insensibility of every human mind.
Book III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

mind, and can never expect from others that justice and commiseration which themselves have never exercised: but whilst we execrate that rancorous cruelty with which James, in the short hour of triumph, persecuted all those who endeavoured to thwart his ambitious hopes, it is but justice to observe, that the rank vices of pride, malice, and revenge, which blacken his conduct, whilst he figured in the station of prefumptive heir to the crown, and afterwards in the character of sovereign, on the successful quelling of the Monmouth rebellion, were thoroughly corrected by the chastising hand of affliction: that the whole period of his life, from his return to Ireland to the day of his death, was spent in the exercise of the first Christian virtues, patience, fortitude, humility, and resignation. Bretonneau, his biographer, records, that he always spoke with an extreme moderation of the individuals who had acted the most successfully in his disfavour; that he reproved those who mentioned their conduct with severity; that he read, even with a filial apathy, the bitterest writings which were published against him; that he regarded the loss of empire as a necessary correction of the misdemeanors of his life, and even rebuked those who expressed any concern for the issue of events, which he respected as ordinances of the divine will.

According to the same biographer, James was exact in his devotion, moderate even to abstinence in his life; full of sentiments of the highest contrition for past offences; and, according to the discipline of the Roman church, was very severe in the authorities which he inflicted on his person. As this prince justly regarded himself as a martyr to the Catholic faith, as his warmest friends were all of this persuasion, as his conversation in his retirement at St. Germain was entirely, in a great measure, confined to priests and devotees, it is natural that this superfluous should increase with the increafe of religious sentiment; and as he had made use of his power and authority, whilst in England, to enlarge the number of profelytes in popery, so, in a private station, he laboured incessantly, by prayer, exhortation, and example, to confirm the piety of his Popish adherents, and to effect a reformation in those who still continued firm to the doctrines of the church of England. He visited the monks of La Trappe once a year, the severest order of religious in France; and his conformity to the discipline of the convent was so strict and exact, that he impressed those devotees with sentiments of admiration at his piety, humility, and conformation.

Thus having spent twelve years with a higher degree of peace and tranquillity than he had ever experienced in the most triumphant part of his life, he was seized with a palsy in September 1701, and after having languished fifteen days, died in the sixtieth year of his age, having filled up the interval between his first seizure and final exit with the whole train of religious exercises enjoined on similar occasions by the church of Rome, with solemn and repeated professions of his faith, and earnest exhortations to his two children, the youngfet of whom was born in the second year of his exile, to keep steadfast to the religion in which they had been educated. These precepts and commands have acted with a force superior to all the temptations of a crown, and have been adhered to with a firmness which obliges an historian to acknowledge the superiority which James’s descendants, in the nice points of honour and conscience, have gained over the character of Henry the Fourth, who, at the period when he was looked up to as the great hero of the Protestant cause, made no scruple to accept a crown on the disgraceful terms of abjuring the principles of the Reformation, and embracing the principles of a religion, which, from his early infancy, he had been taught to regard as idolatrous and profane.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irresistible. James, to the last hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious errors: he could not help considering the strength and power of the crown as a circumstance necessary to the preservation and happiness of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his son, whilst he conjures him to pay a religious observance to all the duties of a good sovereign, he cautions him against suffering any encroachment on the royal prerogative. Among several heads, containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion; and, what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting, that he never attempted to subvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shews, that the delusion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book III.

The truf Great Britain and Ireland, was in his person of middle size, ill-shaped in his limbs, somewhat round in his shoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his nofe was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its severity, and rendered his harf features, in some measure, agreeable. Though his constitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exercises of the field; and often indulged himself in the pleasures, and even sometimes in the excesses, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harsh, passionate, and severe, with regard to trifles; but when the subject rose equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and serene. Though he was apt to form bad impressions, which would not easily removed, he was neither vindictive in his disposition, nor obstinate in his resentment. Neglected in his education, and, perhaps, destitute by nature of an elegance of mind, he had no taste for literature, none for the sciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to music, he understood no poetry; he disregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artists of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a considerable degree of knowledge. Though unsuccessful in the field, he understood military operations by land; but he neither professed nor pretended to any skill in maritime affairs.

In the distributions of favours he was cold and indiscriminate. In the punishment of crimes, often too caiy, and sometimes too severe. He was parsimonious where he should have been liberal; where he ought to be sparing, frequently profuse. In his temper he was silent and reserved, in his address ungraceful; and though not destitute of dissimulation, and qualified for intrigue, he was apt to conceal his passions than to

§ 106. Character of William III.

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nofe, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave solemn aspect. He was very sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner distressful, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in depofing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expence of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connections, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary faction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vultures of their country. He relied upon the nation a great debt, a system of politico big with misery, de-

§ 107. Another Character of William III.

William the Third, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was in his person of middle size, ill-shaped in his limbs, somewhat round in his shoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his nofe was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its severity, and rendered his harf features, in some measure, agreeable. Though his constitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exercises of the field; and often indulged himself in the pleasures, and even sometimes in the excesses, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harsh, passionate, and severe, with regard to trifles; but when the subject rose equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and serene. Though he was apt to form bad impressions, which would not easily removed, he was neither vindictive in his disposition, nor obstinate in his resentment. Neglected in his education, and, perhaps, destitute by nature of an elegance of mind, he had no taste for literature, none for the sciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to music, he understood no poetry; he disregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artists of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a considerable degree of knowledge. Though unsuccessful in the field, he understood military operations by land; but he neither professed nor pretended to any skill in maritime affairs.

In the distributions of favours he was cold and indiscriminate. In the punishment of crimes, often too caiy, and sometimes too severe. He was parsimonious where he should have been liberal; where he ought to be sparing, frequently profuse. In his temper he was silent and reserved, in his address ungraceful; and though not destitute of dissimulation, and qualified for intrigue, he was apt to conceal his passions than to
his designs: these defects, rather than vices of the mind, combining with an indifference about humouring mankind through their ruling passions, rendered him extremely unfit for gaining the affections of the English nation. His reign, therefore, was crowded with mortifications of various kinds; the discontented parties among his subjects found no difficulty in estranging the minds of the people from a prince poffeffed of few talents to make him popular. He was trusted, perhaps, less than he deferved, by the moft obfequent of his parliaments; but it seems, upon the whole, apparent, that the nation adhered to his government more from a fear of the return of his predecessor, than from any attachment to his own per- fon, or respect for his right to the throne. 

§ 108. Character of Mary, Queen Con-
fort f William III.

Mary was in her perfon tall and well proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehenfion was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupu- lously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and feems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been depofed, and treated her fitter as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary feems to have imbied the cold difpofition and apathy of her husband, and to have cen- tered all her ambition in deferving the epi- thet of an humble and obedient wife.

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33.

§ 109. Character of Anne.

The queen continued to dose in a lec-
thargic infenfibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August in the morning, when she expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirteenth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Brit-ain, was in her perfon of the middle size, well proportioned; her hair was of dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition: she was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to prefervc her independence, and avoid the fnares and fetters of fycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weaknefs in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal af- fection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, an indulgent mistrels, a mu- nificent patron, a mild and merciful prince; during whose reign no blood was shed for treafon. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepoftition; unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother’s fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the belft and moft unblemifhed sovereigns that ever fatt upon the throne of England, and well deferved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the “good queen Anne.”

Smollett.

She died in 1714.

§ 110. Another Character of Anne.

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, and one of the beft and greatest monarchs that ever fatt that throne. What was moft remarkable, was a clear harmo-
nious voice, always admired in her graceful delivery of her speeches to parliament, in- somuch that it used to be a common saying in the mouth of every one, “ that her very " speech was music.” Good-nature, the true characteristic of the Stuarts, predominated in her temper, which was a compound of benevolence, generosity, indulgence, and tidimity, but not without a due fenfibility of any flight which the thought was offered to her perfon or her dignity; to these all her actions, both as a monarch and as a woman, may be acribbed; these were the fources both of her virtues and her failings; her greatest blessing upon earth was that entire union of affections and inclinations between her and her royal confort; which made them a perfect pattern of conjugal love. She was a fond and tender mother, an envy and indulgent mistrel, and a moft gracious sovereign; but she had more than once reafon to repent her giving up her heart, and trufting her secrets without referve to her favourites. She retained to the laft the principle of that true religion which the had
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book III.

imbibed early; being devout without affec-
tation, and charitable without ostentation. She had a great reverence for clergymen eminent for learning and good lives, and was particularly beneficent to the poorer for of them, of which she left an evidence which bears her name, and will perpetuate both that and her bounty to all succeeding generations.

Chamberlaine.

§ III. Another Character of Anne.

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in the fiftieth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. In her person she was of a middle stature, and, before the bome children, well made. Her hair was dark, her complexion sanguine, her features strong, but not irregular, her whole countenance more dignified than agreeable. In the accomplishments of the mind, as a woman, she was not deficient; the undressed music; the loved painting; she had even some taste for works of genius; she was always generous, sometimes liberal, but never profuse. Like the rest of the family, she was good natured to a degree of weakness; indolent in her disposition, timid by nature, devoted to the company of her favourites, easily led. She possessed all the virtues of her father, except political courage; she was subject to all his weaknesses, except enthusiasm in religion; she was jealous of her authority, and fully irrecon-
cilable towards those who treated either herself or prerogative with disrespect; but, like him also, she was much better qualified to discharge the duties of a private life than to act the part of a sovereign. As a friend, a mother, a wife, she deferred every praise. Her conduct as a daughter could scarcely be exceeded by a virtue much superior to all these. Upon the whole, though her reign was crowded with great events, she cannot, with any justice, be called a great princess. Subject to terror, beyond the constitutional timidity of her sex, she was altogether in-
capable of decisive counsels, and nothing but her irresistible popularity could have supported her authority amidst the ferment of those distracted times.

Maclerfon.

§ 112. The Character of Mary Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, frightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dig-
nity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unfuspicious. Impatient of contradic-
tion, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not infensible to flattery, or unconcious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was al-
ways unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must like-
wife add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rath, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-required love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful ad-
dress and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tra-
gical and infamous scene, which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her char-
acter, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her dispo-
sition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tra-
gical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiferation; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a cir-
cumstance not to be omitted in writing the his-
tory of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair
hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her figure was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

§ 113. The Character of Francis I. with some Reflections on his Rivalship with Charles V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor’s dominions were of great extent, the French king’s lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but, being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The successes of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor’s best-laid schemes: Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival’s career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch’s attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor’s enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preferred through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis’s struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was retiding a common enemy, and endeavouring to fet bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. 133

Francis,
Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness, and courteously exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-administration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and, with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he convened with them familiarly, he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, thought they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impuity to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, than have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but lefs amiable rival.

Robertson.

§ 114. The Character of Charles V.

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertakings, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguishing censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he resolved it in silence in his own breast; he then communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such long consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the defective and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with prudence, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and buffeting period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of
of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles persevered, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though defective of that bewitching ability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory; and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprize, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonorable to a great prince. His invidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were diffloped into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit.

Robertson.

§ 115. The Character of Epaminondas.

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was entrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespeake an ingenious mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occasions of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he had learned, and soon displayed. To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and difficulties, a boldness in enterprize, vigour, and
and magnanimity. Thus did he become
great and terrible in war: nor was he left
distinguished by the gentler virtues of peace
and retirement. He had a soul capable of
the most exalted and disinterested friendship.
The warmth of his benevolence supplied the
deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and
good offices frequently were employed to
gain that relief for the necessities of others,
which his own circumstances could not grant
them: within the narrow sphere of these
were his defects regularly confined; no tempt-
tations could corrupt him; no prospects of
advantage could shake his integrity; to the
public he appeared unalterably and solely
devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate
his zeal for Thebes. All these illustrious
qualities he adorned with that eloquence
which was then in such repute, and appeared
in council equally eminent, equally useful to
his country, as in action. By him Thebes
first rose to sovereign power, and with him
the lost her greatnes.
Leland.

§ 116. The Character of Lord Towns-
Hend.

Lord Townshend, by very long experi-
ence, and unwearied application, was cer-
tainly an able man of business, which was
his only passion. His parts were neither
above nor below it; they were rather flow,
a defect of the faster side. He required time
to form his opinion; but when formed, he
adhered to it with invincible firmness, not
to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong,
and was impatient of contradiction.
He was a most ungraceful and confused
speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in
his language, perplexed in his arguments,
but always near the fires of the question.
His manners were coarse, rustic, and
feemingly brutal; but his nature was by no
means so; for he was a kind husband to
both his wives, a most indulgent father to
all his children, and a benevolent master to
his servants; sure tefts of real good-nature,
for no man can long together simulacr or
dilimize at home.
He was a warm friend, and a warm
enemy; defects, if defects they are, inse-
parable in human nature, and often accom-
panying the most generous minds.
Never minister had cleaner hands than he
had. Mere domestic economy was his only
care as to money; for he did not add one
acre to his estate, and left his younger
children very moderately provided for,
though he had been in considerable and lucra-
tive employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of
power, in order to preserve it he was obliged
to have a most unwarrantable complaisance
for the interests and even dictates of the
electorate, which was the only way by
which a British minister could hold either
favour or power during the reigns of king
George the First and Second.
The coarseness and imperiousness of his
manners made him disagreeable to queen
Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper to
act a second part, after having acted a first,
as he did during the reign of king George
the First. He resolved, therefore, to make
one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring
power, or, if that did not succeed, to
retire from business. He tried the experi-
ment upon the king, with whom he had a
personal interest. The experiment failed,
as he might easily, and ought to have fore-
seen. He retired to his seat in the country,
and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the flight defects,
as well as the many valuable parts of his
character, I must declare, that I owed the
former to truth, and the latter to gratitude
and friendship as well as to truth, since,
for some years before he retired from busines,
we lived in the strictest intimacy that the
difference of our age and situations could
admit, during which time he gave me many
unasked and unequivocal proofs of his
friendship.
Chesterfield.

§ 117. The Character of Mr. Pope.

Pope in conversation was below himself;
he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed
afraid that the man should degrade the poet,
which made him always attempt wit and
humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often
unfeafonably. I have been with him a
week at a time at his house at Twickenham,
where I necessarily saw his mind in its un-
dress, when he was both an agreeable and
instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly at-
tacked, and but weakly defended; the na-
tural consequence of his shining turn to
fatire, of which many felt, and all feared
the smart. It must be owned that he was the
most irritable of all the genus irritabile
vatum, offended with trifles, and never for-
getting or forgiving them; but in this I
really think that the poet was more in fault
than the man. He was as great an instance
as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and
inconsistencies of human nature; for, not-
withstanding the malignancy of his fates, and
and some blameable passages of his life, he
was charitable to his power, active in doing
good offices, and piously attentive to an old
bed-ridden mother, who died but a little
time before him. His poor, crazy, de-
formed body was a mere Pandora's box,
containing all the physical ills that ever
afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted
the edge of his satire, and may in some de-
gree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they
speak sufficiently for themselves; they will
live as long as letters and taste shall remain
in this country, and be more and more
admired as envy and resentment shall sub-
side. But I will venture this piece of clas-
tical blasphemy, which is, that however he
may be supposed to be obliged to Horace,
Horace is more obliged to him.

Chesterfield.

§ 118. Character of Lord Bolingbroke.

It is impossible to find lights and shades
strong enough to paint the character of lord
Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying
influence of the violence of human passions,
and of the most improved and exalted human
reason. His virtues and his vices, his rea-
son and his passions, did not blend them-
selves by a gradation of tints, but formed
a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid
colours, and both rendered more striking
from their proximity. Impetuousity, excess,
and almost extravagancy, characterized not
only his passions, but even his fenes. His
youth was distinguished by all the tumult
and storm of pleasures, in which he licenti-
ously triumphed, disdaining all decorum.
His fine imagination was often heated and
exhausted, with his body, in celebrating and
defying the profite of the night; and
his convivial joys were pushed to all the
extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These
passions were never interrupted but by a
stronger ambition. The former impaired
both his constitution and his character; but
the latter destroyed both his fortune and his
reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished
himself in business. His penetration was
almost intuition, and he admired whatever
subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by
the most splendid eloquence; not a studied
or laboured eloquence, but by such a flow-
ing happiness of diction, which (from care,
perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to
him, that even his most familiar conversa-
tions, if taken down in writing, would have
borne the press, without the least correction,
either as to method or style. He had noble
and generous sentiments, rather than fixed re-
lected principles of good-nature and friend-
ship; but they were more violent than lafit-
ing, and suddenly and often varied to their
opposite extremes, with regard even to the
same persons. He received the common at-
tentions of civility as obligations, which he
returned with interest; and refented with
passion the little inadventures of human
nature, which he repaid with interest too.
Even a difference of opinion upon a philo-
sophical subject, would provoke and prove
him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his
youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his
middle age, he had an infinite fund of vari-
ous and almost universal knowledge, which,
from the clearest and quickest conception,
and the happiest memory that ever man was
blessed with, he always carried about him.
It was his pocket-money, and he never had
occasion to draw upon a book for any sum.
He excelled more particularly in history, as
his historical works plainly prove. The re-
lative, political, and commercial interests
of every country in Europe, particularly of
his own, were better known to him than
perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily
he pursued the latter in his public conduct,
his enemies of all parties and denominations
tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he ap-
plied himself to study with his characteristi-
cal ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly
executed, the plan of his great philoso-
phical work. The common bounds of human
knowledge were too narrow for his warm
and aspiring imagination; he must go extra
flammantia mania mundi, and explore the
unknown and unknowable regions of meta-
physics, which open an unbounded field for
the excursions of an ardent imagination;
where endless conjectures supply the defects
of unattainable knowledge, and too often
usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a
most engaging address in his air and man-
ers; he had all the dignity and good-
breeding which a man of quality should or
can have, and which so few, in this country
at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in
a general Providence, but doubting of,
though by no means rejecting, (as is com-
monly supposed) the immortality of the soul,
and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper,
a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he blest you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature!

Chesterfield.

§ 119. Character of Mr. Pulteney.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Retentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c. in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practice sophistry. He could flate and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and readiness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and, in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and difficulties of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them.

Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means defined his company. The nation looked upon him as a defector, and he shrunk into insignificance and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it.—He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me filiint, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring. Chesterfield.

§ 120. Character of Sir Robert Walpole.

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated
incorporated themselves, with every thing
that was said or written concerning him.
Never was man more flattered, nor more
abused; and his long power was probably
the chief cause of both. I was much ac-
quainted with him, both in his public
and his private life. I mean to do impartial
justice to his character; and therefore my
picture of him will, perhaps, be more like
him than it will be like any of the other
drawings drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured,
cheerful, social; inelegant in his manners,
loose in his morals. He had a coarse,
strong wit, which he was too free of for a
man in his station, as it is always inconfident
with dignity. He was very able as a minis-
ter, but without a certain elevation of mind
necessary for great good or great mischief.
Profligate and apprentice, his ambition was
subservient to his desire of making a great for-
tune. He had more of the Magistran than
of the Richelieu. He would do mean
things for profit, and never thought of
doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man,
and the ablest manager of parliament, that,
I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather
than an eloquent speaker; he faw, as by in-
tuition, the disposition of the house, and
preffed or receded accordingly. So clear in
faying the most intricate matters, especially
in the finances, that, whilst he was fpeaking,
the moft ignorant thought that they
understood what they really did not. Money,
not prerogative, was the chief engine of his
administration; and he employed it with a
success which in a manner disgraced hu-
manity. He was not, it is true, the inventor
of that shamefeful method of governing, which
had been gaining ground infensibly ever since
Charles II., but, with uncommon skill, and
unbounded profusion, he brought it to that
perfection, which at this time dionours and
distrefles this country, and which (if
not checked, and God knows how it can be
now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of govern-
ment, he had a most extraordinary talent of
persuading and working men up to his pur-
pofe. A hearty kind of franknefs, which
sometimes seemed impudence, made people
think that he let them into his secrets, whilst
the impollitenefs of his manners seemed to
attest his sincerity. When he found any
body proof againft pecuniary temptations;
which, alas! was but seldom, he had re-
course to a fiill worse art; for he laughed at
and ridiculed all notions of public virtue,
and the love of one's country, calling them,
"The chimerical school-boy flights of clas-
fical learning;" declaring himself, at the
same time, "No faint, no Spartan, no re-
"former." He would frequently ask young
fellows, at their first appearance in the world,
while their honeft hearts were yet untainted.
"Well, are you to be an old Roman? a
"patriot? you will soon come off of that,
"and grow wifter." And thus he was more
dangerous to the morals than to the liberties
of his country, to which I am perfuaded he
meant no ill in his heart.

He was the eafy and profufe dupe of wo-
men, and in fonce infances indecently fo.
He was excessively open to flattery, even of
the grooffest kind; and from the coarfeft
professions of that vile profession; which
engaged him to pass moit of his leisure and
jovial hours with people whose blasted cha-
racters reflected upon his own. He was
loved by many, but refpeoted by none; his
familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery
leaving him no dignity. He was not vin-
dictive, but, on the contrary, very placable
to those who had injured him the moft. His
good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence,
in the foneral relations of father, husband,
mater, and friend, gained him the warmefi
affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history
among the "beft men," or the "beft mi-
"nifiers;" but much less ought it to be
ranked among the worft. Chesterfield.

§ 121. Character of Lord Granville.

Lord Granville had great parts, and a
mofl uncommon fhare of learning for a man
of quality. He was one of the beft fpeakers
in the house of lords, both in the declama-
tory and the argumentative way. He had
a wonderful quicknefs and precifion in fizing
the ftrefs of a qucftion, which no art, no
fophiftry, could difguife in him. In bufi-
nefs he was bold, enterprifing, and over-
bearing. He had been bred up in high mo-
archical, that is, tyrannical principles of
government, which his ardent and imperious
temper made him think were the only rational
and prafticable ones. He would have been
a great firft minifter in France, little inferior,
perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government,
which is yet free, he would have been a
dangerous one, little lefs fo, perhaps, than
Lord Stafford. He was neither ill-natured,
nor vindicrive, and had a great contempt for
money; his ideas were all above it. In
focial life he was an agreeable, good-hu-

moured, and instructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking; which, together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. By his own industry, he had made himself master of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the interest of princes and of commerce was extensive, and his notions were just and great. His character may be summed up, in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption. Chesterfield.

§ 122. Character of Mr. Pelham.

Mr. Pelham had good sense, without either shining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterprising genius, but had a more manly and steady resolution than his brother the Duke of Newcastle. He had a gentleman-like frankness in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a minister can have, especially a minister at the head of the treasury, where numberless sturdy and infatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was par negatius neque supra: had many domestic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanied it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both secured him from personal and rancorous ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister. Chesterfield.

§ 123. Character of Richard Earl of Scarborough.

In drawing the Character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strict upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be supposed to have biased my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his whole soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and, when he was cheerful, the most engaging countenance imaginable: when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address, of a man of quality; politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expenses he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniences.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an afterwards weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majorit after him. Such is the authority of unsuppected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at last.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he contently refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course ofbusiness made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the jesusical casuistry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous asserter of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretch of the prerogative; nor with
the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, nihil laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut senit; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know,) one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into sorrows, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

When I confess there is who feels for fame, And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken successadameum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for rarely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gushes of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were goodness and good manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or four. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, write for the fake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

Chesterfield.

§ 124. Character of Lord Hardwicke.

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justness of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, inflatable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the belles lettres. He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliaments, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess.

Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous places and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney,
ney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he dischared that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the "blood-hounds of the crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unitained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister. *Chesterfield.*


The Duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were cotemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; sometimes well and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the most shining parts would do, without those meaker talents.

He was good natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, fearing the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten tracks of business, as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which, I think, will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to flirr matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness one should rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so: there he made people of business wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested: very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Chesterfield.*


The Duke of Bedford was more considerable for his rank and immense fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common share of common sense, but with a head so wrong-turned, and so invincibly obstinate, that the share of parts which he had was of little use to him, and very troublesome to others.

He was passionate, though obstinate; and, though both, was always governed by some low
Section 127. Another Character.

The Duke of Bedford is indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were sufficient to have supported him with manner abilities than he possessed. The use he made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to himself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. The eminence of his station gave him a commanding prospect of his duty. The road which led to honour was open to his view. He could not lose it by mistake, and he had no temptation to depart from it by design.

An independent, virtuous duke of Bedford, would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in oppressing or defending a minister: he would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favourite of his sovereign. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind: his own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamblers, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the humiliating necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependants; of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow in a court of justice the purchase and sale of a borough. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity; and not look for, or find, an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son in consultations and empty bargains for a place at court, nor in the misery of balloting at the India-house.

The Duke's history began to be important at that auspicious period, at which he was deputed to the court of Versailles. It was an honourable office, and was executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. His patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions:—their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. —

Section 128. Character of Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

Mr. Henry Fox was a younger brother of the lowest extraction. His father, Sir Stephen Fox, made a considerable fortune, some how or other, and left him a fair younger brother's portion, which he soon spent in the common vices of youth, gaming included: this obliged him to travel for some time.

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ablest elavers. He had no fixed principles either of religion or morality, and was too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them.

He had very great abilities and indefatigable industry in business; great skill in managing, that is, in corrupting, the house of commons; and a wonderful dexterity in attahcing individuals to himself. He promoted, encouraged, and prattified their vices; he gratified their avarice, or supplied their profusion. He wisely and punctually performed whatever he promised, and most liberally rewarded their attachment and dependence. By these, and all other means that can be imagined, he made himself many personal friends and political dependants.

He was a most disagreeable speaker in parliament, inelegant in his language, hesitating and ungraceful in his elocution, but skilful in discerning the temper of the house, and in knowing when and how to pres, or to yield.

A constant good-humour and seeming frankness made him a welcome companion in social life, and in all domestic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became subservient to his avarice. His early profusion and dissipation had made him feel the many inconveniences of want, and, as it often happens, carried him
him to the contrary and worse extreme of corruption and rapine. Rem, quaecunque modo rem, became his maxim, which he observed (I will not say religiously and scrupulously, but) invariably and shamefully.

He had not the least notion of, or regard for, the public good or the constitution, but despised those cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of interested ones: and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name.

§ 129. Character of Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable poets and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities; in him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commiision in it. Thus, unattractive by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do the honours of his parts; but their own strength was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbade him the idle dissipations of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendor.

His private life was flained by no vices, nor fülled by any meannefs. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might differ through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life; and had such a veracity of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrank under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon King George II. to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made secretary of state: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that while he served the king more effectually, in his most unwarrantable electoral views, than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preferred all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blow which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary re-
ignation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

Chesterfield.

§ 130. Another Character.

Mr. Pitt had been originally designed for the army, in which he actually bore a commission; but fate referred him for a more important station. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a seat in the house of commons, where he soon outshone all his compatriots. He displayed a surprising extent and precision of political knowledge, and irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration: it flashed like the lightning of heaven against the minions and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition: but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invaluable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country.

Smollett.

§ 131. Another Character.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he consented to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No flate chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, peremptory, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he fumome the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by arder, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indulgent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weaknesses reached him; but aloof from the fordid occurrences of life, and unfilled by its intercourses, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and infrangible wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtility of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery afunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could effalipth or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should rebound through the universe.

Anonymous.

§ 132. Another Character.

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

— Clarum et venerabile nomen

Gentibus, et multum nostrae quod proderat urbī.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, m and,
and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him: let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wife man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims: one or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crofsly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mofaic, such a tesselated pavememt without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king’s friends and republicans; whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsafe to stand on. The colleagues whom he had addicted at the fame boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, “Sir, your name, &c.” It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the fame truckle-bed.

In conquence of this arrangement having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other caufe withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon: when he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified, even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance preumed on any opinion of their own; deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the moft vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to infult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first feffion of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly juft and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townshend) and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue.

Edm. Burke.

§ 153. Mr. Pulteney’s Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men different from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties: it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preferred in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn...
learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is not. I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissioned in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Caesar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not confult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requites, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English house of Commons, and from an English army: not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them; if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that cafes happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament’s dismissioning the army, the army will dismission the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the cafe; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissioned by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his majesty’s most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary succeffions. The first two Caesars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affection, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty’s own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquility abroad, we know there

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is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loadetl with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 134. Sir John St. Aubin's Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.

Mr. Speaker,

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws, which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to infit on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappoited his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a fatal obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by fycophants and flatters; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did; he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lefson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely defirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so: for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word declared before enacted, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract.
tract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review there shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that fame parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it. That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people, I mean that of chusing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute-book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking; hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disaffection must be previously underfoot, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware, it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is so great a dilance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for loaf, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those

undue
undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a fact which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury-mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude ingested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a disinterested liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown;—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the hift and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.


Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me with the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution confits in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical forms of government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjeeting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolutions, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this
this house is chosen by the free and unbiased voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering, and as unsteady, as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, Sir, we are not expos'd to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to shew them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have purfued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or shou'd without a caufe change their minds, thro' at the helm of affairs have time to fet them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and feditions, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power: when in power, they are never eafe, unleas every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country. In popolar governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontent against those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontentes often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections there would be too much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a de-
mocratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were juf't, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension, or a poft, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a cafe, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend;
and if upon such recommendation they chuse one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To infinit, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every filling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next feition, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expense than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business: so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money, at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly enquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprized to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferment may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 136. Lord Lyttelton's Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the Jew Bill, in the Year 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I attended to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is indeed of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom on some occasions must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an
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Ignorance in human nature; not to reftil the latter at all times would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifies nothing) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arizing from the nature of the clamour rais'd against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subj ects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevail'd in the people, has prevail'd in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infude idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguish'd, be suddenly revived and rais'd to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously rais'd, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condensation, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weaknesses in government; it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischiefful attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogues, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back perfecution, we bring back the Anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. The Story of Le Fevre.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoft steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host,—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not surifed from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco,

—Stay
Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his matter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roqueulate, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roqueulate, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roqueulate, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, ain't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and flick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou that go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaille a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Ferre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him bet myself,—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, founded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I, never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blow-
ing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of fack and toast, he felt himself a little re-vived, and bent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate:—A soldier, an' pleases your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' pleases your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrify.—Thou should't not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I ferved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, muttering;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent,—I remember the
Do,—thou and, and
'Tis considered blockade turned time to that the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim,—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a fon to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he flooded in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didn't very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou haft the fame excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldn't have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march. —He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment. —He cannot stand it, said the corporal. —He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. —He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? —He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. —A well-o' day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor fool will die: —He shall not die, by G—d, cried my uncle Toby.

The excusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in,—and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.
—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,
—put his purse into his breeches pocket,
and having ordered the corporal to go early
in the morning for a physician,—he went to
bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after,
to every eye in the village but Le Fèvre's
and his afflicted son's; the hand of death
prest'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly
could the wheel at the cistern turn round its
circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rofe
up an hour before his wonted time, entered
the lieutenant's room, and without preface
or apology sat himself down upon the chair,
by the bed-side, and independently of all
modes and customs opened the curtain in the
manner an old friend and brother officer
would have done it, and asked him how he
did,—how he had refled in the night,—
what was his complaint,—where was his
pain,—and what he could do to help him?
—and without giving him time to anfwer
any one of the enquiries, went on and told
him of the little plan which he had been
concerting with the corporal the night be-
fore for him.—

—You fhall go home diretly, Le Fèvre,
faid my uncle Toby, to my house, and
we'll fend for a doctor to fee what's the
matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,
and the corporal fhall be your nurse;—and
I'll be your fervant, Le Fèvre.

There was a franknefs in my uncle Toby,
—not the effect of familiarity,—but the caufe of it,—which let you at once into his
foul, and fewed you the goodnefs of his nature;
and this, there was something in his
looks, and voice, and manner, fuper-added,
which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate
to come and take shelter under him; fo that
before my uncle Toby had half finished
the kind offers he was making to the father, had
the fon infenfibly prefed up clofe to his
knees, and had taken hold of the breadth of
his coat, and was pulling it towards him.

—the blood and fpirits of Le Fèvre,
which were waxing cold and flow within
him, and were retreating to their laft citadel,
the heart,—rallied back, the film forfook his
eyes for a moment,—he looked up withfually
in my uncle Toby's face,—then cafed a look
upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it
was,—was never broken.

Nature infantly ebb'd again,—the
film returned to its place,—the pulte
flutter'd —fopp'd — went on—throb'd—
ftopp'd again—mov'd—fopp'd—fhall I go
on?—No.

Sterne.

§ 2. Yorick's Death.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his
lafit, Eugenius fltept in, with an intent to
take his laft fight and laft farewel of him.
Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and
alting how he felt himfelf, Yorick looking
up in his face, took hold of his hand,—
and, after thanking him for the many tokens
of his friendfhip to him, for which, he faid,
if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he
would thank him again and again; he told
him, he was within a few hours of giving
his enemies the flip for ever.—I hope not,
answered Eugenius, with tears trickling
down his cheeks, and with the tenderelt tone
that ever man fpoke.—I hope not, Yorick,
said he.—Yorick replied, with a look-up,
and a gentle fqueeze of Eugenius's hand,—
and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his
heart. —Come, come, Yorick, quoth Euge-
nius, wiping his eyes, and fummoning up
the man within him,—my dear lad, be
comforted,—let not thy fpirits and forti-
tude forfake thee at this crisis when thou
moft wantefl them;—who knows what re-
ources are in store, and what the power of
God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his
hand upon his heart, and gently shook his
head; for my part, continued Eugenius,
crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I
declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part
with thee, and would gladly flatter my
hopes, added Eugenius, cheeriing up his
voice, that there is still enough of thee left
to make a bifhop,—and that I may live to
fee it.—I befeech thee, Eugenius, quoth
Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as
he could with his left hand,—his right
being flill grasped clofe in that of Eugenius,
—I befeech thee to take a view of my
head.—I fee nothing that ails it, replied
Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, faid
Yorick, let me tell you, that it is fo bruifed
and mifhapen with the blows which have been
to unhandsomely given me in the dark,
that I might-fay with Sancho Panza, that
fould I recover, and "mitres thereupon
be fuffered to rain down from heaven as
thick as hail, not one of them would fit
it."—Yorick's laft breath was hanging
upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as
he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with
fomethings of a Cervantick tone;—and as he
spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream
of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in
his eyes;—faint picture of those flatches of
his spirit, which (as Shakspeare faid of his
his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door, — he then closed them — and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-flab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the confolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him; — a foot-way crouting the church-yard clofe by his grave, — not a passerby goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and figthing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

§ 3. The Story of Alcander and Septimius. Taken from a Byzantine Historian.

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after paying the first part of his youth in the idolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to supress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistres to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The fagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prator.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistres, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and
and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the marketplace, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of defolation and facrility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unhonoured distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long ftry, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he ftood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prator's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour fo much wretchedness; and fleeing in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him writhing in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He defected a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the llen labour of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their abhorrence was still farther encrased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the suspected criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb. That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. The Monk.

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single farthing; and, accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deferred better.
The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that fort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his orders came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, belt knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indo-Thai, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of distress; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of depreciation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have struck with it——

A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single frown.

'Tis very true, said I, replying to a call upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the flock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great

" claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarce habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by prevailing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, refuted I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore——The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—but we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who with only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had enough with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he preferrd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Pha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus? I would have given twenty lives for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within my self;
myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along. Sterne.

§ 5. Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.

—Sir Bertrand turned his head towards the wouls, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then the suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the defolate waste. Hope and native courage awaked him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he food on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and altighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the fallen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Infantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch, surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A drawbridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand faltered his feet under a shed, and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and low footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a rusty iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the same instant a deep fullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful flop—he was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his fled—but shame fopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a relishful desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his foul to a full headiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shouder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and slept forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large flair-cafe, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dimful gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the flairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery. The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another flair-cafe, and then vanished. At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second flair-cafe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his...
his ears, and the dead hand was left power-
less with his—He dropped it, and rushed for-
wards with a desperate valour. The stairs
were narrow and winding, and interrupted
by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of
stone. The stair-case grew narrower and
narrower, and at length terminated in a low
iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it
led to an intricate winding passage, just
large enough to admit a person upon his
hands and knees. A faint glimmering of
light served to show the nature of the place
—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep follow
groan rebounded from a distance through the
vault—He went forwards, and proceeding
beyond the first turning, he discerned the
fame blue flame which had before conducted
him—He followed it. The vault, at
length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery,
in the midst of which a figure appeared,
completely armed, advancing forwards the
bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible
frown and menacing gesture, and brand-
dishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand
undoubtedly sprang forwards; and aiming a
fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanish-
ed, letting fall a mottled iron key. The flame
now refuted upon a pair of ample folding
doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Ber-
trand went up to it, and applied the key to
a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the
bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and
discovered a large apartment, at the end of
which was a coffin reposed upon a bier, with
a taper burning on each side of it. Along
the room, on both sides, were gigantic
statues of black marble, attired in the Moor-
ish habit, and holding enormous fabres in
their right hands. Each of them reared his
arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the
knight entered; at the fame moment the lid
of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled.
The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Ber-
trand resolutely followed, till he arrived
within fix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a
lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it,
and stretched out her arms towards him—at
the fame time the statués clashed their fabres
and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the
lady, and clasped her in his arms—the
threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and
instantly the whole building shook as with
an earthquake, and fell afunder with a hor-
rible crush. Sir Bertrand was thrown into
a sudden trance, and on recovering found
himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most
magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted
with innumerable tapers, in lusters of pure
crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in
the middle. The doors opening to soft
music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired
with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded
by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the
Graces—She advanced to the knight, and
falling on her knees, thanked him as her
deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of
laurel upon his head, and the lady led him
by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside
him. The nymphs placed themselves at the
table, and a numerous train of servants en-
tering, ferved up the feast: delicious music
playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could
not speak for astonishment—he could only
return their honours by courteous looks and
gestures. After the banquet was finished,
all retired but the lady, who leading back
the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these
words:

An alehouse-keeper near Illington, who
had long lived at the sign of the French
King, upon the commencement of the late
war pulled down his old sign, and put up
that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the
influence of her red face and golden sceptre,
he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer
the favourite of his customers; he changed
her, therefore, some time ago, for the King
of Prufia, who may probably be changed,
in turn, for the next great man that shall be
set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out,
one after the other, to the gazing crowd.
When we have sufficiently wondered at one
of them, he is taken in, and another exhi-
bited in his room, who seldom holds his
station long; for the mob are ever pleased
with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent
opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led
to suspect that merit which raises their
shout; at least I am certain to find those
great, and sometimes good men, who find
satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse
by it; and history has too frequently taught
me, that the head which was grown this day
giddy with the roar of the million, has the
very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little
town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which
had been just evacuated by the enemy, he
perceived the townsfolk busy in the market-
place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure
which had been designed to represent him-
self.
felf. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "Vi des, mi fili, quam leve differimen, pati bulum inter et statuam." "You see, "my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it is quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers must toil, feel every iniquitude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, refembles a woman of fortune; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Fox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor?"

We have seen these virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn to trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it, rather by the allusion of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chino, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he "faded to death, to gain a renown which "has never travelled beyond the precincts "of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to fave their belts cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymers, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philospher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important "as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze "with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, buffling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery.

Goldsmith.

§ 7. A Dialogue between Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humer
(a humour her ladyship, as well as most
other ladies of very great quality, is fre-
quently in) when she made you a minister of
state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of
us out of our elements. But you do not
mean to insinuate, that, if our dehines
had been revered, all would have been
right?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have
made an excellent bishop, and I should
have governed Great Britain as I did Ire-
land, with an absolute sway, while I talked
of nothing but liberty, property, and so
forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ire-
land; but I never heard that you governed
the kingdom. A nation and a mob are dif-
terent things.

Swift. Aye, fo you fellows that have no
genius for politics may suppose. But there
are times when, by putting himself at the
head of the mob, an able man may get to
the head of the nation. Nay, there are
times when the nation itself is a mob, and
may be treated as such by a skilful ob-
server.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your
 axiom: but is there no danger that, from
the vicissitudes of human affairs, the fa-
vourite of the mob should be mobbed in his
turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may: but I
risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask
the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay
court to me instead of my courting them,
whether they did not feel my superiority.
And if I could make myself so considerable
when I was only a dirty dean of St. Pa-
trick’s, without a seat in either house of
parliament, what should I have done if for-
tune had placed me in England, unincum-
bered with a gown, and in a situation to
make myself heard in the house of lords or
of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done
very marvellous acts! perhaps you might
have then been as zealous a whig as Lord
Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had of-
fended the statesman, as they unhappily did
the doctor, who knows but you might have
brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask
you one question, between you and me: If
you had been first minister under that prince,
would you have tolerated the Protestant re-
ligion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you
witty upon me? Do you think, because
Sunderland took a fancy to make you a
great man in the state, that he could also
make you as great in wit as nature made
me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must
come from above. You can no more get
that from the king, than my lords the bi-
hops can the other. And though I will
own you had some, yet believe me, my
friend, it was no match for mine. I think
you have not vanity enough to pretend to a
competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my
friends that I was rather too modest; fo, if
you please, I will not decide this dispute
for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god
of wit, who happens just now to be coming
this way, with a foul he has newly brought
to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of
precedence in the class of wit and humour,
over which you preside, having arisen be-
tween me and my countryman, Dr. Swift,
we beg leave——

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see
you.—How does my old lad? How does
honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been
in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island,
or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch?
Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord
Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear
the poor fellow is almost got well by more
gentle ufeage. If he had but more food he
would be as much in his senses as brother
Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me,
has spawned a strange brood of fellows,
called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinso-
nians, who are madder than Jack was in his
worst days. It is a pity you are not alive
again to be at them: they would be exce-
lent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth
it was, as ever was placed in the gnn of a
mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The
hardest food would not break it, and it could
pierce the thickest skull. Indeed it was
like one of Cerberus’s teeth: one should not
have thought it belonged to a man.—Mr.
Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have
spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck
with the fight of the doctor, that I forgot
for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is
decided before the judge has heard the
cause.

Addison: I own it is in your favour, and
I submit—but——

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend
Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given
a different judgment. I am a wit, and a
rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and
I naturally like one another: he worships
me.
me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, feat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in welding all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this. —He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough fatirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner; —When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The fame good office he may frequently do to a faint soul too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticoesmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are affected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their fight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu! I must now return to my business above.


In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiriting autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I fat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her virtues; be silent and attentive.
I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first inclosure, I was flunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and flony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; information that many, disfigured with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinthins, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were toil up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places that their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often reeled on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beam'd from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with fongs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feeble companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a flow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his flow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importance, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tafted, their fight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surpriz, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Mifery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who...
were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with regarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmuring, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy defectors from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitting, and feldom refited, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said he, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said he, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sages at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and blest the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.


Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation affirms me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspecrive, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gambler, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the fenses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the conficuousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with
with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contemplation of death forfakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would " not chuse," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which " I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaffe, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor’s feet, address’d him as follows:

"Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with delights. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that fun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would afford, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the pottery we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life fuces the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded.

To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its joys have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it; deftite of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with encreasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgust’d even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so delightful, more so in age;" cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pitiful! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future affluence, which he so lately injured by his defection.

Goldsmith.

§ 10. The Canal and the Brook.
A Reverie.

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and, leaving the duft of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the thulls that grew on each fide, and intermixed their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular
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The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form stood forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of rufflet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surmount- ed his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arofe to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost-exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Fleeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that matter stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a talk to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by mihapen pebbles: who lovest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any found but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence fo contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with abomination, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandize, and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers: my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility." I readily acknowledged," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet, in my humble walk, I am not void of a prouder finning, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which I am decked, as the charms of beauteous simplicity. What you call the weeds which darken and obscure my waves, afford to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the works of nature; and the poet and painter think the lustre of my stream greatly improved by glittering through them. The pebbles which diversify my bottom, and make these ripples in my current, are pleasing objects to the eye of taste; and my simple murmurs are more melodious to the learned ear than all the rude noises of your banks, or even the music that rebounds from your flatly barges. If the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Commerce judge of me by the mere standard of usefulness, I may claim no undistinguished rank. While your waters, confined in deep channels, or lifted above the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to the fields, and only subservient to the drudgery of bearing temporary merchandizes, my stream will bestow unvarying fertility on the meadows, during the summers of future ages. Yet I come to submit my honours to the decision of the..."
Book IV. NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

"those whose hearts are shut up to taste and sentiment: let me appeal to nobler judges. The philosopher and poet, by whose labours the human mind is elevated and refined, and opened to pleasures beyond the conception of vulgar souls, which acknowledge that the elegant deities who preside over simple and natural beauty have inspired them with their charming and instructive ideas.

"The sweetest and most majestic bard that ever sung has taken a pride in owning his affection to woods and streams; and, while the stupendous monuments of Roman grandeur, the columns which pierced the skies, and the aqueducts which poured their waves over mountains and valleys, are sunk in oblivion, the gently-winding Mincius still retains his tranquil honours. And when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost and forgotten; when the flood of commerce, which now supplies thy urn, is turned into another course, and has left thy channel dry and defolate; the soft-flowing Avon shall still murmur in song, and his banks receive the homage of all who are beloved by Plautus and "the Muses." - Akin's Mijcfcl.

§ 11. The Story of a disabled Soldier.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peafant or courtier, he deceives admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common soldiers and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaring against Providence, or calling their fel lows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their difficulties were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventurers poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or afflict them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, matter, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg.

"I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish.

"As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell
tell to what parish I belonged, or where
I was born, so they sent me to another
parish, and that parish sent me to a third.
I thought in my heart, they kept-send-
ing me about so long, that they would
not let me be born in any parish at all;
but at last, however, they fixed me. I
had some disposition to be a scholar, and
was resolved, at least, to know my let-
ters; but the matter of the workhouse
put me to busines as soon as I was, able
to handle a mallet; and here I lived an
easy kind of life for five years. I only
wrought ten hours in the day, and had
my meat and drink provided for my la-
bour. It is true, I was not suffered to
flee out of the house, for fear, as they said,
I should run away; but what of that, I
had the liberty of the whole house, and
the yard before the door, and that was
enough for me. I was then bound out
to a farmer, where I was up both early
and late; but I ate and drank well, and
liked my business well enough, till he
died, when I was obliged to provide for
myself; so I was resolved to go seek my
fortune.

In this manner I went from town to
town, worked when I could get employ-
ment, and starved when I could get none:
when happening one day to go through
a field belonging to a justice of peace,
I spied a hare crossing the path just before
me; and I believe the devil put it in my
head to fling my stick at it:—well, what
will you have on't? I killed the hare,
and was bringing it away, when the jut-
tice himself met me; he called me a
poacher and a villain; and, collaring me,
defied I would give an account of my-
sell. I fell upon my knees, begged his
worship's pardon, and began to give a
full account of all that I knew of my
breed, feed, and generation; but, though
I gave a very true account, the justice
said I could give no account; so I was
indicted at the sessions, found guilty of
being poor, and sent up to London to
Newgate, in order to be transported as a
vagabond.

People may say this and that of being
in jail, but, for my part, I found New-
gate as agreeable a place as ever I was in
in all my life. I had my belly-full to
eat and drink, and did no work at all.
This kind of life was too good to last
for ever; so I was taken out of prifon,
after five months, put on board a ship,
and sent off, with two hundred more, to
the plantations. We had but an indif-
ferent passage, for, being all confined in
the hold, more than a hundred of our
people died for want of sweet air; and
those that remained were sickly enough.

God knows. When we came a-shore,
we were sold to the planters, and I was
bound for seven years more. As I was
no scholar, for I did not know my let-
ters, I was obliged to work among the
negroes; and I served out my time, as
in duty bound to do.

When my time was expired, I worked
my passage home, and glad I was to see
Old England again, because I loved my
country. I was afraid, however, that I
should be indicted for a vagabond once
more, so I did not much care to go down
into the country, but kept about the
town, and did little jobs when I could
get them.

I was very happy in this manner for
some time, till one evening, coming home
from work, two men knocked me down,
and then defied me to stand. They be-
longed to a pref-gang: I was carried
before the justice, and, as I could give
no account of myself, I had my choice
left, whether to go on board a man of
war, or lift for a soldier: I chose the lat-
ter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I
served two campaigns in Flanders, was
at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and
received but one wound, through the
breast here; but the doctor of our regi-
ment soon made me well again.

When the peace came on I was dis-
charged; and, as I could not work, be-
cause my wound was sometimes trouble-
some, I fitted for a landman in the East
India company's service. I have fought
the French in six pitched battles; and I
very believe that, if I could read or write,
our captain would have made me a cor-
poral. But it was not my good fortune
to have any promotion, for I soon fell
sick, and so got leave to return home again
with forty pounds in my pocket. This
was at the beginning of the present war,
and I hoped to be let on shore, and to
have the pleasure of spending my money;
but the government wanted men, and so
I was pressed for a sailor before ever I
could fet foot on shore.

The boatswain found me, as he said,
an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew
that I understood my business well, but
that I shamed Abraham, to be idle;
but God knows, I knew nothing of fea-
busines,
bufinefs, and he beat me, without con-
considering what he was about. I had still,
however, my forty pounds, and that was
some comfort to me under every beating;
and the money I might have had to this
day, but that our ship was taken by the
French, and I loft all.

"Our crew was carried into Breft, and
many of them died, because they were
not used to live in a jail; but, for my
part, it was nothing to me, for I was fa-
foned. One night, as J was a sleep on
the bed of boards, with a warm blanket
about me, for I always loved to lie well,
I was awakened by the boat'sman, who
had a dark lanthorn in his hand: 'Jack,'
says he to me, 'will you knock out the
French centry's brains? ' I don't care,'
says I, 'I'm striving to keep myself awake, 'if
I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says
he, 'and I hope we shall do his bufinefs.'
So up I got, and tied my blanket, which
was all the clothes I had, about my mid-
dle, and went with him to fight the
Frenchmen. I hate the French, because
they are all slaves, and wear wooden
shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one English-
man is able to beat five French at any
time; fo we went down to the door,
where both the centries were posted, and,
rufhing upon them, feized their arms in
a moment, and knocked them down.
From thence nine of us ran together to
the quay, and feizing the firft boat we
met, got out of the harbour, and put to
sea. We had not been here three days
before we were taken up by the Dorft
privateer, who were glad of fo many
good hands, and we contented to run our
chance. However, we had not as much
luck as we expected. In three days we
fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of
forty guns, while he had but twenty-
three; fo to it we went, yard arm and
yard-arm. The fight lasted for three
hours, and I verily believe we should
have taken the Frenchman, had we but
had some more men left behind; but,
unfortunately, we loft all our men but as
we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the
French, and I believe it would have gone
hard with me had I been brought back
to Breft; but, by good fortune, we were
reftaken by the Viper. I had almost for-
got to tell you that, in that engagement,
I was wounded in two places; I loft four
fingers off the left hand, and my leg was
'_shot off. If I had had the good fortune
'to have loft my leg and use of my hand
'on board a king's ship, and not a board
'a privateer, I should have been entitled
to cloathing and maintenance during the
'rest of my life! but that was not my
'chance: one man is born with a silver
'spoon in his mouth, and another with a
'wooden ladle. However, bleffed be God,
'I enjoy good health, and will for ever
'love liberty and Old England. Liberty,
'property, and Old England for ever,
huzza!'

Thus faying, he limped off, leaving me
in admiration at his intrepidity and con-
tent; nor could I avoid acknowledging,
that an habitual acquaintance with misery
serves better than philosophy to teach us to
defpire it.

Goldsmith.

§ 12. A Dialogue between Ulyfifes and
Circe, in Circe's Island.

Circe. You will go then, Ulyfifes; but
why will you go? I desire you to speak the
thoughts of your heart. Speak without re-
ferve.—What carries you from me?

Ulyfifes. Pardon, goddef, the weaknefs
of human nature. My heart will figh for
my country. It is a tendernefs which all
my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you
are afraid to declare your whole mind: but
what do you fear? my terrors are gone.
The proudef goddef on earth, when he has
favoured a mortal as I have favoured you,
has lai'd her divinity and power at his
feet.

Ulyfifes. It may be fo, while there still
remains in her heart the fondnefs of
love, or in her mind the fear of fhame.
But you, Circe, are above thofe vulgar
fenfations.

Circe. I annderstand your caution, it be-
longs to your character: and, therefore, to
take all difdence from you, I swear by
Styx, I will do no harm to you or your
friends for any thing which you fay, though
it fhould offend me ever fo much, but will
fend you away with all marks of my
friendship. Tell me now, truly, what
pleafures you hope to enjoy in the barren
ifland of Ithaca, which can compenfate for
thofe you leave in this paradise, exempt
from all cares, and overling with all
delights?

Ulyfifes. The pleasures of virtue; the su-
preme happinefs of doing good. Here I
do nothing: my mind is in a pafy; its fa-
culties are benumbed. I long to return
into
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into action again, that I may employ those talents and virtues which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me: they are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant groves: there I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every shade; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddes! unless you have power to lay that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wife and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulysses. No retreat can be honourable to a wife and good man, but in company with the Muses; I am deprived of that sacred society here. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many beasts (and the worst beasts I know are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

Circe. There is something in this; but this is not all: you suppres the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of your former self, which appears to you in all parts of this island, which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from your arms: it is Penelope, Ulysses; I know it is.—Do not pretend to deny it: you sigh for her in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: several years have past since her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is the now?

Ulysses. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her conc-

flancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget her who cannot forget me; who has nothing to do dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preferred by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as the pleases. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelve-month, I understand nothing of woman-kind.

Ulysses. O cruel goddes! why will you force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal? If by such unjust, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amend for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own, (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself: she bid me expose myself there to all perils among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the lefions of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral inscriptions, the sublime truths of nature, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we un bent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musaeus, and Linus, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the muse who had inspired yours.
those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and the aged: to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to asscit their petitions; to meditate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deferred the favours of the crown! And shall I banish myself for ever from such a comfort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of a sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and god-like powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone—do not imagine I ask you to stay. The daughter of the Sun is not so mean-spirited as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and despise you. That which you seem to value so much I have no notion of. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitted for a silly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm that Neptune can raise, pursue and overwhelm you! Be gone, I say; quit my sight.

Ulysses. Great goddess, I obey—but remember your oath.—

§ 13. Love and Joy, a Tale.

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and converted familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprang up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnised between them so soon as they were arrived at mature years: but in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Althea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Soror, the daughter of Até: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypresses and wormwood. From this union sprang a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the fullness and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpensively sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would sit in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twined with her mother's cypresses.

One day, as the fat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

Akinne's Miscell.
§ 14. Scene between Colonel Rivers and Sir Harry; in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuses to give his Daughter to Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Colonel, your most obedient: I am come upon the old busines; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir!

Riv. Sir, I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do——But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour?

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal!

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel; I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed——

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witner! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but, my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Injult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe——

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done; we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a fon-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 15. On Dignity of Manners.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, wagghery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will link both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or fought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he fings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all viliying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is bad (as
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it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing finfly, is fingly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate affection degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgrace. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and addresses, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very facetiously marks out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the to μητόρος, or decorum, even though affected and put on. Lord Chesterfield.

§ 16. On Vulgarity.

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is perfused they laugh at him; he grows angry and teetly, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by thawing what he calls a proper spirit, and ascertaining himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always favours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphases, as interesting matters.—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ
§ 17. On Good-breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very
justly defined good-breeding to be, "the
result of much good sense, some good-nature,
and a little self-denial for the sake of others,
and with a view to obtain the same indul-
gence from them." Taking this for granted
(as I think it cannot be disputed) it is
astonishing to me, that any body, who has
good sense and good nature, can essentially
fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of
it, indeed, they vary according to persons,
places, and circumstances; and are only to
be acquired by observation and experience;
but the substance of it is every where and
eternally the same. Good manners are, to
particular societies, what good morals are
to society in general, their cement and their
security. And as laws are enacted to en-
force good morals, or at least to prevent the
ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain
rules of civility, universally implied and
received, to enforce good manners, and
punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems
to me to be less difference both between the
crimes and punishments, than at first one
would imagine. The immoral man, who
invades another's property, is justly hanged
for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his
ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet
and comforts of private life, is by common
content as justly banished society. Mutual
complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of
little conveniencies, are as natural an im-
plied compact between civilized people, as
protection and obedience are between kings
and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates
that compact, justly forfeits all advantages
arising from it. For my own part, I really
think, that, next to the conscientiousnes of
doing a good action, that of doing a civil
one is the most pleasing: and the epithet
which I should covet the most, next to that of
Arbitrator, would be that of well-bred. Thus
much for good-breeding in general; I
will now consider some of the various modes
and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the
respect which they should shew to those
whom they acknowledge to be infinitely
their superiors; such as crowned heads,
princes, and public persons of distinguished
and eminent parts. It is the manner of
shewing that respect which is different. The
man of fashion, and of the world, expresses
it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily,
and without concern: whereas a man, who
is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or trivially; it is worse than rudeness; it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likenesses, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comfort of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habits, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 18. A Dialogue between Mercury, an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage.

Duellist. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood,
hood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have anything to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valor.

**Duellift.** Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pufilwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamerster, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

**Savage.** Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party! How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

**Duellift.** Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and lent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of repentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.

—Always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

**Savage.** Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend: I say, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

**Mercury.** Swim over the Styx! It must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

**Savage.** Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know that the English are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

**Mercury.** You reason well against him; but how comes it that you are so offended with murder: you, who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

**Savage.** I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not fit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

**Mercury.** By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee.—Swim now if thou canst.

**Savage.** This is a very potent enchantor. —Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

**Mercury.** I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befall you.

**Duellift.** Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

**Savage.** I know thou art a foundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my fight. I will drive thee into Styx.

**Mercury.** Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

**Savage.** I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

**Duellift.** Sir, I gamed, as I told you. —Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.
Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the cinque of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well served. My wife was the best cook for dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pithol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well-bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-hoop. I challenge you to sing.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar. He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. Oh, what a disgrace to the family of the Pufhwellis! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excite his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his fword in this combat against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alcesto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sire, I begin with this kick on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duellist. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.


Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the fun e'er phone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of tranformation, or regula duplex, changing verfe into prose, and prose into verfe, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I tranverse it: that is, if it be profe, put it into verfe (but that takes up some time); and if it be verfe, put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verfe into prose, should be called tranprofing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so chang'd, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men reftor; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I flap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you relofe by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?
Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but preffently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Perius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the ref, have ever thought upon this fubject; and fo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the bufinefs is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as fure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the leaff fcruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-houfe, and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the moft part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and fit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourfelf?

Smith. Prepare myfelf! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—if I am to write familiar things, as fanfonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of flew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take phyfic, and let blood: for when you would have pure fwiitnefs of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you muft have a care of the pen- five part.—In fine, you muft purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a moft admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my fecret; and, in good earneft, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. Experto crede Roberto. But I muft give you this caution by the way—be fure you never take fnuff when you write.

Smith. Why fo, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once of one of the fparkifheft plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Grefham-college, has PROMISED to help me to fome spirit of brains—and that fhall do my bufinefs.
The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptance of the word, but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nyfus and Buryalus, &c. but he will make people in general with him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature, and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abate. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Chesfled. § 21. A Dialogue between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger.

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is greater that is unnatural and affected. When the earth shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured by sulphurous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is ridiculous falfenes. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful scene, by shewing yourself undismayed and courageous.

But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds should suppose my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder: but that you would blame it as such, I did not expect; you, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the prefect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Milenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house, I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To affill them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and failed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidity. Thus I spent the whole day, and preferred by my care some thousands of lives; noting, at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the galleys were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads: and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountain had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pom-
ponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recesses of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I stayed any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make—Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Caesar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to return to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are funk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption. Dialogue of the Dead.

§ 22. Humorous Scene at an Inn between Boniface and Aimwell.

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old fyle.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale!—Here, Tapher, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my annom domin. I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely,
purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always leep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, Sir, you shall see—Your worship's health: [Drinks]—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [Drinks]—'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir—she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of uisquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the uisquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tymanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

'Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health: [Drinks.]—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women, Her last hus-

band, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and, I believe, the lays out one-half on't in charitable uces for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a fon too, by her first husband, 'quire Sul-

len, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [Drinks.]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.
not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the paying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence; and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the belt company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he routs and lares himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequentlby offends instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleness of manners, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some gentle stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an univerfal affent to all that you hear said in company; such an affent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displeaife, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or tetchiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixed company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas, well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excites laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance: a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return too often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it; when you find your choleric rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be
too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never faw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that &ec; a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

Chesterfield.

§ 24. A Dialogue between M. APICIUS and DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF. Alas! poor Apicius.—I pity thee much, for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good dishes have I eaten in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

APICIUS. Keep your pity for yourself.—How many good dishes have I eaten in Rome, the knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a cow, the livers of fcarc, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotum, which confiited of three excellent forts of fish for which you English have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxa, and the muræanæ.

DARTENEUF. I thought the muræanæ had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn.

APICIUS. No:—the muræanæ was a salt-water fish, and kept in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

DARTENEUF. Why then I dare say our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or stewed?

APICIUS. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

DARTENEUF. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters in the whole world.

APICIUS. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time.

DARTENEUF. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there:—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! did not Leander swim over the Hellepont to get to his mistref? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oysters?

APICIUS. Nay—I am sure you cannot blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I failed to the coast of Africa, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to take of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned again without deigning to land.

DARTENEUF. There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

APICIUS. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

DARTENEUF. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expense.

APICIUS. Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291.

13 4 d.

DARTENEUF. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

APICIUS. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his feiners in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614.

11 8 d.

DARTENEUF. Would I had supped with him there! But is there no blunder in these calculations?

APICIUS. Ask your learned men that. I count as they tell me. But perhaps you may think that their feats were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his housekeeping. What will you say when I tell you, that the player Æfopus had one dish that cost him 6000 sesterces, that is, 4843 l. 10s. English.

DARTENEUF. What will I say? why, that I pity poor Gibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

APICIUS. Well you might, well you might. You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table,
ble. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliodobalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their flaves!

Apicius. Aye, there you touch me.—I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. These indeed were great princes. But what affects me most is the dish of that player, that d—d fellow Æliusop. I cannot bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish he paid so much for consist?

Apicius. Chiefly of singing birds. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of singing birds! chafk him!—I never eat but one, which I stole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy Æliusop; for the singing bird which I eat was no better in its taste than a fat lark or a thrush; it was not so good as a wheat-ear or becaigne; and therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and foolish expense. It was like that of the son of Æliusop, who dissolved pearls in vinegar, and drunk them at supper. I will be d—d, if a haunch of venison, and my favourite ham-pye, were not much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. I do not find that you had ever any good soups, without which no man of taste can possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better is the wing of one of our English wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkeys. The mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars roasted whole, I despise them; they were only fit to be served up to the mob at a corporation feast, or election dinner. A small barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

Apicius. If you had some kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to yours. Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I should not have liked their d—d imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good connoisseur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. I have not the least doubt that our effence of hams is a much better sauce than any that ever was used by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the composition of which exceeds all description. Had yours been as good, you could not have loll'd, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you sit up and attend to your business. Then you had a custom of hearing things read to you while you were at supper. This fhowed you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing else: I neither heard, saw, nor spoke: I only smelt and tasted. But the worst of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good Claret or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old Hock, or Tokay. You boasted much of your Fa- lernum; but I have tasted the Lachryma Chrifti, and other wines that grow upon the fame coaft, not one of which would I drink above a glafs or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which fhowed that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from some English with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also feid to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Aye—to have died without tasting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to say which is bett: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.
Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirst. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf. Why, from the East and West Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the dispute. Your trade to the East Indies was very far short of what we carry on, and the West Indies were not discovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and despair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your sweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are sweetened with sugar instead of honey, which we were obliged to make use of for want of that plant! but what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle; they tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:—but I never eat any; for in my time, they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didst thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America to riot on turtles? but know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat alderman, who died in London last week of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he say? Does he tell you that turtle is better than venison?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell asleep in his chair; and, that the food was so wholesome he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his peripshation, and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleasure of eating was thought to be carried to its highest perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feast is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have ate dainties which I never tasted, so the next generation will eat some unknown to the present. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We must both be philosophers. We must be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their share. Consider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our stomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.—But see, who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I must tell you that I have flood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which we deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleasure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of these, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonisht; but what I tell you is truth. The soldier never ate his black broth till the exercises, to which by their discipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him such an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or some other wholesome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dressed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenously, and consequently with a great deal more relish and pleasure, than you did your tripotamus or your ham-pye. Your stomachs were always so overcharged, that I question if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things insipid. I tell you therefore again, that...
that the soldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Deserture. This is more mortifying than not to have shared aturtle feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong systen, and never had any true notions of pleasure.

Apicus. It is a sad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I with Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogue of the Dead.

§ 25. Scene between Iago and Cassio, in which Cassio regrets his folly in getting drunk.

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cass. Puff all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Cass. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation—

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: off got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Cass. I will rather sue to be despis'd,

Drunk! and squabb'! Swagger! swear! and discourse sultan with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cass. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cass. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cass. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfections she was another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily with this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cass. I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—

Had I to many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unlawful, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; except no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cass. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drink!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess your self freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blest a disposition, she holds it vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entertain her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cass. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cass. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cass. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakespeare.
tent to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Madge. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less delightful than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters, when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Madge. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements were gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth were away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious!

Mrs. Madge. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me distraction was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one’s friends, comply with one’s doctor, and contradict one’s husband; and besides, I was ambitious to be thought a bon ton.*

Mercury. Bon ton! what’s that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Madge. Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the bon ton never to

define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the bon ton?

Mrs. Madge. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband’s happiness, and your children’s education.

Mrs. Madge. As to the education of my daughters I spared no expence: they had a dancing-matter, music-matter, and drawing-matter, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-matter, music-matter, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the bon ton. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least flattering of the bon ton; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt...
§ 27. Scene between the Jews Shylock and Tubal; in which the latter alternately torments and pleads the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter Jessica, and the Misfortunes of Antonio.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? haft thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! The curfe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would the heard'sd at my foot, and the ducats in her coflin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: lofs upon lofs! the thief gone with fo much, and fo much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no re-venge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no fighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too.

Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argofie caft away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, four score ducats.

Shy. Thou flieft a dagger in me; I shall never fee my gold again: four score ducats at a fitting! four score ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them flewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureft me, Tubal! it was my turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monckies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go fee me an officer, beftake him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he bite it; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. Shakespear.

§ 28. Humorous Scene between Prince Henry and Falstaff, in which the Prince deteclis Falstaff's monstrous Lies.

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where haft thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I fay, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of fack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll few nether focks and mend them, and fot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of fack, rogue. Is there no virtuem extant? [He drinks.]—You rogue, here's lime in this fack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of fack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a fchofften herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I fay. I would I were a weaver, I could fing psalms, and all manner of songs.

—A plague of all cowards! I fay fially.

P. Henry. How now, Woolfack! what matter you?

Fal. A king's fon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geefe, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anfwer me to that?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll flab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll flab thee damnd'ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as falt as thou canft. You are fit enough in the fhoulers; you care not who fees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon fuch backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of fack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry,
P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk't last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-faw, eceq figum ! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-leg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horfe. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four,—These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain elfe. Doft thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to: These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me else, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mitbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gros as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obfenece greedy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'ft thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion: i?

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This fanguine coward, this bed-prefier, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you staving, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you flock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you theeath, you bow-cafe, you vile standing-tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to'at again; and when thou haft tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Pains and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were matters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-face'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, Fallaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and fell ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-call. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hatt done, and then say it was in flight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent flame?

Fal. Hal! hal! hal!—D'ye think I did not know ye?—By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my matter, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince?
prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware inftinft; the lion will not touch the true prince; inftinft is a great matter. I was a coward on inftinft, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—And the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovet me. Shakespeare.

§ 29. Scene in which Moody gives Manly an Account of the Journey to London.

Manly. Honest John!—

Moody. Meafter Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Meafter?

Manly. I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be praish'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thot' we have had a power of croffes upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Manly. Come, tell us all.—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Meafter, and 'caufe my Lady loves to do things hand-some, to be sure, thee would have a couple of cart-horfe clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see the went up to London in her coach and fix; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been that th'awld weazle-belly horfe tired: and then weere fo cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we left four hour fore we could fet things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on't there is.—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey fit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And, pray, how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady and his worship, and the young squoire, and Mifs Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoifted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was eafy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Meafter, there was some ftofage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had fuch cargoes of plumb-cake, and bakets of tongues, and bifcuits, and cheefe, and cold boill'd beef—and then, in cafe of ficknes, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, fack, tent, and ftrong beer fo plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and fend them all well to town, I fay.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Meafter, you're a wife mon; and, for that matter, so am I.—Whoam's whoam, I fay: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er fin we tur'd our backs on't. Nothing but mifchief! fome devil's trick or other plaged us aw' th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! fays Roger—Then fowle! we are all fet faft in a fough. Whaw! cries Mifs; Scream! go the maids; and bawl just as thofe they were fluck. And fo, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honest John—

Moody. Dear Meafter Manly! the goodnes of goodnes blefs and prefervce you!

§ 30. Directions for the Management of Wit.

If you have wit, which I am not sure that I wish you, unlefs you have at the fame time, at leat an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order, wear it like your fword in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a shining quality that every body admires; most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unlefs in themselves. A man must have a good share of wit himfelf to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itfelf in fatire, it is a moft malignant diftemper; wit, it is true, may be fhewn in fatire; but fatire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of fhowing it.

Ablain, therefore, moft carefully from fatire, which, though it fall on no particu- lar perfon in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases
pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next, and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours; the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must shew, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Content yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long-run are ever sure to please every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you beloved. These are substantial every-day's wear. Whereas wit is a holiday-fuit which people put on chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischiefous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful or clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body do play with it, though they see daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occasions.

The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven, than the infults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow that there is a sort of raillery which may not only be offensive, but even flattering, as when by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently inflame that they poife the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or 'a very handsame woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character, nor the lady's beauty, be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be miltaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and, in the imitation of which, he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals, called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately, and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face, of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with found good sense, and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both. "

Chesterfield.

§ 31. Egotism to be avoided.

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irkome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself, unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise? No; the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disquiets the company; who do not know what to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at least as much, as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irreparable beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think
it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever that says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who were afraid to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a harshness and unfeelingness which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this is to be thought of men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which necessarily reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men; carefully avoid this contagon, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly refolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe the a-props in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, prefer the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity: too little implies an unfickable formality; too much destroys friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning, or the protection of dulness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevo-

lence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A ploughman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexplicable fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease, to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you wore the cloaths of another man much fledgeer or taller than yourself? Certainly not: it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who desairs of pleasing will never please; a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to please, will most infallibly please.

§ 32. Extract from Lord Bolingbroke's Letters.

My Lord,

1736.

You have engaged me on a subject which interrupts the series of thoae letters I was writing to you; but it is one which, I confess, I have very much at heart. I shall therefore explain myself fully, nor blufh to reason on principles that are out of fashion among men who intend nothing by serving the public, but to feed their avarice, their vanity,
vanity, and their luxury, without the sense of any duty they owe to God or man.

It seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral system of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however sufficient, upon the whole, to constitute a state easy and happy, or at the world tolerable; I say, it seems to me, that the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the societies of men, a few, and but a few, of those on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger proportion of the etherial spirit than is given in the ordinary course of his providence to the sons of men. These are they who engross almost the whole reason of the species, who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve, who are destined to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue and the truest piety; and they deserve to have their festivals kept, instead of that pack of ancho-rites and enthusiastic, with whose names the Calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they thrive to be great, and desist being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of Providence, and disturb, in some sort, the system of Infinite Wisdom. To misapply these talents is the most diffused, and therefore the greatest of crimes in its nature and consequences; but to keep them unexercised and unemployed, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord, from the palace to the cottage, you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmosphere, to roam about this globe, and to consume, like the courtiers of Alcinous, the fruits of the earth.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream’d she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as if it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree, that had been hither-to barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of wasps played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides. This seemed a certain preface of the effects of his fatire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with mushrooms: this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous fowl, which just then dropped through the sky-light, near his wife’s apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet; but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leath by the impetuousity of the wind. His back was armed with the...
art military, his belly was filled with physic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysics, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.

There was a report in the family, that as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a mappie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass: and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls which came down the chimney. His father was greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

The Doctor and his Shield.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with guests, the levity of whose conversation faulted but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield; and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inimitable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the family, to be flown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the ruff, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their affinities in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his house-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue fattin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the phlyiognomists examine his features; let the choreographers behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner.

"He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the immense grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insidius!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but first behold the shield: behold this ruff,—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo;—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable verdure of so many ages!"

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal: the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my shield, my shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scorched it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests fell astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her maid's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartthorn, and the confus'd noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the
The hands of the house-maid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her) "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful curtain that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cupris of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others, accounting the insignia virilia, pronounce to be one of the Dit Terminis; behold the hatch cleaned it in like shameful fort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O my thief! my thief! well may I say with Horace, Non bene relitia parumula."

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her: what a fiar a man makes about a bafon, that an hour ago, before her labour was beflew upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his fiop-door!" "A bafon! (cried another) no such matter; 'tis nothing but a paltry old fcence, with the nozzle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had flood speechets, hereupon looking narrowly on the fiield, declared their affent to this latter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted; assuring him it was a fcence, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechets to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

The Nutrition of Scirelerus.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child; seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurfe, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: "Hadst thou read the ancients, O nurfe, thou wouldst pre-fer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irr-egular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellectualas. While he spoke this the nurfe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a withful eye upon the beef—" Passion (continued the doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation: it is a kind of fever of the soul; or, as Horace expresses it, a short madness. Con- sider, woman, that this day's suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Romulus, by fucking a wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition: and were I to breed some Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military common-wealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this car-nivorous appetite."—What! interrupted the nurfe, beef spoil the understanding! that's fine indeed—how then could our parfon preach as he does upon beef, and puddin too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients, had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of demon-ial black broth?—"Laedememonian black broth, thou wouldst fay (replied Corne-lius); but I cannot allow the forfeit to have been occasioned by that dish, since it was recommended by the divine Ly- curgus. No, nurfe, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before; and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments of different na-tions: What makes the English phlegma-tic and melancholy, but beef? What renders the Welsh fo hot and choleric, but cheese and leeks? The French derive their levity from their foupes, frogs, and "mushrooms. I would not let my fon dine like an Italian, left, like an Italian, he should be jealous and revengeful. The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endow him with a profound gravity; but, at the same time, he mightuck in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, nurfe, in short, I hold it re- quisite to deny you, at present, not only beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those nations eat." During this speech, the nurfe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife nor would she touch
touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the rifique of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eulthamus upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great loofeness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recom- pened by the improvements of his under- standing. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be ob- served by the nurse; under which, having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a few with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

**Play-Things.**

Here follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play- things to be used by his son Martin.

"Play was invented by the Lydians, as a remedy against hunger. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented dice to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest appetites, are most addicted to plays. From the fame cause, and from the un- prejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds, it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient children are preferred more entire than any other of their customs. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my son's edu- cation, that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity. "To speak first of the whistle, as it is the first of all play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond with the ancient fistsula, and accordingly to be composed of septem partibus disimilia cicatris."

"I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true crepitaculum or rattle of the ancients, for that (as Archi- tas Tarentius was of opinion) kept the children from breaking earthen-ware. The China cups in these days are not at all the fafer for the modern rattles; which is an evident proof how far their crepi- tacula exceeded ours."

"I would not have Martin as yet to fence a top, till I am better informed whether the trocheus, which was recom- mended by Cato, be really our present tops, or rather the hoop which the boys drive with a flick. Neither crofs and pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so ancient as handy-dandy, though Macro- bius and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minutius Felix describes the latter; but handy-dandy is mentioned by Arifotle, Plato, and Ariflophanes."

"The play which the Italians call cinque, and the French moure, is extremely an- cient; it was played at by Hymen and Cupid at the marriage of Pfiche, and termed by the Latins digitis micare."

"Julius Pollux describes the omilla or chuck-farting; though some will have our modern chuck-farting to be nearer the aphettinda of the ancients. He also mentions the basilinda, or King I am; and mynda, or hoopers hide."

"But the chyrinda, described by the fame author, is certainly not our hot- cockles; for that was by pinching, and not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the rathapigisms to be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique."

"Building of houses, and riding upon sticks, have been used by children of all ages, Edificare casas, equitare in arundine longa. Yet I much doubt whether the riding upon sticks did not come into use after the age of the centaurs."

"There is one play which shews the gravity of ancient education, called the acinetinda, in which children contended who could longest stand still. This we have suffered to perish entirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it was cer- tainly lost among the French."

"I will permit my son to play at apodi- dasinda, which can be no other than our pufs in a corner."

"Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the melolothe, or the kite; but I question whether the kite of antiquity was the same with ours: and though the opevnevotia, or quail-fighting, is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless cock-matches also, as is evident from certain ancient gems and relixves."

"In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any game truly antique, ex- cept one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this was only rec-"
Book IV. Narratives, Dialogues, &c.

"kond a fort of joke. I am utterly
against this, as barbarous and cruel.
"I cannot conclude, without taking no-
tice of the beauty of the Greek names,
whole etymologies acquaint us with the
nature of the sports; and how infinitely,
both in fende and found, they excel our
barbarous names of plays.

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percution, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers, the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-screws, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrichia; bird-cages, the pully; and tops the centrifugal motion.

Others of his sports were farther carried to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him, as a div-
ersion, an odd and secret manner of steal-
ing, according to the custom of the Lacedaemonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

Musici.

The bare mention of music threw Corne-
lius into a passion. "How can you dig-
nify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with
the name of music? Will any of your
best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-
days with no other arms but their instru-
ments, as did that ancient piper Pitho-
caris? Have ever wild boars, elephants,
deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, how'd
the leaf emotion at the most elaborate
strains of your modern scrapers; all
which have been, as it were, tamed and
humanized by ancient musicians? Does
not Oelian tell us how the Lybian mares
were excited to horning by music? (which
ought in truth to be a caution to modest
women against frequenting operas: and
consider, brother, you are brought to this
dilemma, either to give up the virtue of
the ladies, or the power of your music.)
Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our
morals? Is it not from the loss of an an-
cient music, by which (says Arifotle)
they taught all the virtues? else might
we turn Newgate into a college of Do-
rian musicians, who should teach moral
virtues to those people. Whence comes
it that our present diseases are so stub-
born? whence is it that I daily deplore
my fictitious pains? Alas! because we
have lost their true cure, by the melody
of the pipe. All this was well known to
the ancients, as Theophrastus affirms us
(whence Calixus calls it loca dolentia de-
cantare); only indeed some small remains
of this skill are preferred in the cure of
the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras flog
a company of drunken bullies from form-
ing a civil house, by changing the strain
of the pipe to the sober spondaeus? and
yet your modern musicians want art to
defend their windows from common
nickers. It is well known, that when
the Lacedaemonian mob were up, they
commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to
appease them, and they immediately grew
calm as soon as they heard Terpander
fing: yet I don't believe that the pope's
whole band of music, though the best of
this age, could keep his holiness' image
from being burnt on the fifth of Novem-
ber." "Nor would Terpander himself
(replied Albertus) at Billington, nor
Timothes at Hockley in the Hole, have
any manner of effect; nor both of them
together bring Horneck to common civili-
ty." "That's a gross mistake" (said
Cornelius very warmly); "and, to prove
it fo, I have here a small lyra of my
own, framed, strong, and tuned, after
the ancient manner. I can play some
fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish
I were to try them upon the most pa-
fionate creatures alive."—

You never
had a better opportunity (fares Albertus),
for yonder are two apple-women scolding
and just ready to uncoif one another.
With that Cornelius, undressed as he was,
jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand,
in his flipper, with his breeches hanging
down to his ankles, a rocking upon his
head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured
fatin upon his body: He touched his lyra
with a very unusual fort of an harpigliatura,
and were his hopes frustrated. The odd
equipage, the uncouth instrument, the
strangenes of the man, and of the music,
drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob
that were got about the two female chal-
pions, and at last of the combatants them-
selves. They all approached the balcony,
in as close attention as Orpheus's first au-
dience
dience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, fun, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark "(quoth he) in this, the power of the "Ionian; in that you see the effect of the "Eolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother (said "he) do you observe I have mixed, un- "awares, too much of the Phrygian; I "might change it to the Lydian, and "soften their riotous tempers: But it is "enough: learn from this sample to speak "with veneration of ancient music. If "this lyre in my unskilful hands can per- "form such wonders, what must it not "have done in thee of a Timotheus or a "Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unfulfil hauhtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

LOGIC.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples, from material things, of the abstractive ideas of logic: as for Crambe, he contended himself with the words; and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was com-
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monly said, that a man is not the same he was; that madmen are beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into com-
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mons. That's true (quo- the tutor), but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told, a subsistance was that which was subject to accidents; then soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most sub-
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flantial people in the world. Neither would be allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus, calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue: they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark (quo-
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th Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, sublunari; two, "quantitates; fair and black, qualitates; fer-
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jeant and butcher, relation; wounded the "other, actio et posito; fighting, instant; "stage, ubi; two o'clock, quando; blue "and red breeches, habitus." At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, finefl, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantoms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a loing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their counte-
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nance; that, in this last cafe, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the relation and correlatum. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament; Crambe affirmed that his habitus was more a subsistance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

The Seat of the Soul.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing fo necessary
necessary as an enquiry after the feat of the soul; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that the shifted it according to the several functions of life: The brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But, as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits; from whence it was natural to conclude, that the refides in different parts, according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus, in epics he feated her in the mouth of the stomach; philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the glandula pinealis, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the caufe of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed that in fictious and reflectors of people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repel herself; that in calm tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cusion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tyrants and traitors, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-fiddlers and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and Spaniards, moles and mifters, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the firit fpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happy Privets of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

The Soul a Quality.

This is easily anwered by a familiar inference. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither refides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the jack, but is the reful of the whole composition: so, in an animal, the self-conciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the reful of several modes or qualities in the fame subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, fo the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, fo is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reafoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; fo roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; fo neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellecction, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the reful from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Pope.

§ 34. Diversity of Genuses.

I shall range these confined and less copious genuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some fort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fihes: These are writers who now and then rife upon their fins, and fly out of the profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom.
G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down; but all their agility is employed to catch flies.
L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The Ottriches are fuch, whose heavy Privets rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very falt.
D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words, in fuch a hoarse odd voice, as makes them feem their own.
W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of fight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaft expected them.
L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoifes are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great tumult.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

moil and tempest: but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. L. M. Esq. T. D. Gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The Tortoises are flow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the Bathos: and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with fundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

The Advancement of the Bathos.

Thus have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the Bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the fame in execution? In order whereof, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body; whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making, one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches; and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle faith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by travelling: soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The periphrasis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the pro-verb and apologue of old men at clubs; the ellipsis, or speech by half words, of ministers and politicians; the apostraphe, of courtiers: the litotes, and diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the anadiploës, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green haftings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingfgate, farcafms and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphenomena or exclamation frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the 'Hear him' of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection: and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to fend to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist for his allegories, to the simile-maker for his comparisons, to the ironist for his farcimas, to the apophthegmatist for his sentences, &c. whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expense, a rhetorical chief of draw- ers, confuting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be subdivided into loci or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several argu-
ments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the register of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unquestionable loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day, to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will accrue to our society.

Dedications and Panegyrics.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the successes of our works as speed and dispatch. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not, like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportionable to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, insomuch as these two are the forts whereon in a manner depends that profit, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in hewing the quickest method of composing them: after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being concededly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of Panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or rite. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts, liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnificent by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides, they are by prescription immemorial invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the fame stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this, they are blue, green, and red.

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation; which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues.

A man who is a spendthrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good-nature and good-fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries. It is certain the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire; wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso lotheth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and displeasure of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down; the neglect of which has cost some of them their ears in a pillory.

A Recipe
A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the
greatest work human nature is capable of.
They have already laid down many mechani-
cal rules for compositions of this sort, but
at the same time they cut off almost all un-
dertakers from the possibility of ever per-
forming them; for the first qualification
they unanimously require in a poet, is a
genius. I shall here endeavour (for the
benefit of my countrymen) to make it mani-
feft, that epic poems may be made without a
genius, nay, without learning or much read-
ing. This must necessarily be of great use
to all those who confefs they never read,
and of whom the world is convinced they
ever learn. Moliere observes of making a
dinner, than any man can do it with money;
and if a profefled cook cannot do without it,
he has his art for nothing: the fame may be
faid of making a poem; it is eafily brought
about by him that has a genius, but the skill
lies in doing it without one. In purfance
of this end, I shall prefent the reader with a
plain and fure recipe, by which any author
in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand
performance.

To make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. Take out of any old poem,
hiftory-book, romance, or legend (for in-
fstance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Be-
llanis of Greece) thofe parts of story which
afford moft scope for long defcriptions: put
these pieces together, and throw all the ad-
vantures you fancy into one tale. Then
take a hero, whom you may chufe for the
found of his name, and put him in the midft
of these adventures: there let him work for
twelve books; at the end of which you may
take him out, ready prepared to conquer or
to marry; it being neceffary that the con-
clusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Epifode. Take any remaining
adventure of your former collection, in
which you could no way involve your hero;
or any unfortunate accident that was too
good to be thrown away; and it will be of
ufe, applied to any other person, who may
be loft and evaporate in the courfe of the
work, without the leaft damage to the com-
position.

For the Moral and Allegory. These you
may extraft out of the fable afterwards, at
your leifure: be fure you strain them suf-
ficiently.

For the Manners. For those of the hero,
take all the best qualities you can find in the
moft celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they
will not be reduced to a confiftency, lay
them all on a heap upon him. But be fure
they are qualities which your patron would
be thought to have; and to prevent any
miftake which the world may be fubject to,
fect from the alphabet thofe capital letters
that compofe his name, and fet them at the
head of a dedication or poem. However
do not obferve the exact quantity of thes
virtues, it not being determined whether or
no it be neceffary for the hero of a poem to
be an honest man. For the under-characters,
gather them from Homer and Virgil, and
change the names as occasion ferves.

For the Machines. Take of deities, male
and female, as many as you can ufe: separ-
rate them into two equal parts, and keep
Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a
ferment, and Venus mollify him. Re-
member on all occasions to make ufe of
volatile Mercury. If you have need of de-
vis, draw them out of Milton's Paradife,
and extraft your fpirits from Taffe. The
ufe of these machines is evident: fince no
epic poem can poftibly fubftit without them,
the wisefl way is to refeve them for your
greatest neceffities. When you cannot ex-
tricate your hero by any human means, or
yourfelf by your own wit, feek relief from
heaven, and the gods will do your business
very readily. This is according to the di-
rect prescription of Horace, in his Art of
Poetry:

Nec deus interficit, nihil dignus vindice nodus
Incident.—

That is to fay, "A poet fhould never call
upon the gods for their afliftance, but
when he is in great perplexity."

For the Descriptions. For a tempeft,
Take Eurus, Zephyr, Aufer, and Borcas,
and call them together in one verfe: add to
thefe of rain, lightning, and thunder (the
loudet you can) quantum sufficiet; mix your
clouds and billows well together till they
foam, and thicken your defcription here
and there with a quickfand. Brew your
tempeft well in your head, before you fet it
a-blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of
images and defcriptions from Homer's Iliad,
with a fpice or two of Virgil; and if there
remain any overplus, you may lay them by
for a skirmifh. Seafon it well with finifles,
and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning-town. If fuch a defcrip-
tion be neceffary (because it is certain there
is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to
your


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your hands: but if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them: but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

\[\textit{Pope.}\]

§ 35. The Duty of a Clerk.

No sooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wife of ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayst conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minifter with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou flankest before men of high worship; the wife Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, whom shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

* * * * *

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to morosefews, though fore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-worn apples which they privately munched at church. But verily it pitied me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ars throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a befom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water); and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

* * * * *

Shoes did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventure I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profession, there palled among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be reheard: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his periwig. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: for it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to gild the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was entreated with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

\[\textit{Pope.}\]

§ 36. Cruelty to Animals.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts care or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almost as soon as we
we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some forts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them; scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a fort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torment, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet referred.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chafers, not a little contributes to rekindle those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monfieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a flag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless trembling, and weeping creature.

Quotulque cruentus,
Atque imploranti fininis.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Tho' who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives between an anxious confience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human favages, like other wild beasts, find shares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the feathered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

Pope.

§ 37. Pastoral Comedy.

I have not attempted any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that fort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: infomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieth poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the epic no less than the pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but
but in that of the fable too. If surprizing discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in Paflor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character, must in some measure deform it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries.

§ 38. Dogs.

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of The Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few fuch) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings, who had been defeated by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) "Wild-brat was faithful." Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or grey-hound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I lay a bold word for a Chriftian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than, Yours, &c.

§ 39. Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us: but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the scene of it. Sure, flattery never travelled so far as three thoufand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world: whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a fort of piety. I can't be satisfied with burning flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think Aureat Bazar as good a place as Covent-Garden. You may imagine this is raillery; but I am really so far gone, as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them fay I am romantic; so is every one faid to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland, for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for having since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but affect to be a bob, and was anfwere'd, "Love is blind." I am perfuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the
score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire, to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself; that the who I always thought talked the best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and relics you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as yours, than both St. John Baptit's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to bear one another's burdens: but, I fancy, many a man there is like Ificchar, an asl between two burdens. I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pafs from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? Amidst the pomp of a high mafs, and the ravishing thrills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have, it seems (without passing the bounds of Chrifttendom) out-travelled the fin of fornication; in a little time you'll look upon some others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion lant to the verge of Chrifttendom, that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some businefs.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through these countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Muffulmen. They will tell me at what town you practifed to fix on the topa, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed! I shall hear at Belgrade how the good bakhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhamed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one; that it was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a foal; from which bleffed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company; talked myself into a good humour, when I began in an ill one: the pleafure of addressing to you makes me run on; and 'tis in your power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please: so I'll make it no longer by apologies.

Pope.

§ 40. The Manners of a Bookseller.

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintor, the Redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonfon, who, mounted on a one-horse (no difagreeable companion to your lordship's mare) overtook me in Windfor-forest. He faid, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Mufes; and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thether.

I asked him where he got his horse? He anfwersed, he got it of his publisher: "For "that rogue, my printer (faid he) disapp- "pointed me: I hoped to put him in good "humour by a treat at the tavern, of a "brown fricafée of rabbits, which cost two "thillings, with two quarts of wine, be- "fides my converfation. I thought myself "cock-fure of his horfe, which he readily "promised me, but faid Mr. Tonfon "had juft fuch another defign of going to "Cambridge, expecting there the copy of "a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; "and if Mr. Tonfon went, he was pre- "fently engaged to attend him, being to have the "printing of the said copy. "So, in short, I borrowed this one- "horfe of my publisher, which he had of Mr.
Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me; he was a finny dog yesterday, and colt me near two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them.

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an infant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforeaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner:—

"Now, damn them! what if they should put it in the newspaper how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Suffolk, they would say I was gone to the speaker: but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquired of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is some what fickly; much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the university do make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasily on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to reit awhile under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever Miscellany might you make at your leisure hours!" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, flipp'd short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered Seven milts. "Z—ds! Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven ffranzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time."

I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I left by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's-pound shall make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he) there are the saddled pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they'll sweat they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, "Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please: so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators."

But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not."

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S—for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word, for word, in all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I flopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir (said he) nothing more cally, I can..."
I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones with a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and say they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me the other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pifhed at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange prejum- pation of some men; Homer is no fuch eafy falk, that every trifling, every verfifier — He was going on, when my wife called to dinner—Sir, I will you pleafe to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot (fai'd he) I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book; I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you; if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a flice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not fay but Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend to adwice with men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you pleafe to go in—My critic complies, he comes to a tafte of your poetry; and tells me, in the fame breath, that your book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the franknefs I have fhewn, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not? I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. That may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but, by G—d, if he is not, I fhall lofe the printing of a very good trial.

Thefe, my lord, are a few traits by which you may difcern the genius of Mr. Lintot; which I have chofen for the fubjeft of a letter. I dropt him as foon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord Carlton at Middletown.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleafures from them only to be equalled when I meet your lordship. I hope in a few days to call myself from your horse at your feet.

\textit{Pope,}

\section*{§ 41. Description of a Country Seat.}

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In anfwer to a letter in which he inclofed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary au- thors durft have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let credi- tors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their bookfellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, begin- ning \textit{Neque pluris tota}—an obervation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his fatires he complains of the exceflive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe, with all the oltentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country-house in the fummer, and a town-house in the winter, and muft be owned to be the properest habitation for a wife man, who fies all the world change every feon without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparifon, will try if it can be matched by the large coun- try-seat I inhabit at prefent, and fee what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You muft expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vaft edifice is fo disjointed, and the feveral parts of it fo detached one from the other, and yet fo joining again, one cannot tell hew, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and flood stone-fill with amazement ever since.

You muft excuse me, if I fay nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is.

A stranger would be grievously disappoint-
ed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the stoves of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrosities of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster noble is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glases is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courteously dames, attended by ushers, Lewers, and fenefchals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mitook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three midiev'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as difmally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brittenone about them: these are carefully fet at the farther corner; for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-feed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and 'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great flairs, under which is the dairy: a little farther, on the right, the servants hall; and by the side of it, up fix steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedchamber, or a cyder-prefs.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polyphe, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal visions, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above flairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three flairs. Our belt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a ban-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spinn'd from her own bowels. Were it not from this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chimps of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this feat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient manfion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described,
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scribed, but for a starch’d grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we piafed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hog-heads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: “This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once matter of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs.” He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to throw us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some praying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole: but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long description; but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c. Pope.

§ 42. Apology for his religious Tenets.

My Lord,
I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father’s death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship’s friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that with both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unfrequently to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature; Genitrix eff milii—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas proferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent’s life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quocunque periédi
Hanc ego, nunc, Inquam?

For the, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most polite divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so, to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the Second: I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns,
according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they flop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversation. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have left inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a diffrel of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is fermo ad clerum, not ad populum.

Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c. Pope.

§ 43. Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it yours, my lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: whatever they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and whatever they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of thebes was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present; for though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you were at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of seafon, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a revered person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom, it will not be doubted, you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submision, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man;
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man; but it is not yours alone, you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself co-operate.

How can you talk (my most worthy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels, affirm, that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with felling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fye, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despaired to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds; his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as well paid as some writers (much of his inferiority) have been since; but your lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high: and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am; but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashioned his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth (a reflection copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possess. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young noblemen's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your potterry) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never colt me a bluish; and that their son, such as he is, never colt them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the foregoing authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be fusing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to observe
observe how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at school (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where) that Tully naturalized a few phrasés at the instance of some of his friends. Your lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their assertions, but their style. For example, A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expense.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unpròd’s but raw fruit.—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W—s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give: your lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

§ 44. The death of Mr. Gay.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o’clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and poofling them perfectly till within five hours. He asked for you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queenbury’s custody. His friends, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one’s self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well, and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that’s a with for our own fakes, not for his. Sure, if inno-

cence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it.

§ 45. Envy.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or inflect by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applause which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives calamity and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every fragment of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, confederations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repel it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.
It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that bluffs a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and defies not so much its own happiness as another's mischief. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and with to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Rambler.

§ 46. Epicurus, a Review of his Character.

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance.

His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monseur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, On ne faurait pas dire afiez de bien de l'bonneté de ses maîtres, ni affez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion. His general maxim, That happiness consists in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice: although, from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself, and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greatest part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situation greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indulgence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him: for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses; so that he died more like a bacchanal, than a philosopher.

Orrery's Life of Swift.

§ 47. Example, its Prevalence.

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual, way of commanding is by example? Mitius jugular exemplo. The harsher orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggets have the same effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the fame epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become to perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca mistaken; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle; and
and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, as it was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The successors answered the design. The virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

**Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.**

Peter of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his diftress to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate: we were informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very politely a wife and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands: whereby he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated that he should not remain within an hundred miles of the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardini observes, how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples: since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance.

_Bolingbroke._

§ 48. Exile only an imaginary Evil.

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thereto to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North; you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

_Amor patriae ratione valentior emini._

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this cafe, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves that it is so.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

*Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.*

Whatever is best is fairest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereas it makes the noblest part. These are ineparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central fun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Bolingbroke.

§ 49. The Love of Fame.

I can by no means agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of The Religion of Nature delineated, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. "In reality," says that writer, "the man

"is not known ever the more to posterity,
"because his name is transmitted to them:
"He doth not live because his name does.
"When it is said, Julius Caesar subdued
"Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the
"same thing as to say, the conqueror of
"Pompey was Julius Caesar, i.e. Caesar and
"the conqueror of Pompey is the same
"thing; Caesar is as much known by one
"designation as by the other. The amount
"then is only this: that the conqueror of
"Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather,
"since Pompey is as little known now as
"Caesar, somebody conquered somebody.
"Such a poor business is this boasted im-
mortality! and such is the thing called
"glory among us! To discerning men
"this fame is mere air, and what they
"despise, if not flun." But surely "I were to consider too cur-
"riously," as Horatio says to Hamlet, to
"consider thus." For though fame with
"posterity should be, in the strict analy-
is of it, no other than what it is here described,
"a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting
to nothing more than that somebody acted
meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily
follow, that true philosophy would banish
the desire of it from the human breast. For
this passion may be (as most certainly it is)
wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in
reality be very different from what it ap-
pears in imagination. Do not many of our
most refined and even contemplative plea-

ures owe their existence to our mistakes?
It is but extending (I will not say, im-
proving) some of our fences to a higher de-
gree of acuteness than we now possess, to
make the fairest views of nature, or the
noblest productions of art, appear horrid
and deformed. To see things as they truly
and themselves are, would not always,
perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intel-
lectual world, any more than in the natural.

But, after all, who shall certainly assure us,
that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with
its possessor, and reaches not to a farther
scene of existence? There is nothing, it
should seem, either absurd or unphilosophi-
cal in supposing it possible at least, that
the praises of the good and the judicious, that
sweetest music to an honest ear in this world,
may be echoed back to the manfions of the
next: that the poet's description of fame
may be literally true, and though she walks
upon earth, she may yet lift her head into
heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a
passion
affion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we con- 
tantly find to burn with most strength and 
brightness in the nobleft and best formed 
souls? Accordingly revelation is so far 
from endeavouring (as you suppose) to er- 
lcitate the feed which nature hath thus deeply 
slated, that the rather seems, on the con- 
trary, to cherish and forward its growth. 
To be exalted with honour, and to be had 
in everlasting remembrance, are in the num- 
ber of those encouragements which the 
Jewish diffenfion offered to the virtuous; 
as the perfon from whom the facred author 
of the Christian Sytem received his birth, 
is herfelf represented as rejoicing that all 
generations should call her bleffed.

To be convinced of the great advantage of 
cherifhing this high regard to posterity, 
this noble defire of an after-life in the breath 
of others, one need only look back upon 
the history of the ancient Greeks and Ro- 
mans. What other principle was it, which 
produced that exalted ftrain of virtue in 
thofe days, that may well ferve as a mode 
to thefe? Was it not the confequences laus bo- 
varum, the incorrupta vox bene judicantium 
(Tully calls it) the concurrent approba- 
tion of the good, the uncorrupted applaufe 
of the wife, that animated their most gene- 
rous purfuits? 
To confefs the truth, I have been ever 
inclined to think it a very dangerous at- 
tempt, to endeavour to leffen the motives 
of right conduct, or to raise any fufpicion 
concerning their solidify. The tempters and 
affeotions of mankind are fo extremely 
different, that it feems neceflary they fhould 
be called into action by a variety of incite- 
ments. Thus, while fome are willing to 
ved virtue for her perfonal charms, others 
are engaged to take her for the fake of her 
expected dowry: and fince her followers 
and admirers have fo little hopes from her 
in prefent, it were pity, methinks, to reafon 
them out of any imagined advantage in re- 
version. 

Fitzofborne's Letters.

§ 50. Enthufiafm.

Though I rejoice in the hope of feeing 
enthufiafm expelled from her religious do- 
adions, let me intreat you to leave her in 
the undifurbed enjoyment of her civil po- 
fefions. To own the truth, I look upon 
enthufiafm, in all other points but that of 
religion, to be a very neceffary turn of 
mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature 
feems to have marked with more or lefs 
strength in the tempers of moft men. No 
matter what the object is, whether buhines, 
pleafures, or the fine arts; whoever purfues 
them to any purpofe muft do fo con amore: 
and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, 
are all enthufiafm. There is indeed a cer- 
tain heightening faculty which universally 
prevails through our fpecies; and we are 
all of us, perhaps, in our feveral favourite 
purfuits, pretty much in the circumftances 
of the renowned knight of La Mancha, 
when he attacked the barber's brazen ba- 
fon, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's a liquid immenum infinitu- 
tumque, which he profefles to afpire after in 
oryatry, but a piece of true rhetorical 
Quixotifin? Yet never, I will venture to 
affirm, would he have glowed with fo much 
eloquence, had he been warmed with lefs 
enthufiafm. I am perfuaded indeed, that 
nothing great or glorious was ever per- 
formed, where this quality had not a prin- 
cipal concern; and as our affeotions add vi- 
gor to our actions, enthufiafm gives spirit 
to our affeotions. I might add too, that it 
even opens and enlarges our capacities. 
Accordingly I have been informed, that one 
of the great lights of the prefent age never 
sits down to fludy, till he has raised his ima- 
agination by the power of music. For this 
puropofe he has a band of instruments placed 
neat his library, which play till he finds 
himfelf elevated to a proper height; upon 
which he gives a fignal, and they inftantly 
cafe.

But thofe high conceits which are sug- 
gfed by enthufiafm, contribute not only to 
the pleafure and perfection of the fine arts, 
but to moft other effects of our action and 
industry. To strike this spirit therefore our 
of the human conftitution, to reduce things 
to their preclude philosophical standard, would 
be to check fome of the main wheels of 
society, and to fix half the world in an ufe- 
less apathy. For if enthufiafm did not add 
an imaginary value to moft of the objects of 
our purfuit; if fancy did not give them 
their brighteft colours, they would gene- 
 rally, perhaps, wear an appearance too con- 
temptible to excite defire:

Weary'd we fhould lie down in death, 
This cheat of life would take no more, 
If you thought fame an empty breath, 
1 Phills but a perjur'd whore. Prior.

In a word, this enthufiafm for which I am 
pleading, is a benevolent enchanters, who 
ever exerts her magic but to our advantage, 
and only deals about her friendly spels in 
order to raise imaginative beauties, or to im-
prove real ones. The work that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 51. Free-thinking, the various Abusees com-
mitted by the Vulgar in this Point.

The publication of lord Bolingbroke's
posthumous works has given new life and
spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present
to be endeavouring to unlearn our cate-
chism, with all that we have been taught
about religion, in order to model our faith
to the fashion of his lordship's systen. We
have now nothing to do, but to throw away
our bibles, turn the churches into theatres,
and rejoice that an act of parliament now
in force gives us an opportunity of getting
rid of the clergy by transportation. I was
in hopes the extraordinary price of these
volumes would have confined their influence
to persons of quality. As they are placed
above extreme indigence and absolute want
of bread, their loose notions would have
carried them no farther than cheating at
cards, or perhaps plundering their country:
but if these opinions spread among the vul-
gar, we shall be knocked down at noon-
day in our streets, and nothing will go for-
ward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-
thinking in the lower part of the world,
make me fear, they are going to be as
fashionable and as wicked as their betters.
I went the other night to the Robin Hood,
where it is usual for the advocates against
religion to assemble, and openly avow their
infidelity. One of the questions for the
night was, "Whether lord Bolingbroke
had not done greater service to mankind
by his writings, than the Apostles or Evan-
gelists?" As this society is chiefly com-
posed of lawyers clerks, petty tradesmen,
and the lowest mechanics, I was at first fur-
prized at such amazing erudition among
them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb,
and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by
heart. A shoe-maker harangued his five
minutes upon the excellence of the tenets
maintained by lord Bolingbroke: but I soon
found that his reading had not been ex-
tended beyond the Idea of a Patriot King,
which he had mistaken for a glorious systen
of free-thinking. I could not help smiling
at another of the company, who took pains
to shew his disbelief of the gospel, by un-
fainting the Apostles, and calling them by no
other title than plain Paul or plain Peter.
The proceedings of this society have indeed
almost induced me to wish that (like the
Roman Catholics) they were not permitted
to read the bible, rather than they should
read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise trades-
men settling the most important articles of
our faith over a pint of beer. A baker
took occasion from Canning's affair to main-
tain, in opposition to the scriptures, that
man might live by bread alone, at least that
woman might; "for else," said he, "how
" could the girl have been supported for
a "whole month by a few hard crusts?" In
answer to this, a barber-surgeon set forth
the improbability of that story; and thence
inferred, that it was impossible for our Sa-
vior to have fasted forty days in the wil-
denrfs. I lately heard a midshipman swear
that the bible was all a lie: for he had
failed round the world with lord Anfon,
and if there had been any Red Sea, he must
have met with it. I know a bricklayer,
who while he was working, by line and rule,
and carefully laying one brick upon another,
would argue with a fellow-labourer that the
world was made by chance; and a cook,
who thought more of his trade than his
bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles,
made a pleasing mistake about the nature of
the first, and gravely asked his antagonist
what he thought of the supper at Cana.

This affection of free-thinking among
the lower class of people, is at present hap-
ply confined to the men. On Sundays,
while the husbands are toping at the ale-
house, the good women their wives think
it their duty to go to church, say their prays-
ners, bring home the text, and hear the chil-
dren their catechism. But our polite ladies
are, I fear, in their lives and conversations,
little better than free-thinkers. Going to
church, since it is now no longer the fashion
to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly
laid aside: And I verily believe, that noth-
ing but another earthquake can fill the
churches with people of quality. The fair
sex in general are too thoughtless to con-
cern themselves in deep enquiries into mat-
ters of religion. It is sufficient, that they
are taught to believe themselves angels.
It would therefore be an ill compliment, while
we talk of the heaven they beffow, to per-
sume them into the Mahometan notion,
that they have no fouls: though perhaps
our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by
convincing a lady that she has no soul, she
will be less scrupulous about the dispoal of
her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by
free-
ree-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not.

I believe also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolton, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in Lord Boingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the talmud; I believe in the alcoran; I believe not the bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Convivisour.

§ 52. Fortune not to be trusted.

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed on, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, untraught with solid pleasures, become deftute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her Evils disarmed by Pateience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are defected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates? This faint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced the thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city; all those who met the fad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spits in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonith this man not to be so naffly for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when the prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to? Our
Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

§ 53. Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous.

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather choose to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter: not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taste desirable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much refembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is not one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters of those things which we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to select our Company.

Delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions,
companions. He feels too sensibly how 
much all the rest of mankind fall short of 
the notions which he has entertained; and 
his affections being thus confined within a 
narrow circle, no wonder he carries them 
farther than if they were more general and 
undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of 
a bottle companion improves with him into 
a solid friendship; and the ardours of a 
youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

Hume's Essays.

§ 54. Detraction a detestable Vice.

It has been remarked, that men are gene-
really kind in proportion as they are happy; 
and it is said, even of the devil, that he is 
good-humoured when he is pleased. Every 
act, therefore, by which another is injured, 
from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, 
and expresses greater malignity, if it is 
committed in those feasons which are set 
apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and 
brightened with enjoyments peculiar to ra-
tional and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which 
the most languid virtue has sufficient force 
to prevent; because by detraction that 
is not gained which is taken away. "He 
who itches from me my good name," says 
Shakspeare, "enriches not himself, but 
makes me poor indeed." As nothing 
therefore degrades human nature more than 
detraction, nothing more disgraces conver-
fation. The detractor, as he is the lowest 
moral character, reflects greater dishonour 
upon his company, than the hangman; and 
lie whose disposition is a scandal to his spe-
cies, should be more diligently avoided, 
than he who is scandalous only by his 
offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some 
have dared to apologize, by contending that 
the report, by which they injured an absent 
character, was true; this, however, amounts 
to no more than that they have not compi-
cated malice with falsehood, and that there 
is some difference between detraction and 
flander. To relate all the ill that is true 
of the best man in the world, would pro-
bably render him the object of suspicion 
and distrust; and was this practice univer-
sal, mutual confidence and esteem, the com-
forts of society, and the endearments of friend-
ship, would be at an end.

There is something unspokably more 
hateful in those species of villainy by which 
the law is evaded, than those by which it is 
violated and defiled. Courage has some-
times preferred rapacity from abhorrence, 
as beauty has been thought to apologize 
for prostitution; but the injustice of cow-
ardice is universally abhorred, and, like the 
lowness of deformity, has no advocate. 
Thus hateful are the wretches who detract 
with caution, and while they perpetrate the 
wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach. 
They do not say, that Chloe forfeited her 
honour to Lyfander; but they say, that such 
a report has been spread, they know not 
how true. 'Tho' who propagate these re-
ports, frequently invent them; and it is no 
breach of charity to suppose this to be al-
ways the case; because no man who spreads 
detraction would have scrupled to produce 
itis: and he who should diffuse poison in a 
brook, would scarce be acquitted of a ma-
lificious design, though he should allege, 
that he received it of another who is doing 
the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest 
dignity of our nature, should indeed be ex-
cluded from our conversation: as compa-
nions, not only that which we owe to our-
selves but to others, is required of us; and 
they who can indulge any vice in the pre-
fence of each other, are become obdurate in 
guilt, and infamous to infamy. Rambler.

§ 55. Learning should be sometimes applied 
to cultivate our Morals.

Entry, curiosity, and our sense of the im-
perfection of our present state, inclines us 
always to estimate the advantages which are 
in the possession of others above their real 
value. Every one must have remarked what 
powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine 
to be conferred by learning. A man of 
science is expected to excel the unlettered 
and unenlightened, even on occasions where 
literature is of no use, and among weak 
minds loses part of his reverence by discov-
ering no superiority in those parts of life, 
in which all are unavoidably equal; as 
when a monarch makes a progress to the 
remoter provinces, the rusticks are said 
sometimes to wonder that they find him of 
the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can 
never be satisfied, and therefore many of the 
imputations which learning sufferers from di-
apointed ignorance, are without reproach. 
Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some 
failures to which men of study are peculiar-
ly exposed. Every condition has its disad-
vantages. The circle of knowledge is too 
wide for the most active and diligent intel-
lect, and while science is pursuèd with ar-
dour, other accomplishments of equal ufe
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortrefs naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be milled by superfluous attainments of qualification which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and, instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind. Rambler.

Its Progress.

It had been observed by the ancients, That all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greatest simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches, by the means of the conquest of Alexander; yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe; and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is establisthed among us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests: whilst the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis, Ariosto, Tasso, Galilaeo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden, not Hamburg, is the centre of politeenss in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an establishted liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English; and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, l'art de vivre, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British, fed in longum tamen aevum
Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

The elegance and propriety of style have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first po-
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lite profe we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers.

The profe of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their sense be excellent. Men, in this country, have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics, and philosophy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism.

And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confest, that even in those sciences above mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity: and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy; which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Useless without Taffe.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reaoning, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Aeneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty,
Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not to be—but to feel.

Look out of your door—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shiftings, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing;—three grains of honesty would have him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.

Behold a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible fanniety of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes ablution;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: fee, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bewildered with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that?

—that the faint has no religion at all.

—But here comes Generosity; giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves. See,—he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophet; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!—'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the guided rent-roll of every hospital and asylum—

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the air of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery:—Chastity, never once in harm's way;—and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

—Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,—'tis some good Christian giving alms. O pity, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and I'll accord them with so loud an inferiorment.

Sterne's Sermons.


Manors are in substance as ancient as the Saxon constitution, though perhaps differing a little, in some immaterial circumstances, from those that exist at this day: just as was observed of feuds, that they were partly known to our ancestors, even before the Norman conquest. A manor, manerium, a maner, because the usual residence of the owner, seems to have been a district of ground, held by lords or great personages; who kept in their own hands so much land as was necessary for the use of their families, which were called terrene dominicles, or demesne lands; being occupied by the lord, or dominus manerii, and his servants. The other tenemental lands they distributed among their tenants; which from the different modes of tenure were called and distinguished by two different names. First, book land, or charter land, which was held by deed under certain rents and free-services, and in effect differed nothing from free socage lands: and from hence have arisen all the freehold tenants which hold of particular manors, and owe suit and service to the same. The other species was called folk land, which was held by no assurance in writing, but distributed among the common folk or people at the pleasure of the lord, and resumed at his discretion; being indeed land held in villenage, which we shall presently describe more at large. The residue of the manor being uncultivated, was termed the lord's waste, and served for public roads, and for common of pasture to the lord and his tenants. Manors were formerly called baronies, as they still are lordships: and each lord or baron was empowered to hold a deomesic court, called the court-baron, for redressing misdemeanors and nuisances within the manor, and for settling disputes of property among the tenants. This court is an inseparable ingredient of every manor; and if the number of suitors should fail, as not to leave sufficient to make a jury or homage, that is, two tenants at the least, the manor itself is lost.
Before the statute of *quia emptores*, 18 Edward I. the king's greater barons, who had a large extent of territory held under the crown, granted out frequently smaller manors to inferior persons to be held of themselves; which do therefore now continue to be held under a superior lord, who is called in such cases the lord paramount over all these manors: and his seigniory is frequently termed an honour, not a manor, especially if it hath belonged to an ancient feudal baron, or hath been at any time in the hands of the crown. In imitation whereof, these inferior lords began to carve out and grant to others still more minute estates, to be held as of themselves, and were so proceeding downwards *in infinitum*; till the superior lords observed, that by this method of subinfeudation they lost all their feudal profits, of wardships, marriages, and escheats, which fell into the hands of the meaner or middle lords, who were the immediate superiors of the *terrenmitatus*, or him who occupied the land. This occasioned the statute of Welftn. 3, or *quia emptores*, 18 Edw. 1. to be made; which directs, that upon all fides or feoffments of land, the seffor shall hold the same, not of his immediate sefsoer, but of the chief lord of the fee, of whom such seoffer himself held it. And from hence it is held, that all manors existing at this day must have existed by immemorial prescription; or at least ever since the 18th Edw. 1. when the statute of *quia emptores* was made. For no new manor can have been created since that statute: because it is essential to a manor, that there be tenants who hold of the lord, and that statute enacts, that for the future no subject shall create any new tenants to hold of himself.

Now with regard to the folk land, or estates held in villagenage, this was a species of tenure neither strictly feudal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which also, on account of the heriots that attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or flock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable, that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villagenage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *villit*, or else, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *a villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most fordid kind: like the Spartan *helates*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was configned; their rugged manners, like our northern ancestors, deeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were in *gros*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispose of them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villein services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demesnes, and any other the meanest offices; and these services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in short, was in much the same state with us, as lord Molsworth describes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stierheook attributes also to the *traals* or slaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in some degree monuments of the Danish tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity.

In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein preceeded to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents;
parents; whence they were called in Latin, serviti, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a wife. In case of a marriage between a freeman and a wife, or a villein and a freewoman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of civil law, that partus sequitur ventrem. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is nullus filius; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it was hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neifes indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied: express, as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission: implied, as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against this villein, by fixing his goods (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at any thing in favour of liberty, presumed that by bringing this action he meant to fet his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors hav-
and the in i for nor, but the in i for nor, but

The general facility of villeins in the kingdom have long ago sprouted up into copyholders: their persons being enfranchised by manumission or long acquiescence; but their eftates, in strictness, remaining subject to the same servile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein services are usually commuted for a small pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther consequence of what has been premised, we may collect these two main principles, which are held to be the upholders of a copyhold tenure, and without which it cannot exist: 1. That the lands be parcel of, and situate within, that manor, under which it is held; 2. That they have been demifed, or demifeable, by copy of court roll immemorially. For immemorial custom is the life of all tenures by copy: so that no new copyhold can, strictly speaking, be granted at this day.

In some manors, where the custom hath been to permit the heir to succeed the ancestor in his tenure, the eftates are filed copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the custom of the manor has in both cases so far superseded the will of the lord, that, provided the services be performed or stipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the first instance, refuse to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the second, can he remove his present tenant so long as he lives, though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will. The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, services (as well in rents as otherwise) reliefs, and escheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to those for life also. But, besides these, copyholds have also heriots, wardship, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Danish custom, are a render of the best beast or other good (as the custom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally left hardship in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have seized them even in the villein's life-time. These are incident to both species of copyhold; but wardship and fines to those of inheritance only. Wardship, in copyhold eftates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in fociage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who usually assigns some relation of the infant tenant to act in his stead; and he, like guardian in fociage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, some are in the nature of primer seftins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands; in some manors only one of these forts can be demanded, in some both, and in others neither. They are sometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, sometimes fixed by custom; but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in favour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be reasonable in their extent; otherwise they might amount to a disinheritance of the eftate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon defeants and alienations (unless in particular circumstances) of more than two years improved value of the eftate. From this instance we may judge of the favourable disposition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always shown to this species of tenants; by removing, as far as possible, every real badge of slavery from them, however some nominal ones may continue. It suffered custom very early to get the better of the express terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the custom of the manor: and, where no custom has been suffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord, as in this case of arbitrary fines, the law itself interposes in an equitable method, and will not suffer the lord to extend his power so far as to disinherit the tenant.

Blachford's Commentaries.

§ 58. Hard words defended.

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words. If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he contrariwise the first end of writing, and justly suffers
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suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflicting severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to level with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wife, but speak with the vulgar." This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtlety will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspect his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood?

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been said by such an exact observer of life, but in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affection; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may reit in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obstruction. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the callus of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only because few, that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyze its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is curiously surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the short-cut way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose talk is to reap and thresh will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall confute are very little to be blamed.
§ 59. Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and poiffession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every other course of life, that is, two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerning measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discoveries consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the long of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imaginations with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and confutations, are snatch'd away by death, as they stand in praecipio, waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forfake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition rebukes, censure exasperates, or neglect deprives. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore feverish powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of retiring below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual refuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement; he whom the necessity of solitary application excludes from the world, lieths with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossoms, and pleas'd himself with computing how much every fun and shower added to its growth, fearlessly flays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagernes to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is encreased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay,
delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unfeancious importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that case which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Rambler.

§ 60. Feodal System, History of its Rise, and Progress.

The constitution of feuds had its original from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Hunns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who all migrating from the same officina gentium, as Craig very judiciously intitules it, poured themselves in vast quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declension of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own countries, and continued in their respective colonies as the most likely means to secure their new acquisitions: and, to that end, large districts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the superior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in smaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and most deserving soldiers. These allotments were called feoda, feuds, fiefs, or fees; which last appellation in the northern languages signifies a conditional stipend or reward. Rewards or stipends they evidently were; and the condition annexed to them was, that the possessor should do service faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; for which purpose he took the juramentum fidelitatii, or oath of fealty: and in case of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the stipulated service, or by deferring the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged such as accepted them to defend them: and, as they all sprang from the same right of conquest, no part could subsist independent of the whole; wherefore all givers, as well as receivers, were mutually bound to defend each other's possessions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous irregular way, government, and to that purpose subordination, was necessary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feu or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewise subordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or superior; and so upwards to the prince or general himself. And the several lords were also reciprocally bound, in their respective gradations, to protect the possessions they had given. Thus the feodial connection was established, a proper military subjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready enlisted, and mutually prepared to mutter, not only in defence of each man's own several property, but also in defence of the whole, and of every part of this their newly-acquired country: the prudence of which constitution was soon sufficiently visible in the strength and spirit with which they maintained their conquests.

The univerality and early use of this feodal plan, among all those nations which in complaisance to the Romans we still call Barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbri and Tutones, nations of the fame northern original as those whom we have been describing, at their first irruption into Italy about a century before the Christian era. They demanded of the Romans, "ut maritus populus alicuius sibi terre dare quasi stipendum: ceterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis suis uteretur." The sense of which may be thus rendered: "they desired stipendary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other personal services, whenever their lords should call upon them." This was evidently the same constitution, that displayed itself more fully about seven hundred years afterwards; when the Salii, Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Visigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themselves this northern plan of policy, serving at once to distribute, and to protect, the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy among his generals and victorious soldiery, on condition of receiving military service from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had these northern conquerors established themselves in their new dominions, when the wisdom of their constitutions, as well as their personal valor, alarmed all the princes of Europe; that is, of those countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deferted by their old masters, in the general
wreck of the empire. Wherefore most, if not all, of them, thought it necessary to enter into the same or a similar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the possessions of their subjects were perfectly alodial (that is, wholly independent, and held of no superior at all) now they parcelled out their royal territories, or perfuaded their subjects to surrender up and retake their own landed property, under the like feodial obligation of military fealty. And thus, in the compass of a very few years, the feodial constitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itself over all the western world. Which alteration of landed property, in so very material a point, necessarily drew after it an alteration of laws and customs; so that the feodial laws soon drove out the Roman, which had universally obtained, but now became for many centuries loft and forgotten; and Italy itself (as some of the civilians, with more fpelen than judgment, have expressed it) belluminas, atque ferinas, immansaque Longobardorum leges accept.

But this feodial polity, which was thus by degrees established over all the continent of Europe, feems not to have been received in this part of our iiland, at least not universally, and as a part of the national constitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reasonable to believe, from abundant traces in our history and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a swarm from what Sir William Temple calls the fame northern hive, something similar to this was in use: yet not so extensively, nor attended with all the rigour, that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly settled in this iiland, at least as early as the year 660: and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This introduction however of the feodial tenures into England, by king William, does not feem to have been effected immediately after the conquest, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the conqueror; but to have been contented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was established. Indeed, from the prodigious slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hastings, and the fruitless insurrections of those who survived, such numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extensive possessions: which gave a handle to the monkish Hitarians, and such as have implicitly followed them, to represent him as having by the right of the sword seized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A supposition, grounded upon a mistaken fent of the word conquest; which, in its feodial acceptation, signifies no more than acquisition: and this has led many hasty writers into a strange historical mistake, and one which upon the slightest examination will be found to be most untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large possessions in England: and their regard for their feodial law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the English, as the best way to put themselves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reasons that prevailed to effect this establishment here. And perhaps we may be able to ascertain the time of this great revolution in our landed property with a tolerable degree of exactness. For we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of king William's reign an invasion was apprehended from Denmark; and the military constitution of the Saxons being then laid aside, and no other introduced in its stead, the kingdom was wholly defenceless: which occasioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppressed the people. This apparent weakness, together with the grievances occasioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonstrances, and the better incline the nobility to listen to his proposals for putting them in a posture of defence. For, as soon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to enquire into the state of the nation; the immediate consequence of which was the compiling of the great survey called Domesday-book, which was finished in the next year: and in the latter end of that very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum; where all the principal landholders submitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vassals, and did homage and fealty to his person. This seems to have been the era of formally introducing the feodial tenures by law; and probably the very law, thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is still extant, and couched in these remarkable words: "flatynam, ut omnes liberi kominem fideare & sacramento afferrent, quod intra & extra universum regnum Anglie Wilhelmi regi domin..."
domino, suo fideles eft: eft voloent; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate abique servare cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere." The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has observed) are plainly feudal: for, first, it requires the oath of fealty, which made, in the fene of the feudals, every man that took it a tenant or vassal; and, secondly, the tenants obliged themselves to defend their lords territories and titles against all enemies foreign and domestic. But what puts the matter out of dispute is another law of the same collection, which exacts the performance of the military feudal services, as ordained by the general council: "Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & servientes, & suvereni liberi homines totius regni nosfri prædicti, habeant & teneant se temper benve in armis & in equis, ut decret & aporet: & fuit temper prompti & bene parati ad servitium suis integram nobiles expendend & peragendum cum eis fuerit: secundum quod nobis debent de feudis & tenementis suis de jure facere; & ficta illi flatuum per commune concilium totius regni nostri prædicti."

This new polity therefore seems not to have been imposed by the conqueror, but nationally and freely adopted by the general assembly of the whole realm, in the same manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the same principle of self-security. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes, which had gradually surrendered up all its alodial or free lands into the king's hands, who restored them to the owners as a beneficium or feud, to be held to them and fuch of their heirs as they previously nominated to the king: and thus, by degrees, all the alodial estates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vassals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France, and that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the consent of private persons; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common consent of the nation.

In consequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our English tenures, "that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom; and that no man doth or can posses any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feudal services." For, this being the real cafe in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this system were obliged to act upon the same supposition, as a substruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed far otherwise. And, indeed, by thus confenting to the introduction of feudal tenures, our English ancestors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a state of defence by a military system; and to oblige themselves (in respect of their lands) to maintain the king's title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty, as if they had received their lands from his bounty upon these express conditions, as pure, proper, beneficent feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties of the feudal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feudal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding; and thereupon took a handle to introduce, not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but also such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services as were never known to other nations; as if the English had in fact, as well as in theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their sovereign lord.

Our ancestors therefore, who were by no means beneficaries, but had barely consented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon these deductions as grievous impositions, and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his son William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feudal doctrines: but their successor, Henry I., found it expedient, when he sat up his pretenfions to the crown, to promise a restitution of the laws of king Edward the Confessor, or ancient Saxon system; and accordingly, in the first year of his reign, granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but still referred the fiction of feodal tenure, for the same military purposes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himself and succeeding princes: till in the reign of king John they became so intolerable, that they occasioned his barons, or principal feudatories, to rise up in arms against him: which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which, with some alterations, was confirmed by his son Henry III. And though its immunities (especially as altered on its last edition
The method of trials by juries is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treafon the perfon accused has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No prisoner can defire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciously, such matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the cafe, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their fation and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point moft liable to objection is the power, which any one or more of the twelve have to starve the reft into a compliance with their opinion; fo that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 61. Of Britifh Juries.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to confift only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this fene justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every perfon what is his due. In this extended fene of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prefers, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully anfwered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generofity, for infance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deferve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without fuch a moderator, candour might become indifcretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generofity miftaken profufion.

A difinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at beft, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of fociety, of pretents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more viruous disposition of our circumstances.

True generofity is a duty as indispenfably necessary as thoje imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reafon, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generofity does not confift in obeying every impulfe of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by pretenf bene- factions, fo as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

§ 63. Habit, the Difficulty of conquering.

There is nothing which we estimate fo fallaciously
fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deferred his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural, When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as on ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custum is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself " from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must " not change too much at a time, lest he " should be discouraged by difficulty; nor " too little, for then he will make but " flow advances." This is a precept which " may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Paeui, quos aequos amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens ex eis aethera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest, but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

§ 64. Halfpenny, its Adventures.

"Sir,
"I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, Chandlers-shops, and gin-shops. I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmutter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shining. Ufe, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost therefore the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired; but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about,
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about, huddled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me; but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismiffed from their service by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

"From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-foilder, had not wrestled me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—let it suffice that I was soon after deposited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash-window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmanly to him the day before, as to defer payment of his bill. We reposted in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweethearts Delight.

"It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each news-paper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to difficulties, which it is even in my power to relieve.

"The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrased my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and tuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals.

"I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the kill-care-club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the channel; the lad wafTed half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parli girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The matter, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you."
feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the fame principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally, as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity it is, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of to our minds. But if we confult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to sooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the flender merit of becoming great scholars at the expense of grooping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. Pauca prudentia, fays Tacitus, bonela ab deterioribus, utilia ab nocibus different: pluris aliorum eventis docentur. Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest leflions in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves what we see happen to other men. Institutions by precept have the farther disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter est per precepta, breve et efficace per exempla. The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests I think on this. That when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we refiit speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example allures these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man a piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example infinuated. Balingbrook.


In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a comparison between men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one
one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies: looks backward to consider the first origin of human race; casts his eyes forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature, who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reafonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt those creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

Hume's Essays.

§ 67. The Operations of Human Nature considered.

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most conftant and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or, whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often imderfed in matter; and the mind becomes subfervient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divine particulam aure.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretell, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which, in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence, that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nausous offals of her feast.

Orery.

§ 68. Oeconomy, Want of it no Mark of Genius.

The indulgence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the Muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphiion, whole art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to fup in their own lodgings.

Moles ubi reddunt opera columbae.
Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having passed the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak;
a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris,

---
a virtu n'a plus ni feu ni lisse,
Where shewing worth no longer finds a home,
and to find out a retreat in some distant
grotto,

D'o jamais ni l'Heuifjer, ni le Sergeant n'at proche,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest.

Pope.
The rich comedian, says Brynyere, "lol-
ling in his gilt chariot, bopperters the face
of Corneille walking ato;" and Juve nal
remarks, that his cotemporary bards
generally qualified themselves by their diet
to make excellent buffets; that they were com-
pelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a
baker's, in order to warm themselves for
nothing; and that it was the common fate
of the fraternity,

Pallions & minum tota nefere December,

Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

Dryden.
Virgil himself is strongly suspected to
have lain in the streets, or on some Roman
bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy
and tempestuous night in his well-known
epigram.

"There ought to be an hospital founded
for decayed wits," said a lively Frenchman,
"and it might be called the Hospital of
Incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels
of Parma/ius, but who have reason ardently
to wish and to exclaim with Aeneas, tho'
without that hero's good fortune,

Si tune se nobis ille avens arbore renus,
Ostendet remor in tuis l

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!

Pitt.
The patronage of Laslius and Scipio did
not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso,
in a humorous fonnet addressed to his fa-
vourite cat, carfully entreats her to lend
him the light of her eyes during his midnight
studies, not being himself able to pur-
chase a candle to write by. Dante, the
Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal,
were both banished and imprisoned. Cer-
vantes, perhaps the most original genius the
world ever beheld, perished by want in the
streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser
at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to
the Spaniard in the exquistenes of his hu-
mour and raillery, I mean Erasinus, after
tedious wanderings of many years from city
to city, and from patron to patron, praised,
and promised, and deceived by all, obtained
no settlement but with his printer. "At
"last," says he in one of his epiftles, "I
"should have been advanced to a cardinal-
ship, if there had not been a decree in
"my way, by which those are excluded
"from this honour, whose income amounts
"not to three thousand ducats."

I remember to have read a satire in Latin
profe, entitled, "A poet hath bought a
"house." The poet having purchased a
house, the matter was immediately laid be-
fore the parliament of poets assembled on
that important occasion, as a thing unheard-
of, as a very bad precedent, and of most per-
nicious consequence; and accordingly a very
severe sentence was pronounced against the
buyer. When the members came to give
their votes, it appeared there was not a
single perfon in the assembly, who, through
the favour of powerful patrons, or their
own happy genius, was worth so much as
to be proprietor of a house, either by inhe-
rance or purhase: all of them neglecting
their private fortunes, confessed and boasted
that they lived in lodgings. The poet was,
therefore, ordered to sell his house imme-
diately, to buy wine with the money for
their entertainment, in order to make some
expiation for his enormous crime, and to
Teach him to live unsettled, and without
care, like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and fuch the
pitiful flories related, to expose the po-
verty of poets in different ages and nations;
but which, I am inclined to think, are ra-
ther boundles exaggravations of fatire and
fancy, than the sober refult of experience,
and the determination of truth and judg-
ment; for the general position may be con-
tradicted by numerous examples; and it
may, perhaps, appear on refection and ex-
amination, that the art is not chargeable
with the faults and failings of its particular
profefors; that it has no peculiar tendency
to make them either rakes or spendthrifts;
and that those who are indigent poets would
have been indigent merchants and mecha-
nics.

The neglect of oceconomy, in which great
geniuas are fuppoled to have indulged
themfelves, has unfortunately given to much
authority and juftification to careleffnes and
extravagance, that many a minute rhymer
has fallen into dilipation and drunkennefs,
because Butler and Otway lived and died
in an alehoufe. As a certain blockhead
wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic
the
the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these fervile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immediate debts, because Dryden died infolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. "If I should "happen to look pale," says Horace, "all the hackney writers in Rome would "immediately drink cummin to gain the "same complexion." And I myself am acquainted with a witling who uses a glass only because Pope was near-fighted.

Adventurer.

§ 69. Opera ridiculed, in a Persian Letter.

The first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles. I was carried last night to one they call an Opera, which is a concert of music brought from Italy, and in every respect foreign to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the resplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handsome women as his seraglio. They had no ennuchs among them; but there was one who fang upon the flage, and, by the luxurious tendernefs of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaste.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæfar was, and whether he had been famous for singing? They told me he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to express my admiration at feeling him fo represented, when I heard two ladies, who fat nigh me, cry, out as it were in ecstasy, "O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him."

At the fame time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the music and singing were detestable.

"You must not mind him," said my friend, "he is of the other party, and comes here only as a spy."

"How! said I, have you parties in music?" "Yes," replied he, "it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our fenses and understanding, but to hear and fee, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged."

"I hope," said I, "that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions; and, to say the truth, your music is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a-dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this."

"Do but fancy it moving," returned my friend, "and you will soon be moved as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have most of us learnt it in our turns."

Lord Lytletton.

§ 70. Patience recommended.

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wife and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who fights, and marches, with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to flink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferers make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthus did in those admirable verses,

Parent of nature! Master of the world! Where'er thy providence directs, behold My steps with cheerful resignation turn. Fate leads the willing; drags the backward on. Why should I grieve, when grieving I must hear? Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might dare? Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pufil-
to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

Bolingbroke.

§ 71. Patience exemplified in the Story of an As.

I was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monseur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône—when I was stopped at the gate.

Twas by a poor as, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and, though dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—

I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where thofe carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an as to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c. I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: may, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation— I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and thofe uttered—there's an end of the dialogue.

—But with an as, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The as twified his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wishfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavourines, had dropped it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again.—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—

all butterfies to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as foot—for he had cast aside the stem—

and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.

—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantries in the conceit, of seeing how an as would eat a macaron—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preceded in the act.

When the as had eaten his macaron, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up penive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may."—If I do, said I, I'll be d——

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbesses of Andoutilles—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering batinfro upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it! cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an offer, which had started out from the contexture of the as's pannier, had
had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most
diftraftous direction you can imagine—so that the Out upon it! in my opinion, should
have come in here.

§ 72. Players in a Country Town described.

The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a leave of the last
summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; but the mayor, being a preby-
terian, refused to licence their exhibitions; however, when they were in the utmost
defpair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayorefs, who prevailed
on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened
their synagogue theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding a quack doctor's
nany, a droll fellow, they decayed him into their service; and he has since performed
the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt the doctor him-
self found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and, having a talent for the
gedays, has performed with great success the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those pafty strollers, who run
about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house: for (as their bills declare)
they are a company of Comedians from the Theatre Royal; and I assure you they are
as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops
of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardwaremen
have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills
have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be
performed by Mr. ———, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction.
'Tis true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education at
Covent-garden or Drury-lane; but they have been employed in the business of the
drama in a degree but just above a sceneshifter. An heroine, to whom your mana-
gers in town (in envy to her rising merit) fearce allotted the humble part of a confi-
dante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvedera; the attendants on a monarch
strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and messengers' rife into heroes.
The humour of our best comic confisits in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry
mouth, and repartees in a grin; in short, he prattles on Congreve and Vanbrugh all
thoie distortions which gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drabs
which he was obliged to undergo in pantomimes. I was vaitly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wil-
dair, whose chief action was a continual preffing together of the thumb and fore-
finger, which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as
an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this single
gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr.
Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato: and their Marcia was such an old
woman, that when Juba came on with his—— "Hail! charming maid!"——
the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprized to hear an eager
lover talk of rushing into his mistress' arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and
desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug her thus, and thus, for ever,;" though he
always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance. But I was afterwards
very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that
the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such
a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arms length.
The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South
Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its
place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as
extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the
ghost in Hamlet talks in a pottilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid
enters with a fiddle-cane flung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of
the town is free of the house, for lending them a pepper and mortar to serve as the
bell in Venice Preferved; and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing
them with basons of blood to befmeare the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himself
contains a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncleon; and, as the breaking of glases
would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint-pot at the sight of Banquo's
ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audi-
ence.
ence. It seems there had been a great contest between two of those mimic heroes, which was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and, bowing out together, "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

Connoisseur.

§ 73. Players often mistake one Effect for another.

The French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the expression of *Jeu de Theatre*, which we may translate, "the juggler of the theatre." When these little arts are exercised merely to affit nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonery, though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their maids.

Connoisseur.

§ 74. True Pleasure defined.

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing flowers of love and kindness.

*Seed's Sermons.*

§ 75. How Politeness is manifested.

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the opposite side, and to prefer, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth redouble their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an afféctation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance.
plaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex, among a polite people, discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask, who is master of the feast? The man who fits in the lowest place, and who is always inducive in helping every one, is most certainly the perfon. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as soppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Moscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding-ring. The same people, in their own houses, took always the precedence above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a piece. Hume's Essays.

§ 76. The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprized them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to these that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement."

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand."

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and defects for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction."

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the fight of something which I never beheld before, or never needed."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the freaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characters which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness."
"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observer the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprints of infancy to the dependence of decrepitude. He must divine himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rife to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the fame: he must therefore content himself with the flow progres of his name; censure the applaffhe of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must by incessant practice familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

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§ 77. Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.

'Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varrius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the fame time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for leaning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, 'is possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country: but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose fene is clofe. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the lamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best verificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in theNavLink of his draught; his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventurers without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story
is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too
flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry;
many times unequal, and almost always
forced; and besides, is full of conceptions,
points of epigram, and witticisms; all
which are not only below the dignity of he-
roic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil
and Homer have not one of them: and
those who are guilty of so boyish an ambi-
tion in so grave a subject, are so far from
being considered as heroic poets, that they
ought to be turned down from Homer to
Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and
Owen's epigrams, and from Spenfer to
Flecno, that is, from the top to the bottom
of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he
borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and
in his alteration of his poem, which is infi-
nitely the worst, imitates Homer so very fer-
vilely, that (for example) he gives the
king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because
Homer had bestowed the like number on
king Priam; he kills the youngest in the
same manner, and has provided his hero with
a Patroclus, under another name, only to
bring him back to the wars, when his friend
was killed. The French have performed
nothing in this kind, which is not below
those two Italians, and subject to a thousand
more refictions, without examining their
St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique.
The Englifh have only to boast of Spenfer
and Milton, who neither of them wanted
either genius or learning to have been per-
fected poets, and yet both of them are liable
to many cenfures. For there is no uniformity
in the design of Spenfer; he aims at the
accomplishment of no one action; he raises up
a hero for every one of his adventures, and
endows each of them with some particular
moral virtue, which renders them all equal,
without subordination or preference. Every
one is most valiant in his own legend; only
we must do them the justice to observe, that
magnanimity, which is the character of
Prince Arthur, shines through the whole
poem, and succours the reft, when they are in
diftrefs. The original of every knight
was then living in the court of queen Eliza-
beth; and he attributed to each of them
that virtue which he thought most confpi-
cuous in them: an ingenious piece of flat-
tery, though it turned not much to his ac-
count. Had he lived to finish his poem, in
the fix remaining legends, it had certainly
been more of a piece; but could not have
been perfect, because the model was not
true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief pa-
tron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended
to make happy by the marriage of his Glo-
riana, dying before him, deprived the poet
both of means and spirit to accomplish his
design. For the rest, his obscure language,
and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of
the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding
the firt, he is still intelligible, at least after
a little practice; and for the last, he is the
more to be admired, that labouring under
such a difficulty, his verses are fo numerous,
fo various, and fo harmonious, that only
Virgil, whom he profefledly imitated, has
surpaffed him among the Romans, and only
Mr. Waller among the Englifh. Dr. Dryden.

§ 78. Remarks on some of the best English
dramatic Poets.

Shakfpeare was the man who, of all
modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the
largest and most comprehensive soul. All
the images of nature were still prevalent
among him, and he drew them not laboriously,
but luckily: when he describes any thing, you
more than feel it, you feel it too. Those
who accuse him to have wanted learning,
give him the greater commendation: he
was naturally learned; he needed not the
spectacles of books to read nature; he
looked inwards, and found her there. I
cannot say he is everywhere alike; were
he so, I should do him injury to compare
him with the greatest of mankind. He is
many times flat and insipid; his comic wit
degenerating into cleftines; his serious,
dwelling into bombaft. But he is always
great, when some great occasion is prefered
to him: no man can say he ever had a fit
subject for his wit, and did not then raise
himself as high above the reft of Poets.

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales
of Eaton fay, that there was no subject of
which any poet ever writ, but he would pro-
duce it much better treated in Shakfpeare;
and, however others are now generally prefer-
red before him, yet the age wherein he
lived, which had contemporaries with him
Fletcher and Jonfon, never equalled them to
him in their eftime. And in the late king's
court, when Ben's reputation was at the
height, Sir John Suckling, and with him
the greater part of the courtiers, fet our
Shakfpeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am
next to speak, had, with the advantage of
Shakfpeare's wit, which was their preced-
ent, great natural gifts, improved by study;
Beaumont especially being fo accurate a
judge
judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he wrote to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play which brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: and the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he wrote Every Man in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspere's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have been taken in fine, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspere's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humour. Shakspere's language is likewise a little oblique, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too full, and Saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of those writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weakened it too closely and laboriously in his serious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare him with this Shakspere, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspere the greater wit. Shakspere was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspere. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dryden's Essays.

§ 79. The Origin and Right of exclusive Property explained.

There is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in a total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe. And yet there are very few that will give themselves the trouble to consider the original and foundation of this right. Pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at best we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favour, without examining the reason or authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of
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of the dying owner; nor caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land; why the son should have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so before him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world, which of them should enjoy it after him. These enquiries, it must be owned, would be useless and even troublesome in common life. It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons of making them. But, when law is to be considered not only as matter of practice, but also as a rational science, it cannot be improper or useless to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of these positive constitutions of society.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, "dominion over all the earth; and over the fift of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might perhaps still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity: as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the

uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein erant omnia communia et indi-visa omnibus, veluti cum cumius patrimonium effer. Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could be extended to the use of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it acquired therein a kind of transient property that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer: or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular; yet whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rent, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the infant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast. A doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, fo long

* Gen. i. 28.† Jusfin. l. 45. c. 1. ‡ Barbyr. Puff. l. 4. c. 4. §§ Quemadmodum theatrum, cum commune, sit recte, tamen dici potest, ejus effe cum locum quem quaque occuparet. De Fin. l. 3. c. 20.

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as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to ceafe the infant that he quitted possession;—if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the cafe of habitations, in particular, it was natural to obferve, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacriﬁce their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man’s house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or moveable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the foil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt, but that moveables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be ﬁtt for use, till improved and meiorated by the bodily labour of the occupant; which bodily labour, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, fought for a more solid refreshment in the ﬂesh of beasts which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments, incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and equacious nature; and to establish a permanent property in their ﬂocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the ﬂesh of the young. The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And therefore the book of Genesis (the most venerable monument of antiquity, conﬁdered merely with a view to history) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the ﬁrst digger or occupant, even in such places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we ﬁnd Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and ex-acting an oath for his security, “because he had digged that well.” And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father’s property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while the foil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant: except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands (for the sake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartars and others in the East; where the climate is, and the bounds of extent of their territory, conspire to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty, which was universal in the earliest ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint subsistence became so great, that pasture and other conveniencies grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose; “Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the

* Gen. xxi. 30. † Gen. xxvi. 15, 18, &c.
‡ Colunt dicti et diversi; ut fons, ut campus; ut nemus placuit. De mor. Germ. 16.
§ Gen. xiii.
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left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was over-charged with inhabitants; which was practised as well by the Phoenicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the flocking and cultivation of desert uninhabited countries, it kept chiefly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to christianity, deserves well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to purport some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connexion and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage: but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not therefore a separate property in lands, as moveables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Necessity begat property; and, in order to infure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of insepurable concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, How this property became actually vested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain in a permanent manner that specific land, which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And, as we before observed that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon all hands, that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself; which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is indeed some difference among the writers on natural law, concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right, and invest one with this absolute property: Grotius and Puffendorf insisting, that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding, that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy, alone, being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title. A dispute that favours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man feizing to his own continued use such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 80. Retire-
§ 80. Retirement of no Use to fame.

To lead the life I propose with satisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleasures and busines of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not sufficient; the supine creature whose understanding is superficially employed, through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a close and steady pursuit of truth, may renounce the pleasures and business of the world, for even in the business of the world we see such creatures often employed, and may break the habits; may he retire and drone away life in solitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whose house, as if his house had been his tomb, somebody writ, "Here lies such an one:" but no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and easy if he had accustomed himself to it early, will be unpleasant and impracticable late: such men lose their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the necessity of trifling away age. It fakes with the mind just as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as strong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; just as he who has the fame elasticity in his muscles, the fame suppleness in his joints, and all his nerves and sinews as well-braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy fluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needless, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on trust, will be as little able as the other to improve his solitude to any good purpose: unless we call it a good purpose, for that sometimes happens, to confirm and exalt his prejudices, so that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as some must trifl away age because they trifled away youth, others must labour on in a maze of error, because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.

Bolingbroke.

§ 81. Consequences of the Revolution of 1688.

Few men at that time looked forward enough to foee the neceffary consequences of the new constitution of the revenue that was soon afterwards formed, nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, absurd as they are, have continued ever since, till it is become scarce possible to alter them. Few people, I say, forekew how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would encreafe yearly the power of the crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and neceffary progreffion, into more real, though less apparent danger, than they were in before the Revolution. The excefive ill husbandry practiced from the very beginning of King William's reign, and which laid the foundations of all we feel and all we fear, was not the effect of ignorance, mistake, or what we call chance, but of design and scheme in those who had the sway at that time. I am not so uncharitable, however, as to believe, that they intended to bring upon their country all the mischiefs that we, who came after them, experience and apprehend. No; they saw the meafures they took singly, and unrelatively, or relatively alone to some immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the fame bottom, was a reafon of flate to fame: the notion of creating a new, that is, a monied interefl, in oppofition to the landed interest, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a superior influence in the city of London, at leat, by eftablishment of great corporations, was a reafon of party to others: and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amassing immense efates by the management of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reafon of private interefl to those who supported and improved this scheme of iniquity, if not to those who devised it. They looked no farther. Nay, we who came after them, and have long tafted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking such an alarm at our diftrefs, and our danger, as they deferred; till the moft remote and fatal effect of causes, laid by the laft generation, was very near becoming an object of experience in this.

Ibid.


It is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most neceffary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the meditation of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual
usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may excite their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preferring it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connections. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent dispute? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign; and I desire you would receive it as mine, that he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live.”

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a further recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable perfidions of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle to well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other’s talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo.

Fitzesborne’s Letters.

§ 83. The true Use of the Senses: perverted by Fashion.

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, disport, and after our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but rapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, refembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man dilligent objects through the medium of a prism, that prefers nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alleged, that the passions can never be wholly depoed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay some-
times totally extinguished and destroyed, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at our theatre has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! I have seen a young creature, possessed of the most delicate complexions, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, fit without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a contempt of passion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady’s cheek, and the sudden gush escape from her breast, I am attracted toward her by an irresistible emotion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting luflre, through the pearly moifure that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the contrary, when I see a fine woman’s face unaltered by the diffrefs of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I reftent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppute her heart to be savage, her disposition unocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, O decus rerum, fed cerebrum non habet!

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, though it has long ceafed to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the firft violence offered to the native machine; it may have loft its tone through long difufe; or be fo twifted and overtrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to nature when the knacks so powerfully at the breath, the muft be altogether neglected and defpfited in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, fpangled with stars, will prove a homely and infipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapes, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and difguft from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligence, strip’d and interfected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the maffes of light, and diftract the vision; and cut and pinke into the most fantafic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littlenefs of art, unknown to elegance. Thofe ears that are offended by the fweetly wild notes of the thrush, the black-bird, and the nightingale, the diftant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft fighing of reeds and offers, the magic murmur of lapwing streams; will be regaled and ravifhed by the extravagant and alarming notes of a fqueaking fiddle, extrac’d by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The fense of smelling that delights in the fcent of excrementitious animal juices, such as muisk, civet, and urinous falts, will loathe the fragrancy of new-mown hay, the haw- thorn’s bloom, the sweet-briar, the honeysuckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of fickly-veal which has been bled into the palfy, roten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, paragus gorged with the crude unwholefome juice of dung, peafe without fulbfance, peaches without taffe, and pine-apples without flavour, will cer- tainly nauseate the native, genuine, and fa- lutary taffe of Welsh beef, Banfhead munton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls; whose juices are concocted by a natural di- gation, and whose flesh is confolidated by free air and exercife.

In fuch a total perversion of the fenses, the ideas mufl be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination difordered, and the judgment of confequence unfound. The difeafe is attended with a falle appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It muft have fauces compound’d of the moft heterogeneous trash. The foul feems to fink into
into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glitten, and glare, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake and inspired by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, buffoons, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenious bluffs of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are defpised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, vulgarity, and superstition.

Smollett.

§ 84. Simplicity a principal Beauty in Writing.

If we examine the writers whose compositions have flood the teet of ages, and obtained that high-born honour, the concurrent approbation of distant times and nations, we shall find that the character of simplicity is the unvarying circumstance, which alone hath been able to gain this universal homage from mankind. Among the Greeks, whose writers in general are of the simple kind, the divinest poet, the most commanding orator, the finest historian, and deepest philosopher, are, above the rest, conspicuously eminent in this great quality. The Roman writers rise towards perfection according to that measure of true simplicity which they mingle in their works. Indeed, they are all inferior to the Greek models. But who will deny, that Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Terence, Tully, are at once the simplest and best of Roman writers? unless we add the noble Annalift, who appeared in after-times; who, notwithstanding the political turn of his genius, which sometimes interieres, is admirable in this great quality; and by it, far superior to his contemporaries. It is this one circumstance that hath raised the venerable Dante, the father of modern poetry, above the succedding poets of his country, who could never long maintain the local and temporary honours bestowed upon them; but have fallen under that just neglect, which time will ever decree to those who defect a just simplicity for the florid colourings of fyle, contrasted phrases, affected conceits, the mere trappings of composition, and Gothic miniatue. It is this hath given to Boileau the most lafting wreath in France, and to Shakspere and Milton in England; especially to the last, whose writings are more unmixed in this respect, and who had formed himself entirely on the simple model of the best Greek writers and the sacred scriptures. As it appears from these instances, that simplicity is the only universal characteristic of just writing; so the superior eminence of the sacred scriptures in this prime quality hath been generally acknowledged. One of the greatest critics in antiquity, himself conspicuous in the sublime and simple manner, hath borne this testimony to the writings of Moses and St. Paul; and by parity of reason we must conclude, that had he been conversant with the other sacred writers, his taste and candour would have allowed them the same encomium.

Brown's Essay.

§ 85. Simplicity conspicuous in the Scriptures.

It hath been often observed, even by writers of no mean rank, that the "scriptures suffer in their credit by the disadvantage of a literal version, while other ancient writings enjoy the advantage of a free and embellished translation." But in reality these gentlemen's concern is ill placed and groundless. For the truth is, "That most other writings are indeed impaired by a literal translation; whereas, giving only a due regard to the idioms of different languages, the sacred writings, when literally translated, are then in their full perfection."

Now this is an internal proof, that in all other writings there is a mixture of local, relative, exterior ornament; which is often lost in the translation from one language to another. But the internal beauties, which depend not on the particular construction of tongues, no change of tongue can destroy. Hence the Bible composition preserves its native beauty and strength alike in every language, by the sole energy of unadorned phrase, natural images, weight of sentiment, and great simplicity.

It is in this respect like a rich vein of gold, which, under the severest trials of heat, cold, and moisture, retains its original weight.
weight and splendor, without either loss or alloy; while base metals are corrupted by earth, air, water, fire, and assimilated to the various elements through which they pass.

This circumstance then may be justly regarded as sufficient to vindicate the composition of the sacred Scriptures; as it is at once their chief excellence, and greatest security. It is their excellence, as it renders them intelligible and useful to all; it is their security, as it prevents their being disguised by the false and capricious ornaments of vain and weak translators.

We may safely appeal to experience and fact for the confirmation of these remarks on the superior simplicity, utility, and excellence of the style of the holy Scripture. Is there any book in the world so perfectly adapted to all capacities? that contains such sublime and exalted precepts, conveyed in such an artless and intelligible strain? that can be read with such pleasure and advantage by the lettered sage and the unlettered peasant? Brown’s Essay.

§ 86. Simplicity should be preferred to Refinement in Writing.

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a judder, and more concise definition of fine writing.

Sentiments which are merely natural, affect not the mind with any pleasure, and seem not worthy to engage our attention. The pleasantries of a waterman, the observations of a peasant, the ribaldry of a porter or hackney coachman; all these are natural and disagreeable. What an impudic comedy should we make of the chit-chat of the tea-table, copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can please persons of taste, but nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments, la belle nature; or if we copy low-life, the strokes must be strong and remarkable, and must convey a lively image to the mind. The absurd naïveté of Sancho Panza is represented in such immaterial colours by Cervantes, that it enters as much as the picture of the most magnificent hero or most tender lover.

The cafe is the same with orators, philosophers, critics, or any author, who speaks in his own person, without introducing other speakers or actors. If his language be not elegant, his observations uncommon, his fenee strong and masculine, he will in vain boaft his nature and simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the unhappiness of such authors, that they are never blamed nor censured. The good fortune of a book, and that of a man, are not the fame. The secret deceiving path of life, which Horace talks of, fallentis femia vita, may be the happiest lot of the one; but is the greatest misfortune that the other can possibly fall into.

On the other hand, productions which are merely surprizing, without being natural, can never give any lasting entertainment to the mind. To draw chimeras is not, properly speaking, to copy or imitate. The justness of the representation is lost, and the mind is displeased to find a picture, which bears no resemblance to any original. Nor are such excessive refinements more agreeable in the epitaphy or philosophic, style than in the epic or tragic. Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Uncommon expressions, strong flashes of wit, pointed similes, and epigrammatic turns, especially when laid too thick, are a disfigurement rather than any embellishment of discourse. As the eye, in surveying a Gothic building, is distracted by the multiplicity of ornaments, and loses the whole by its minute attention to the parts; so the mind, in perusing a work overstocked with wit, is fatigued and disgusted with the constant endeavour to shine and surprize. This is the case where a writer overabounds in wit, even though that wit should be just and agreeable. But it commonly happens to such writers, that they seek for their favourite ornaments, even where the subject affords them not; and by that means have twenty impudic conceits for one thought that is really beautiful.

There is no subject in critical learning more copious than this of the just mixture of simplicity and refinement in writing; and therefore, not to wander in too large a field, I shall confine myself to a few general observations on that head.

First, I observe, 'That though excesses of both kinds are to be avoided, and though a proper medium ought to be studied in all productions; yet this medium lies not in a point, but admits of a very considerable latitude.' Consider the wide distince, in this respect, between Mr. Pope and Lucre- tius. These seem to lie in the two greatest extremes of refinement and simplicity, which a poet can indulge himsell in, without being guilty of any blameable excess. All this interval may be filled with poets, who may differ from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar style and
because the former excess is both less beautiful and more dangerous than the latter.

It is a certain rule, that wit and passion are entirely inconsistent. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible all its faculties can operate at once: and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason, a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions, where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity, above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions, which we read the oftener, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprizing in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lies in a point of wit, it may strike at first: but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once: but Parnel, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing, and whose purity and nature make a durable, though not a violent, impression upon us.

But refinement, as it is the less beautiful, so it is the more dangerous extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity paves for dullness, when it is not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprizing in a blaze of wit and conceit. Ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as the most excellent way of writing.
writing. Seneca abounds with agreeable faults, says Quintillian, *abundat dulcis ab omnis vitis*; and for that reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taste of the young and inconsiderate.

I shall add, that the excess of refinement is now more to be guarded against than ever; because it is the extreme, which men are the most apt to fall into, after learning has made great progress, and after eminent writers have appeared in every species of composition. The endeavour to please by novelty, leads men wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became so much inferior to that of Augustus in taste and genius; and perhaps there are, at present, some symptoms of a like degeneracy of taste, in France as well as in England. Hume.

§ 87. An Essay on Suicide.

The last fessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Laft Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snatching up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistole. The laft that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistole, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounflew-heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Laft Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houfes are as unfure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their laft guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes choose to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to thefe, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deferting his post: but I should rather consider a fett of thefe desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops fent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a piſtole; fome expire, like Socrates, by poison; fome fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affeft to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The moft exalted geniues I ever remember to have heard of were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his ufual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himſelf, and cooly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and genteel method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean perfon and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himſelf up in his lift garters; a hecond, croft in love, drowned himſelf like a blind puppy in Rosamond's pond; and a thirds cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almoft always dies by a piſtole; and even the cober of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this fafe notion of courage, however
ever noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost everyday informs us, that the coroner's inquest has fat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the enquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew a sentence executed but on one poor sufferer, who hanged himself in his own cell. A penniless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster-Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so inflamed as to throw off the footstools of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by the exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominry on our male suicides, and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up in terrorem in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But, that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

The flayer of himself too saw I there:

The gore conceal'd was cotted in his hair:

With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,

And grim as when he breath'd his fallen soul away.

The common murderer has his skeleton prefer'd at Surgeon's-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their raiments, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as halfening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or suffocated by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his
his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertinism of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends contently at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predetermination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters.

The courage of these heroes proceeds from the fame principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

Consequence.

§ 88. An Enumeration of Superstitions observed in the Country.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their vagabond grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horseshoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the sifteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards.

Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her anything that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the fame as are mentioned with infinite humour by the Spectator; and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest mifs, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (the said) had never been lain in since the death of an old washerwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hidden money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bedside, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest mifs declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stears, the very moment the breath went out of his body.

During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcass. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearde had flopt at their door in its way to church: and the eldest mifs, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost (who was gone to the West Indies) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very fame day, and hour of the day, that mifs saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purle or a coifin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived,
The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The elder sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this fort, during my stay with them; I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for, as I was a relation, you know, they had left survive.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry, if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or misf them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grafts grows there. If your fide itches, somebody is withing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

Connoisseur.

§ 89. Swearing an indecent as well as a wicked Practice.

As there are some vices, which the vulgar have presume to copy from the great; so there are others, which the great have condenced to borrow from the vulgar. Among these, I cannot but set down the shocking practice of curling and swearing;
a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and prophaneness) is low and indecent, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of curfing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a By-gad or a Gad dem-me, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression blantly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman. I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the beau-monde or the canaille. The swearer of either itation devotes himself piccamel, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearlessness unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damneth himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humorist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprized at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be an improper supplement to Swift's polite conversation; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help willing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curfes in present use at Arthur's, or at any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station; but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler fort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapt into the flocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same flocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curfes are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptance, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar curfing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words bottle and glafs, instead of the usual expletives of God, devil, and damm, which he did not think quite so becoming.
becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these sublimities for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Albans' taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The bean should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word, and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

Convofcer.

§ 90. Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turn upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transmute their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such-like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed. Burke on the Sublime.

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the delayed triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others.
others. If this passion was simply painful, we should then, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in idleness as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from flumintering scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence.

_Elegans Crenfa_ and _Brifeis_ few passion of persons we others. Light, preference, with indolence before much on bying. For booby he his address kind mark Casfar we from that Secrais, husband, 92. tears 1 be this passage but noble feelings. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin’s hero, always raining. One of these cenfors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm:

**Extemplo Eneas solvuntur frigore membra:**

_Ingeniis, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas, &c._

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the afféction of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a form; therefore he thew the more early piety, and the quicker senfe of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an acestured death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

**Dryden.**

§ 92. **Tears not unworthy of an Hero.**

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer’s hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his matter. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Brifeis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Crenfa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if the had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so afféctionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leifure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the fame noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his conféderate; and the reft, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin’s hero, always raining. One of these cenfors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm:

**Extemplo Eneas solvuntur frigore membra:**

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But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a form; therefore he grieved the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

**Dryden.**

§ 93. **Terror a Source of the Sublime.**

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to fight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be ended with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on anything as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror: as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain

**Dryden.**
of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with anything so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 94. Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befal the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lafting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lafting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for 'tis the nature of spirits to make swift impression, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aritotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscrib'd within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days; and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristic virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propounded to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statues have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cafe, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute dilemmes require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronic diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alterations: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary,
necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate
exercise, have the greatest part. The mat-
ter being thus stated, it will appear that
both sorts of poetry are of use for their
proper ends. The flage is active, the epic
poem works at greater leisure, yet is active
too, when need requires: for dialogue is
imitated by the drama, from the more ac-
tive parts of it. One puts off a fit like the
quinquina, and relieves us only for a time;
the other roots out the distemper, and gives
a healthful habit. The fun enlightens and
cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the
ground with his daily beams; but the corn
is sowed, increafes, is ripened, and reaped
for ufe, in procefs of time, and its proper
feafon. I proceed from the greatnefs of the
action to the dignity of the actors; I mean,
to the persons employed in both poems.
There likewise tragedy will be seen to bor-
row from the epopee; and that which bor-
rows is always of less dignity, because it has
not of its own. A subject, 'tis true, may
lend to his sovereign; but the act of bor-
rowing makes the king inferior, because he
wants, and the subject supplies. And sup-
pofe the persons of the drama wholly fabu-
lous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic
poetry gave him the examples of that inven-
tion; because it was first, and Homer the
common father of the flage. I know not of
any one advantage which Tragedy can boast
above heroic poetry, but that it is repre-
sented to the view, as well as read; and in-
fructs in the clofet, as well as on the theatre.
This is an uncontefled excellence, and a
chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may
be allowed to fay, without partiality, that
herein the actors share the poet's praiue.
Your lordship knows fome modern tragedies
which are beautiful on the flage, and yet I
am confident you would not read them.
Tryphon, the flationer, complains they are
feldom alked for in his flop. 'The poet who
flourifhed in the scene, is damned in the
raule; nay more, he is not efteeomed a good
poet, by thofe who fee and hear his ex-
vagrancies with delight. They are a fort
of flately ftultian and lofty childifhnefs.
Nothing but nature can give a fincere plea-
fure: where that is not imitated, 'tis gro-
tefque painting; the fine woman ends in a
fifth's tail. Dryden.

§ 95. History of Translations.

Among the studies which have exercifed
the ingenious and the learned for more than
three centuries, none has been more dili-
gently or more succefsfully cultivated than
the art of translation; by which the imped-
iments which bar the way to fience are, in
some measure, removed, and the multiplicity
of languages becomes lefs incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients
have left us models which all succeeding
ages have laboured to imitate; but
translation may juftly be claimed by the
moderns as their own. In the first ages of
the world inftruction was commonly oral,
and learning traditional, and what was not
written could not be translated. When
alphabetical writing made the conveyance
of opinions and the tranfmiion of events more
easy and certain, literature did not flourish
in more than one country at once; for
distant nations had little commerce with each
other, and thofe few whom curiofity sent
abroad in quest of improvement, delivered
their acquisitions in their own manner, de-
erious perhaps to be confidered as the in-
ventors of that which they had learned from
others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into
Egypt, but they tranflated no books from
the Egyptian language; and when the
Macedonians had overthrown the empire of
Perfa, the countries that became fubjeiit to
the Grecian dominion studied only the
Grecian literature. The books of the con-
fquered nations, if they had any among them,
funk in oblivion; Gr ece confidered herfelf
as the miiftrefs, if not as the parent of arts,
her language contained all that was fupposed
to be known, and, except the sacred writ-
ings of the Old Testament, I know not that
the library of Alexandria adopted any thing
from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confefled themfelves the
fcholars of the Greeks, and do not appear
to have expected, what has fince happened,
that the ignorance of succeeding ages would
prefer them to their teachers. Every man
who in Rome aspired to the praiue of litera-
ture, thought it necefiary to learn Greek,
and had no need of verfions when they could
fudy the originals. Translation, however,
was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems
could be underflood by the people in no
language but their own, and the Romans
were fometimes entertained with the trage-
dies of Euripides and the comedies of
M e-
nander. Other works were fometimes at-
tempted; in an old scholajf there is men-
tion of a Latin Ilid, and we have not
wholly loft Tully's version of the poem of
A ratus; but it does not appear that any
man grew eminent by interpreting another,
and perhaps it was more frequent to tran-
late
late for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should superinduce literary attention: those who left, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusements of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemic emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by king Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of verification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the Destruction of Troye, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language: though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the fame exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of contriving into rhyme was conrernenced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the
toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fantham's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and affect the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the fevility of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile cloveness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transmute their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than flight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept the perfections for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if censure and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted; and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass lightly over obscurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed. Dryden saw very early that cloveness best preferred an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he therefore will defer the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.

§ 96. What Talents are requisite to form a good Translator.

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likenesses, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, fo abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardoneable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the fame poets whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than a caraffe would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practice them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habits and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him.
him, as they think, without knowing where-in he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a matter of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and verification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators, I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere where founding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to encrease the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one fort of music in their verses. All the verification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb between to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalephas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalephas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gros hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he hines, but glares not; and is likewise without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confefs to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most honorable of any translation of the Æneid; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tailo tells us, in
his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demoethenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the choicest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Dryden.

§ 97. The Nature of Wit in Writing.

The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in poetry, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without a metaphor, which searches over, or without the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imagination of person, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or fling of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it to much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, dressing, or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it, proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expression. For the first of these, Ovid is famous among the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which though it excludes not the quickness of wit in particulars, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that fhes remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own; he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confine as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their fools than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or person are to be describ'd, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how matterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molim, & magno se corpore misceat.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.
which and The lumenque juvenae

Purpurum, & helos oculus afflictat honorae:
Quale manus addunt ebor decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum larius de lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempens, his funeral sports, his combats of Turnus and Aeneas; and in his Georgics, which I admire the divinest part of all his writings, the plague, the country, the battle of the bulls, the labour of the bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words whereby he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovld, Materiam superbat opus: the very found of his words has often somewhat that is connotative to the subject; and while we read him, we fit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other significations; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Ppios:

Dixeris egregie notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

Drydon.

§ 98. Examples that Words may effect without raising Images.

I find it very hard to persuade several that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men blest with the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and I imagine for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought which occur in these poems have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possess the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare found; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunders, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or less degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words every day and common discourse, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours,
colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go; or of the greenssefs of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word summer is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word next; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says next summer, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we conceive without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 99. The real Characteristics of the Whig and Tory Parties.

When we compare the parties of Whig and Tory to those of Roundhead and Cavalier, the most obvious difference which appears betwixt them, consists in the principles of passive obedience and indefeasible right, which were but little heard of among the Cavaliers, but became the universal doctrine, and were esteemed the true characteristic of a Tory. Were these principles pushed into their most obvious consequences, they imply a formal renunciation of all our liberties, and an avowal of absolute monarchy; since nothing can be a greater absurdity than a limited power which must be refilled, even when it exceeds its limitations. But as the most rational principles are often but a weak counterpoise to passion, it is no wonder that these absurd principles, sufficient, according to a celebrated author, to shock the common sense of a Hottentot or Samoiede, were found too weak for that effect. The Tories, as men, were enemies to oppression; and also, as Englishmen, they were enemies to despotic power. Their zeal for liberty was, perhaps, less fervent than that of their antagonists, but was sufficient to make them forget all their general principles, when they saw themselves openly threatened with a subversion of the ancient government. From these sentiments arose the Revolution; an event of mighty consequence, and the firmeft foundation of British liberty. The conduct of the Tories, during that event and after it, will afford us a true insight into the nature of that party.

In the first place, they appear to have had the sentiments of a True Briton in them in their affection to liberty, and in their determined resolution not to sacrifice it to any abstract principles whatsoever, or to any imaginary rights of princes. This part of their character might justly have been doubted of before the Revolution, from the obvious tendency of their avowed principles, and from their almost unbounded compliances with a court, which made little secret of its arbitrary designs. The Revolution showed them to have been in this respect nothing but a genuine court party, such as might be expected in a British government; that is, lovers of liberty, but greater lovers of monarchy. It must, however, be confessed, that they carried their monarchical principles farther, even in practice, but more to in theory, than was, in any degree, consistent with a limited government.

Secondly, Neither their principles nor affections concurred, entirely or heartily, with the settlement made at the Revolution, or with that which has since taken place. This part of their character may seem contradictory to the former, since any other settlement, in those circumstances of the nation, must probably have been dangerous, if not fatal to liberty. But the heart of man is made to reconcile contradictions; and this contradiction is not greater than that betwixt passive obedience, and the resistance employed at the Revolution. A Tory, therefore, since the Revolution, may be defined in a few words to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy; and a friend to the settlement in the protestant line.

*Hume's Essays.*

§ 100. Painting disagreeable in Women.

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub,
Indeed so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas. Commissar.

§ 101. Advantages of well-directed Satire pointed out.

A satirist of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose cenfures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue. He may be considered as a fort of supplement to the legislative authority of his country; as afflicting the unavoidable defects of all legal institutions for regulating of manners, and striking terror even where the divine prohibitions themselves are held in contempt. The strongest defence, perhaps, against the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our species, is well-directed ridicule: they who fear nothing else dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no succeeding in the secret purpofes of dishonesty, without preserving some fort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exift a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expose, therefore, the false pretensions of counterfeit virtue, is to disarm it at once of all power of mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honest satirist is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse; but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive to others, of assuming the same character of distinguifhed infamy. Few are so totally vifirated, as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame; and when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find the conflict is still maintained in this laft poft of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it should seem, the function of a satirist may be justified, notwithstanding it should be true (what an excellent moralist has afìerted) that his chafliments rather exaf-

v 2 per 4
perate than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself: and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every man, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable bow. The arrows of satire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace reft the whole success of writings of this sort upon the poet's being *integer ipse*: free himself from those immoral flains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the same time a more contemptible charac-
ter, than that of a vicious fatirist:

Quis caelest terris non misceat & mare ceelo,
Si far displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni?

Juv.

The most favourable light in which a censnr of this species could possibly be view-
ed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punishment on others, which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from the satirist of known dishonelly, but his applause.

Fitzjimons's Letters.

§ 102. Juvenal and Horace compared as *Satirists*.

I would willingly divide the palm be-
wixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favours of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instruc-
tions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Ju-
venal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned.

To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judg-
ment, may justly stand suspected of prejud-
dice: and though all who are my readers
will set up to be my judges, I enter my ca-
veat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be ad-
mitted, 'tis but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better in-
sructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circum-
cribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the pur-
pose, *Bonum quo communio esse melior*. Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lathes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shaming and instruc-
tive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without thwrew-
ing them in their full extent: which is the ollentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sentientia extra corpus orationis eminens*. He would have them imbibe these into the body of the work, and not appear emboiced upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a host of fools and 
fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one of them that Horace has not expos'd. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lazing vices, some of them the most enor-
mos that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne noster
civitas videt Flaccus amicos, tantus, & admir-
sus circum procedid ludit.* This was the com.
commendation that Persius gave him; where
by *visium*, he means those little vices which
we call follies, the defects of human under-
standing, or at most the pecadillos of life,
rather than the tragical vices, to which men
are hurried by their unruly passions and ex-
orbitant desires. But on the word *enme*,
which is universal, he concludes with me,
that the divine wit of Horace left nothing
untouched; that he entered into the innum-
erable recesses of nature; found out the imper-
fecions even of the most wife and grave, as
well as of the common people; discovering
even in the great Trebatius, to whom he
addresses the first satire, his hunting after
buffoons, and following the court; as well
as in the persecutor Crispinus, his imperni-
ence and importunity. 'Tis true, he ex-
plores Crispinus openly as a common nuisance;
but he rallies the other as a friend, more
finely. The exhortations of Persius are
confined to noblemen; and the florid phil-
osophy is that alone which he recommends
to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular vir-
tues, as they are opposed to those vices
against which he declaims; but Horace
laughs to shame all follies, and infinuates
virtue rather by familiar examples than by
the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline
the balance on the side of Horace, and to
give him the preference to Juvenal, not only
in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I
must confess that the delight which Horace
gives me is but languishing. Be pleased
still to understand, that I speak of my own
taste only: he may ravish other men; but
I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled.
Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scal-
liger says, only shows his white teeth, he
cannot provoke me to any laughter. His
urbaneity, that is, his good-manners, are to
be commended, but his wit is faint; and
his fault, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid.
Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maculine
wit: he gives me as much pleasure as I can
bear: he fully satisfies my expectation; he
treats his subject home: his spleen is raised,
and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of
concernment in all he says: he drives his
reader along with him: and when he is at
the end of his way, I willingly flop with
him. If he went another stage, it would be
too far, it would make a journey of a pro-
gress, and turn the delight into fatigue.
When he gives over, 'tis a sign the subject
is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry
it no farther. If a fault can be justly found
in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuri-
ant, too redundant: says more than he needs,
like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never
more than pleases. Add to this, that his
thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and
much more elevated. His expressions are
honourable and more noble, his verse more
numerous, and his words are suitable to his
thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these con-
tribute to the pleasure of the reader; and
the greater the soul of him who reads, his
transports are the greater. Horace is al-
ways on the amble, 'Juvenal on the gallop;
but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground.
He goes with more impetuosity than Hor-
ace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds
more lively agitation to the spirits.

Dryden.

§ 103. Delicate Satire not easily hit off.

How easy is it to call rogue and villain,
and that wittily! but how hard to make a
man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave,
without using any of those opprobrious
terms? To spare the grossest of the names,
and to do the thing yet more severely, is
to draw a full face, and to make the nose and
cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any
depth of shadowing. This is the mystery
of that noble trade, which yet no matter can
reach to his apprentice: he may give the
rules, but the scholar is never the nearer
in his practice. Neither is it true, that this
fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty
man is tickled while he is hurt in this man-
ner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion
of an offence may possibly be given, but he
cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect
this way does more mischief: that a man is
secretly wounded; and though he be not
sensible himself, yet the malicious world
will find it out for him: yet there is still a
vast difference betwixt the floridly butchering
of a man, and the fineness of a stroke
that separates the head from the body, and
leaves it standing in its place. A man may
be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her
servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare
hanging: but to make a malefactor die
sweetly, was only belonging to her husband.
I wish I could apply it to myself, if the
reader would be kind enough to think it be-
longs to me. The character of Zimri in
my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the
whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridic-
ulous enough: and he for whom it was in-
tended, was too witty to resent it as an in-
jury. If I had railed, I might have suffered
for it justly; but I managed mine own works
more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I
avoided
avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind
sides, and little extravagancies, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the
more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was out in his
turn who began the frolic.

Dryden.

§ 104. The Works of Art defective in enter-
taining the Imagination.

If we consider the works of nature and
art, as they are qualified to entertain the
imagination, we shall find the last very de-
fective, in comparison of the former; for
though they may sometimes appear as beau-
tiful or strange, they can have nothing in
them of that vastness and immensity, which
afford so great an entertainment to the mind
of the beholder. The one may be as polite
and delicate as the other, but can never shew
herself so august and magnificent in the
design. There is something more bold and
mittenly in the rough careless strokes of na-
ture, than in the nice touches and embel-
lishments of art. The beauties of the most
flatly garden or palace lie in a narrow com-
pars, the imagination immediately runs them
over, and requires something else to gratify
her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the
fight wanders up and down without confine-
ment, and is fed with an infinite variety of
images, without any certain stint or num-
ber. For this reason we always find the
poet in love with a country life, where na-
ture appears in the greatest perfection, and
furnihes out all those scenes that are most
apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat: nemus et fugit
urbes. Hor.

Hic fecura quies et necia fallere vita.

Dives opum variarum; hic latis oda fundis,
Speleuncæ, vivique lacus, hic trig. de Tempe,
Mugitufque boun, molleque sub arbore femni.

Virg.

But though there are several of these wild
scenes that are more delightful than any ar-
tificial shows; yet we find the works of na-
ture fill more pleasant, the more they re-
semble those of art: for in this case our
pleasure rises from a double principle; from
the agreeableness of the objects to the eye,
and from their similitude to other objects;
we are pleased as well with comparing their
beauties, as with surveying them, and can
resemble them to our minds either as copies
or originals. Hence it is that we take de-
light in a prospect which is well laid out,
and diversified with fields and meadows,
woods and rivers; in those accidental land-
skips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are
sometimes found in the veins of marble; in
the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos;
and, in a word, in any thing that hath fuch
a variety or regularity as may feem the ef-
fcts of design, in what we call the works of
chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to those of
Nature.

If the products of nature rise in value,
according as they more or less resemble
those of art, we may be sure that artificial
works receive a greater advantage from
their resemblance to such as are natural;
because here the similitude is not only plea-
fant, but the pattern more perfect. The
prettiest landkip I ever saw, was one drawn
on the walls of a dark room, which foid
opposite on one side to a navigable river,
and on the other to a park. The exper-
nient is very common in optics. Here you
might discover the waves and fluctuations
of the water in strong and proper colours, with
the picture of a ship entering at one end,
and falling by degrees through the whole
piece. On another there appeared the green
shadow of trees, waving to and fro with the
wind, the herds of deer among them in mi-
nature, leaping about upon the wall. I
must confefs, the novelty of fuch a sight
may be one occasion of its pleasufabness to
the imagination, but certainly the chief
reason is its near resemblance to nature, as
it does not only, like other pictures, give
the colour and figure, but the motion of the
things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is
generally in nature something more grand
and august, than what we meet with in the
curiousness of art. When, therefore, we fee
this imitated in any measure, it gives us a
nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure
than what we receive from the nicer and
more accurate productions of art. On this
account our English gardens are not so en-
tertaining to the fancy as theo in France
and Italy, where we fee a large extent of
ground covered over with an agreeable
mixture of garden and forest, which repre-
sent every where an artificial rudeness, much
more charming than that neatness and elege-
ce which we meet with in those of our
own country. It might, indeed, be of ill
confequence to the public, as well as unpro-
fitable to private persons, to alienate so
much ground from paiturage and the plow
in many parts of a country that is so wel
people
people, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the owner? A meadow overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landkip of his own poetizations.

§ 105. On the Progress of the Arts.

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting staves at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less; 'till care in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which shew rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor.

§ 106. The Study of Astronomy peculiarly delightful.

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

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

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impicity to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprize!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

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

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

Tatfer.

§ 107. The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star; as in one part of the orbit the rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other utters in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which with the four others, that so wonderfully vary their myrtic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, seas, and skies of their own, are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthy habitations, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The fun which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immovable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their flated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame?" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflammable.

This fun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceptible in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the hoist of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they confit, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what...
what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty are their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

§ 108. The Character of Toby Bumper.

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to ruft at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his belted friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well educated cherish this ill-placed pride, of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of 'the gentleman,' while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens that a person of genius and learning will flock to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house and cyber-cell; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother, and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affection of humour, and, from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character, as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practised, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every unpatriotic accomplishment.

has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the huck-ney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Ely and Cheffi; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himself esteemed as good a hat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's court, or at the meeting of the Sons of sound Sense and Satisfaction. He is also particularly famous for singing thole cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well-known to every street-walker from Cheapside to Charing-cross. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with his trull. The last time I saw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistref, in a night-cellar.


The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once established it as a principle, that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same character. Men of sense condemn these
these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more propriety than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the fruit which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean these qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes. As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the dispositions which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances, whose operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave; their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and unassuming: and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chemists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society: it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essay.

§ 110. Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty.

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

Spectator.

§ 111. Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man.

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

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become very
very ridiculous: but in spite of all the raffery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chaitity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at all, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughnefs, and said, with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction, now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one fo generous, fo honest, and fo noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unfrequently (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) "He knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat," he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! "Behold my master woteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife." The fame argument, which a base mind would have made to it下列 for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and fallhood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled flumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with infenfibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the fobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pret boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraits, which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the stage of Cleomenes, told him, in raffery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan: "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

Guardian.

§ 112. The Characters of Gamesters.

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' nofe,  
As as if he were."

Shakespeare.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glads in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few influences of men of senfe, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to fever's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad
to join with the very scoundrels that de-
stroyed him, and live upon the spoil of
others, whom he can draw into the same
follys that proved fo fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the char-
acter of a sharper; and that he may have
no room to complain of foul play, let us
begin with his excellencies. You will per-
haps be startled, Mr. Town, when I men-
tion the excellencies of a sharper; but a
gamester, who makes a decent figure in the
world, must be endued with many amiable
qualities, which would undoubtedly appear
with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by
the odious character affixed to his trade.
In order to carry on the common busi-
ness of his profession, he must be a man of quick
and lively parts, attended with a focial
calmness of temper, and a constant presence
of mind. He muft smile at the losfs of
thousands; and is not to be discompos'd,
though ruin flares him in the face. As he
is to live among the great, he muft not want
polite news and affability; he muft be sub-
missive, but not servile; he muft be master
of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a
seeming opennefs of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments
of our hero: but left I should be accused
of giving too favourable a likeness of him,
now we have seen his outside, let us take a
view of his heart. There we shall find
avarice the main spring that moves the
whole machine. Every gamester is eaten
up with avarice; and when this passion is
in full force, it is more strongly predomi-
nant than any other. It conquers even lust;
and conquers it more effectually than age.
At fifty we look at a fine woman with
pleasure; but when cards and dice have en-
grossed our attention, women and all their
charms are flighted at five-and-twenty. A
thorough gamester renounces Venus and
Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns
no mistress of his heart except the queen of
trumps. His infaftable avarice can only be
gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those
spacious virtues already mentioned, and
which, if real, might be turned to the be-
 nefit of mankind, must be directed in a
gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively
parts serve only to instruct and affift him in
the most dexterous method of packing the
cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude,
which enables him to lose thousands with-
out emotion, must often be practised against
the flings and reproaches of his confidence,
and his liberal deportment and affected open-
nefs is a spurious veil to recommend and
conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second sur-
vey of his heart; and as we have seen its
vices, let us consider its miseries. The
covetous man, who has not sufficient con-
rage or inclination to encrease his fortune
by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to
heard up thousands by thefts lefs public,
and by cheats lefs liable to uncertainty,
lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror;
but the avaricious fears of the gamester
are infinitely greater. He is constantly to
wear a mask; and like Monfieur St. Croix,
cadufuteur to that famous empoifonnee, Ma-
dame Brinviller, if his mask falls off, he
runs the hazard of being suffocated by the
french of his own poisons. I have seen some
eamples of this fort not many years ago
at White's. I am uncertain whether the
wretches are still alive; but if they are still
alive, they breathe like toads under ground,
crawling amidst old walls, and paths long
fince unfrequented.

But supposing that the Sharper's hypo-
critly remains undetected, in what a state
of mind must that man be, whose fortune
depends upon the infincerity of his heart,
the difingenuity of his behaviour, and the
false bias of his dice! What fentations muft he suppress, when he is obliged to
smile, although he is provoked; when he
must look serene in the height of despair:
and when he muft act the stoic, without
the consolation of one virtuous sentiment,
or one moral principle! How unhappy muft
he be, even in that situation from which he
hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst
flars, garters, and the various herds of no-
bility! Their lordships are not always in
a humour for play: they choose to laugh;
they choose to joke; in the mean while our
hero must patiently await the good hour,
and muft not only join in the laugh, and
applaud the joke, but muft humour every
turn and caprice to which that set of spoilt
children, called bucks of quality, are liable.
Surely his brother Thicket's employment,
of flautering on horseback in the wind and
rain till the Reading coach passes through
Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and
no less honest occupation.

The Sharper has also frequently the mor-
tification of being thwarted in his designs.
Opportunities of fraud will not for ever
present themselves. The false dice cannot
be constantly produced, nor the packed
cards always be placed upon the table. It
is then our gamester is in the greatest dan-
ger.
But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is held, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before fun-rife.

Thee two portraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different like-nesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court drefs of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

$113. The Tatler's Advice to his Sister Jenny; a good Lesson for Young Ladies.

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse of her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord: "My husband," says she, "gives his humble service to you;" to which I only answered, "I hope he is well," and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion." "I did not know," said I, "but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for an old-fashioned fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so; but to speak of one who is so—indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She shewed a little dislike to my raillery, and by her bridling up, I perceived the expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Ditaft, but Mrs. Tranquillus.

I was very well pleased with the change in her humour; and upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband from whom the could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that the entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural flyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion, but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus," says she, "that I can wish for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good husband) the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. "And is there not, dear sister," said I, "more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, assemipples, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you contain?" She answered smiling, "Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eyes, that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer, and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shown me in a starry night." "Jenny, said I, "without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain
plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus;—Endeavour to please, and you must please. Be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it: an inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invincible."

Tatter.

§ 114. 
Curiosity.

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a filter passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are,—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all illusions both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting-out,—without care,—without compas, —be not cast away for ever;—and may he not be faid to escape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of addresse, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be eforted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sip a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an itch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his life.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place,—that company which is really good is very rare —and very shy:—but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courteys strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Con-
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Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some flock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, — the trade drops at once; and this is the reason,—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives, — owing to their pusillanimit,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait,—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 115. Controversy seldom decently conducted.

'Tis no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing their readers, or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences to demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject, have been infected. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed, and real knowledge, instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble reward of literary toil. Brown's Essays.

§ 116. How to please in Conversation.

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be postponed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in an hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondnefs or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the reeds of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or injures gaity.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no flatcd proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debar them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by fallacies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladdness of heart.

For this reason no file of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with flight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasurc up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior company.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

Rambler.

§ 117. The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular
ticular rules for conversation, but rather
draw off such faults in discourse and beha-
viour, as render the company of half man-
kind rather tedious than amusing. It is in
vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where
we might expect to find it in the greatest
perfection, among persons of fashion: there
it is almost annihilated by universal card-
playing; inasmuch that I have heard it
given as a reason, why it is impossible for
our present writers to succeed in the dialogue
of genteel comedy, that our people of quality
scurry ever meet but to game. All their
discourse turns upon the odd trick and the
four honours: and it is no less a maxim with
the votaries of whist than with those of
Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself
as agreeable to society as he can: but it
often happens, that those, who most aim at
shining in conversation, over-footh their
mark. Though a man suceeds, he should
not (as is frequently the case) engross the
whole talk to himself; for that defrays the
very essence of conversation, which is talk-
ing together. We should try to keep up
conversation like a ball banded to and fro
from one to the other, rather than seize it
all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a
foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious
to adapt the matter of our discourse to our
company; and not talk Greek before ladies,
or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of
country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous
air over our whole conversation, than cer-
tain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very
difficultly conquered and discredited.
In order to display these absurdities in a truer
light, it is my present purpose to enumerate
such of them, as are most commonly to be
met with; and first to take notice of those
buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and
Face-makers. These accompany every word
with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they
afflict with a thrug, and contradict with a
twisting of the neck: are angry by a wry
mouth, and pleazed in a caper of a minuet-
step. They may be considered as speaking
harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are
taken from the poteatura-matter. These
should be condemned to converse only in
dumb-show with their own persons in the
looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and
Smilers, who so prettily fix off their faces,
together with their words, by a je-ne-sais-quoi
between a grin and a dimple. With these
we may likewise rank the affected tribe of
Mimics, who are constantly taking off the
peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their
acquaintance: though they are such wretched
imitators, that [like bad painters] they
are frequently forced to write the name
under the picture, before we can discover
any likeness.

Next to those, whose elocution is absorb-
ed in action, and who converse chiefly with
their arms and legs, we may consider the
professed Speakers. And first, the empha-
litical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down
every syllable with excessive vehemence and
energy. These orators are remarkable for
their distinct elocution and force of expres-
sion: they dwell on the important particles
of and the, and the significant conjunctive
and; which they seem to hawk up, with
much difficulty, out of their own throats,
and to cram them, with no less pain, into the
ears of their auditors. These should be
suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears
of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet:
though I must confess, that I am equally
offended with the Whisperers or Low
Speakers, who seem to fancy all their ac-
quaintance deaf, and come up to close to
you, that they may be said to measure noes
with you, and frequently overcome you with
the full exhalations of a flinking breath. I
would have these oracular gentry obliged to
talk at a distance through a speaking-trum-
pet, or apply their lips to the walls of a
whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will
not confide to utter any thing but a bon
mot, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers,
who never articulate at all, may be joined
very agreeably together in concert; and to
these twirling cymbals I would also add the
founding brails, the Bowler, who enquires
after your health with the bellowing of a
town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admi-
rably adapted to the soft parts of con-
versation," and sweetly "prattling out of
fashion," make very pretty music from a
beautiful face and a female tongue; but from
a rough manly voice and coarse features,
mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a
jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I
have spoken of in a former paper: but the
Half-swearers, who split, and mine, and
fritter their oaths into god's bad, od's sf, and
demme; the Gothic humbuggers, and those
who "nick-name God's creatures,"
and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer
cub, an odd sf, and an unaccountable
muflin, should never come into company
without an interpreter. But I will not tire
my reader's patience by pointing out all the
pecc
pasts of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wondercrs, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraezologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars with this and that and 'tother; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora, for an Italian air; that the boars of Welfphilia gruntle as expreffively through the nofe as the inhabitants in Higlth-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider thofe, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunlers and growlers may be juftly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually fhew their teeth, but never bite; and the fpitfire, passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are ferech-owls; and ftry-tellers, always repeating the fame dull note, are euckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than afles: Critics in general are venomous ferpents, that delight in hifling; and fome of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies. Connoiflfer.

§ 118. A Citizen's Country House described.

Sir,

I remember to have seen a little French novel giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himfelf about to undertake a long voyage to fome strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the moft diftant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is fet on shore, he is amazed to fee the people fpeak the fame language, wear the fame drefs, and ufe the fame customs with himfelf. He, who had spent all his life within the fight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much furprized, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amufements of Sunday, you have fet forth in what manner our citizens pafs that day, which moft of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your deplorations of thofe elegant rural mansions, which at once fhew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went laft Sunday, in compliance with a mott press'ng invitation from a friend, to fpend the whole day with him at one of thofe little fears, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from buftines. It is pleasantly ifuated about three miles from London, on the fide of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, confifting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. From the lower part of the house there is no pro- fpect; but from the garrets, indeed, one may fee two men hanging in chains on Kennington-common, with a diftant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of fmoke. I fet out in the morning with my friend's book keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the house, I found my friend in a black velvet cap fitting at the door smoking; he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me obferve the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in fuch a dilability.
The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: close by the parlour door there hung a pair of flag's horns: over which there was laid across a red roccello, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand fluck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with this superscription: 'To Mr. —, common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without.' My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smoking to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he has pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he made me take notice of a little square building surrounded with fillery, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if our taste for building encreases with our opulence, for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were Patricians of great rank and fortune; there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinesse-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler, or a Roman pastry-cook? Or could any of their shoe-makers or tailors boast a villa with his tin cafedes, paper statues, and Gothic root-houses? Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheefe-monger's apiarium at Brentford, a poultierer's theriostrophum at Chiswick, and an ornithon in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.


doubt of the excellence of their villas. But

§ 119. Humorous Scene between Dennis the Critic (satirically represented by Swift as mad) and the Doctor.

Scene Dennis's Garret.

Dennis, Doctor, Nurse, Lintot the Book-seller, and another Author.

Dennis. [Looking twice, and bringing out his Words slowly and formally.]

Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as it did with your predecessor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for, in this very manner, to cure the philosopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wisdom of the person whom he had suppos'd a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights wrapped up in criticism, and bestowed all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! that's a distemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir! a distemper! it is no distemper; but a noble art. I have fat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor, and don't know that there's a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper.

What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato *.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness. Alas! poor master will have his fits again.

[Almof crying.]

* He published Remarks on Cato, in the year 1722.
Linton. Fits! with a box! a man may well have fits and swelled legs, that fits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Doctor. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this niggary bookfeller has advertised the book as it should have been.

Linton. Not advertise it, quoth a! box! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertising. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Chriftendom.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir, I am afraid they are the fuel that feeds his delirium. Mention books no more. —I desire a word in private with this gentleman.—I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the paffage in Celfius, which says, "If the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night." Let fumigation be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted fermentation by heliobore.

Gent. Sir, you mistake the matter quite.

Doctor. What! an apothecary tell a physician he mistakes! you pretend to difpute my prescription! Pharmacopoea com- ponat, Medicus plus preterbat, Fumi-gate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death, Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman profefles, like myfelf, the two nobleft sciences in the univerfe, criticism and poetry. By the immortals, he himfelf is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, and affifted me in my description of the furious and infernal regions in my Appius.

Linton. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these twenty years, to his bookfeller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? shall poetry fall to the ground! mutt our reputation in foreign countries be quite loft? O deftruction! perdition! curfed opera! confounded opera*! as poetry once railed critics, fo, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be ftrait-waitcoated, that he may do no mischief.

Dennis. O I am fick! I am fick to death!

Doctor. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be fick to death (fays the modern theory) is Symptoma praecarum. When a patient is fensible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you fick?

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am fick of the fentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas! for the loft drama! the drama is no more!

Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Linton has drank the left of the noggin.

Dennis. O scandalous want! O shameful omission! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a peripatetia! no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneafy about change. Give me the fixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-shop next door.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increafes. We must call for help. Mr. Linton, a——hold him, pray. [Doctor gets behind Linton.]

Linton. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I with [scratching his head] he had been beh-t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

Doctor. He muft use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms feem derperate. Avicen fays, "If learning being mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhausted." We muft endeavour to eradicate thefe indigefted ideas out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent know ledge of himfelf.

Dennis. Caffitea, fland off! unhand me, miscreants! [The Doctor, the Nurse, and Linton, ran out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret-stairs al together.] Is the man, whole labours are calculated to bring the town to reafon, mad? Is the man, who fettes poetry on the basis of anti quity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Aritotile in my left! [Calls after

* He wrote a treatife to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian opera.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

The Doctor, the Bookseller, and the Nurse, from the top of the stairs.] I am the only man among the moderns, that supports the venerable ancients. And am I to be affaillated? Shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support? [Enters his garret, and shuts the door.]

§ 120. The two Bees.

On a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wife and temperate, the other carelefs and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revolving in sweets, without regard to anything but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready temper'd, and exposed to their taste in the moist altering manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enchafed in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitably destruction.

§ 121. Pleasant Scene of Anger, and the Disappointment of it.

There came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is flow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the seller to him—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can't thou be so senfible, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library, as in your shop? Yes, Sir; but it is you have loft the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this cafe, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the difficulties of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself.

§ 122. Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.

A good sherris-fack hath a two-fold operation in it—It ascends me into the brain: dries me, there, all the foolish, dull, and crusty vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.

—The second property of your excellent sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, mutter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris.
§ 124. Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honour.

Owe Heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Dost he feel it? no. Dost he hear it? no. Is it inenfible then? yea to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it; therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere 'scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. Shakespeare.

§ 125. The perfect Speaker.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. —How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject! —Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded, by the admiration of his talents. —With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! —To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. —Not a faculty that he possessed, is here unemployed: not a faculty that he possessed, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work: all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul. —Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass —the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. —the universal cry is — Let us march against Philip.
—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

§ 126. Distempers of the Mind cured.

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever succefs the faculty may meet with in bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Befkin, tailor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous difcomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the skin and nostrils of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Puff was of fo choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now fo good-humoured, that he will take the grosseft affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodift preacher, was of extravagent zealously and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any fancies of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low-spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a weftlerly point; and at present, whichever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq; was so strongly posleffed by the spirit of witicism, that he would not confecnd to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been fo deplorably dull, that he has often been filent a whole week together. I took him into my own house; instead of laughing at his jefts, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never fays a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunfiable larks; and could fend you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c. Bornei Thornton.


Sir,

That a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing; or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am fo unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus’s Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wafts a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the backs of them; and a few days since affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Mansion-Houfe.

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houfees, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile
mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head or his lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was a spirit of health, or a goblin "damn'd?" I told him he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, assured me that Mr. Twifter himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items:

"To all true Lovers of Fun and Jocularity.

"Mr. Twifter will this evening take off
"a cat, worried by two bull-dogs; ditto,
"making love in a gutter; the knife-
"grinder and his wheel; High-Dutch
"squabble; and a hog in a slaughter-
"house."

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this signal he meant to ask me, if I chose a what? I gave my consent by a bulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much ashamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material, from among them:

On one of the sconces by the chimney, a smart grizzle bob-wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted.

On the opposite scone, a scratch.

On the window-seat, a Nankin waistcoat, bound with silver twist, without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much frayed.

Item, A pair of buck-skin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart-bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a plying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lamelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a flower.

In the corner, a walking-staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. Twifter; another of four lines, which he calls a diffich; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finisht, entitled, An Extempore Epigram.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devife, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him; when, on a sudden, a sound like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and, to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal: I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him haughtily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence; and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately
diately resolved to fend you an account of his abfurdis; and shall take this oppor-
tunity to inform him, that as he is bleft with such a variety of useful talents, and fo com-
pletely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any affittance in his buifiness. I am, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 128. A Citizen's Family getting out for Brighthelmftone.

Sir,

That there are many diforders peculiar to the preffent age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will (I believe) be agreed by all physicians, especially as they find an increafe of their fees from them. For inftance, in the language of the adver-
tifement, "Never were nervous diforders "more frequent:" we can hardly meet with a lady who is not ne-a-ar-rous to the laft degree, though our mothers and grand-
mother's fcarecely ever heard the word Nerves: the gentlemen too are affected in the fame manner; and even in the country, this dif-
order has spread like the small-pox, and in-
fected whole villages. I have known a farmer tos off a glafs of brandy in a morn-
ing to prevent his hand shaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourse to the fame cordial with her tea, because it other-
wife would make her low-spirited. But there is an epidemical diforder (that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name) which feizes whole families here in town at this feafon of the year. As I cannot define it, I fhall not pretend to defcribe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the fame remedy is thought neceffary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but fpending the fummer months in fome dirty fishing-town by the sea-fhore; and the water is judged to be most efficacious, where there is the greateft retort of afflicted perffons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about buifiness, when I was furprized to fee a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and book-
keeper were loading with trunks, portman-
teaus, bailets, and band-boxes. The front-
glafs was fcreened by two round paper hat-
cafes hung up before it; againft one door was placed a guitar-cafe; and a red fettin
cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned againft the other; while the extremi-
ties of an enormous hoop-petticoat refted
upon each window. These preparations were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was drefs'd in a jofeph of scarlet duffil, buttoned down from the breast to the feet, with a black flk
bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little mifs (about fifteen years of age) had a blue camblet jacket, cafeed and lapelled with pink fattin, with a nar-
row edging of filver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outside with white fhag, and cocked behind, with aifterbutton and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentle-
man had very little particular in his drefs, as he wore his ufual pampadour-coloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a fcarlet cloth wafflecoat, with a broad tarnifhed gold lace, which was made when he was chosen of the common council. Upon my entrance, I naturally asked them if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the fame time affuring me, that she was forry to take Mr. —— from his buifiness, but she was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health!" fays the old gentle-
man, "I don't underftand your whim-
whans, not I: here has it coft me the "lord knows what in doctors stuff already, "without your being a pin the better for "it; and now you must lug me and all the "family to Brighthelmstone." "Why, "my dear," faid the lady, "you know "Dr. —— tells me, there is nothing "will do my fpirits fo much good as bath-
ing in the sea." "The sea!" faid the old gentleman; "why then could you "have taken lodgings at Gravefend, where "I might have eafily come in the evening, "and gone back time enough for 'Change "in the morning?" The good lady told him that he had no taffe, that people of the belt fashion went to Brighthelmstone, and that it was high time their girl fhould fee a little of the world. To this misf affected, by declaring, that indeed he had been no where but to the play, and the cattle-con-
cert, fince he had left the boarding-school. Both the females then asked me an hundred
questions, fuch as, whether the sea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames,—tilf the maid gave them no-
tice that every thing was put up. Accord-
ingly, I faw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, she declared, should go every morning into the sea, as she had been told it was good for the mange.

I can-
I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Gravelend would answer all the common purposes of a jaunt to Bright-helmstone; for, though one pretence for visiting these places is, going into the country, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the same as here, and their amusements not very different. They suffer themselves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half so good a prospect, or so good an air, as in the high road at Islington or Knightsbridge. Their mornings are draughted away, with perhaps a flunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen hoys, and as many fishing-smacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-houfe, or the bookeller’s, they would be at a loss how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no lefs heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the assembly-room; where, instead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they choose to shelter in a crowd, and be almost suffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreshing summer diversion of jigging it to the delightful music of country scarrers,—to say nothing of the calmer and lefs fudorific exercife of the card-table. But what is most ridiculous, is the attention paid to drefs in thefe public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Kanelagh: consequently, as soon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thrust into your hands, acquainting you, that there is such an one, a milliner, and such an one, an hair-drefler, from London.

I am a sincere well wisher to your paper, &c.

Anthony Freshwater.

B. Thornton.

§ 129. Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pafs over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of fene and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his “Dear Sir,” though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with “Dear Sir,” and ends with, “I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant.” You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a “Yes,” or a “True, Sir,” or “You observe very right, Sir,” for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, love to hear themselves talk, makes him pafs for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of affenting to everything advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, affent with “What you say is very just,” to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, left he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little matter and mis, when they appear after dinner, and is very affiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose.
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purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with "How do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vall pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means he knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play; you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of fenfe and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at mealtimes, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with matters of arts; and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what paifed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise intitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attorneys supply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his flow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of fenfe, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paife: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardnes, the essentiel property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly
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certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 130. Character of a mighty good sort of Woman.

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, the detests scandal from her heart: yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever pitying one perfon, and forry for another. She is a great dealer in buts, and ifs, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a may be, and I'll say no more, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal blemish of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families; and the extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to fide with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discriminating eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be droll, and entertain him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disfigure them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a fly finner; and she frequently tells the girl, "This time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are flirts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his rooting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at daylight in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c.; and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever the fees, or rather imagines, this to be practiced. She has caulked many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for dressing at the men, as the calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sifters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any comers after them, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion: she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitefield, or the
the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their
mouths: and they look upon the whole
bench of bishops to be very Jews in compa-
rison of these saints. The mighty good fort
of woman is also very charitable in outward
appearance; for, though she would not re-
love a family in the utmost disfests, she
deals out her halfpence to every common
beggar, particularly at the church door;
and she is eternally soliciting other people
to contribute to this or that public charity,
though she herself will not give six pence
to any one of them. An universal benevolence
is another characteristic of a mighty good
fort of woman, which renders her (asinfrage
as it may seem) of a most unforgiving tem-
per. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any
ill-will; but if a tradesman has disoblige
her, the honestest man in all the world be-
comes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot
reif till she has persuaded all her acquain-
tance to turn him off as well as herself. Every
one is with her "The best creature in the
universe," while they are intimate; but
upon any slight difference——"Oh——she
was vastly mistaken in the persons; she
thought them good fort of bodies——
but——she has done with them; other
people will find them out as well as her-
selp:——that's all the harm she thefes
them."——

As the mighty good fort of women differ
from each other, according to their age
and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point
out their several marks, by which we may
distinguish them. And first, for the most
common character:—If she happens to be
of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may
find her out by her prim look, her formal
gesture, and the fee-faw motion of her head
in conversation. Though a most rigid Pro-
testant, her religion favours very much of
the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost
every one must be damned except herself.
But the leaven that runs mostly through her
whole composition, is a detestation of that
odious creature, man, whom the affects to
loath as much as some people do a rat or a
toad; and this affection the cloaths under a
pretence of a love of God, at a time of life
when it must be suppos'd, that she can love
nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If
the mighty good fort of body is young and
unmarried, besides the usual tokens, you
may know her by her quarrelling with her
brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her
father, and over-ruling her mother, though
it is ten to one she is the favourite of both.
All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty
different kind of body; and as the affects an
indifference for the men, though not a total
antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls,
her sisters, are not married before her,
which she would look upon as the greatest
mortification that could happen to her.
Among the mighty good fort of women in
wedlock, we must not reckon the tame do-
metic animal, who thinks it her duty to
take care of her house, and be obliging to
her husband. On the contrary, she is neg-
ligent of her home-affairs, and studies to
recommend herself more abroad than in her
own house. If she pays a regular round of
visits, if she behaves decently at the card-
table, if she is ready to come into any party
of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her
husband, and puts her children out to nurse,
she is not a good wife, or a good mother,
perhaps; but she is——a mighty good fort
of woman.

As I dispoef of the mighty good kind
of man in marriage, it may be expected,
that I should find out a proper match also
for the mighty good fort of woman. To
tell you my opinion then—if the is old,
I would give her to a young rake, being the
character she loves best at her heart:—or,
if she is mighty young, mighty handsome,
mighty rich, as well as a mighty good fort
of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am
unfortunately a batchelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 131. On the affected Strangeness of some
Men of Quality.

Sir,

As you are a mighty good kind of man,
and seem willing to set your preys to any
subject whereby the vices or follies of your
countrymen may be corrected or amended,
I beg leave to offer you the following re-
marks on the extraordinary, yet common,
behaviour of some part of our nobility to-
wards their sometimes intimate, though in-
ferior acquaintance.

It is no less common than extraordinary,
to meet a nobleman in London, who stares
you full in the face, and seems quite a
stranger to it; with whom you have spent
the preceding summer at Harwich or
Brighthelmstone; with whom you have
often dined; who has often fangled you out,
and taken you under his arm to accompany
him with a tête à tête walk; who has accosted
you, all the summer, by your surname, but,
in the winter, does not remember either
your name, or any feature in your face.

I shall not attempt to describe the pain
fuch right honourable behaviour, at first
meeting, gives to a man of sensibility and
sentiment,
sentiment, nor the contempt he must conceive for such ennobled beings. Another class of these right honourable intimates are indeed so far condescending, as to submit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the street; or even in the Park, if it be at a distance from any real good company. Their porters will even let you into their houses, if my lord has no company; and they themselves will receive you very civilly, but will shun you a few hours after, at court, as a pick-pocket (though you be a man of good sense, good family, and good character) for having no other blemish than that your modesty or diffidence perhaps has occasioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many instances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little invention, who has been a quality broker, has often experienced; but I shall waive that, and conclude by shewing you, how certainly to avoid such contempt, and even decy his lordship out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you had you continued in his.

The method is this: suppose we see my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough garden-walk; instead of meeting him, approach so near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye (for they are all very near-sighted) that he sees you, and that he is certain you see and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other side of the Mall, and, my life for it, his lordship either trots over to you, or calls you, by your surname, to him. His pride is alarmed; he cannot conceive the reason, why one, he has all along considered would be proud of the least mark of his countenance, should avoid taking an even chance for so great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be understood, that his lordship is not much offended at you, though he makes you a visit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, left you should him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with success, if any success it is to be so noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do assure you, I had once the honour of being sometimes known to, and by, several lords, and lost all their friendship, because I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loss I do not at all find myself the worse.

I am your humble servant,

B. Thornton.

§ 132. On the Arrogance of younger Brothers of Quality.

Sir,

Though it is commonly said, that pride and contempt for inferiors are strongly implanted in the breasts of our nobility, it must be allowed, that their politeness and good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well say,

He that has pride, not shewing that he's proud,

Let me not know it, he's not proud at all,

one may also affirm, with truth, of the British nobility, that he who has no pride at all cannot shew less than they do. They treat the meanest subject with the greatest affability, and take pains to make every person they converse with forget the distance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the same education, and the same examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to see in them the same affable behaviour, the same politeness. But, strange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally see proud, insolent, and overbearing, as if he possessed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the estates in some boroughs, always descended to the younger brother. I have known one of these young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, because he would not disgrace himself with a plebeian alliance; and rather choose to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was regarded of his birth, as to desire my lord his father to send him to a merchant's counting-house for his education; but, though he has now one of the best houses of business of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's estate, his brothers and sisters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not scruple to deny his being their brother, at the expense of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raises my mirth to hear with what contempt these younger brothers of quality speak of persons in the three learned professions, even those at the top of each. The bench of bishops are never distinguished by them with any higher appellation, than—those Parsons: and when they speak of the
the judges, and those who hold the first places in the courts of justice, to a gentleman at the bar, they say—your lawyers: and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Akkew, are, in their genteel dialect, called —these physical people. Trade is such a disgrace, that there is no difference with them between the highest and lowest that are concerned in it; they rank the greatest merchants among common tradesmen, as they can see no difference between a counting-house and a chandler's shop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen a more genteel means of subsistence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatsoever, except the army or the navy; as if nobody was deserving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but persons of the first rank and distinction.

As I live so far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-row, I undergo much decent railly on that account, whenever I have the honour of a visit from one of these younger brothers of quality; he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liversies: he praises the furniture of my house, and allows my equipage to be handsome; but declares he discovers more of expense than taste in either: he can discover that Hallet is not my upholterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in short, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banqueting-house at Whitehall with the Mansion-house for elegance, as to look for: that in Bedford-row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is so cloyed with made dines, that a plain joint is a rarity: my claret too, though it comes from Meff. Brown and Whitefoord, and no otherwise differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is put by for my port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and she is further mortified with seeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damask chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raising his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of fashion, he is his most obedient humble servant, without bending his body, or looking to see who does him this honour. If any person, even under the degree of a knight, speaks to him, he will condescend to say Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to say the one when he should say the other. If I presume to talk about any change in the ministry before him, he discovers great surprise at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, should differ so much from the people about Grosvenor-square. We are absolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the same specie; and I find, it is as much impossible for us to know what passés at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the person obliged; while his lordship's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The insolence which is so much complained of among noblemen's servants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idlenes, high-living, and a consciousnes of the dignity of the noble person they serve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no less dependent in the family than themselves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother must for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to solve this phenomenon to myself, ever since the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to settle in town, about five-and-twenty years ago, I was strongly recommended to a noble peer, who promised to assist me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordship, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil person, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he said I might leave it; and immediately snatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great surprise, a somewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I saw a gentleman in an arm'd chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himself, especially as he did not rise from his chair, or so much as offer to look towards me, on my entering, I immediately addressed myself to him with—"My lord"—but was instantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dressing; he read on, and left me to contemplate the situation I was in; that if I had been treated with so much
much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what must I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and, taking me cordially by the hand, said, he was heartily glad to see me. I was greatly distressed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordship who was so affable and courteous, and I could not suppose it was any body who meant to insult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and saying, "He was very happy that he was in power to comply with the contents of it," at the same time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman was happy to know. This younger brother arose from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, said, "He should be proud of so valuable an acquaintance;" and, resuming his seat, proceeded to finish his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to observe the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance a few minutes before professed himself so proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been said, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of distinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 133. Persons of Quality proved to be Traders.

I always reflect with pleasure, that strong as the fondness of imitating the French has been among people of fashion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boast of but his high birth, would scorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father should be as rich as the Duft of the East Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodness of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but send their younger sons to a merchant's counting-house for education. But, I confess, I never considered, till very lately, how far they have, from time to time departed from this French folly in their esteem for trade; and I find, that the greatest part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even shopkeepers.

In the first place, we may consider many of our nobility in the same light as Beaver or Henfon, or any other keepers of repositories. The breeding of running-horses is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely persons of the first fashion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then selling the horse for a prodigious sum. What advantages must accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treasure have they if they are possessed of the stallion in fashion! I can therefore see no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkshire dealer whatsoever: and if his lordship is not always so successful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not because he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horse-fleth. If a duke rides his own horses on the course, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the same thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a stallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the parish.

We know of many persons of quality whose passion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no trusting to servants in that business; that he should make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himself; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himself; and for that purpose (strange as it may seem) he lies in a little room close by them every night. I cannot but admire this industry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their business for the charms of a kept mistress. But it must be allowed, that these dealers in live fowl are to be considered as poulterers, as well as those who sell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by selling their venison to pastry-cooks and fishmongers.

What shall we say of those who send venison, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fishmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fish in winter, when they are in town?—Though these sportsmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing less than higlers and bucklers, dealers and chapmen, in the proper sense of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a false, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.
I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and are properly called merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing busineses: what immense sums are received by those electioneering merchants, whose fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a seat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has nursing the estates of extravagant persons of distinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his shewing himself a true friend, but from the weight and interest he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets? And, perhaps, one should not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot, at this last place, infure your house from fire, or a ship from the danger of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwrite on lives, and infure your own against that of your mother or grandmother for any sum whatsoever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and, indeed, the end of infuring is left answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy, where the person to be infured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who infure-by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to infure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by buffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon sells his own body to a surgeon to be anatomised.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has earrings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lose. The markets, in which the multiplicity of businesses of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routes, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county. Where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, they must be broken merchants; and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who takes her virtue for gold, should take the house of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But it is with pleasure I see our merchants of quality neglecting several branches of trade that have been carried on with success, and in which great fortunes have been railed in former times by some of their ancestors. What immense sums have, we know, been got by some great men in the smuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the sale of commissions in the army and navy; by procuring places and pensions; and vast sums received for quartering a lord's fitter, nephew, or natural son on any one who holds a profitable post under the government. Smuggling, fatigue, should be left to our good friends on the shores of Kent and Suffolk; and I think, he who sells commissions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, should suffer like a defector, or be keel-hauled to death under a first-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkish vizier, levies contributions on those who hold ports and places under his master, should, like him, be squeezed in his turn, till the sponge is dry, and then bow-stringed for the good of the people.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

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§ 134. On Pedantry.

Sir, To display the least symptom of learning, or to seem to know more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very found of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of mulinity, that can only be contracted in a recital and a studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaring upon it, without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were ever sent forth from a college.

I know a woman of fashion, who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes, from morning to noon, that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night, that it spits, that it mifies, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as infipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman, of my acquaintance, is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him, and if he should be deaf during the sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as most dangerous character of this sort, that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a ftripling, who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young per-
dant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in Quart and Thrice; if you meet him in the street, he Dalton you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monfrous lounge against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, infils upon teaching you his murthering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you flapp'd your point, or dropp'd your wriff, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the orchestra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge, but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and frounces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a newspaper, are nuisances too extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our cenure more than the meret book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study, and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with everywhere, they have nothing to do, but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation. I am, Sir, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 135. A Sunday in the Country.

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is so short, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to lose any of that precious time, every moment of which should be employed in such gratifications as are suitable to our stations and dispositions. For this reason, we cannot but lament, that the year should be curtailed of almost a seventh part, and that, out of three hundred and sixty-five days, fifty-two of them should be allotted, with respect to many per-
fons, to dullness and impudence. You will easily conceive that, by what I have said, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whose impertinent intrusion puts a check on our amusements, and casts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Persons, indeed, of high fashion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and would no more be restrained from their pleasures on this day, than they would keep fast on a fast-day; but others, who have the same taste and spirit, though less fortunes, are constrained, in order to save appearances, to debar themselves of every amusement, except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar.

The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy day into a day of extraordinary festivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, because he has nothing else to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets leave from his counter, to which he had been fastened all the rest of the week, like a bad shilling, and riots in the luxuries of Idlington or Mile-end. But what shall be said of those, who have no business to follow, but the bent of their inclinations? on whose hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amusements and diversions. How can a woman of any spirit pass her time on this dismal day, when the play-houses, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are shut, and no places of public meeting are open, but the churches? I talk not of those in higher life, who are so much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its censures; I mean those who are confined in a narrower sphere, so as to be obliged to pay some regard to reputation. But if people in town have reason to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleasures, how unhappy must they be, who are immured in the old manor-house in the country, and cloistered up (as it were) in a nunnery? This is my hard case; my aunt, who is a woman of the last age, took me down with her this summer to her house in Northamptonshire; nor shall I be released from my prison, till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me, as the act of grace to an insolvent debtor.

My time, however, is spent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, see a good deal of company, pay a good many visits, and near enough to Aitrop- Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfastings, and to dance at the assemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-fashioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing so much as the coming round of Sunday, which is sure to prove, to me at least, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family coach, to the parish-church, not a tone's throw off the house, for grandeur-fake; and, though I dress me ever so gay, the igno- rant bumpkins take no more notice of me, than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to the chin. At dinner we never see a creature but the parson, who never fails coming for his customary fee of roast-beef and plum-pudding; in the afternoon the same dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal, who is to be executed the next morning. When I first came down, I proposed playing a game at whits, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent music; and therefore, one morning, while she was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guitar, the sound of which quickly brought her down stairs, and she vowed she would break it all to pieces, if I was so wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromise the matter with her, by playing nothing but psalm-tunes to please her. I hate reading any thing, but especially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ my- self, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelfon on the Feasts and Fasts, or a chapter in the Bible. You must know, that the day I write this is Sunday; and it happens to be so very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture her self in the damp church, for fear of encreasing her rheumatism; she has therefore put on her spectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herself to the servants. I excused myself from being present, by pret- ending an head-ach, and filed into my clo- set, in order to divert myself in writing to you. How I shall be able to go through the rest of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not suffer us to sit out, and we shall sit mooping and yawning at one an- other, and looking stupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. It is said, that the gloomy weather in

Novem-
November induces Englishmen commonly to make away with themselves; and, indeed, considering the weather, and all together, I believe I shall be tempted to drown myself at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myself up in my own garters.

I am your very humble servant,

Dorothy Thursday.

B. Toornton.


Sir,

Aug. 9, 1761.

The weather here in England is as unsettled and variable as the temper of the people: nor can you judge, from the appearance of the sky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will pour in a crown, or clear up in a smile. An unexpected shower has obliged me to turn into the first inn; and I think I may even as well pass my time in writing for your paper, especially as I have nothing else to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the Dear Misse and Charming Misse on the window-panes.

As I had the honour to pay my shilling at the ordinary in this town, with some of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to send you a few thoughts on that subject. With respect to the common men, it will be sufficient to observe, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can possibly exceed them. Their proofs in marauding is unquestionable; as they are sure to take prisoners, whatever stragglers they meet with on their march, such as gypsies, turkeys, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect desert of a farmer's yard. By the bye, it is possible on this account, that a turkey bears a great antipathy to the colour of red. These fellows are, indeed, so intrepid, that they will attack any convoy of provisions that falls in their way; and my landlord affords me, that as soon as they come into a town, they immediately lay close siege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by storm, and never give any quarter; as also, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I should have met with my old university acquaintance, Jack Five Bar in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at least two hundred miles aunder. Indeed I did not know him at his first accosting me, as he approached slowly to me, with a quaintly familiar air, and a sliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a grey-hound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bairn, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whispering my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How doft do? —I am "glad to see thee"— and an hearty Damne at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a militia captain, is become a fine gentleman; so fine a one indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me, if I had not, as well as himself, forgot all my Greek.

It is true, that my friend Jack (I beg his honour's pardon, I should say captain) has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and polished into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which some of his brother officers were composed. Yet these, I found, had in some measure call their shough, and put on the martial gentility with the dres; such are the surprising effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for instance, every private man in his majesty's foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-soldier.

To the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficient in them as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country, in the times of peace. First then, with respect to dres and politeness of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword, have metamorphosed our plain country l'quires into as arrant beaus as any on the parade. The short jerkin, striped waistcoat, leather-breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cut off for sirk-frockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted sword, with a flaming sword-knot. They have reconciled themselves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With these accomplishments, our bunksins have been enabled to shine at country assemblies; though it must be confessed, that these grown gentlemen stand somewhat in need of Mr. Duke's instructions. Some of them have also carried their politeness so far as to decide...
decide a point of honour with their swords; and at the last town I passed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the Surgeon of the place, when the former being prick'd in the sword-arm, his antagonist directly pulled out his false-box, and kindly drest the wound upon the field of battle.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is, cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I affure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may swear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or puff with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I suppose, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances: for, after they have intrepidly dam'd one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, souls, and even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplains; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder; some besiege by secret sap and undermining, and some they take by assault. It has been frequently a practice in the most civilized armies, whenever they storm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to ravish the women; and it is from this example, I suppose, that our officers think it an indispensible branch of their duty, to debauch the wives and misters of the inhabitants, wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are dextrous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention, as highly necessary in an officer, is the spirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly poisoned of this spirit in some degree before, and would back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a peaceful summer's campaign, than if their estates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader: and what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing serious, contrary to my usual humour. I have ordered my horses out—and have some miles to ride—so no more at present from

Your constant correspondent, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 137. On going to Bath, Tunbridge, and other Watering-places, in the Summer.

Nunc est bibendum. Sadler's-Wells.

It has long been a doubt with me, whether his majesty loses more subjects in the year by water or byspirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myself, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. &c. do less harm to the constitutions of my fellow-creatures, than brandy, gin, or even British spirits. I own, nothing gives me more surmise in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their almost unanimously concurring in ducking their patients in the sea, or drenching them with salt, steel, or sulphureous water, be their dilater what it may. If a man has a dropsey, they will not hesitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not scruple to give the strongest cordials sometimes in the most violent fever.

Though the faculty seem to agree, one and all, that every patient should visit some water ing-place or other in the summer, I do not find they are settled in their opinions, what particular waters suit particular dis orders. I have visited them all for my amusement; and upon conversing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great surmise, in Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, and Brightlismone, many persons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the same effects could be produced by salt, steel, and sulphure, nay, a gen-
a gentleman of my acquaintance was sent, by different physicians, to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his case. I verily believe, if a man would consult every physician in the kingdom, he would visit every sink in the whole island; for there is not a hole or bottom, in any county, that has not its salutary spring; and every spring has its physician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that those waters are superior to any other, and that any patient, in any disorder whatever, may be sure of relief. In short, we seem to have a second deluge, not by the wickedness, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much pains to perish in it, as Noah and his family did to escape it.

The present thirst after this element, which the physicians have created, makes it necessary for them to send their patients to some waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumstances: sometimes the patient is sent where the best advice and assistance may be had, in case the distemper should increase; sometimes where the physician of the place is a cousin or a pupil of the physician in town; sometimes where the doctor has an estate in the neighbourhood; and I have more than once known a patient sent to a place, for no other reason, but because the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot easily suggest to myself any reason, why physicians in London are fond of sending their patients to waters at the greatest distance, whilst the country practitioners generally recommend the springs in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many persons, that some of the faculty in London divide the fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think that, as they are conscious the waters are out of the cafe, they hope the exercise and change of air in a long journey will lay the ground-work of that cure, which the temperance and dilution prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform: on this account, they define sending their patients to Sadlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-Wells, Bag-nigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Iffington-Spa, which are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and spas in their neighbourhood.

Another circumstance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any spa do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatsoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the springs and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have seen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, athsmas, gouts, &c. as much as the visitors of the place; and if it is said, that many who come to Bath on crutches, go away without them, I have seen, more than once, those very crutches supporting some miserable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at these public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exercise, and temperance prescribed by the doctor, will appear from the following story.

An honest country baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day-time, and a very constant attendance at the Three Horse-shoes at night, contrived a distemper that is belived understood by the names of the Hip or the Horrors, was so very miserable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a physician in the neighbourhood for advice; the doctor (I suppose a quack, by the low fee which he demanded) told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions: but he expected, in the mean time, a new quarter loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quarter, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the use of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf, covered with gold-leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine and follow the same directions, whenever his relapsing into his former course of life should...
should bring on the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

I should however want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very lafting obligation. I lie under to Tunbridge waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that the very good effate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was advised to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for so long a time; but such has been our amazing success, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

E. Thornton.

§ 138. The faint-hearted Lover.

Sir,

I do not doubt, but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as, without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. Faint-heart described in the proverb, who never saw fair lady: for though I have paid my addresses to several of the fex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be questioned, whether I was in earnest. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady, who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection, as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger, it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship, I never offered to falute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and a twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dares at another time, to take her round the wait; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I also once pluck'd up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she refi'd my attack, by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side; but she walks away from me, as though I had some catching diftemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design, by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me, by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the fame side, but I must be seated on the furthermost corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at a distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept at under the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spit over her, than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens as much as if I had let drop a loofe or inde- licate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence, to think that she could truf't herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my presence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lafting obligation conferred on your very humble servant.

Timothy Mildman.

B. Thornton.

§ 139. A circumstantial Detail of every Particular that passed at the Coronation.

[In a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you so soon, especially as the weather has since proved so fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honestly confess, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have seen it, I declare I would not have miffed
missed the sight upon any consideration. The friendship of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the procession out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of flairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance. I wish you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a sight, which probably very few that were present will ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumstances are fresh in my memory, though my description must fall very short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses, in all the streets that could command the leaf point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them (many being richly dressed) you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the grand festival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a shelving roof, which was covered with a kind of fail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top and stripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you, that a rank of foot-soldiers was placed on each side within the platform; and it was not a little surprising to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the secret that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed, at proper distances, several parties of horse-guards, whose horses, indeed, somewhat incommode the people, that press so incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any great mischief being done. I must confess, it gave me much pain to see the soldiers, both horse and foot,
vourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this latter procession from the Abbey, when the bishop of Rochester (that is the dean.) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, viz. St. Edward's crown, refted on a cushion of gold cloth, the orb with the cros, a sceptre with the dove on the top, another tip with a cros, and what they call St. Edward's staff. The queen's regalia were brought at the same time, viz. her crown, upon a cushion, a sceptre with a cros, and a rod of ivory, with a dove. These were severally laid before their majesties and afterwards delivered to the respective officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Considering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there should be much confusion in marshallng the ranks. At last, however, every thing was regularly adjusted, and the procession began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform, leading to the west door of the Abbey, was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there seemed to me a defect in not covering the upright polls that supported the awning, as it is called (for they looked mean and naked) with that or some other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I shall very briefly mention the minute particulars of the procession, and only observe that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to see the procession pass along the platform through the streets, I hallowed from the Hall, and by the assitance of a soldier made my way to my former station at the corner of Bridge-street, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I shall not attempt to describe the splendor and magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopped short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have distinguished a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whittaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars which I could not otherwise have informed you of. He tells me, as soon as their majesties entered the church, the choir struck up with an anthem; and, after they were seated, and the usual recognition and obligations were made, the litany was chanted by the bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of music. Then the first part of the communion service was read; after which a sermon was preached by the bishop of Salisbury, now archbishop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will say, did I much desire it; but, by my watch, it lasted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry says he saw very distinctly his majesty subscribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the solemnity of which struck him with an unutterable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy, of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands; after which he was presented with the spurs, and girt with the sword, and was then invested with the coronation-robes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the cros was also presented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand by the archbishop, who then delivered the sceptre with the cros, and the other with the dove; and being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head. A profound awful silence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey-dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropped as a signal, the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their
their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention, that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The 

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his majesty; the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princes Anguila and the peers to put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties going through the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superlition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments; here their majesties received each of them a crown of slate, as it is called, and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know I have often said, that if one lotes as hour in the morn-

ing, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most affurdedly fet off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly showed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators, even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for five hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition; but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater luster of their eyes, had the power to render our darkness visible; the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply repaid for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law-fait has made you too well acquainted with Westminster-hall for me to think of describing it to you; but I assure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given against you. Instead of the inclosures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raised with several ascents of steps, where their majesties in their chair of state, and the royal family, sat at table. On each side, down the whole length of the Hall, the rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deferts, &c. Conceive to yourself, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax-candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the
the galleries on every side crowded with company for the most part elegantly and richly dressed: but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. To proceed in my narration—Their majesties table was served with three courses, at the foot of which Earl Talbot, as steward of his majesty's household, rode up from the Hall-gate, to the steps leading to where their majesties sat; and on his returning, the spectators were presented with an unexpected fight, in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzazing consequent ensued from the people present. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at; at its representation last winter; but I assure you it had a very serious effect on those ladies who were near him (though his horse was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by Lord Kiningham as earl marshal, and the Duke of Bedford as lord high constable, likewise on horseback: it is needless to repeat what passed on this occasion. I am told, that the horse which the champion rode, was the same that his late majesty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beast, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I should give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of dishes that were provided and sent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majesties defect, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deferts were no less admirable for their expressive devises. But I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preserve their rank of precedence to their succellers, were placed at the head of the judges table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermost side of the tables, and the peeresses within, nearest to the walls.

You cannot suppose that there was the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, but must conclude, that some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the craving of their appetites, as any of your country squires at a race or assize ordinary.

It was pleasing to see the various frata-gems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united for the same purpose. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners boxes at Ludgate, or the Gate-house, with a Pray, remember the poor.

You will think it high time that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their majesties returned to St James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleased to give time for the peeresses to go first, that they might not be incommoded by the pressure of the mob to see their majesties. After the nobility were departed, the illustrious mobility were (according to custom) admitted into the Hall, which they presently cleared of all moveables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, &c. and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as the fat upon a scaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is said, were also thrown among the peeresses in the Abbey just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

My wife defires her compliments to you: she was hugely pleased with the sight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a swelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid up on a stool, on account of a broken shin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horse, as a reward for his mobbing it. I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers must have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and desire
to know whether you were able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir, your most heartily,

JAMES HEMMING.

P.S. The Prince's Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession clozed in with the rear; at the expense of half-a-guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his majesty's claret; and, in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufet as a valuable curiosity.

B. Thornton.

§ 140. A Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery.

Sir,

You will not be at all surpris'd when I tell you that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will flare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up 2000! In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by infiling that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay; they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morn-
with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissary's clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my Honour would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to wear my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out prentice; another, lately white-waisted, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her now to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several faults in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to see a little pleasure, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing; and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. 'To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a looser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am your very humble servant,

JEFFREY CHANCE.

P.S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

B. Thornton.

§ 142. Characters of Camilla and Flora.

Camilla is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light; she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her puffing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taité; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shows that she has much more to say; and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company; and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem, by a natural impulse, to feel her superiority; and yet when the converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scurrilous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often mis-called modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the tor-
torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noife, with which inferior natures in super-
ior stations overwhelm the flavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and re-
verence Camilla.
You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore con-
clude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refute it to the infinity of nature! How dif-
different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the ele-
gent softness of female propriety: in Flora, the charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her per-
son is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is re-
laimed by no rule, than because it is con-
formable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most per-
fect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetnefs, which is sometimes pro-
duced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetnefs of the Loves. Artless fenfibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tendernefs of soul, are the strange charactereftics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to dim-
nish than increase, rather to hide than ad-
dorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her drefs, Flora enchantts you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrarility, fhewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the fame. Gen-
erofity and tendernefs are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never poifled in a higher degree, than they are poifled by Flora: she is juft as atten-
tive to the intereft of others, as she is ne-
gligent of her own; and though she could sub-
mits to any misfortune that could be-
fal herzelf, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest fenfibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are exprreffed with the moft bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a re-
verence that keeps you at a refpeftful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the moft ardent, yet moft elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive fenfibility of Calipso: Camilla almost elevates you to the fenfibili-
y of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliell idea of woman. 

§ 142. A Fable by the celebrated Linnaeus, translated from the Latin.

Once upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was propofed that every one of them, should mention what he thought the great-
elf wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the reft, prop-
ofed the opinion of some of the aftronome-
ers about the fixed flars, which they be-
lieved to be fo many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were flored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with his thought, they agreed to fupplicate Jupiter, that he would at leaft permit them to take a journey to the moon, and fly there tref days, in order to fee the wonders of that place, and give an ac-
count of them at their return. Jupiter confined, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they defired to fee. They picked out fome chofen companions, who might affift them in defcribing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their jour-
ney, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refrehed themselves with a moft delicious entertainment, which they refilhed fo well, that it overcame their curiosis. This day they only fav through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the moft beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the fun gave an uncommon luftre, and heard the finging of moft melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early in order to begin their obervations; but fome very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a vifit, advised them flift to re-
recrue
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The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damoels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jovity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the caufe was heard; and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds fung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they faw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very jull famiæile. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every reffect to look into the works of the Creator: all that feafon is given up to idlenefs, lusury, and paftime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-fuits and proceedings relating to their eftates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were defign'd, and why they were brought into the world.

B. Thornton.

§ 143. Mercy recommended.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions prefented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any infenfiblity or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peacefull, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up fo kindly within him: my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormentedit him most cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after in finite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hairy of thy head:—Go says he, lifting up the faith, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

* * * This is to serve for parents and governours instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

Sterne.

§ 144. The Starling.

—Befrew the fombre pencil! said I vauntling—for I envy not the powers, which paints the evils of life with fo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind fits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Battle is not an evil to be depifed—but trip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and sup pose 'tis fome tyrant of a diftemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this foliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the paffage, and feeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paffage, I heard the fame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I faw it was a Starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out— I can't get out," said the Starling.

I fownd looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the paffage, it ran fluttering to the fide towards which they approached it, with the fame lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out", said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cofl what it will;—so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twifled and double twifled so falt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.
The bird flew to the place were I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, prested his breast against it, as if impatient—'Fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No", said the Sterling—'I cannot get out, I can't get out!" said the Sterling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dilapidated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanically as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematical reasonings upon the Bafile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unfailing every word I had said in going down them.

自信 thyself as thou wilt, still, flyer! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thouands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no lefs bitter on that account. "'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddes, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whole taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy bowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Beflower of it, and give me but this fair goddes as my companion—and shower down thy metres, if it seems good unto thy Divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Sterne.

§ 145. The Captive.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and to I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but disturb me—

I took a single captive, and having shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wafted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish in thirty years the western breeze had not fanned his blood—he had seen no fun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinman breathed through his lattice—his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small flicks were laid at the head, notched all over with the daily days and nights he had passed there— he had one of these little flicks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopelesse eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little flick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Ibid.

§ 146. Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandament.

—Pr'thee, Trim, quoth my father,

—What doth thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

Ibid.

§ 147. Health.

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargeth the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee—wants every thing with thee.

Ibid.

§ 148.
§ 148. *A Voyage to Lilliput.*

**CHAP. I.**

The author gives some account of himself and family: his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and saves for his life; gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput; is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel college in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds; and a promise of thirty pounds a year, to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old-Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and one of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was afloat, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old-Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors: but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead, by immoderate labour, and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made shift to get clear of the ship and rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour, while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour, the boat was overcast by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam, as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by the wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within
within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any signs of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank, as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awoke, it was just day light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the fun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing, except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got, by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far, as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes, by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, bekinab degul: the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, talgo phonac; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to tick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune dispoled otherways of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, langro debusfan; (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me,) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindnesse. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The burgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) underfooted me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the fift of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were hoifers, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, throwing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hoghead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, bekinab dugul. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, borab mezola, and when they sowed the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of latimah dugul. I confessed, I was often tempted, while they were falling backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people, who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank, from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loofe, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I defired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew, that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the burgo and his train withdrew with much civility and chear-
NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

Book IV.

NARRATIVES, which feem to be peculiarly adapted for their object, are enabled to avoid what they prepared couragement to the mind mingled with the objecl of amusement. I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awakened with the first sense of smart, which might so far have rouzed my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the firings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make reftance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenances and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereas some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty, was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to my bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and flung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor.

Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awoke by a very ridiculous accident; for, the carriage being stopped awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a

* It has been remarked, that courage in whatever cause, though it sometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true, only because courage is supposed to imply superiority: for this officer in the guards becomes extremely ridiculous and contemptible by an act of the most daring curiosity, which sets him in comparison with Gulliver; to whom he was so much inferior, that a blast of the Man-mountain's nostrils would have endangered his life; and if heroism itself is not proof against ridicule, those surely are Lilliputians in philosophy, who consider ridicule as the test of truth.
long march the remaining part of the day, and retired at night, with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sun rise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage flopt, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with fixed and thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at the several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rofe up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rife and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.
The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and muft confefs I never before beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a fathom, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre. I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and flame. The fleft expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action: for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my cafe, and the diftrusts I was in. From this time my conftant practice was, as soon as I rofe, to perform the businesfs in the open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrows by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps, at first sight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character in point of cleanliness to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for the fresh air. The emperor was al-
ready descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a fight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the limits of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pulled forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, fat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor’s horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had, on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose*; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least fadding of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground, by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper, as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach: I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squallled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the frings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were high delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got, with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders

* The masculine strength of features, which Gulliver could not see, till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful superiority of stature in a being, whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the sword, are a fine reproof of human pride; the objects of which are trifling distinctions, whether of person or rank; the ridiculous parade and ostentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin, but their use, from the folly, weakness, and imperfection of ourselves and others.
to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, fewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four doubled, which however kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and cover-lets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconvenience. He directed, that those who had already beheld me, should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poifoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breach of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning five beves, forty sheep, and other vi\text{\textellipsis}tuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due pay-

ment of which his majesty gave assignm\text{\textellipsis}nts upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, feldom, except upon great occasions raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of fix hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise or-
dered, that three hundred taylors should make me a suit of cloaths after the fashion of the country: that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my fight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to affift my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse togeth\text{\textellipsis}er in some sort; and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire, that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on, without the advice of his coun-
cil, and that first I must \textit{lumes kelmain pess def-
mar len empe\text{\textellipsis}}; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be u\text{\textellipsis}ed with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and difcreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He declared I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so pro-
digous a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the king-
dom I must be searched by two of his offic-
ers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to tr\text{\textellipsis}st their per\text{\textellipsis}ions in my hands: that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country.

* Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the objects th\text{\textellipsis}usiened. Okley
or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket: about me, except my fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries, that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver-watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would let them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

Imprimis. In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words Quandus Flexibus) after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof of flying up to our faces, let us both a freezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substantias, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a fort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palafidoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word ranifule, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron flogging out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket, on the right side were seve-

* Perhaps the author intended to expose the probable fallacy of opinions, derived from the relations of travellers, by shewing how little truth need to be misunderstood, to make falsehood specious.
the right a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who ufed us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed; on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

Giffin Freloch, Marfi Freloch.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymiter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymiter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprize; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scymiter to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince*, was by no means surprised than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymiter. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he had stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner I had done my scymiter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating it; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymiter, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of my eyes) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

C H A P. III.

The author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentlemen and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court,
and indeed upon the army, and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand: and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall describe liberty, with the reader’s patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not left their faculty. Flinnmap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the stiff rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerfeet several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Redrefal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen too or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them, who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival, Flinnmap would have inallibly broke his neck, if one of the king’s cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only flown before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons, whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty’s great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third; which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer fly, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor’s huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I defied he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give
give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these flicks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other flicks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine flicks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was as high as the top of a drum; and the four parallel flicks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I defined the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them upon one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel flicks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, perfuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I let down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting up on each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore, after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired that I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breath, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however,
however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyrefeth Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was galber, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master’s confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and four complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyrefeth Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbaflo Mommaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefn Mully Ully Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand miles round their circumference (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty propofeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

1st. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our licence under our great seal.

2d. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse, a fix days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if forerequired) safe to our imperial presence.

6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefufcu*, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the said Man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the said Man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink, sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-fifth moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honour-

* In his description of Lilliput he seems to have had England more immediately in view. In his description of Blefufcu, he seems to intend the people and kingdom of France. Orrery.
able as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyreh Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments, by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink, sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me, that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

**CHAP. IV.**

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offer to serve the emperor in his courts.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me; but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I leaped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and fiddling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waitcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection to avoid treading on any straggler, who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and allies, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very devious to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square to another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down, with my knife, some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently let it down on the space, between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then leapt over the building very con-
conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hook-
ed stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my
side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on
purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There
I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief at-
tendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously
upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kifs.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I
refer them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a
general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of
princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and reli-
gion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters
very curious and useful; my chief de-
sign at present being only to relate such
events and transactions, as happened to the
public or to myself, during a residence of
about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I
had obtained my liberty, Reldresfal, prin-
cipal secretary of state (as they style him) for
private affairs, came to my house attended
only by one servant. He ordered his coach
to wait at a distance, and desired I would
give him an hour’s audience; which I rea-
dily consented to, on account of his quality
and personal merits, as well as of the many
good offices he had done me during my fo-
licitations at court. I offered to lie down,
that he might the more conveniently reach
my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold
him in my hand during our conversation.
He began with compliments on my liberty;
said, he might pretend to some merit in it:
but, however, added, that if it had not been
for the present situation of things at court,
perhaps I might not have obtained it so
soon. For, said he, as flourishing a con-
dition as we may appear to be in to foreign-
ers, we labour under two mighty evils; a
violent faction at home, and the danger of
an invasion by a most potent enemy from
abroad. As to the first, you are to under-

Book IV. NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c. 349

sand, that for above seventy moons past
there have been two struggling parties in
this empire, under the names of Frameckjan
and Slameckjan*, from the high and low
heels of their shoes, by which they distin-
guish themselves. It is alleged indeed,
that the high heels are most agreeable to our
ancient constitution; but, however this be,
his majesty is determined to make use only
of low heels in the administration of the
government, and all offices in the gift of
the crown, as you cannot but observe; and
particularly, that his majesty’s imperial heels are lower at least by a drur or than any of
his court (druur is a measure about the four-
teenth part of an inch.) The animosities
between these two parties run so high, that
they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with
each other. We compute the Frameckjan,
or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but
the power is wholly on our side. We ap-
prehend his imperial highness, the heir to
the crown, to have some tendency towards
the high-heels; at least, we can plainly dif-
cover, that one of his heels is higher than
the other, which gives him a hobble in his
gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine
disquiets we are threatened with an invasion
from the island of Blefuscu, which is the
other great empire of the universe, almost
as large and powerful as this of his majesty.
For as to what we have heard you affirm,
that there are other kingdoms and states in
the world, inhabited by human creatures as
large as yourself, our philosophers are in
much doubt, and would rather conjecture
that you dropped from the moon, or one of
the stars; because it is certain, that an hun-
dred mortals of your bulk would, in a short
time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his
majesty’s dominions: besides, our histories
of six thousand moons make no mention of
any other regions, than the two great em-
pires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which
two mighty powers have, as I was going
to tell you, been engaged in a most obli-
gate war for fix-and-thirty moons past. It
began upon the following occasion: it is al-
lowed on all hands, that the primitive way
of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was
upon the larger end; but his present ma-
jesty’s grandfather, while he was a boy,
going to eat an egg, and breaking it ac-
cording to the ancient practice, happened to

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every accidental difference between man
and man in person and circumstances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; so specula-
tive differences are shown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and de-
fended too much exceeds their importance.


cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly revered this law, that our histories tell us, there have been fix ref- bellions raised on that account; wherein the emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefufcu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law, of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefufcu did frequently expostulate with their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by opposing against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lucifrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Bundecral (which is their Alcoran.) This however is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: "That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end." And which is the convenient end, fees, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. I have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefufcu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home been carried on for fix-and-thirty cefs; during which time the capital ships, and of smaller vessels, and of our best damage reced, the enemy was to be feared. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and a decent upon which the king is placed in your honour, is to lay this account to your credit.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

C H A P. V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A great title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefufcu, and sue for peace. The emperor's apartment on fire by an accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The empire of Blefufcu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I confulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high-water, it was seventy fathom deep, which is about fix feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty fathom at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefufcu, where, lying down behind a hilltop, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the firrongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat,
The Blefufcians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and faw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stood awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy’s fleet was approaching in an hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing; and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried, in a loud voice, “Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput!” This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a notus upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy’s ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think on nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefufcu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy: of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time...
time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefusfu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finisht, where- in I did them several good offices, by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom, in the emperor, their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the readers with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprize, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whole virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country: accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner: but could not guess the reason, till I had a whiffper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got, by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire, to fend their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midits of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a nardac of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a molt signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awakened, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word burglum repeated incessantly; several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, intreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little
little good. I might easily have slipped it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The cafe seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expeditious. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine, called glimigrim (the Blefuficians call it flame, but ours is esteemed the better fort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contrived by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preferred from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might repent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand juryc to pass my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidents, could not forbear vowing revenge.

C H A P. VI.
Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under fix inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees; for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cock pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little, at present, of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished, in all its branches, among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither, from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but slanting, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion that, in eleven thousand moons, they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and, by this means, they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confefs the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to wish they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the perfon accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death: and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent perfon is quadruply recompened for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardships of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that
that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence thro' the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to pun- nish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common under- standing, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon cred- it; where fraud is permitted, and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a crimi- nal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the em- peror thought it monstrous in me to offer, as a defence, the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in re- turn, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and pun- ishment the two hinges upon which all go- vernment turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any na- tion, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and con- dition of life, with a proportionable sum of money, out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of Snippall, or Legal, which is added to his name, but doth not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of po- licy among us, when I told them, that our laws were enforced only by penalties, with- out any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumpefition; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to shew the more disposed to reward than punish.

In chusing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fit- ted to some station or other, and that provi- dence never intended to make the manage- ment of public affairs to be a mystery com- prehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, asfulted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those persons, so quali- fied; and at least, that the mistakes commit- ted by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man, whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the dibelief of a divine providence renders a man incapable of hold- ing any public station; for, since kings avowd themselves to be the deputies of pro- vidence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the ori- ginal institutions, and not the most scandal- ous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments, by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction, by leaping over sticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the em- peror now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual encrease of party and faction.

Ingratitude is, among them, a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some o- ther countries: for they reason thus, that who- ever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of man- kind, from whom he hath received no obli- gation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions, relating to the duties of

* An act of parliament hath been since passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital.
parents and children, differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young, proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow, that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended to by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love-encounters, were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasons, their opinion is, that parents are the lair of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have, in every town, public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared, and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors, well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclination. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The cloaths and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great, and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffer'd to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impositions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffer'd to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expression, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment; is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts are managed proportionably after the same manner, only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answer to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lengthened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are drest by orderly seruants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banish'd for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much a'haimed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despite all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestick life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because the cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which, among them, is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices, are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.
The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return, to the steward of the nursery, a small monthly share of their gettings; to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expences by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their busines being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestick, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair, convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempitrees were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickness was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempitrees took my measure as I lay upon the ground, one standing on my neck, and another at my midleg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and defined no more; for, by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old thirt, which I displayed on the ground, before them, for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me cloaths; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my cloths were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies of England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my virtuals in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, flung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonisht to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a fark. Their geese and turkies I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal comfort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over-against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a four countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to show the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices with his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly cared for more than was usual to the morofenses of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate un-
der nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of
frogs (their greatest gold coin, about the
bigness of a frog) and upon the whole,
that it would be advisable in the emperor,
to take the first fair occasion of dismi-
nifying me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the repu-
tation of an excellent lady, who was an
innocent sufferer upon my account. The trea-
urer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife,
from the malice of some evil tongues, who
informed him, that her grace had taken a
violent affection for my person; and the
court-scanal ran for some time, that the
once came privately to my lodging. This
solemnly declare to be a most infamous
falsehood, without any grounds, farther than
that her grace was pleased to treat me with
all innocent marks of freedom and friend-
ship. I own the came often to my house,
but always publicly, nor-ever without three
more in the coach, who were usually her fi-
ter and young daughter, and some particu-
lar acquaintance; but this was common to
many other ladies of the court. And I till
appeal to my servants around, whether they
at any time saw a coach at my door, with-
out knowing what persons were in it. On
thoi occasions, when a servant had given
me notice, my custom was to go immediate-
ly to the door; and, after paying my re-
spects, to take up the coach and two horses
very carefully in my hands (for, if there
were six horses, the postilion always unhar-
nessed four) and place them on a table,
where I had fixed a moveable rim quite
round, of five inches high, to prevent ac-
cidents. And I have often had four coaches
and horses at once on my table full of com-
pany, while I sat in my chair, leaning my
face towards them; and, when I was engag-
ed with one fet, the coachman would gently
drive the others round my table. I have
passed many an afternoon very agreeably in
these conversations. But I deny the trea-
urer, or his two informers (I will name
them, and let them make their best of it)
Clusilrid and Drunlo, to prove that any per-
son ever came to me incognito, except the fe-
cretary Reldrefal, who was sent by express
command of his imperial majesty, as I have
before related. I should not have dwelt so
long upon this particular, if it had not been
a point wherein the reputation of a great la-
dy is nearly concerned, to say nothing of my
own, though I then had the honour to be a
nardin, which the treasurer himself is not;
for all the world knows, that he is only a
glumgum, a title inferior by one degree, as
that of a marquis is to a duke in England;
yet I allow he preceded me in right of his
post. Those false informations, which I af-
verted came to the knowledge of by an
accident, not proper to mention, made the
treasurer shew his lady for some time an ill
countenance, and me a worse; and although
he was at last undeceived and reconciled to
her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found
my interest decline very fast with the em-
peror himself, who was indeed too much go-
vern'd by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.
The author, being informed of a design to ac-
cuse him of high treason, made by bis escape to
Blefusc. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my
leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to
inform the reader of a private intrigue,
which had been for two months forming
against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger
to court, for which I was unqualified by the
meaner of my condition. I had indeed
heard and read enough of the dispositions
of great princes and ministers; but never ex-
pected to have found such terrible effects of
them in so remote a country, governed, as I
thought, by very different maxims from those
in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my at-
tendance on the emperor of Blefusc, a con-
siderable person at court (to whom I had
been very serviceable, at a time when he
lay under the highest displeasure of his
imperial majesty) came to my house very pri-
vately at night in a close chair, and, with-
out fending his name, desired admittance;
the chairmen were dismis'd; I put the chair,
with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket;
and, giving orders to a trufly fervant to say
I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fasten-
ed the door of my house, placed the chair
on the table according to my usual custom,
and drew down by it. After the common fa-
 lutations were over, observing his lordship's
countenance full of concern, and enquiring
into the reason, he defir'd I would hear him
with patience, in a matter that highly con-
cern'd my honour and my life. His speecb
was to the following effect, for I took notes
of it as soon as he left me.

You are to know, said he, that several
committees of council have been lately call-
ed in the most private manner, on your ac-
count; and it is but two days since his ma-
jecty came to a full resolution.
You are very sensible that Skyrveh Bolgolam (galbei, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great successes against Blefufcu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limto the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand judiciarv, have prepared articles of impeachment against you for treaith, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt: when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

Articles of impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain.

ARTICLE I.

Whereas by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason: notwithstanding the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial comfort, did maliciously, traiterously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c. against the duty, &c.

ARTICLE II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefufcu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefufcu, and reduce that empire to a province to be governed by a vice-roy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately for-fake the big-endian hereby; he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most au-spicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the confidences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

ARTICLE III.

That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefufcu to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

ARTICLE IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefufcu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth safely and traiterously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefufcu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident Reldrefal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion.

* A lawyer thinks himself honest if he does the best he can for his client, and a statesman, if he promotes the interest of his country; but the true lawyer inculcates an higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.
nion, which he accordingly did: and there-
in justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedi- ence to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your servi-
ces, and pursuant to his own merciful dispo-
fition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that, by this expedi-
ent justice might, in some measure, be sat-
ished, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those, who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty: that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dan-
gers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

This proposal was received with the ut-
most disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral could not preserve his temper but, rising up in fury, said, he won-
dered how the secretary durst preface to give his opinion for preferring the life of a trait-
or: that the services you had performed, were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggra-
vation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguih the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might, at an-
other time, raise an inundation, by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent to carry them back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-
demand in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that ac-
count, and therefore, infilled you should be put to death.

The treasurer was of the same opinion: he shewed to what frights his majesty's re-
venue was reduced by the charge of main-
taining you, which would soon grow insuf-
portable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes, was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would prob-
ably increase it, as is manifest from the com-
mon practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to con-
demn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

But his imperial majesty, fully determin-
ed against capital punishment, was gracious-
ly pleased to say, that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a ca-
sure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend, the secretary, humbly de-
siring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in main-
taining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and confunde in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcasse be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjefts might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus, by the great friendship of the se-
cretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a se-
cret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dis-
fenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the empref's, was per-
petually inligated by her majesty to infill upon your death, she having borne perpe-

* There is something so odious in whatever is wrong, that even these, whom it does not subject to punishment, endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unsuccessful, and only betrays a consciousness of deformity, by shewing a desire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to dispence with the strict letter of the law, to put Gulliver to death, though by the strict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the statute not being to suf-
fer the palace rather to be burnt than pill'd upon.
tual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

In three days, your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend in order to fee the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspense, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been affured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expounding his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those eulogiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that, the more these praises were enlarged and inflamed on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer the more innocent. Yet as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of fleeing my trial; far, although I could not deny the facts alluded to in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with flames pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from him, and the high title of nardac he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rascality, and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Brefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Brefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stript myself, put my cloaths (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Brefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses; the empress and ladies from their coaches; and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kifs his majesty's and the empress's hand. I told his majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my dis-

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**ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.**

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grace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein however it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrap up in my coverlet.

C H A P. VIII.
The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefucfu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed about half a league off, in the sea, something that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by the force of the tide: and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I suppos'd might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lends me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet failed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twitted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stript myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war: but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another thove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were flowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen tow'd, and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefucfu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart, which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor, to the court of Blefucfu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was gone to Blefucfu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefucfu, the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of navare, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected, that his brother of Blefucfu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefucfu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer, confituting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although
though I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up with my own affluence and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefufcu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two oars to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-thore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in soothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress, and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred pounds a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me fix cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September, 1701, at fix in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at fix in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the leefide of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and having anchor, the wind being favourable, I steer'd the same course that I had done the day before, where-in I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefufcu, I descried a sail steer-ing to the south-east; my course was due eait, I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind flackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship flackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening,
ing, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman returning from Japan by the north and south-seas; the captain Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30° south, there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whether I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had undergone had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then chewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefufcu, together with his majesty’s picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred francs each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and fed them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his beef biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by sheewing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I staid but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining flock I carried with me, part in money, and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a-year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a cowardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be deferred to the second part of my travels.

§ 149. A Voyage to Brobdingnag.

CHAP. I.

A great storm descried; the long-boat sent to fetch water, the author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer’s house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak, we unhitched our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we paddled the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December, to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more eerily than usual, continuing so for twenty days togeth,
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On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp pointed rocks, the monster was not able to over-take the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprized me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty, that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone...
I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the file, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the file looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the large-ness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be: for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step: for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep thorough, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days; I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians, that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be strangled to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered me awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle, between his fore finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the leaf, as he held me in the air above fifty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the fun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy*. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with

* Our inattention to the felicity of sensitive beings, merely because they are small, is here forcibly reprobated: many have wantonly crushed an insect, who would shudder at cutting the throat of a dog, but...
with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the preffure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a subftantial farmer, and the same perfon I had seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his kinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards to let those people fee I had no intent to run away. They all set down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purf of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purfe, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm.

There were six Spanifh pieces of four pi-f toes each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I faw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purfe, and the purfe again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it bel to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the found of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I anfwered, as loud as I could, in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thicknefs. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head, for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but the screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or spider. However, when she had a while feen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and, by degrees, grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother: when they were fat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbling some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The miftref sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship’s health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I was walking on the table, being in

but it should always be remembered, that the least of these

"In mortal {ufferrance feels a pang as great

As when a giant dies."
great surprize all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a trunk, and fell flat on my face; but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas to which I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatch'd me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horses to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I defired his son to be pardoned. The father-complied, and the lad took his feat again; whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me, like that of a dozen flocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience, in travelling, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you; so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to shew no manner of concern. I walked, with intrepidity, five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had left apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child, of a year old, in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall, that you might have heard from London-bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a play-thing. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud, that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop; and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel, filled with great fomes, and fastened, by a cable, to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy, by giving it suck. I must confess, no object ever disgust'd me so much, as the sight of her monitory breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, fo as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent fix feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue, both of that and the tug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous; for I had a near fight of her, the sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen, but through a magnifying-glass, where we find, by experiment, that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and scarify, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complications of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion, made up of several colours, altogether
other disagreeable: although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little burnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed; for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep; which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-fail of a man of war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my forrows, when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down: I durst not presume to call, and, if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance, as from the room where I lay, to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rofe in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath, and lofs of spi-

rits. These creatures were of the size of a large maffiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay, still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong flath crofs the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs, to shew I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I shewed her my hang-er all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabard. I was pressed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which, after the had done, my bathfulnes would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side, about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her, not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me, for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in prefenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of styyle. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance: how-}

ever, upon a strict review, I blotted out fev-

eral passages of least moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being cenfur'd, as tedious and trivial, whereof travellers are
often, perhaps not without justice, accus
ed.

CHAP. II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The
author carried to a market-town, and then to
the metropolis. The particulars of his jour
ney.

My mistres had a daughter of nine years 
old, a child of towardy parts for her age, 
very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in
dressing her baby. Her mother and the con
trived to fit up the baby's cradle for me ag
ainst night; the cradle was put into a small
drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed 
upon a hanging shelf, for fear of the rats. 
This was my bed all the time I stayed with
those people, though made more convenient 
by degrees, as I began to learn their language, 
and made my wants known. This young 
girl was so handy, that, after I had once
or twice pulled off my cloaths before her, she 
was able to dress and undress me, though I
never gave her that trouble, when she would
let me do either myself. She made me seven
shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth
as could be got, which indeed was coarser 
than sack cloth; and these she constantly
washed for me with her own hands. She was
likewise my school-mistres, to teach me the
language: when I pointed to any thing, she
told me the name of it in her own tongue,
so that in a few days I was able to call for
whatever I had a mind to. She was very
good-natured, and not above forty feet high,
being little for her age. She gave me the name
of Gridrig, which the family took up, and
afterwards the whole kingdom. The word
imports what the Latins call nanaeulus, the
Italians bonumceloino, and the English manni
kin. To her I chiefly owe my preservation
in that country: we never parted while I
was there: I called her my Glumdalclitch, or
little nurse; and should be guilty of great
ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable
mention of her care and affection towards 
me, which I heartily with it lay in my power
to requite as she deserves, instead of being
the innocent, but unhappy instrument, of her
disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of
in the neighbourhood, that my master had
found a strange animal in the field, about the
bigness of a blackuck, but exactly shaped in
every part like a human creature; which it
likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed
to speak in a little language of its own, had
already learned several words of theirs, went
ereft upon two legs; was tame and gentle,
would come when it was called, do whatever
it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world,
and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's
daughter of three years old. Another farm
er, who lived hard by, and was a particular
friend of my master, came on a visit on pur
pose to enquire into the truth of this story.
I was immediately produced, and placed up
on a table, where I walked, as I was com
manded, drew my hanger, put it up again,
made my reverence to my master's guest,
asked him, in his own language how he did,
and told him he was welcome, just as my lit
tle nurse had instructed me. This man, who
was old and dim-sighted, put on his specta
cles to behold me better, at which I could
not forbear laughing very heartily, for his
eyes appeared like the full moon shining in
to a chamber at two windows. Our people,
who discovered the caufe of my mirth, bore
me company in laughing, at which the old
fellow was too much to be angry and out of
countenance. He had the character of a
great miser, and, to my misfortune, he well
dervalied it, by the cursed advice he gave my
master, to shew me as a sight upon a market
day in the next town, which was half an
hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles
from our house. I guessed there was some
mischief contriving, when I observed my
master and his friend whispering long toge
ther, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears
made me fancy, that I overheard and un
derstood some of their words. But the next
morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told
me the whole matter, which she had cunningly
picked out from her mother. The poor girl
laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping
with friends and grief. She apprehended
some mischief would happen to me
from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze
me to death, or break one of my limbs, by
taking me in their hands. She had also ob
served how modest I was in my nature, how
nicely I regarded my honour, and what an
indignity I should conceive it, to be exposed
for money, as a public spectacle, to the mean
ef of the people. She said, her papa and
mamma had promised that Gridrig should
be hers, but now she found they meant to
serve her as they did last year, when they
pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as
soon as it was fat, told it to a butcher. For
my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was
less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong
hope, which never left me, that I should one
day recover my liberty; and as to the igno
miny of being carried about for a moniter,
I considered myself to be a perfect stranger
in the country, and that such a misfortune
could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same diftrefs.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box, the next day, to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillon behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful, as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Albans. My master alighted at an inn, which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the gruel-trud or crier to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a black-buck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long) and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table, in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool, close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table, as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble, filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it, after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those, who

had seen me, made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me, except my nurse; and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table, at such a distance, as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky schoolboy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumkin: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice, that he would shew me again the next market-day, and, in the mean time, he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen, from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that, for some time, I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and, upon the 17th of August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distant from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was, to shew me in all the
the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journies, of not above seven or eight score miles a day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air, and shew me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We paddled over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shewn in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called, in their language, Lorbrugrad, or Pride of the Universes. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put up bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room, between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisaded it round three feet from the edge, and so many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people, I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor, while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than aSanfon's Atlas; it was a common treatise, for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

C H A P. III.
The author sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputeth with his majesty's great nobles. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more intractable he grew. I had quite loft my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolv'd to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a fardral, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good fence. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princes held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, that I was my master's slave; but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master, whether he was willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassall, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindnese, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy: my late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell
tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dallying out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made by shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now fold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated, under the protection of so great and good an emperor, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive, by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hefitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Gumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a blacknuck? for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast, in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the fcrutore, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in very few words; and Gumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a parson as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Gumdalclitch and her father, whom he had taught me: a set of words, to make me fall at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed, that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preferring my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field-mice, with some others too nimbile, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do *. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littlefes was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate

* By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers, who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of providence, in the creation and government of the world: whose cavils are specious, like those of the Breblingnian fages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed.
they concluded unanimously, that I was only
reipum fedebat, which is interpreted literally
lus naturae; a determination exactly agree-
able to the modern philosophy of Europe,
whose professors, disclaiming the old evasion
of occult causes, whereby the followers of
Arifotle endeavoured in vain to disguise
their ignorance, have invented this wonder-
some solution of all difficulties, to the unspeak-
able advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I intreated
be hold a word or two. I applied my-
self to the king, and assured his majesty
that I came from a country which abounded
with several millions of both sexes, and of my own
figure; where the animals, trees, and houses
were all in proportion, and where, by con-
sequence, I might be as able to defend my-
self, and to find sufficiency, as any of his
majesty's subjects could do here; which I
took for a full answer to those gentlemen's
arguments. To this they only replied with
a smile of contempt, saying, that the far-
mer had instructed me very well in my lesson.

The king, who had a much better under-
standing, dismissing his learned men, sent
for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was
not yet gone out of town: having therefore
first examined him privately, and then con-
fronted him with me and the young girl, his
majesty began to think that what we told
him might possibly be true. He desired the
queen to order that particular care should be
taken of me, and was of opinion that Glim-
dalclitch should fill in her office of
tending me, because he observed we had a
great affection for each other. A conveni-
ent apartment was provided for her at court;
she had a sort of governess appointed to take
care of her education, a maid to dress her,
and two other servants for menial offices;
but the care of me was wholly appropriated
to herself. The queen commanded her own

furnished by her majesty's upholferer, which
Glimdalclitch took out every day to air,
made it with her own hands, and letting it
down at night, locked up the roof over me.
A nice workman, who was famous for little
curious, undertook to make me two chairs,
with backs and frames, of a substance not
unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet
to put my things in. The room was quilted
on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceil-
ing, to prevent any accident from the care-
leffness of those who carried me, and to
break the force of a jolt, when I went in a
coach. I desired a lock for my door, to pre-
vent rats and mice from coming in: the
smith, after several attempts, made the small-
elli that was ever seen among them, but I
have known a larger at the gate of a gen-
tleman's house in England. I made a shift
to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fear-
ing Glimdalclitch might lose it. The
queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that
could be gotten, to make me cloaths, not
much thicker than an English blanket, very
cumbersome, till I was accustomed to them.
They were after the fashion of the kingdom,
partly resembling the Persian, and partly the
Chinese, and are a very grave and decent
habit.

The queen became so fond of my company,
that she could not dine without me. I had a
table placed upon the same, at which her ma-
jecty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to
fit on. Glimdalclitch fixed on a foot on the
floor near my table, to affift and take care of
me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and
plates, and other necessaries, which, in pro-
portion to those of the queen, were not much
bigger than what I have seen in a London
foilhouse: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a
silver box, and gave me at meals as I want-
ed them, always cleaning them herself. No
peron dined with the queen but the two
princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old,
and the younger at that time thirteen and a
month. Her majesty used to put a bit of
meat upon one of my dines, out of which I
carved for myself; and her diversion was to
see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who
had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at
one mouthful as much as a dozen English
farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was
for some time a very nauseous sight. She
would

* This satire is levelled against all, who reject those facts, for which they cannot perfectly account,
notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported.
† Among other dreadful and disgusting images, which custum has rendered familiar, are those which
arise from eating animal food: he who has ever turned with abhorrence from the skeleton of a beast, which

b 3
would clout the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set fibrill upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instriments, were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Clumdaleclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, and the royal quiie of both sexes dine together, in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand before one of the falt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and sitting me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistresses of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitref of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen’s dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen’s antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty’s chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was fit-
ing down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to affix me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a further punishment forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour: for soon after, the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately castrated him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish, as it stood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone, above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not fealeded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my intreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and the used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my viaticals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that vicious matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear flattering when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school boys do amongst us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my fathes, and set down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wafts, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bag-pipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noife, and putting me in the utmost terror of their wings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my haner, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took their wings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since thrown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

C H A P. IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther, when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon their tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disfigured him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious readers, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and above six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three glonglings (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governs frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether fo high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governs ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five woolpacks, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their nozles with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld,
beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments (which I un luckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a finaller one to be made for me of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch’s lap and cumber some in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the perfon that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trultrv servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minifter of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties favour than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the cieling, two chairs, and a table, neatly f rewed to the floor, to prevent being tofled about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discom fort me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen’s livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan; and the girl was complaimant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very devious to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king’s kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about fix hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul’s: for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which cenfure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdignag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain, that I had done them an injury by a fable and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above fix hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to fixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the
the most splendid fight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battle, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAP. V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shows his skill in navigation.

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littlenes, had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and sometimes took me out of it, and held me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs flew my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them as large as a Briftol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chance to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plat to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the backside of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess, and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindnes for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hustled up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a flock at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my dagger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lye: not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right thin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me within a yard's distance, looking for
for worms and other food with as much indi-

ference and security, as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a th

ough the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumda-
litch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these

birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to pick my fingers, which I
did not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to
hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw
it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him
by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However
the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes
with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and
was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go.
But I was soon relieved by one of our serv

ants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and
I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can
remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumda-
litch to their apartments, and desired she
would bring me along with her, on purpose
to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bocoms; wherewith I was much
disturbed; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins;
which I do not mention, or intend, to the difadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I
conceive that my fenne was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagre-
able to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in
England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable,
than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot
forget, that an intimate friend of mine in

Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to
complain of a strong smell about me, al-
though I am as little faulty that way as most
of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of
smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon
this point I cannot forbear doing justice to
the queen my mistress, and Glumdalc
itch my nurfe, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness a-

mong those maids of honour (when my
nurse carried me to visit them) was to see
them use me, without any manner of cere-
mony, like a creature who had no sort of
consequence: for they would strip them-
selves to the skin, and put on their smocks
in my presence, while I was placed on their
toilet, directly before their naked bodies,
which I am sure to me was very far from
being a tempting sight, or from giving me
any other emotions than those of horror and
disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I
saw them near, with a mole here and there
as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging
from it thicker than pack-threads, to say
nothing farther concerning the rest of their
persons. Neither did they at all scruple,
while I was by, to discharge what they had
drank, to the quantity of at least two hog-
heads, in a vessel that held above three tuns.
The handiostaen among these maids of ho-
nour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixeaen,
would sometimes set me astride upon one of
her nipples, with many other tricks, where-
in the reader will excuse me for not being
over particular. But I was so much dis-
pleased, that I intreated Glumdalcitch to
contrive some excufe for not seeing that
young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was
nephew to my nurfe's governors, came and
prised them both to see an execution. It
was of a man, who had murdered one of
that gentlemaa's intimate acquaintance.
Glumdalcitch was prevailed on to be one
of the company, very much against her in-
cination, for she was naturally tender-
hearted: and for myself, although I ab-
horred such kind of spectacles, yet my cur-
iosity tempted me to see something, that I
thought must be extraordinary. The ma-
lefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold
erected for that purpose, and his head cut
off at one blow with a sword of about forty
feet long. The veins and arteries spouted
up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and
so high in the air, that the great jet d'eau
at Verfailles was not equal for the time it
laid; and the head, when it fell on the
scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me
start, although I were at least half an Eng-
lish mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me
talk of my sea voyages, and took all ocass
ions
fions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to fail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by instruction in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water with me in it by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans: and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I gloved my art by flitting starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governor, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been flopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's frimacher; the head of the pin paled between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip off its pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting place climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, dabbing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largetness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and convenience. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me in such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when the plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being of that country's silk, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse do with a child she is going to suckle, just as
as I have seen the same sort of creature do
with a kitten in Europe: and when I offered
to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I
thought it more prudent to submit. I have
good reason to believe, that he took me for
a young one of his own species, by his often
stroking my face very gently with his other
paw. In these diversions he was interrupted
by a noise at the closet-door, as if some
body was opening it; whereupon he sud-
denly leaped up to the window, at which he
had come in, and thence upon the leads and
gutters, walking upon three legs, and hold-
ing me in the fourth, till he clambered up to
a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glum-
daleclitch give a shriek at the moment he was
carrying me out. The poor girl was almost
distracted: that quarter of the palace was
all in an uproar; the servants ran for lad-
ers; the monkey was seen by hundreds in
the court, sitting upon the ridge of a build-
ing, holding me like a baby in one of his
fore-paws, and feeding me with the other,
by cramming into my mouth some victuals
he had squeezed out of the bag on one side
of his chaps, and patting me when I would
not eat; whereat many of the rabble below
could not forbear laughing; neither do I
think they justly ought to be blamed, for,
without question, the sight was ridiculous
enough to every body but myself. Some of
the people threw up fones, hoping to drive
the monkey down; but this was strictly for-
bidden, or else very probably my brains had
been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and
mounted by several men, which the monkey
observing, and finding himself almost en-
compasied; not being able to make speed
enough with his three legs, let me drop on
a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I
fat for some time, five hundred yards from
the ground, expecting every moment to be
blown down by the wind, or to fall by my
own giddines, and come tumbling over and
over from the ridge to the eves: but an ho-
nest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climb-
ed up, and putting me into his breeches-
pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff
the monkey had cramned down my throat:
but my dear little nurse picked it out of my
mouth with a small needle, and then I fell
a vomiting, which gave me great relief.
Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides
with the squeezes given me by this odious
animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a
fortnight. The king, queen, and all the
court, sent every day to enquire after my
health, and her majesty made me several
visits during my sickness. The monkey was
killed, and an order made that no such ani-
mal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my re-
covery to return him thanks for his favours,
he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon
this adventure. He asked me what my
thoughts and speculations were while I lay in
the monkey's paw; how I liked the viatuals
he gave me; his manner of feeding; and
whether the fresh air on the roof had sharp-
ened my stomach. He desired to know,
what I would have done upon such an occa-
sion in my own country. I told him majes-
y, that in Europe we had no monkeys, except
such as were brought for curiosities from
other places, and so small, that I could deal
with a dozen of them together, if they pre-
fumed to attack me. And as for that mon-
trous animal with whom I was so lately en-
gaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant)
if my fears had suffered me to think so far
to make use of my hanger (looking fierce-
ly, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as
I spoke) when he poked his paw into my
chamber, perhaps I should have given him
such a wound, as would have made him glad
to withdraw it with more haste than he put
it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like
a person who was jealous, lest his courage
should be called in question. However, my
speech produced nothing else besides a loud
laughter, which all the respect due to his
majesty from those about him could not make
them contain. This made me reflect, how
vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour
do himself honour among those, who are
out of all degree of equality or comparison
with him. And yet I have seen the moral
of my own behaviour very frequent in Eng-
land since my return, where a little con-
temptible varlet, without the least title to
birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall
presume to look with importance, and put
himself upon a foot with the greatest persons
of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with
some ridiculous story; and Glumdaleclitch,
although she loved me to excess, yet was
arch enough to inform the queen, whenever
I committed any folly that she thought would
be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who
had been out of order, was carried, by her
governess, to take the air about an hour's
distance, or thirty miles from town. They
alighted out of the coach, near a small foot-
path in a field, and Glumdaleclitch setting
down my travelling-box, I went out of it to
walk.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity, by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth, for some days, was at my expense.

CHAP. VI.

Several con vincances of the author to please the king and queen. He proves his skill in music. The king inquires after the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold: for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the fuds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest flumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it, at equal distance, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the flumps so artificially, scraping and flowing them with my knife towards the point, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seafonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artiff in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amuse ment, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a prentice of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's content. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys, that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table, to hear them: but the noise was so great, that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident, that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together, just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was, to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disfagreable.

I had learnt in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a mafier attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended, I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good

* In this chapter he gives an account of the political state of Europe. ORRERY.

This is a mistake of the noble commentator, for Gulliver has here given a political account of no country but England: it is however a mistake, to which any commentator would have been liable, who had read little more than the titles or contents of the chapter, into which this work is divided; for the word Europe has in some English, and all the Irish, editions been printed in the title of this chapter, instead of England.
smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks, about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a moufe's skin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran fideling upon it, that way and this, as falt as I could, banging the proper keys with my two ficks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majeftries: but it was the moft violent exercife I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor confequently play the bas and treble together, as other artifts do, which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I fhou'd be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his cabinet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and fit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had feveral conversations with him. I once took the freedom to tell his majefly, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of: that reafon did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest perfons were ufually leaff provided with it: that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and fagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majefly some signal fervice. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He defired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for fo he conceived of other monarchs by my former discourses) he fhould be glad to hear of anything that might deferve imitation.

Imagine with thyelf, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demofthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a fyle equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majefly, that our dominions confifted of two iflands, which compos'd three mighty kingdoms under one fovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our foil, and the temperature of our climate. I then fpoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illuftrious body called the house of peers, perfonis of the noblefbl blood, and of the moft ancient and ample patrimo- nies. I defcribed that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counfellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a fharé in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their moft renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined fveral holy perfons as part of that assembly under the title of bifhops, whose peculiar bufienes is it to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and fought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counfellors, among fuch of the priesthood as were moft deservedly diftinguifh'd by the faneity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament confifted of an assembly called the house of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to repreffent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the moft auguft assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then defended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable fages and interpreters of the law, prefided for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treafury, the valour and achievements of our forces
forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourse, his majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of usefulness they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow subjects in the last resort. Whether they were all so free from avarice, partiality, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or flavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to chuse him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know, whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and fitted me thoroughly up on every part of this head, proposing numerous enquiries and objections, which I think it nor prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said, in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined, by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with Bulls. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were perfons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors, and where we found money.
money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what businesses we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed, by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats. He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation, drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that, among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, whely take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them by the losses they received to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hated, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Gridldrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confusing, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these are half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are enabled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or councillors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrunged and extracted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

C H A P. VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws, and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to reft with patience, while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can
can possibly be, that such an occasion was given; but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not confit either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the frigidity of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to a historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard, indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further, to shew the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into an hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bignesses, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to withstand its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked by a chain together, would cut through masts and rigging; divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, hurl and throw spitters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and groveling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and so familiar a manner as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereby he said some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and short views! that a prince, poffessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great widom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereinof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king whose character I am sensible will on this accoun
count be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, confining only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentials, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow whatever books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five and twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder, the steps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and, turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten pages, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which, I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was very much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bedchamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weaknesses of human kind, and is in little effect, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, shewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed...
ed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust, not liable to destruction from every little accident of a tiff from an houfe, or a home call from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And, I believe, upon a strict enquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill-grounded among us, as they are among that people. *

* As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of an hundred and seventy-five thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse; if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are, indeed, perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen, after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can picture nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishting! It looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky. I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

**CHAP. VIII.**

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeding. The ship in which I failed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that, if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ahoire, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed; but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a polterity to be kept in cages like tame canary-birds, and perhaps in time fold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was, indeed, treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind, I could never forget those domestick pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner

* The author's zeal to justify Providence has before been remarked; and these quarrels with nature, or in other words with God, could not have been more forcibly reproved than by shewing, that the complaints upon which they are founded, would be equally specious among beings of such astonishing superiority of nature and strength. 
Book IV. NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the convenience of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woeful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover my quarry at a distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board. In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now, suppose that the eagle, which flew away with my box, was pursed by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himself against the reit, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preferred the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being bro-

* Niagara is a settlement of the French in North America, and the cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vast lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and it is said to have been heard fifteen leagues.
ken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got, with much difficulty, out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the flap board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I, then with myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distresses than I was in at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death; nor could any thing have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box, which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconcerted state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, a kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard thrust to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue. If there be any body below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe; for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain’s cabin*. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it

* There are several little incidents which shew the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature; and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardour to be delivered; and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity, by his zeal to preserve his furniture,
never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes fawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigeons, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcock, an honest worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock, an handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and shew him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havock they made; because I am confident it would have fenibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already failed too long. He entertained me with great kindness, obliterating me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chaff. He said, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glasses, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright; swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two flaps upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the flaps, ordered them to tow my chaff (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chaff with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked, whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me? to which he answered, that, discussing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? he said, by the belt computation he could make, we were at least an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousnefs of some enorm-
ous crime, for which I was punished at the
command of some prince by exposing me in
that chest, as great criminals in other coun-
thies have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel
without provisions: for although he should
be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his
ship, yet he would engage his word to set
me safe a-shore in the first port where we ar-
ried. He added, that his suspicions were
much increased by some very absurd speech-
es I had delivered at first to the sailors, and
afterwards to himself, in relation to my clo-
set or chest, as well as by my odd looks and
behaviour while I was at supper.
I begged his patience to hear me tell my
story, which I faithfully did from the last
time I left England to the moment he first
discovered me. And as truth always forsets
its way into rational minds, so this honest
worthy gentleman, who had some tincture
of learning, and very good sense, was imme-
diately convinced of my candour and veracity.
But, farther to confirm all I had said, I in-
treated him to give order that my cabinet
should be brought, of which I had the key
in my pocket, (for he had already informed
me how the seamen disposed of my closet.)
I opened it in his own presence, and fwhel
him the small collection of rarities I made
in the country from whence I had been so
strangely delivered. There was the comb
I had contrived out of the flumps of the king's
beard, and another of the same materials,
but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-
nail, which served for the back. There was
a collection of needles and pins from a foot
to half a yard long; four wap ftings, like
joiners tacks; some combings of the queen's
hair; a gold ring which one day he made
me a present of in a most obliging manner,
taking it from her little finger, and throwing
it over my head like a collar. I desired the
captain would please to accept this ring in
return of his civilities; which he absolutely
refused. I fwhel him a corn that I had cut
off with my own hand from a maid of ho-
nour's toe; it was about the bigness of a
Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that,
when I returned to England, I got it hollow-
ed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I
fwhel him to see the breeches I had then
on, which were made of a mouse's skin.
I could force nothing on him but a foot-
man's tooth, which I observed him to ex-
amine with great curiosity, and found he had
a fancy for it. He received it with abundance
of thanks, more than such a trifle could de-
serve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon
in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's
men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach,
but it was as sound as any in his head. I
got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet:
it was about a foot long, and four inches in
diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with
this plain relation I had given him, and said,
he hoped, when we returned to England, I
would oblige the world by putting it on pa-
per, and making it public. My answer was,
that I thought we were already overstocked
with books of travels: that nothing could
now pass which was not extraordinary;
wherein I doubted some authors less consult-
ed truth than their own vanity, or interest,
or the diversion of ignorant readers; that
my story could contain little besides common
events, with out those ornamental descriptions
of strange plants, trees, birds, and other ani-
mals; or of the barbarous customs and idolat-
ry of savage people, with which most writers
abound. However, I thanked him for his
good opinion, and promised to take the mat-
ter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very
much, which was, to hear me speak so loud,
asking me whether the king or queen of that
country were thick of hearing. I told him,
it was what I had been used to for above two
years past; and that I admired as much at
the voices of him and his men, who seemed
to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear
them well enough. But, when I spoke in that
country, it was like a man talking in the
street to another looking out from the top of
a steeple, unless when I was placed on a ta-
ble, or held in any person's hand. I told him
I had likewise observed another thing, that
when I first got into the ship, and the sailors
flooded all about me, I thought they were the
most little contemptible creatures I had ever
beheld. For indeed, while I was in that
prince's country, I could never endure to
look in a glass, after mine eyes had been ac-
climated to such prodigious objects, because
the comparison gave me so despicable a con-
ceit of myself. The captain said, that while
we were at supper he observed me to look at
every thing with a sort of wonder, and that
I often seemed hardly able to contain my
laughter, which he knew not well how to
take, but imputed it to some disorder in my
brain. I answered it was very true; and I
wondered how I could forbear, when I saw
his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence,
a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not
to big as a nut-shell; and so I went on, de-
scribing the rest of his houshold-fluff and
provisions after the same manner. For al-
though
book iv.

narratives, dialogues, &c.

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though the queen had ordered a little equi-page of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own little errors, as people do at their own faults. The captain undermood my raillery very well, and merri-

rily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted my eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomatch so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven northea-

ward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we fall-

ed southward a long time, and, coasting New-Holland, kept our course west-south-

west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good-Hope. Our voy-

age was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Rotherhithe. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the lit-

tlenes of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them fland out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate) for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till the arofe, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so or-

dered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.  

§ 150. detached sentences.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things: even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

The destruction of a man deferreth his

* from the whole of these two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the figure of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them therefore to such beings was perhaps the most probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable, then, is not left apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author, can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm, that order and regularity are the effects of chance.  

anger,
anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread: there is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions: he knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy prelages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who dispenses of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all: if you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such: he can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding: that civility is beef, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity. There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wise men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and habit will render it the most delightful.

Culam is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but relis only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindnecfs should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present: it is no part of wisdom, to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wildom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expounding himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win, an estate by gaming: the love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks
Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and fits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: where as a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and laiting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own wits, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always foreseeth evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing: he that contemnmeth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man flippeth, and they rebuke him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he faith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue: well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words when thou givest any thing: shall not the dew affluce the heat? Is a word better than a gift? Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men think worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will overcome, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to adoration the world owes its whole race of concombs: nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a concomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an in-fapid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wife action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without paying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answereth, The earth cannot bear two funs, nor Asia two kings,—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained: titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal staff set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and fettle his fencile and learning upon his heirs as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descendent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.
men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

For fake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish thy friend; for many times it is a slander, and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Who so discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the forrows of thy mother; how canst thou recompence them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

The latter part of a wifes man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing; for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed thynes, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some meafore of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend too much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, I am inclined to think so and so, not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honour man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or finifter meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, looses the chief pleasure of the day: he that
that gives up his youth to indolence, under-
goes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the
most agreeable ones; the mild radiance of
an emerald is by no means less pleasing than
the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the
character, discovers at the same time a bad
disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind
will take advice, when they will not so much
as take warning?

Although men are accused for not know-
ing their own weaknes, yet perhaps as few
know their own strength. It is in men as
in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of
gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine senfe, and exalted senfe, are not half
so valuable as common senfe. There are
forty men of wit for one man of senfe; and
he that will carry nothing about him but
gold, will be every day at a loss for want of
ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most
powerful and excellent things in the world
in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischiev-
ous.

A man should never be ashamed to own
he has been in the wrong; which is but say-
ing in other words, that he is wiser to-day
than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude
in a poor man, I take it for granted there
would be as much generosity if he were a
rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious
discourses, are like the blue and red flowers
in corn, pleasing to those who come only for
amusement, but prejudicial to him who would
reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best
people, whose characters have been most in-
jured by flanders: as we usually find that
to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have
been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a micro-
scope, made so very fine and nice, that it dis-
covers the atoms, grains, and minutest par-
ticles, without ever comprehending the whole,
comparing the parts, or seeing all at once
the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the
same kind as that which they shew for a foot-
ball: whenever it is contended for, every
one is ready to venture their lives and limbs
in the dispute; but when that is once at an
end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in
oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one
thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much
less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty;
a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in
societies that have none; it is a sort of pa-
per-credit, with which men are obliged to
trade, who are deficient in the steroing caff
of true morality and religion.

Perfons of great delicacy should know the
certainty of the following truth——There
are abundance of cases which occasion suf-
pence, in which, whatever they determine,
they will repent of their determination;
and this through a propensity of human na-
ture, to fancy happiness in those schemes
which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers
can boast over modern ones, feems owing to
simplicity. Every noble truth and senti-
ment was expressed by the former in a na-
tural manner, in word and phrase simple, per-
spicious, and incapable of improvement:
what then remained for later writers, but
affeification, witticifm, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how no-
bly in reason! how infinite in faculties in
form and moving, how express and admir-
able! in action, how like an angel! in ap-
prehension, how like a God!

If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches,
and poor men's cottages princes palaces.
He is a good divine that follows his own in-
structions: I can easier teach twenty what
were good to be done, than be one of the
twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brats; their
virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
good and ill together; our virtues would be
proud, if our faults whipped them not; and
our crimes would despair, if they were not
cherished by our virtues.

The senfe of death is most in apprehension;
and the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufurance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

§ 151. PROVERBS.

At Proverbs are allowed to contain a great
deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been
judged proper to add a Collection of English,
Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will

At Proverbs are allowed to contain a great
deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been
judged proper to add a Collection of English,
Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will
tend to exercise the powers of Judgment and
Reflection. They may also furnish Subjects
for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are
In every work begin and end with God.
The grace of God is worth a fair.
He is a fool who cannot be angry; but
he is a wise man who will not.
So much of passion, so much of nothing
to the purpose.
It is wit to pick a lock and steal a horse;
but it is wisdom to let him alone.
Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.
Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down
thy hedge.
Half an acre is good land.
Clear up, man, God is still where he was.
Of little meddling comes great ease.
Do well, and have well.
He who perishes in a needle's danger, is
the devil's martyr.
Better spare at the brim, than at the bot-
tom.
He who serves God is the true wise man.
The hafty man never wants woe.
There is God in the almonry.
He who will thrive must rise at five.
He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.
Prayer brings down the first blessing, and
praise the second.
He plays best who wins.
He is a proper man who hath proper con-
ditions.
Better half a loaf than no bread.
Beware of Had-1-ujj.
Sloth and fraud have always foul ends.
Good words cost nought.
A good word is as soon said as a bad one.
Little said soon amended.
Fair words butter no parsiips.
That penny is well spent that saves a great
to its matter.
Penny in pocket is a good companion.
For all your kindred make much of your
friends.
He who hath money in his purse, cannot
want an head for his shoulders.
Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil
when he heare't his hogs.
'Tis ill gaping before an oven.
Where the hedge is lowest all men go over.
When sorrow is asleep wake it not.
Up start's a churl that gathered good.
From whence did spring his noble blood.
Provide for the worst, the best will face
itself.
A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel,
roasts meat for others to eat.
Speak me fair, and think what you will.
Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than
always praying.
A child may have too much of his mother's
blessing.
He who gives alms makes the very best
use of his money.
A wise man will neither speak, nor do.
Whatever anger would provoke him to.
Heaven once named, all other things are
trifles.
The patient man is always at home.
Peace with heaven is the best friendship.
The worst of crofles is never to have had
any.
Crofles are ladders that do lead up to hea-
ven.
Honour buys no beef in the market.
Care not would have.
When it rains pottage you must hold up
your dith.
He that would thrive must ask leave of his
wife.
A wonder lasts but nine days.
The second meal makes the glutton: and
The second blow, or second ill word, makes
the quarrel.
A young serving man an old beggar.
A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny
at all times.
As proud comes behind as goes before.
Bachelor's wives and maid's children are
well taught.
Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.
Rich men seem happy, great, and wife,
All which the good man only is.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Love me little, and love me long.
He that buys an house ready wrought,
Hath many a pin and nail for nought.
Pools build houses, and wife men buy
them, or live in them.
Opportunity makes the thief.
Out of debt, out of deadly fin.
Pride goes before, and shame follows after.
That great is ill faved that shames its
matter.
Quick believers need broad shoulders.
Three may keep counsel, if two be away.
He who weddeth ere he be wife, shall die
ere he thrives.
He who most studie his content, wants it
most.
God hath often a great share in a little
house, and but a little share in a great one.
When prayers are done my lady is ready.
He
He that is warm thinks all are so.
If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.
Mary your son when you will, your daughter when you can.
None is a fool always, every one sometimes.
Think of ease, but work on.
He that lies long in bed his estate feels it.
The child faith nothing but what it heard by the fire-side.
A gentleman, a grey-hound, and a salt-box, look for at the fire-side.
The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.
He who riseth betimes hath something in his head.
Fine dressing is a soul house swept before the doors.
Discontent is a man's worst evil.
He who lives well sees afar off.
Love is not to be found in the market.
My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Escurial.
He who seeks trouble never misseth it.
Never was trumpet fair in a wife man's eye.
He that hath little is the least dirty.
Good counsel breaks no man's head.
Fly the pleasure that will bite to-morrow.
Woe be to the house where there is no eading.
The greatest step is that out of doors.
Poverty is the mother of health.
Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakest parts.
If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.
Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.
Fair words make me look to my purse.
The shortest answer is doing the thing.
He who would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.
He who hath horns in his bosom, needs not put them upon his head.
Good and quickly seldom meet.
God is at the end when we think he is farthest off.
He who contemplates hath a day without night.
Time is the rider that breaks youth.
Better suffer a great evil than do a little one.
Talk much, and err much.
The perfuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.
True praise takes root, and spreads.
Happy is the body which is blest with a mind not needing.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.
Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.
When either side grows warm in arguing, the wife's man gives over first.
Wife men with pity do behold Fools worship mules that carry gold.
In the husband wise, in the wife gentleness.
A wife man cares not much for what he cannot have.
Pardon others but not thyself.
If a good man strives, all thrive with him.
Old praise dies unless you feed it.
That which two will, takes effect.
He only is bright who shines by himself.
Prosperity lets go the bridle.
Take care to be what thou wouldst seem.
Great busineses turn on a little pin.
He that will not have peace, God gives him war.
None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.
That is the beft gown that goes most up and down the house.
Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.
The first dish pleaseth all.
God's mill grinds slow, but sure.
Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.
He who fears death lives not.
He who preaches gives alms.
He who pitied another thinks on himself.
Night is the mother of counsels.
He who once hits will be ever shooting.
That cocks his child provides for his enemy.
The faulty stands always on his guard.
He that is thrown would ever wrestle.
Good swimmers are drowned at last.
Courtesly on one side only, lasts not long.
Wine counsels seldom prosper.
Set good against evil.
He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.
It is an ill air where we gain nothing.
Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.
Too much taking heed is sometimes lois.
'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.
He hath no leisure who useth it not.
The wife is the key of the house.
The life of man is a winter way.
The least foolish is accounted wise.
Life is half spent before we know what it is to live.
Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, than an enemy.
Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time
Time undermines us all.
Conversation makes a man what he is.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
The great put the little in the hook.
Lawyers houses are built on the heads of fools.
Among good men two suffice.
The best bred have the best portion.
To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.
He who hath the charge of souls transports them not in bundles.
Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.
When a lackey comes to hell, the devil locks the gates.
He that tells his wife news is but newly married.
He who will make a door of gold, must knock in a nail every day.
If the brain fows not corn, it plants thistles.
A woman conceals what she knows not.
Some evils are cured by contempt.
God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.
Follow not truth too near at the heels, lest it dash out your teeth.
Say to pleasure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple.
Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.
Every man’s cenfure is usually first moulded in his own nature.
Sufpicion is the virtue of a coward.
Stay a while, that we may make an end the sooner.
Let us ride fair and softly that we may get home the sooner.
Debtors are liars.
Knowledge (or cunning) is no burthen.
Death foreseen come not.
A penny spared is twice got.
Pension never enriched young man.
If things were to be done twice, all would be wife.
If the mother had never been in the oven, she would not have looked for her daughter there.
The body is sooner well dressed than the soul.
Every one is a master, and a servant.
No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.
Every sin brings its punishment along with it.
The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition.
Good husbandry is good divinity.
Be reasonable and you will be happy.
It is better to please a fool than to anger him.
A fool, if he faith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.
Take heed you find not what you do not seek.
The highway is never about.
He lives long enough who hath lived well.
Metal is dangerous in a blind horse.
Winter never rots in the sky.
God help the rich, the poor can beg.
He that speaks me fair, and loves me not, I will speak him fair and truth him not.
He who preaches war is the devil’s chaplain.
The truest wealth is contentment with a little.
A man’s best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.
Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.
Sir John Barley-Corn is the strongest knight.
Like blood, like good, and like age.
Make the happiest marriage.
Every as thinks himself worthy to stand with the king’s horses.
A good beginning makes a good ending.
One ounce of discretion, or of wisdom, is worth two pound of wit.
The devil is good, or kind, when he is pleased.
A fair face is half a portion.
To forget a wrong is the best revenge.
Manners make the man.
Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleases.
Gold goes in at any gate except that of heaven.
Knaves and fools divide the world.
No great loss but may bring some little profit.
When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.
That suit is best that best fits me.
If I had revenged every wrong,
I had not worn my skirts so long.
Self-love is a mote in every man’s eye.
That which is well done is twice done.
Use soft words and hard arguments.
There is no coward to an ill confidence.
He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.
Riches are but the baggage of virtue.
He who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man’s than of his own.
A wise man hath more ballast than fail.
Great men’s promises, courtier’s oaths, and dead men’s shoes, a man may look for, but not trust to.
Be wife on this side heaven.
The devil tempts others, an idle man
  tempts the devil.
  Good looks buy nothing in the market.
  He who will be his own master often hath
  a fool for his scholar.
That man is well bought who costs you
  but a compliment.
The greateft king must at laft go to bed
  with a thovel or spade.
He only truly lives who lives in peace.
If wise men never erred, it would go hard
  with the fool.
  Great virtue feldom descends.
One wife (in marriage) and two happy.
Alms giving never made any man poor,
nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.
A fool and his money are soon parted.
Fear of hell is the true valour of a Christian.
For ill do well, then fear not hell.
The best thing in this world is to live above
it.
  Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.
A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay,
  Will be all one at Doomsday.
One pair of heels is sometimes worth two
  pair of hands.
  It is good sleeping in a whole skin.
  Enough is as good as a feast.
A fool's bolt is soon shot.
All is well that ends well.
  Ever drink, ever dry.
He who hath an ill name is half-hanged.
Harm watch, harm catch.
A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile.
The easiest work and way is, To beware.
  If the best man's faults were written in
  his forehead, it would make him pull his hat
  over his eyes.
A man may be great by chance; but
never wife, or good, without taking pains for
it.
  Sucefs makes a fool seem wife.
  All worldly joys go less
To that one joy of doing kindneffes.
  What fools lay, doth not much trouble
wife men.
Money is a good servant, but an ill master.
Pleasure gives law to fools, God to the wife.
  He lives indeed who lives not to himself
alone.
  Good to begin well, better to end well.
There would be no ill language if it were
  not ill taken.
  Industry is fortune's right-hand, and fru-
gality is her left.
We shall lie all alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to
dinner.
  It is a small family that hath neither a
  thief nor an harlot in it.
  To give and to keep there is need of wit.
  A man never surfeits of too much honefly.
  Honour and eafe are seldom bedfellows.
  Those husbands are in heaven whose wives
do not chide.
He can want nothing who hath God for
his friend.
Young men's knocks old men feel.
He who is poor when he is married, shall
  be rich when he is buried.
Of all tame beasts, I hate fluts.
  Giving much to the poor, doth increase a
man's store.
That is my good that doth me good.
An idle brain is the devil's shop.
God send us somewhat of our own, when
rich men go to dinner.
Let your purse still be your master.
Young men think old men fools; but old
men know that young men are fools.
Wit once bought, is worth twice taught.
A wife's head makes a close mouth.
All foolifh fancies are bought much too
dear.
Women's and children's wishes are the aim
and happiness of the more weak men.
Ignorance is better than pride with greater
knowledge.
  The charitable man gives out at the door,
and God puts in at the window.
  Every man is a fool where he hath not
considered or thought.
He who angers others is not himself at eafe.
He dies like a beast who hath done no
good while he lived.
Heaven is not to be had by men's barely
wishing for it.
  Patch and long fit, build and soon fitt.
One hour's sleep before midnight, is worth
two hours sleep after it.
  Wranglers never want words.
War is death's feast.
Idle lazy folks have most labour.
Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is
beft at the long-run.
  A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.
  Look ever to the main chance.
  Will is the caufe of woe.
Welcome is the beft cheer.
I will keep no more cats than what will
catch mice.
Reprove others, but correct thyfelf.
Once a knave and ever a knave.
Planting of trees is England's old thrift.
It is more painful to do nothing than something.
Any thing for a quiet life.
It is great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.
Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.
God's Providence is the surest and best inheritance.
That is not good language which all understand not.
Much better lose a jest than a friend.
Ill-will never said well.
He that hath some land must have some labour.
Shew me a liar, and I will shew you a thief.
We must wink at small faults.
Use legs and have legs.
Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.
Every one should sweep before his own door.
Much coin usually much care.
Good take-heed doth always speed.
He who gets, doth much; but he who keeps, doth more.
A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.
We think lawyers to be wise men, and they know us to be fools.
Eaten bread is soon forgotten.
When you see your friend, trust to yourself.
Let my friend tell my tale.
Mention not a rope in the house of one whose father was hanged.
Speak the truth and shame the devil.
God help the fool, quoth Pedly. (An Idea.)
Lend, and lose my money; so play fools.
Early to go to bed, and then early to rise, makes men more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wise.
Anger dies soon with a wise and good man.
He who will not be counselled, cannot be helped.
God hath provided no remedy for wilful obstinacy.
All vice infatuates, and corrupts the judgment.
He who converses with nobody, knows nothing.
There is no fool like the old fool.
A good wife makes a good husband.
It is much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave.
One fool makes many.
Penny, whence camest thou? Penny, whither goest thou? and, Penny, when wilt thou come again?

It is worse to be an ill man than to be thought to be one.
A fool comes always short of his reckoning.
A young faint, an old faint; and a young devil, an old devil.
Wit is folly unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.
Knowledge of God and of ourselves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wisdom.
Afflictions are sent us from God for our good.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Every man can tame a shrew but he who hath her.
It is better to die poor than to live poor.
Craft brings nothing home at the last.
Diseases are the interest of pleasure.
All covert, all loose.
Plain dealing is a jewel; but he who useth it will die a beggar.
Honour bought is temporal simony.
Live, and let live, i.e. be a kind landlord.
Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.
Giving begets love, lending usually lessens it.
He is the wife, who is the honest man.
Take part with reason against thy own will or humour.
Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.
Speak not of my debts except you mean to pay them.
Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.
He who lives in hopes dies a fool.
He who gives wisely sells to advantage.
Years know more than books.
Live so as you mean to die.
Go not to hell for company.
All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and make men boys.
Better unborn than untaught.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains; if well, the pains do fade, the joy remains.
Always refuse the advice which passion gives.
Nor say nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.
Bear and forbear is short and good philosophy.
Set out wisely at first; custom will make every virtue more easy and pleasant to you than any vice can be.
The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's own reason over his passions and his follies.
Religion hath true lasting joys; weigh all, and so
If any thing have more, or such, let heaven go.
Whatever good thou dost, give God the praise;
Who both the power and will first gave to thee.

§ 152. Old Italian Proverbs.
He who serves God hath the best master in the world. Where God is, there is nothing wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converies with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many asses without long ears. An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in farther; if you are not a lyar yet, you will be one. The best throw upon the dice, is to throw them away. It is horribly dangerous to sleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most. Giving is going a-fishing. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head achs while he comforts another. Bold and shameless men are masters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well. He who is an afs, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake. Praise doth a wife man good, but a fool harm. No sooner is a law made, but an evasion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon. Three things colt dear; the careffes of a dog, the love of a mis, and the invasion of an hoft. Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himself valuable. Three litle makes a man rich on a sudden; little wit, little shame, and little honesty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wife man a hint, and he will do the businesse well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-fuit. The best watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's house is on fire, carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it. The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them. Love bemires young men, and drows the old. Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbour. Aristotle faith, When you can have any good thing take it: and Plato faith, If you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an a of you can get nothing but kicks and f el. Either say nothing of the absent, or speake like a friend. One man forewarned (or apprized of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn fool. Paint and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others. He that doth the kindnes hath the noblest pleasure of the two. He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praifies them must tell many a lye. A wise man goes not on board without due provision. Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open. He who will ftop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. Wife men have their mouth in their heart, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind. I heard one say so, is half a lye. Lyes have very short legs. One lye draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increase their number. He is a good man who is good for himself, but he is good indeed who is so for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad who takes himself to be a good man. He is far from a good man who strives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. It is a bad house that hath not an old man in it. To crow well and scrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your hat, but flow with
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with your purse. A burthen which one chufes is not felt. The dearer such a thing is, the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever cur'd. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleafure. It is better to be condemned by the college of physicians than by one judge. Skill and affurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the diftain. Knowledge is worth nothing unles we do the good we know. A man is half known when you fee him, when you hear him speak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present. Be flow to give advice, ready to do any service. Both anger and hate hinder good counsel. Give neither counsel nor falt till you are asked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house. A courtier is a flave in a golden chaine. A little kitchen makes a large houfe. Have money, and you will find kindness enough. He that lends his money hath a double losl Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one fourth part of what you hear men fay. Money is his fervant who knows how to use it as he should, his master who doth not. It is better to give one shilling than to lend twenty. Wife distrust is the parent of security. Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either ufe myself or give for God's fake. He who is about to speak evil of another, let him firft well consider himself, Speak not of me unles you know me well; think of yourfelf ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wife man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give fhines ftil, what you eat finells ill next day. Asking cofts no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the hightway. A woman and a glafs are never out of danger. A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The beft furniture in the houfe is a virtuous woman. The firft wife is matrimony, the second company, the third herey. A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is visible philosophy. One ill example spoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a stone againft God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick shall not play me a second. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The firft faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not punish them. He who would be ill ferved, let him keep good store of fervants. To do good still make no delay; for life and time slide fift away. A little time will serve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a thip or a wife. He who will take no pains, will never build a houfe three floors high. The beft of the game is, to do one's bufines and talk little of it. The Italian is wife before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In prosperity we need moderation, in adverfity patience. Prosperous men facrifice not, i. e. they forget God. Great prosperity and modefly seldom go together. Women, wine, and horfes, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who spins hath one shirt, he who spins not hath two. He who considers the end, refrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longest fword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the decision of fortune. Lucky men need no counsel. Three things only are well done in hifte; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fheas. It is better it should be faid, Here he ran away, than Here he was flain. The fword from Heaven above falls not down in hifte. The beft thing in gaming is, that it be but little ufed. Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes shares in gaming. He who doth not like early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men strength enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himfelf, condemns himfelf. Learning is folly, unles a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves justice at another man's houfe; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the laft at the table, and the firft at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it finge as he pleafes. In the conclufion, even forrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are set open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more, hath more care, still desires more and enjoys lefs. At a dangerous paffage give the precendency. The ficknefs of
the body may prove the health of the soul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worst of thieves. The wife hand doth not all which the footish tongue faith. Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for. The best armour is to keep out of gun-shot. The good woman doth not say, Will you have this? but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another. Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do. A fat physician, but a lean monk. Make yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife, and buy a horse from your neighbour. He is master of the world who despises it; its slave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath most patience best enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so, he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians. When the ship is funk, every man knows how the might have been saved. Poverty is the worst guard for chastity. Affairs, like salt-fish, ought to lie a good while a-floaking. He who knows nothing, is confident in every thing. He who lives as he should, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The best revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to. One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue. The shadow of a lord is a hat or cap for a fool. Large trees give more shade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself, and contends nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himself. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride, obscures or blemishes a thousand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none hath sorrow. An Arcadian ais, who is laden with gold and eats but straw. The hare caught the lion in a net of gold. Obstnacit is the worst, the most incurable of all sins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients. Idleness is the mother of vice, the flax-mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle, by an hundred. An idle man is a boister for the devil. Idleness bury's a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himself with other men's businesse, gets peace and safety thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the soldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little, in peace and quiet is my heart's will. He bears with others, and faith nothing, who would live in peace. One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father. The matter is the eye of the houfe. The first service a bad child doth his father is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is master of every body's purse. Another man's bread costs very dear. Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine, drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early, and clap yourself down in the middle. It is good keeping his cloaths who goes to swim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man. He who knows most, commonly speaks least. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and speaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal. Speaking without thinking is shooing without taking aim. He doth not lose his labour who counts every word he speaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purie-strings close. Fine words will not keep a cat from starving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wisdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourself. There is no fool to a learned fool. The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next to tell others so; the third to despife all counsel. If wife men play the fool, they doit with a vengeance. One fool in one house is enough.
enough in all conscience. He is not a thorough wife man who cannot play the fool on a just occasion. A wife man doth that at the first which a fool must do at the last. Men’s years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Men’s sins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Punishment, though lame, overtakes the sinner at the last. He considers ill that considers not on both sides. Think much and often, speak little, and write less. Consider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourself, let your mind be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it must fall of course. He that parts with what he ought, loses nothing by the shift. Forgive every man’s faults except your own. To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. It is a mark of great proficiency to bear easily the fallings of other men. Fond love of a man’s self shews that he doth not know himself. That which a man likes well, is half done. He who is used to do kindness, always finds them when he stands in need. A wife lawyer never goes to law himself. A sluggard takes an hundred steps because he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little less, that I may hold out the better. Trust some few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little, presently out with it. He that doth not mind small things will never get a great deal. John Do-little was the son of Goodwife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is not a moriel for a fool’s mouth. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who first finds the other out. The worst pig often gets the best pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door shut against him. The wiser man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do most, is most mistaken. The wife discharge of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to those preachers who listen not to themselves. He who queaks for cold, either wants money to buy him cloaths, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good, hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself. He who knows moit is the least presuming or confident. It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born so. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle sin, and the end sorrow or repentance. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and costs dear. A fair promise catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and must come out at the narrow if he can. Promising is not with design to give, but to please fools. Give no great credit to a great promiser. Prosperity is the worst enemy men usually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking-glass. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth a half-penny. Avoid carefully the first ill or mistrust, for that will breed an hundred more. Reason governs the wise man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reason of wise men. If you would be as happy as any king, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we sink in with our milk. Love, knavery, and necessity, make men good orators. There is no fence against what comes from Heaven. Good husbandry is the first step towards riches. A fock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a mifs ever worth the money the costs. The fool’s estate is the first spent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who scrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a son with no virtue at all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by sitting still at home. Between robbing and restoring, men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the less credulous he is. There is no harm in desiring to be thought wise by others, but a great deal in a man’s thinking himself to be so. Bare wages never made a servant rich. Loving much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half sickness. When a man is tumbling down, every faint lends a hand. He that unfeonably plays the wife man, is a fool. He that pretends too much to wisdom is counted a fool. A wife man never fets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd bachelor makes a jealous husband. That crown is well spent which faves you ten. Love can do much, but scorn or disdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have
have a thing known of you, never do it.
Whatever you are going to do or say, think
well first what may be the consequence of it.
They are always selling wit to others who
have leaf of it for themselves. He that gains
time gains a great point. Every ditch is full
of after-wit. A little wit will serve a fortu-
nate man. The favour of the court is like
fair weather in winter. Neither take for a
servant him who you must entreat, nor a
kinman, nor a friend, if you would have a
good one. A man never loyes by doing good
offices to others. He that would be well serv-
ed, must know when to change his servants.
Ignorance and prosperity make men bold
and confident. He who employs one servant
in any busineses, hath him all there; who
employs two, hath half a servant; who
three, hath never a one. Either a civil
grant or a civil denial. When you have any
busineses with a man give him title enough.
The covetous man is the baliff, not the
master, of his own estate. Trouble not your
head about the weather, or the government.
Like with like looks well, and lafts long.
All worldly joy is but a short-lived dream.
That is a cursed pleasure that makes a man
a fool. The soldier is well paid for doing
mischief. A soldier, fire, and water, soon
make room for themselves. A considering
careful man is half a conjurer. A man
would not be alone even in paradise. One
nap finds out, or draws on another. Have
good luck and you may lie in bed. He that
will maintain every thing must have his
sword always ready drawn. That house is
in an ill case where the diffal commands the
sword. One sword keeps another in the
scabbard. He that speaks ill of other men,
burns his own tongue. He that is most libe-
ral where he should be so, is the best huf-
band. He is gainer enough who gives over
a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty
cheat. Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. A
man cannot leave his experience or wisdom
to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their
own cost, the wife at other men's. He is
master of the whole world who hath no value
for it. He who faith Woman, faith Wo to
man. One enemy is too much for a man in
a great poll, and a hundred friends are too
few. Let us enjoy the present, we shall have
trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take
pains in order to live easily at last. He that
takes no care of himself, must not expect it
from others. Industry makes a gallant man,
and breaks ill fortune. Study, like a staff
cotton, beats without noise. Mother-in-
law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and
hail-storm. If pride were a deadly disease,
how many would be now in their graves!
He who cannot hold his peace will never
live at ease. A fool will be always talking,
right or wrong. In silence there is many a
good morrel. Pray hold your peace, or you
will make me fall asleep. The table, a secret
thief, tends its mastery to the hospitall. Begin
your web, and God will supply you with
thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good
deliberation. As soon as ever God hath a
church built for him, the devil gets a tabern-
cacle set up for himself. Time is a file that
wears, and makes no noise. Nothing is so
too hard to bear well as prosperity. Patience,
time, and money, let every thing to rights.
The true art of making gold is to have a
good estate, and to spend but little of it.
Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear.
A fair face, or a fine head, and very little
brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives
always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleas-
ing traitor. If three know it, all the world
will know it too. Many have too much, but
nobody hath enough. An honest man hath
half as much more brains as he needs, a
knave hath not half enough. A wife man
changes his mind when there is reason for
it. From hearing, comes wisdom; and
from speaking, repentance. Old age is an
evil desired by all men, and youth an ad-
venture which no young man understands.
He that would have a good revenge, let him
leave it to God. Would you be revenged
on your enemy? live as you ought, and you
have done it to purpose. He that will re-
venge every affront, either falls from a good
polt or never gets up to it. Truth is an in-
habitant of heaven. That which seems pro-
obable is the greatest enemy to the truth.
A thousand probabilities cannot make one
truth. It is no great pains to speak the
truth. That is most true which we least care
to hear. Truth hath the plague in his house
(i.e. is carefully avoided). A wife man will
not tell such a truth as every one will take
for a lye. Long voyages occasion great lyes.
The world makes men drunk as much as
wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon
fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's
love. It is virtue's picture which we find in
books. Virtue must be our trade and study,
not our chance. We shall have a house
without a fault in the next world. Tell me
what life you lead, and I will tell you how
you shall die. He is in a low form who never
thinks beyond this short life: Vices are
learned without a teacher. Wicked men are
dead whilst they live. He is rich who de-

nothing
nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindness or virtue. Who are you for? I am for him whom I get most by. He who eats but of one dish never wants a physician. He hath lived to ill purpose who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; speak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monster. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil custom. Tyrant custom makes a slave of reason. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do. He who says all that he has a mind to say, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives best where virtue is most esteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The sword kills many, but wine many more. It is truth which makes the man angry. He who tells all the truth he knows, must lie in the streets. Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last. A probable story is the best weapon of calumny. He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. Nothing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God sends us. He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of themselves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one size. He that is born of a hen must scrape for his living. Afflic-
tions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my house must be burnt, I will warm myself at it. Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for saying what was true. Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man should learn to fail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himself as he ought. He that would live long, must sometimes change his course of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ache; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ache. To preach well, you must first practice what you teach others. Use or practice of a thing is the best master. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own business better than a wise man doth another's. He who understands most is other men's master. Have a care of—Had I known this before.—Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble. You may know the matter by his man. He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master. He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others. It is the only true liberty to serve our good God. The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great house is an huge great trouble. Never advise a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counsel. It is better keeping out of a quarrel than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor dish on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor fell to, your friend. Sicknens or diseases are visits from God. Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say. A great many words will not fill a purse. Make a slow answer to a hasty question. Self-praise is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man speaks you fair, look to your purse. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jest till you shame him. Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it so. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himself, hath a mind to have it done; who sends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no discretion in love, nor counsel in anger. Wives never can fill a sack. The first step a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not so already. He who is bad to his relations is worst to himself. It is good to know our friend's failings, but not to publish them. A man may see his own faults in those which others do. It is the virtue of saints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wife man, and yet aet like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his share of brains. The first chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wise men. Diffre-
tion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chalitity is the chief and most charming beauty. Little confidence and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourself ready for a foul one. A little
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little too late is too late still. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly. Rich men are slaves condemned to the mines. Many men's estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great faint, interest, rules the world alone. Their power and their will are the meafures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you must do what you can do, not all you would do. A wife man will stay for a convenient feafon, and will bend a little rather than be torn up by the roots. Every buy your wit at other men's charges. You must let your phlegm subdue your choler, if you would not spoil your business. Take not phylfe when you are well, lest you die to be better. Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleasure is much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head and a long story. Be as easy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well and be cheerful. A man knows no more to any purpose than he practises. He that doth moft at once doth least. He is a wretch whose hopes are all below. Thank you, good pafs, starved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the rofe, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hanged at six months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to shave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) paffes for a wife man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wife man. He who reveals his secret makes himself a slave. Gaming shews what metal a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God supplies him with more, who lays out his estate well. The printing-pres is the mother of errors. Let me fee your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourself a kindness, Sir. [The beggar's phrase for Give alms.] I was well, would be better; took physic, and died. [On a monument.] All row galley-wife; every man draws to-
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book IV.

A good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust, from him whom I trust not I shall keep myself. Keep out of an haftie man's way for a while, out of a fullen man's tail the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fettors, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, a hundred thousand of fur- feits. Govern yourself by reafon, tho' fome like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No compenfion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for God's fame, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still-water, from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's firit advice, not her fcond. Tell not what you know, judge not what you fee, and you will live in quiet. Hear reafon, or she will make herself be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimble. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your pursé, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promifes runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers fones. Leave your fon a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the phyfician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feas, and wife men eat of them. June, July, Auguft, and Carthagea, are the four beef ports of Spain. A gentle call fucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witneffes, and a notary). The devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, mufi keep none. The wolves eat the poor afs that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are pea- fants, and in an hundred and ten peafants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped, becaufe our dame will not spin. Leave your jefl whilst you are moft pleafed with it. Whither goeft thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street. Never truft a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as six men fingle. She fpins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuously, nor for your fon than to fit him for an em- ployment. Lock your door, that fo you may keep your neighbour honeft. Civil obliquing language coifs but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou fhalt have its." Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it. He who is not more or better than an- other, deferves not more than another. He who hath no wisdom hath no worth. It is better to bea wife than a rich man. Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and fee, and fay nothing. Meddle not be- between two brothers. The dead and the ab- fent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman or nobleman? He whofe actions make him fo. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourfelf. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or bafe- nefs, but some inconvenience. The hard- hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine fpun are subtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I fufpect that ill in others which I know by myself. Sly knavery is too hard for honeft wisdom. He who resolves to mend hath God on his fide. Hell is crowed up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourfelf, and let me alone. He can never enjoy himself one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broke my leg, who knows but it is beft for me. The more honour we have, the more we thrift after it. If you would be Pope, you muft think of nothing else. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wife. He who eats moft, eats leaft. If you would live in health, be old betimes. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Chufe your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking warther neither makes a man fick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No
pottage is good without bacon, no sermon without St. Auguftin. Have many ac-
quaintance, and but a few friends. A wond-
drous fair woman is not all her husband's
own. He who marries a widow, will have
dead man's head often thrown in his difh.
Away goes the devil when he finds the door
flut against him. It is great courage to
suffer, and great wisdom to hear patiently.
Doing what I ought secures me against all
censures. I wept when I was born, and
every day shews why. Experience and
wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers.
The best folder comes from the plough.
Wine wears no breaches. The hole in the
wall invites the thief. A wife man doth not
hang his wisdom on a peg. A man's love
and his belief are seen by what he does. A
covetous man makes a half-penny of a far-
thng, and a liberal man makes six-pence of
it. In December keep yourself warm and
sleep. He who will revenge every affront,
means not to live long. Keep your money,
niggard, live miserably, that your heir may
squander it away. In war, hunting, and
love, you have a thoufand forrows for every
joy or pleasure. Honour and profit will
not keep both in one fack. The anger of
brothers is the anger of devils. Amule and
a woman do best by fair-means. A very
great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look
upon a picture and a battle at a good diftancc.
A great deal is ill wasted, and a little would
do as well. An estate well got is fpent,
and that which is ill got destroys its master too.
That which is bought cheap is the deareft.
It is more trouble to do ill than to do well.
The husband must not fee, and the wife
must be blind. While the tall maids is floo-
ping, the little one hath swept the house.
Neither so fair as to kill, nor so ugly as to
fright a man. May no greater ill befal you
than to have many children and but a little
bread for them. Let nothing affright you
but fin. I am no river, but can go back
when there is reafon for it. Do not make
me kifs, and you will not make me fin.
Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to
fruit. The abfent are always in the fault.
A great good was never got with a little
pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary.
I left him I knew, for him who was highly
praised, and I found reafon to repent it.
Do not fay, I will never drink of this water,
however dirty it is. He who trifles away
his time, perceives not death, which stands
upon his shoulders. He who fpits againft
heaven, it falls upon his face. He who
flumbles, and falls not, mends his pace.
He who is fick of folly recovers late or never.
He who hath a mouth of his own should
not bid another man blow. He who hath
no ill fortune is tired out with good. He
who depends wholly upon another's pro-
viding for him, hath but an ill breakfast,
and a worse supper. A cheerful look, and
givenefls, is the beft revenge of an affront.
The request of a grandee is a kind of force
upon a man. I am always for the strongest
side. If folly were pain, we should have
great crying out in every house. Serve a
great man, and you will know what forrow
is. Make no abolute promifes, for nobody
will help you to perform them. Every man
is a fool in another man's opinion. Wisdom
comes after a long course of years. Good
fortune comes to him who takes care to get
her. They have a fig at Rome for him who
refuses any thing that is given him. One
love drives out another. Kings go as far as
they are able, not fo far as they defire to go.
So play fools—I muft love you, and you
love somebody els. He who thinks what
he is to do, muft think what he should fay
too. A mifchief may happen which will do
me (or make me) good. Threatened men
eat bread fill, i.e. live on. Get but a
good name, and you may lie in bed. Truth
is the child of God. He who hath an ill
caufe, let him fell it cheap. A wife man
never fays, I did not think of that. Repect
a good man, that he may repect you, and
be civil to an ill man, that he may not affront
you. A wife man only knows when to
change his mind. The wife's counfel is not
worth much, but he who takes it not is a
fool. When two friends have a common
purfe, one fings and the other weeps. I loft
my reputation by speaking ill of others, and
being worse spoken of. He who loves you
will make you weep, and who hates you
may make you laugh. Good deeds live and
flourifh when all other things are at an end.
At the end of life La Gloria is fung. 'By
yielding you make all your friends; but if
you will tell all the truth you know, you
will have your headroke. Since you know
everything, and I know nothing, pray tell
me what I dreamed this morning. Your
looking-glas will tell you what none of
your friends will. The clown was angry,
and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed
or angry, you will have two troubles instead
of one. The laft year was ever better than
the prefent. That wound that was never
given is best cured of any other. Afflictions
 teach
teach much, but they are a hard cruel master. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself. The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roses have thorns about them. He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakness of the understanding. Great fools and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal. Riches make men worse in their latter days. He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth. He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate. To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men, is the wifest, but withal the most cruel revenge. The fool's pleasures cost him very dear. Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof. We without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of, the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An alter will sooner come without taking any care about it, than a canonry. If all affes wore packfaddles, what a good trade would the packfaddlers have. The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful nor pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well, can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness' sake. A wife man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wife man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better pennyworth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wife man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world, is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worse out of company than they went into it. The most mixed or alloyed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourself of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to look always at the issue of things. Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less. Owe money to be paid at Easter, and Lent will seem short to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others because they see not, and know not, themselves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. It is true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans. With all your learning be sure to know yourself. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jeft with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues should have a pair of scissors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who trifles no body, is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not sorry that my son lores his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Co-vetousness breaks the sack; i.e. lores a great deal. That meat relieves best which costs a man nothing. The afs bears his load, but not an over-load. He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse too. He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it. Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy.
One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil must rise early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your sword between you and the strength of a clown. Be ye last to go over a deep river. He who hath a hand- some wife, or a cattle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your physician, your confessor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. Never trust him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourself, expect not from another. Idleness in youth makes way for a painful and miserable old age. He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend is nobody's. Consider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praise nor dispraise any before you know them. A prodigal son succeeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himself who will bring against another as. Though old and wise, yet still advise. Happy is he that mends of himself, without the help of others. A wise man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourself never gains you a friend. Great house-keeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wise men as well as fools. Eating too well at first makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him speak who received, let the giver hold his peace. A house built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horse will die sooner than tire. No woman is ugly when she is dressed. The best remedy against an evil man, is to keep at a good distance from him. A man's folly is seen by his singing, his playing, and riding full speed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and fell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a wit- nes nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his estate pays for it. Consider well of a business, and dispatch it quickly. He who hath children, hath nei- ther kindred nor friends. May I have a dispute with a wise man, if with any. He who hath loft shame is lost to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor leffens no man's store. He who is idle is always wanting somewhat. Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches. He whose house is filled with glass muft not throw stones at his neighbours. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look forward, finds himself behind other men. The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himself and others, muft know both himself and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great roft a nail is worth a horse. I went a fool to the court, and came back an as. Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody. If you do evil, expect to suffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will sell as much as four others. An ill child is better fick than well. He who rises early in the morn- ing hath somewhat in his head. The gal- lows will have its own at last. A lye hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never sign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have seen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any songster very wise. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth something who fets his house on fire; he scares away the rats, and warms himself. I fell nothing on trust till to-morrow. [Written over the shop doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fider of the fame town never plays well at their feaf. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feaf is over, but here is the fool still. To divide as brothers use to do: that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by lofing your time. He will soon be a loft man himself who keeps fuch men company. By courtesies dore to the meanest men, you get much more than you can lofe. Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale and you will have it. That which is well faid, is faid soon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend busineses to get rid of him. Sell him for an as at a fair who talks much and knows little. He who buys and sells doth not feel what he spends. He who ploughs his
his land, and breeds cattle, spins gold. He who will venture nothing must never get on horseback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat or will be cheated. He who sows his land, trusts in God. He who leaves the great road for a by-path, thinks to save ground, and he loses it. He who serves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his first innocence, escapes a thousand sins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forfakes him. He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, nor wise. He who resolves on the sudden, repents at leisure. He who rises late loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house. He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himself under God’s protection. He who loves well sees things at a distance. He who hath servants hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a flock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who paid nothing had the better of it, and had what he desired. He who sleeps much gets but little learning. He who lies like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your business well done, do it yourself. It is the wife man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more sure. He is always safe who knows himself well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the present, are much the same. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loves the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. It is great wisdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the best patrimony for children to inherit. It is much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to shew itself. To have done well obliges us to do so still. He hath a great opinion of himself who makes no comparison with others. It is but a little narrow soul which earthly things can please. The reason why parents love the younger children best, is because they have so little hopes that the elder will do well. The dearest child of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry, should consider how it is with his neighbours. There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so. Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants still more, and then more. The less a man sleeps the more he lives. He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The truest content is that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wife and good men instructs as well as their presence. It is wisdom, in a doubtful case, rather to take another man’s judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other. We are usually the best men when we are worst in health. Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The master makes the house to be respected, not the house the master. The short and sure way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a second, or half an estate. He is the better man who comes nearest to the best. A wrong judgment of things is the most mischiefful thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deferves it himself. Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them. Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends. Nothing in the world is stronger than a man but his own passions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purse and a new house finished make a man wise, but it is somewhat too late.


Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction.
tion of merchants goods. The hour of the
slehe not being come, they were converging
on the badness of the times; and one of
the company called to a plain, clean, old man,
with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham,
what think you of the times? Will not
those heavy taxes quite ruin the country?
how shall we be able to pay them?
What would you advise us to? —Father
Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you
would have my advice, I will give it you in
short; "for a word to the wise is enough,"
as Poor Richard says. They joined in de-
firing him to speak his mind, and gathering
round him, he proceeded as follows:*

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed
very heavy; and, if those laid on by the
government were the only ones we had to
pay, we might more easily discharge them;
but we have many others, and much more
grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice
as much by our idleness, three times as
much by our pride, and four times as much
by our folly; and from these taxes the
commissioners cannot sell or deliver us by
allowing an abatement. However, let us
hearken to good advice, and something may
be done for us; "God helps them that
help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most pre-
cious, waiting time must be," as Poor
Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since,
as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never
found again; and what we call time enough,
ever alone proves little enough." Let us then
up and be doing, and doing to the purpose:

* Dr. Franklin, wishing to collect into one piece all the sayings upon the following subjects, which
he had dropped in the course of publishing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham
for this purpose. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is so often quoted, and that, in the present title, he is
said to be improved.—Notwithstanding the stroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this address,
Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.
—And shall we, brother Englishmen, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the
other side of the water?
ftant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

"Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

If, "But with our industry we must like-wise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree, Nor yet an oft-removed family, That throve so well as thofe that settled be."

"And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee:" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, fend."

And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive, Himselt must either hold or drive."

"And again, "The eye of the matter will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are faved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little negligence may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was loft; for want of a shoe the horse was loft; and for want of a horfe the rider was loft," being overtaken and flain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horfe-shoe nail.

III. So much for indufly, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our indufly more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to fave as he gets, "keep his nofe all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at laft. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and,

"Many eftates are spent in the getting, Since women for tea forfook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forfook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, becaufe her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have fo much caufe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for,

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coffy, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feaits, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this fale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be fold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they coft; but, if you have no occafion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou haft no need of, and ere long thou shalt fell thy neceffaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapnefs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ftraitening thee in thy bufinefs, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchafe of repentance;" and yet this folly is prafticed every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the fake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; "Silks and fatin's, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchenfire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the neceffaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By thefe, and other extrava-
gancies,
gancies, the gentle are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained theirstanding; in which case it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night:" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a forrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

"Fond pride of drefs is sure a very curse, 
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more flauy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to fwell, in order to equal the ox.

"VesseTs large may venture more, 
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt;—Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risk'd, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease suffering; it makes no increas'd of merit in the perfon, it creates envy, it hampers misfortune.

"But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be haimmed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, "The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to drefs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to drefs as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and fuch a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such drefs! Your creditor has authority, at his pleafure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by felling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superflitious fect, great obervers of fet days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed fo long, will, as it flesens, appear extremely fhort: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At prefent, perhaps, you may think yourfelves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want fare while you may, 
No morning-run lasts a whole day."

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and "It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says: So, "Rather go to bed supperless, than rife in debt."

Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friend,' is reason e and
and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blazed without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be cozened cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approv-
ed the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Richard Saunders.


Virtue is of intrinsic value and good des-
"ert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and im-
mutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the found-
dation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in na-
ture. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reason-
able being, to which they ought to be abso-
lutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curies they be-
come. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any parti-
cular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of
our beings. Many of the endowments and
talents we now possess, and of which we are
too apt to be proud, will ceafe entirely with
the present state; but this will be our orna-
ment and dignity in every future state to
which we may be removed. Beauty and wit
will die, learning will vanish away, and all
the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue
will remain for ever. This unites us to the
whole rational creation, and fits us for con-
verting with any order of superior natures,
and for a place in any part of God's works.
It procures us the approbation and love of
all wife and good beings, and renders them
our allies and friends.—But what is of un-
speakably greater consequence is, that it
makes God our friend, assimilates and unites
our minds to his, and engages his almighty
power in our defence. Superior beings of
all ranks are bound by it no less than our-
selves. It has the same authority in all
worlds that it has in this. The further any
being is advanced in excellence and perfec-
tion, the greater is his attachment to it, and
the more he is under its influence. To lay
no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe;
it stands first in the estimation of the Deity;
its original is his nature; and it is the very
object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of
what consequence, therefore, is it that we
practise it!—There is no argument or mo-
tive, which is at all fitted to influence a rea-
sonable mind, which does not call us to this.
One virtuous disposition of soul is prefer-
able to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the
treasures of the world. If you are wise,
then, study virtue, and contemn every thing
that can come in competition with it. Re-
member, that nothing else deserves one an-
xious thought or wish. Remember, that this
alone is honour, glory, wealth and happi-
ness. Secure this, and you secure every
thing; lose this, and all is lost. Price.

§ 156. On Cruelty to inferior Animals.

Man is that link of the chain of universal
existence, by which spiritual and corpo-
real beings are united: as the numbers and
variety of the latter his inferiors are almost
infinite, so probably are those of the former
his superiors; and as we see that the lives and
and happiness of those below us are dependant on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependant on the wills of those above us; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses! no small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horfe, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compasion than the blacksmith hammers a horseshoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little relucence as the tailor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest; the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useful feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and con-

signed to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet; and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to affail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us; who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create numberless animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palates, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs: these, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preferred to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compasion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: but, if there are any whose talles are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to par-
take of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as demons in human shapes, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast; that it is not wonderful that men should persecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation so frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the most exquisite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extinguish it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little lefs barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with shouts of applause and triumph, fee them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their mercilefs pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perilling with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspect-

ing fish, whom they have decoyed by an in-
idious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor ex-

pense to preserve and propagate these inno-
cent animals, for no other end but to multi-
ply the objects of their perfecution.

What name should we bestow on a supe-
rior being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure con-
stituted, in terrifying, enflaming, tormenting, and destroying mankind? whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animos-
fities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in afllicting the rapacious, deceiving the fimple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and re-

more, thus to torment mankind for diver-
fion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to in-
crease the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? yet, if we impartially con-
der the cafe, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, full such a being is a sport-

man.


QuinSilian says, that he has included al-
mof the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them, to love those who teach them, as they love the sci-
ences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they de-

rive not the life of the body, but that in-
strukion which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and repect suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which confils in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instruc-
tions of their masters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a labourer to fow the feed,
feed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars.

Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to prefer always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them. Thus we fee that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quintilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," says he, "I like a child whose is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a sense of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exercise, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will serve instead of a spur. We need not fear that such a scholar will ever give himself up to fullness." Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus flere. Hic erit alenus ambitus: hunc mordebit objugatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc defidiam nunquam verebor.

How great a value soever Quintilian sets upon the talents of the mind, he esteems those of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the same chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he should never have a good opinion of a child, who placed his study in occasioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mein, and faults of others; and he pre Jain gives an admirable reason for it: "A child," says he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unless he be good and virtuous; otherwife, I should rather choose to have him dull and heavy than of a bad disposition." Non dabat spem bonae indolentis, qui hoc imitandi studio petit, ut ridetur. Nam probus quoque impressus erit ille vere ingeniosus: aliquoi non pejus duxerit tardi effe ingenii, quam mali.

He displays to us all these talents in the eldest of his two children, whose character he draws, and whose death he laments in so eloquent and pathetic a strain, in the beautiful preface to his sixth book. I shall beg leave to infer here a small extract of it, which will not be useless to the boys, as they will find it a model which suits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger son, who died at five years old, and described the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettiness of his expressions, the vivacity of his understanding, which began to shine through the veil of childhood; "I had still left me, says he, my fon Quintilian, in whom I placed all my pleasure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him: for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only blossoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of disappointment.—I have much experience; but I never saw in any child, I do not say only so many excellent dispositions for the sciences, nor so much taste, as his masters know, but so much probity, sweetness, good-nature, gentleness, and inclination to please and oblige, as I discerned in him.

"Besides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleasing countenance, and a surprising facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

"But all this was no more than hopes. I set a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his resolution, the courage with which he bore up against fear and pain; for, how were his physicians astonished at his patience under a dieterem of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himself, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he sometimes was at his last moments, his tongue ran of nothing else but learning and the sciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.
Are there many boys among us, of whom we can truly say so much to their advantage, as Quintilian says here of his son? What a shame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Christian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no scruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, respect for their masters, or rather a degree of affection, and the source of an eternal gratitude; zeal for study, and a wonderful thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodness, gentleness, civility, and liberality; as also patience, courage, and greatness of soul in the course of a long sickness. What then was wanting to all these virtues?—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and must be in a manner the soul of them, and constitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety; the saving knowledge of a Mediator; a sincere desire of pleasing God, and referring all our actions to him.
CHAPTER I.

§ 1. Geography.

GEOGRAPHY * is a description of the whole earth as far as it is known to us.

Geography differs from cosmography † as a part from the whole, and from chorography ‡ as the whole from a part. Cosmography describes the heavens as well as the earth; geography only the superficies of the terraqueous globe; chorography any particular region, and topography § any particular place, land, territory, town or village.

The description of the terraqueous globe is usually considered as mathematical, physical, or political.

§ 2. The Mathematical description of the Earth.

The artificial globe properly belongs to this division; it is suspended by the two poles, the one on the north point of the orb is called arctic ||, the other directly opposite to it antarctic ♂, and named poles from the greek verb, ὑπερανατολίζονται, because upon them the whole frame of the earth turns round.

On the terraqueous globe are described eight principal circles, four great, and four left.

The great circles are the equator, horizon, zodiac and meridian, which divide the globe into two equal parts. The equator, commonly called the æquinoctial line, divides the globe into two parts, north and south, at an equal distance from each pole. The horizon or determinator separates the visible from the invisible part of the globe, and takes the lower hemisphere away. The zodiac is an oblique circle passing through the middle of the equator. It is divided into twelve parts, which are called signs. These signs being for the most part representations of animals, the name of the circle is taken from the greek word ἐκλιπτικόν which signifies animal. This circle is divided by another concentric circle called the ecliptic, making an angle with the æquinoctial of 23 degrees 30 minutes, which is the sun's greatest declination, in the points of aries and libra.

The meridian passing through the two poles divides the terraqueous globe into two equal parts, and takes its name from meridies or medius dies, because when the sun comes to the meridian of a place it is then mid-day in that place.

The lesser circles are, the tropics of cancer and capricorn, which touch the ecliptic in the opposite points of cancer and capricorn, which are therefore called solstitial points: the arctic and antarctic poles, and their four lesser circles divide the face or superficies of the whole earth into five spaces or climates called zones.

The zones are, 1. Torrid, including the space between the two tropics, and is so called because of the great and continual heat of the sun, under whose course it lies. This zone comprehends Guinea, lower Libya, Ethiopia, part of Arabia and of the East Indies, as also the West Indies. 2. The temperate zone, which is either south or north, and includes those parts of the globe which are greatly improved on ac-

* From γῆ earth. and γεωγραφία to describe. † from κόσμος the world, and γεωγραφία. ‡ from χώρας a region. § from φυσιμὶς a bear, because the real north pole in the heavens is distinguished by a star in the constellation called the little bear. ¶ from ἀντίστροφος contrary to.
count of the temperature of the air. 3. The frigid zone, is also north or south, and comprehends such lands as are desert and uncultivated on account of excessive cold.

Each circle, as well as the whole globe, is by geome tricians divided into three hundred and sixty parts, called degrees; each degree into sixty, called fcrapules or minutes, answering to so many Italian miles: so that as four Italian miles make one German mile, fifteen German miles are equal to a degree. This may suffice for the mathematical division of the globe, and he that would know more must have recourse to the professors of geometry.

§ 3. A Physical description of the Earth.

The next description of the earth is called physical or natural, according to which the globe is divided into land and water.

Waters are either confined within banks or encompass the earth.

Waters which wash their banks are springs, streams, rivers, lakes.

Springs rise from the earth, and from streams, several of which meeting together make rivers.

A lake is a collection of waters surrounded with land: if no stream flows in or out it is called a pool.

Waters encompassing the earth are called the sea or ocean, which is again divided in many different seas and gulps.

The four seas or greater parts of the ocean are, 1. The Atlantic, which flows between Africa and America. 2. The Pacific, contained between America and Asia. 3. The Northern, about the north pole. 4. The South-sea upon the south coast, which is known.

These great seas have other names given them from the several regions and shores they wash. Hence so many letter seas the Atlantic, Gallie, Britisb, Baltic, Mediterranean, &c.

Whenever the sea extends itself like an arm, within land, having no passage, it is called a gulph. The principal of which are, the Arabian, Persian, Bothnian, Adriatic, &c.

Whenever it flows between two shores at no great distance from each other, it forms a strait or fretum, a fervendo. The most noted straits are those of Gibraltar, the found near Copenhagen, the straits of Magellan, and the Hellespont.

The land is divided into continent, islands and peninsulas.

The continent is a large tract of land not surrounded by the ocean, though in part washed by it.

An island is separated from the continent and surrounded by the sea. It is called insula, from salum the sea, because surrounded by it.

A peninsula, or chersoneus, is almost surrounded by the sea, being by some small part or neck of land joined to the continent, and therefore called a peninsula from pene insula, as being almost an island.

An isthmus is a narrow tract or neck of land which joins a peninsula to the continent or any larger island.

The earth with respect to its uneven surface is divided into mountains, promontories, vallies and plains.

A mountain is that part of the earth which is lifted high above the vallies and plains. Some mountains vomit forth fire, as Ætna in Sicily, Vesuvius in Campania within seven miles of Naples, and Hecla in Iceland.

A promontory, mons prominens, is a high land stretching itself out into the sea.

The most remarkable promontory is the cape of Good-Hope at the most southern point of Africa.

§ 4. The Political description of the Earth.

It is called political, because the earth is divided into various empires, kingdoms and principalities. The most general division of the earth, in this respect, is into known and unknown parts.

The unknown comprehends the regions near the poles, which are supposed to be uninhabited on account of excessive cold.

The habitable part of the globe is by geographers divided into Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

§ 5. Of Europe and its several Kingdoms.

Europe, now more famous than any other part of the globe, is bounded on the east by a river of Tartary in Europe called Tanais, or Don, on the south by the Mediterranean sea, on the north by the northern, and on the west by the Atlantic ocean. The figure it makes is like a woman sitting, whose head is Spain, neck and breast France, arms Italy and Britain, her belly Germany, and the rest of her body other regions.

The chief kingdoms in Europe are Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Tartary
Tartary the left, Moscovy, Greece, to which we add such republics as are not inferior to some kingdoms, as Venice, the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and the Swifs Cantons.

§ 6. Spain,

Formerly called Iberia, is bounded on the east by the Pyrenean mountains and part of the Mediterranean sea; on the west by Portugal; on the south by the Mediterranean, and on the north by the bay of Biscay. The ancient division of Spain was into Bética, Lusitania and Tarraconæ: the modern is into various states and kingdoms. The metropolis of Spain is Madrid, ennobled by the residence of its kings. The rest of the most famous cities are Barcelona, Cæsar Augusta or Saragossa, Pompeiopolis or Pampluna, Valencia, Murcia, New Carthage or Carthagena, the best harbour in Spain; Granada, which was reckoned one of the largest cities in Europe when under subjection to the Moors; Seville, formerly Hispalis, whence the whole kingdom called Hispania or Spain, the greatest city for commerce in Spain; Corduba a very large city, and the old seat of the Saracen kings; Toledo the center of Spain; Valladolid esteemed one of the nearest cities in Europe; Comòftella or St. Jago, to which holy pilgrimages used to be made on account of St. James's bones, believed to be preserved there; and Burgos, the capital of old Castile.

The most celebrated universities are those of Salamanca and Complutum, or Alcala de Henares.

The more noble rivers are the Ebro, Béatis or Guadalquivir, Ans or Guadiana, Tagus, Douro, Mincius, Xucar.

The most noted islands near Spain are the two Ba’eræs, Majorca and Minorca, Ebusus or Ivica, and Cadiz.

§ 7. Portugal,

Anciently Lusitania, has Spain on the east and the Atlantic ocean on the west. It is divided into Portugal, properly so called, and Algarve.

Lisbon is the capital of the kingdom, a very great and famous emporium. Setubal, or, as it is commonly called, St.-Ubes, is one of its best ports, famous for the number of merchants which come there every year from all parts of Europe to buy. The universities of this kingdom are at Lisbon and Coimbra.

§ 8. France.

Gaul was anciently divided into Gallia, Cisalpina and Transalpina, and from the dress of the inhabitants, into Topata or those who wore long garments, and Bracca et Comata, or who wore breeches and their hair. It has for boundaries, to the east, Germany, Switzerland and Savoy; to the west, the Bay of Biscay; to the north, the British channel, and to the south, the Mediterranean sea and Pyrenean mountains.

It is at this time divided into eighty-three departments, or provinces.

The most famous cities are Paris, the capital of the kingdom, a city, which for greatness and number of inhabitants, may well be called an epitome of the world. Rouen, a most opulent trading city near the English channel; Rennes and Nantes; Rheims, the seat of an archbishop, who anoints the kings of France with the holy oil. Dijon, formerly the residence of the dukes of Burgundy; Poitiers, next to Paris in size; Rochelle, a well fortified city, once the bulwark of the Protestants; Bordeaux, a large city, and one of the most noted for trade in France, famous for Roman antiquities and ruins; Tholoufe; Narbonne; Montpellier inhabited by physicians; Nîmes, once a Roman colony, and therefore abounding with Roman antiquities and ruins; Marseille, a city famous for trade, where the royal galleys are stationed; Toulon, the harbour for the kings fleet in the Mediterranean; Gracionopolis or Grenoble, so called from the emperor Gratian; Lyons, a large and fine city; Orleans and many more.

The most celebrated universities are at Paris, the real seat of the Mules; Orleans; Montpellier, famous for the study of physic; Bordeaux; Tholoufe, &c.

The most noted rivers in France are the Rhone, Garonne, Meufe, Seine, Loire, Saone Marne, Scheld or Léscuat.

§ 9. Italy,

Is said to resemble a boot; it advances into the Mediterranean sea, and has France on the west and Germany to the north.

It is at this day divided into kingdoms, principalities, republics and several islands.

There is but one kingdom, that of Naples, on the continent of Italy, which formerly was in subjection to Spain, but is now governed by a king of its own of Spanish extraction. The metropolis of this kingdom is Naples, the seat of its kings, and, for magnificence of buildings and number of inhabitants, inferior to few of the most famous cities.
Tuscan, Savoy, and Milan, are the principal dukedoms. Tuscan, distinguished by the name of the grand duchy, has Florence for its capital, the seat of the great dukes, and is reckoned one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. All the great duchy is subject to the archduke Ferdinand, son of Leopold, the present emperor of Germany.

Savoy, which together with Piedmont, is under the dominion of the duke of Savoy; the principal cities are Chambery and Turin, the capitals of Savoy and Piedmont.

The duchy of Milan, whose metropolis is Milan, a city, which, for its extent, strength and number of inhabitants, is very respectable. Formerly it was governed by its own dukes, afterwards it was subject to the Spaniards, and now it is under the dominion of the emperor of Germany.

The most considerable republics in Italy are, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca.

The Venetian republic, whose chief city is Venice, built on certain islands in the Adriatic sea, has a duke of its own, called the doge, who is elected by the senate. The power of this city was once so great as to be envied by all Italy; and at this time may in some fort be reckoned amongst the wonders of the world for the beauty of its buildings, the opulence of its inhabitants and well-tried form of government.

The capital of the Genoese republic is Genoa, a city inferior to few others in the world for the magnificence of its edifices. It is therefore called by the Italians, who are wont to give epithets to cities, Genoa the proud, as Venice is by them called rich, Florence fair, and Rome holy, &c.

Lucca is also a free city, but within the territories of the emperor. Not far from this place is hewn out in great plenty the most valuable marble in all Italy.

The islands of greatest consequence near Italy are Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica and Malta.

Sicily is situated in the Mediterranean sea, and once was joined to Italy, but afterwards separated by the influx of the Sicilian sea. If we credit what authors have written, this was formerly called Sicania and Trinacria. The capital of old was Syracuse, at present Palermo. Sicily is famous for the burning mount Aetna, and three promontories, Phycillus, Lilybaeum, and Pelorus, whence the island was called Trigetta. It is separated from Italy by a narrow strait, which dire and uncertain passage is well known by the tremendous names of Scylla and Charybdis. Sicily now belongs to the king of Naples.

Sardinia, is the second largest island in the Mediterranean, formerly, on account of its fertility distinguished as a kind nurfe to Rome; but as it is fruitful, it is also pestilent, and the soil is more beneficent than the sky. The chief city is Caralis or Cagliari, which has a noble port. Sardinia now belongs to the duke of Savoy, who takes his title from thence. Corfica is less than Sardinia and not so fruitful. There have been cruel contests between the inhabitants of Pisa and the Genoese, and between the Genoese and the natives, for the dominion of this island, which is now in the possession of the French: the metropolis is Baffia.

Malta, though it lies near Africa is generally reckoned among the islands of Italy. It is governed by the knights of the order of St. John, whose chief is grand master of the order. Valetta is the place where he resides, and it is extremely well fortified.

The most famous universities in Italy are those of Bononia and Pisa. The rivers are the Po and the Tiber; the mountains are the Alps, the Apennine, and the burning Vefuvius.

§ 10. Great Britain.

Great Britain includes three kingdoms, England, Scotland and Ireland.

England is so called from the Angles, a people of Cimbric Cherefoneus, who, invited over by the Britains to affift them against the Scots and Piets, made themselves masters of the whole country, and obliged the old inhabitants to retire to that part which is now called Wales.

England is divided into seven provinces, and each province into several shires or counties. The chief city is London, the head and abstrait of the whole kingdom. It is reckoned the largest city this day in Europe, and the most celebrated emporium in the world, and deserves the name of a world rather than of a city. The cities next to this for size and number of inhabitants are York, Bristol and Norwich.

Wales, which had long been governed by British Sovereigns, is now part of the kingdom of England. From this country the eldest sons of the kings of England are called princes of Wales.

The universities in England are at Oxford and Cambridge.

The greatest river is the Thames, which flows through London and empties itself into the German ocean.

Scotland is divided into north and south, and the islands. The principal city is Edin-
GEOGRAPHY.

§ 11. Denmark.
Formerly called Dacia, bounded on the west by the German ocean, on the east by the Baltic sea, on the north by the Sound, and on the south by part of Germany, is divided into several portions. The whole kingdom is divided into continent and islands. The capital city is Copenhagen.

The continent is called the Cimbrian Chersonesus, it is a peninsula, joined by the southern parts to Germany; the continent of Cimbria is divided into north and south.

South Cimbria, or the dutchy of Slefwic, for a long time was subject both to the kings of Denmark and the dukes of Slefwic of the royal house of Denmark, but it is now under the sole dominion of the Danish king. Slefwic, with the castle of Gottorp, once the residence of the dukes, is the principal city in this dutchy. The other cities are Henburgh, Hadersleb, &c.

North Cimbria or Jutland is divided into four districts or commanderies; namely, of Ripen, Wiburg, Arhufen, and Alburgh, so called from the several cities under those names.

In Denmark are several islands. The larger islands are those of Zeland and Funen.

Copenhagen is the principal city in Zeland, the capital of Denmark, where the king resides. The rest of the cities in this island are Helsingore, famous for the resort of ships that pass through the Baltic, which are here to pay a tax for their passage. Near to this place stands the most magnificent and well fortified tower of Cronenburg, erected by Frederic against any invasions from the Baltic. In the heart of the island is Roffchild, once the metropolis of the whole kingdom, now remarkable for the sepulchres of the kings; the tower of Fredericksburgh, situated in a most delightful country, is the summer residence of the kings of Denmark.

Funen, which on account of its fertility, may be called the nurse of Denmark: in the center of the island is Odensee the principal city, Newberg, &c.

The leffer islands are Lolland, of which the principal town is Naksow; Falster with the city of Nykoping. Langland, Mona, Arros, Beringa or Bonholm, situated in the midst of the Baltic with a very commodious harbour and situation for ships.

Denmark is not divided by rivers. The provinces are separated by three seas, the leffer Belt flows between Jutland and Funen; the greater Belt divides Funen from Zeland; besides the famous strait called the Sound, through which is a passage for ships from the German ocean into the Baltic.

There is but one university belonging to Denmark and Norway, and that is at Copenhagen.

Usually called Norrighe and Norge by the natives, is bounded on the east by Sweden, from which it is separated by a continued chain of mountains, to the south it has the shores of the Baltic codendi finus fauces, the western side is bounded by the ocean, and the northern by Finmark. It is a waste dreary land, but abounds with ports and markets. The whole kingdom is divided into four governments, of Aggerhus, Bergen, Christianland and Nidroie. The chief cities are, Christiana; where the vice-roys reside; Bergen the most famous and the greatest emporium in the kingdom, formerly the staple of the Hanse-towns; Nidroie the ancient capital and place of residence to the kings of Norway; Christianland, a new city built by Christian IV.

To Norway belong. 1. Finmark, which extends as far as the North-Cape. 2. Iceland, so called from the ice that is perpetual there: it is also noted for Mount Hecla, which discharges fire. 3. The Zerroen islands. 4. Greenland, which whether it is an island or joins the continent of America is uncertain. The coast of this waste region is noted for the whale fishery.

Amongst other wonders in this kingdom, is reckoned that dreadful vorago maris or gulph, not far distant from the shore of northern Norway, called Mallrhom, which rifes and falls at certain times as if the sea drew breath there.


Is bounded on the south by the gulph of Finland, and by the Baltic; on the east, by Mufovoy; on the north, by Norwegian Lapland; and on the west by the mountains of Norway.

The land is rough and hordid, covered with barren rocks or vall forests, but rich in ores of silver, copper and iron; and in a prodigious quantity of fish, with which it abound, is exceeded only by Norway.

It is at this day divided into four regions, namely, into Sweden properly so called, Gothland, Nordland and Finland.

The
The chief city in Sweden properly so called, and the capital of the whole kingdom is Stockholm, the place of residence for the king, fortified both by art and nature: it is situated in the marshes, after the manner of Venice, and derives its name from its situation, having its foundation raised upon piles driven into the sea-marshes. The next city to this is Uppsala, where there is a famous academy, and where the kings of Sweden are crowned.

Gotland is divided into east, west, and south.

South Gotland or Scania is the most fertile of all the provinces in Sweden, and is divided into Scania, Halland and Bleking. The most noted towns are Malmoe, Lund, Christianstad, and Christipopolis. This whole region was for a long while matter of contention between the Danes and the Swedes.

Nordland is a waste region, situated to the north, but not to be confounded with Lapland, which is divided into three parts belonging to as many different kingdoms, viz. Denmark, Sweden, and Russia.

Finland lies between the gulf of Finland and the Bothnic, the principal town is Abo. Ingria and Livonia till of late belonged to Sweden, but now they are separated from it and annexed to the empire of Russia.

The universities in Sweden are at Uppsala, Lund, in Scania, and Abo.

§ 15. Germany.

A very great part of Europe, is terminated to the east by Poland and Hungary; by France, Flanders and Holland to the west; to the south by Switzerland and the Venetian territories; and to the north by the Baltic and German oceans. It is usually divided into Upper and Lower Germany and according to the present constitution of the empire into nine circles, namely, Austrian, Bavarian, Franconian, Suabian, of the upper Rhine, of the Lower Rhine, Welfphalian, of Upper Saxon and Lower Saxon.

The Austrian circle comprehends Austria, Sireia, Carinthia, Carniola, and the county of Tyrol; the Bavarian Bavaria, with the Upper Palatinate; the Franconian, Franconia; the Suabian, Suabia, with the dutchy of Wirtemberg; that of the Upper Rhine, contains Aflace, Heffe, Lorraine; that of the Lower Rhine, the archbishopric of Mentz, Triers, Cologne and the lower Palatinate. The Welfphalian, Welfphalia, Liege, Cleves, the dutchy of Juliers, East-Frieland; the circle of Upper Saxon contains Lufattia, Miinia, Thuringia, marquisate of Brandenburg, Pommerania: that of Lower Saxon, the dutchy of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Magdeburg, Bremen, and Helfsin.

Among the chief cities in Germany are the following. In the circle of Austria, Vienna,
Book V. Geography.

Vienna, the metropolis of Austria, in which is the emperor's palace. It is a magnificent and splendid city, and in those parts the safest fortresses against the incursions of the Turks: it is situated on the Danube, and is famous for the many times it has been besieged by the Turks. 2. Graz, the capital of Styria. 3. Innsbruck, the capital of the county of Tyrol. 4. Trent, famous for the council held there in the sixteenth century.

In the Bavarian circle are the following cities. 1. Munich, the fairest of all the German cities and the seat of the Electors of Bavaria. 2. Ratibon, commonly called Regensburg, remarkable on account of the Imperial diet held there, and remains of antiquity.

In the circle of Franconia are, 1. Wurtzburg, the capital of Franconia. 2. Nuremberg, a magnificent city famed for its trade and opulence. 3. Franckfort upon the Maine, a free city of the empire, and famous for its fairs.

In the Suabian circle. 1. Augsburg, a fair and splendid city, free of the empire, particularly noted for the confession of faith proposed there and thence named the Augsburg confession. 2. Ulm. 3. Stuttgard, the principal city of the duchy of Wurtemberg.

In the circle of the Upper Rhine is Strafburg, in which city the tower of the cathedral deserves notice, as being one of the noblest structures in all Germany.

In the circle of the Lower Rhine is, 1. Mentz, the seat of the archbishop and elector of Mentz. 2. Triers, the capital of the archbishopric of Triers. 3. Cologne, i. e. Colonie Agrippina, so called from a colony conducted thither under the auspices of Agrippina, wife of Claudius. 4. Heildelberg, the seat of the electors palatine.

In the circle of Westphalia, 1. Munfler, the capital of Westphaly, famous for the reign of the anabaptists. 2. Aken or Aix la Chapelle, remarkable for the most celebrated springs of hot water, and for the court and sepulchre of the emperor Charles the Great. In this place it was long the custom to crown the emperors.

In upper Saxony, 1. Dresden, the seat of the electors of Saxony. 2. Leipsie, respectable on account of the manners of the people, the beauty of the buildings, and the fairs held there, which next to those of Franckfort upon the Maine, are the most famous in all Germany. 3. Berlin, a most agreeable city, the residence of the kings of Prussia.

In Lower Saxony, 1. Brunswieck. 2. Luneburg, famous for falt springs. 3. Bremen, a noble place of trade. 4. Lubeck, once a place of great strength and the chief of the Hanse-towns. 5. Hamburg, the principal city in Holstein, and most celebrated trading town upon the river Elbe.

The chief rivers in Germany are the Danube, Rhine, Ems, Maine, Wefer, Elbe, Oder, Weixel or Viftula, Mofelle, &c. The Danube or Idar is the most renowned, as it passes through many regions, and after it has received about sixty other streams discharges itself from six mouths into the Euxine sea.

§ 16. Bohemia and Hungary.

Among other regions out of Germany in subjection to emperors of the house of Austria, are the two kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary.

Bohemia is compassed with woods and mountains as with a wall, and takes its name from the Boii, a gallic nation, it boasts the most famous city of Prague, and formerly comprehended Moravia and Silefia. Silefia now belongs chiefly to Prussia. The chief town in Silefia is Brelau, and in Moravia O'mutz.

Hungary or Pannonia is divided into upper and lower, the one on this side, the other across the Danube. Prziburg is the capital of the first, and Buda, or, as the Germans call it, Ofen of the other. Bosnia and Slavonia used to be considered as belonging to Hungary; and Croatia and Dalmatia are parts of Slavonia.

§ 17. Switzerland.

Is situated between Germany, France and Italy, and is surrounded by the Alps as with a girdle: it was once under subjection to the house of Austria, but growing weary of that yoke, the Switzers shook it off, and the chief provinces forming a league, asserted their freedom vigorously against their old masters and other neighbouring powers, till at length Switzerland was, by the treaty of Strefphalia, declared a free republic.

The whole body is at this time to be considered under three denominations. 1. The republic of Switzerland. 2. Its subjects. 3. Its allies.

The republic of Switzerland, commonly called Eydgenoßenschaft, is divided into thirteen free communities, which are called Cantons. The chief cities are Bern, the most powerful, Zurich, and Basf the most famous university in Switzerland.

* The Boii under Segoveus are said to have settled in this country in the sixth century before Christ. They were driven out by the Marcomanni, who were again expelled by the Slavonians in the sixth century after Christ. The language of the country-people is a dialect of the Slavonian.
The subjects of Switzerland are variously divided and too numerous to be inserted here*. The allies are the Rhaeti or Grifons, the Valesii or the people of the country of Valais, in the Alps, and the republic of Geneva, whose capital Geneva is famous for the doctrine of Calvin, which owed its birth and support to that city.

§ 18. Poland,

By the natives Poflæa, from the word Pole, which signifies a plain. It is bounded on the east by Moscovy, on the west by Silesia, on the south by Hungary and Wallachia, and on the north by Prussia, Livonia, and Courland. It is at this day divided into the kingdom of Poland and the duchy of Lithuania.

Poland, properly so called, is again divided into greater and lesser. The most remarkable cities in the greater Poland are, Pofnania or Posen, and Gnesna the most ancient of all the cities in Poland, and the first place where its princes resided.

The chief city of lesser Poland is Cracow, a large city and the metropolis of the whole kingdom. 2. Lublin, where are held the greatest fairs in all Poland. 3. Warsaw, where the kings now reside. Formerly, there was a third division of Poland, under the name of Red Russia; but at the late dismemberment of this kingdom, the whole of this division, with a part of the lesser Poland, was subjected to the Austrian dominion; and now forms two provinces, called Lodomeria and Galicia.

The chief cities in these provinces are Leopoli or Lemberg. 2. Camnieck, a city built on a steep rock, and therefore supposed to be impregnable. The large city of Vilna is the metropolis of Lithuania, a country not much cultivated. Prussia and Courland were some time since added to the crown of Poland. Prussia was divided into two parts, one belonging to Poland, and the other to Brandenburg. But when Austria seized Red Russia, the house of Brandenburg took possession of the Polish part of Russia. Surrounded by the latter territories is the city of Danzig, belonging to Poland, and originally a colony of Danes. Prussia of Brandenburg is the granary of the whole country, lately honoured with the title of a kingdom, the capital of which is Koningberg.

§ 19. Moscovy.

White Russia or Moscovy comprehends a vast tract of land in Europe and Asia, and is for the greatest part both uninhabited and unprofitable from its woods and marshes. The frozen sea bounds it on the north, to the east it extends through the greater Tartary almost as far as the confines of China. The Baltic sea closes it to the west, as does the Euxine to the south, which fhews what a vast space of the globe this country contains.

It takes its name from the river Mosqua, which discharges itself into the Ocka and Volga. This wide empire is divided into east and west Tartarian and Moscovy.

Moscow is the metropolis of the whole empire, a city of incredible extent, but not beautiful, the houses for the most part being built of wood. The next to this is the new city of Peterburgh, lately built near the Baltic sea by Peter the Great, who made it the place of residence for the Imperial family, and adorned it with a port fit to receive a very large fleet, a famous university, and very costly edifices, so that it may deservefully be accounted one of the most splendid cities in Europe.

The most noted rivers in Moscovy are the Tanaïs, or, as it is commonly called, the Don, the Wolga, Oby and Dwina.

§ 20. Thrace,

Was the ancient name of a country now called Romania, situate on the Thracian Bosphorus. Constantiopolis is the capital of Romania and of the whole Turkish empire; this city was formerly called Byzantium, but now the Turks call it Stamboul: it is thought to be the greatest and most populous of all the cities in Europe, and it is the place where the Turkish emperors reside. Adrianople is the second city in Thrace.

The most remarkable mountains in Thrace, are Haemus, Pangaenus, Rhodope, Ibarus. The rivers are the Neffus, Hebrus, and Bathynus, which the army of Xerxes is reported to have drank dry.

§ 21. Moesia,

Is situated beyond Macedonia and Thrace, the Romans called it the granary of Ceres; it is divided into upper called Servia, and lower called Bulgaria.

§ 22. Transylvania,

Is supposed to take its name from the vaft forests that surround it, and from the seven
cities in it; it is called by the Germans Siebenbürger; the chief city is Cibinium, or Hermanstadt. This country is subject to the house of Austria.

Walachia was anciently divided into great and little; the greater is now called Moldavia, the lesser Walachia. The whole country was formerly known by the name Dacia, inhabited by Scythians. At present these provinces are subject to the Turkish empire, who place Christian governors over them, under the name of Hophodars.

Tartary in Europe, or the lesser with respect to great Tartary, which is in Asia, is divided into Perekopenis and Crim-Tartary; the first lies in the Cheroneus Taurica, the latter contains the rest beyond it. These countries are subject to Russia.

§ 23. Greece.

Once so renowned for sciences and war, is usually distributed into five principal parts, Epirus, Peloponnesus, Hellas or Greece properly so called, Thessaly and Macedonia. The most famous cities of old in all Greece were Athens, Corinth and Lacedaemon. This country is almost wholly subject to the dominion of the Turks.

The most celebrated rivers are, Acheron, Achelous, Euprotus, Inachus, Aliakmon, Axios, Strymon, Celidus. The most conspicuous mountains, are the Acroerounus, Pirusanus, Stymphalus, Taygetus, callidromus, Ophrys, Oeta, Helicon, Parnassus, Citharon, Hymettus, Olympus, Pelus, Ossa, and Athos, which was dug through by Xerxes.

The chief of all those islands, which lie almost without number opposite to the Greek shore, is Crete, as it was called by the ancients, now Candia, the name of the metropolis as well as of the island. In the midst of the Aegean sea are the Cyclades, and round them the Sporades.


Where the first of human kind appeared, and where God himself was made manifest in the flesh, is bounded on the north by the Scythian sea, on the east by the Eastrern ocean, on the south by the Indian sea, and on the west by the Arabian gulph and by an isthmus between that and the Mediterranean, hence it is bounded by the Phenician and Aegean seas, the Propontis, Pontus, the lake Maeotis, the rivers Tanais and Oby.

Anciently it was divided into greater and lesser; by the moderns into five principal parts, namely, into Tartary, China, India, with the adjacent islands, the kingdom of the Sophi or Persians, and the Turkish Empire.

Tartary in Asia, is divided into five principal parts, the first of which is called Tartary in the defart, of which Alfran, situated on the Volga, is the chief city. The second is Zagataia, the metropolis of which is Samarcand, made famous by Tamerlane the most warlike emperor of the Tartars. The third is the kingdom of Turkestan, the country of the ancient Sacæ. The fourth is the empire of the great Cham. The fifth old Tartaria, of which the chief places are Ung and Mongul. It is called Tartaria from the river Tartar, which flowing through the country of Mongul, discharges itself into the North sea.

§ 25. China.

China for fertility of soil and temperature of climate, wealth or importance, scarce inferior to any other country, is distributed into various provinces or governments. It has two remarkable rivers of Croceum and Kiang, or the fun of the sea. To the north is the mountain Otorocora, and the wall of four hundred German miles built on its border.

The chief of the adjacent islands are Correa, Japan and Formosa.

§ 26. India.

India, so fertile in precious stones, spices, gold and silver, is divided by the Ganges, on this side is Indostan, on the other Mangi, or India beyond the Ganges.

The principal parts into which India is divided are Cambaja, Narlinga, Malabar, Orissa, Bengal, Pegu, Siam, Cambodia. The great Mogul, once the most powerful of the kings of India, was in possession of the northern part of India, which is therefore called the empire of the Mogul; but his power is reduced to nothing, since the Acquisitions of the English in that country.

The greatest cities in India are Cambaja or Cairo of India, Goa, Caledon, Calcutta in the province of Bengal, Pegu, Cambodia, Delli and Agra. The most celebrated rivers, Indus and Ganges, which is said to abound with diamonds and gold-dust. This river gives its name to the gulph into which it flows, which, however, is most commonly known by the name of the gulph or bay of Bengal. The rivers Hydaspes and Hypanis fall into its channel, and it divides India into two parts.

§ 27. Persia.

Persia, was anciently divided as follows, into Gedrosia, Carmania, Drangiana, Acha-
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book V.

§ 28.

In Asia the following regions belong to the Turkish empire, Albania, Iberia, Colchis, Armenia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Pontus, and Bithynia, Asia minor or Natolia, Lydia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Syria, Mopotamia, Babylonia, Arabia.

Among the islands are Cyprus, Rhodes, Lefbus and Cos.

Albania was once famous for the Molophas or maiff. Iberia for poifons, Colchis the golden fleece, and the mount Caicus. Armenia for mount Antitaurus, and the Tigris and Euphrates, the most celebrated rivers in the eait, Cappadocia for the city Iconium and the rivers Iris and Thennmon; Galata for the city of Sinope, enobled by the birth of Mithridates, and mount Didyms; Pontus and Bythinia for Chalcedon the metropolis.

Natolia or Asia minor is divided into Phrygia, Myfia, Lydia, Caria, Aelolia, Ionia, and Doris.

The most noted cities of old in Natolia, were thofe of Troy or Ilium in Phrygia, famed for its fiege and deſtruction by the Greeks; Pergamus in Myia, famous for the birth of Galen. In Lydia, Sardes, and Philadelphia; in Caria, Laodicea and Priene the country of Bias; in Ionia, Ephesus, famous for the temple of Diana; in Dorus, Halicarnaffus, the native foil both of Hero- dorus and Dionyfus, called Halicarnaffenias from the name of his country.

The most remarkable rivers in Natolia are the Meander, with infinite windings and turnings; in Phrygia Hermus; and Pactolus with its golden sands in Lydia. Of mountains the most conspicuous are Cadmus in Phrygia, which separates it from Lydia; mount Ida in Myia; Latmus in Caria.

Lydia is famous for the burning mount Chimera, which gave rife to the story of the monster with three bodies. The chief city is Patara, whence one of the names of Apollo was Pataraeus.

In Pamphylia is mount Taurus, of prodigious extent, and which divides all Asia into two parts, that to the north called Asia on this side of Taurus, that to the south Asia beyond Taurus.

Cilicia, now called Caramania. The city of Tarfus, which was honoured by the birth and studies of St. Paul, and the river Cydnus belong to this country.

Syria is divided into Palestine, Phenicia, Antiochia, Comagene, and Cole-Syria. Palestine, in the Scriptures called Canaan or the holy land and land of promise, was anciently divided into Idumæa, Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. On account of its fertility and great abundance, this country is called in scripture a land flowing with milk and honey.

Gaza is one of the first cities in Idumæa, it was inhabited by the sons of Enakim, whose gates being pulled down by Samfon were carried by his miraculous strength to a neighbouring mountain near Hebron. Here also was Themmas, in which country Samfon flew the lion; also the desert of Berfaba, whither Agar, Sarah's fervant, with her fon Ismael fled, being turned out of doors, as did Elias to avoid the menaces of Jefabel.

Judea, boats Jerusalem its metropolis, the most famous of all cities in the eait, burnt and deftroyed by Titus Vefpasian. Among other principal cities belonging to the Jews, and situated near the coast, Alcaillon was very confiderable for its strength and riches; Azotus or Afdod, Jamnia, Joppe; but in the inland country flond Bethlehem, fo renowned over all the world for the birth of Chrift our Saviour; also Jericho, or the city of Palms, which Joshua besieged. Among the towns and villages was Emmaus, in the way to which Chrift shewed himself to two of his disciples, the fame day on which he rode from the dead; also Bethphage, Bethany, and Gethfe mane.

Jordan was the principal river in Judea, famous for the baptism of Chrift our Saviour, and other miraculous events, recorded in Scripture. Asphalites, called also the dead or falt sea, is a lake in Judea.

Of mountains there were fome within and others without the walls of Jerufalem. Moria, on which was built the temple of Solomon, was within; the mount of Olives, with the neighbouring valley of Jehofaphat, and the brook Kedron, were without the walls; on the western fide was mount Calvary, called also Golgotha, near to which was the garden, with the fepulchre in which Chrift was laid.

Samaria was the name of a city and country lying between Judea and Galilee, which had been besieged and taken by Salmoniasar king...
king of Assyria. Among other cities were Neapolis, Gama, and on the coast Apolonia; Bethel and Dan lay between mountains; the tower of Strato or Caesarea of Palestine shewed itself among the principal towns of Galilee, on the coast, remarkable for the magnificence of its structure which was enlarged by Herod, and for the bondage of St. Paul.

On the lake of Genesareth stood Capernaum, a rich and noble city, which Christ, leaving Nazareth, honoured with his presence, dwelling and performing many miracles there; also Corazin and Bethsaida, the ruin of which cities was foretold by Christ, and Julias, Tiberias, Magdalam, and Tarachae. Between the lake of Genesareth and the Phænician sea stood Nazareth, where Christ was brought up; also Cana of Galilee, where our Saviour performed the miracle of turning water into wine.

Genesareth was the most famous lake in Galilee, so called from the adjacent country of Genéfar, otherwise the sea of Tiberias, from a city on the banks thereof. It was also called the sea of Galilee, because it was for the greatest part inclosed in it. Hermon was famed for its dew, one of the most remarkable hills opposite to which are those of Gilboa, on which Saul king of Israel was slain by the Philistines: between these hills is the valley of Jefreel. Thabor was the hill on which was the transfiguration of Jesus.

Phænicia is divided into Upper Galilee, or Galilee of the Gentiles, and Syro-Phænicia; Tyrre and Sidon, were the greatest cities; and Libanon, Antilibanon and Carmel the highest mountains.

Antiochene, was called Tetrapolis on account of the four following towns, Antioch, Apamea, Seleucia, Laodicea; in this country are mount Cæsus, and the rivers Belus, Lycus, Adones.

In Comagene, the laft distriét in Syria, Samosata was once the capital, noted for the birth of Lucian.

Cæla Syria, or Syria in the bottom, is divided into three remarkable distriëts, Decapolis, Tetrachias and Palmyra. Damascus, was formerly the capital of this kingdom, and of all Syria.

Mesopotamia, of which Seleucia Magna was ancienly one of the principal cities, is situated between the Tigris and Euphrates. Not far from Mesopotamia was Babylon the metropolis of Babylonia in Assyria, eminent for the many ancient accounts given of it. The part of Babylonia towards the south, is called Chaldea.

Arabia is distinguished by the names of Petraea, the defert, and Arabia felix. The frst was inhabited by the Nabathæi; the Desert by the Nomades and Scenites; the laft, which abounds with spices and frankincense, by the Saracens, the Minæi and Sabæans, who had a town called Saba. Of all the mountains in Arabia, of the Desert, the most famous was that of Sinai, distinguished by the delivery of the law of God.

The most remarkable modern cities in that part of Asia already described are, Damascus, Aleppo, Alexandretta, Tripoli of Syria, and Mecca in Arabia-felix, eminent for the birth of Mohammed.

Leibus, Chius, Samus, and Cos, are the principal islands in the Ægean sea: Cypreas and Rhodes in the Asiatic sea. The frst of these islands was anciently dedicated to Venus, the other had a Colosal statue of the sun, which was one of the seven wonders of the world.

§ 29. Africa.

The greatest peninsula in the world, being joined to Asia by a narrow isthmus; it has the red sea to the east, the Atlantic to the west, the Mediterranean to the north, and the Æthiopic to the south.

The regions, according to which Africa is at present distinguished, are Ægypt, Barbary, Biledulgerid, Sarra in the Desert, the country of Nigritia, Upper and Lower Æthiopia.

Ægypt is divided into Upper and Lower: it is eminent, for the cities of Alexandria, Thebes of Egypt, Arisnoë, Heliopolis, and Memphis, and near it those stupendous structures of the Pyramids. The metropolis of modern Egypt is Cairo or Alkair.

The most celebrated river of Egypt is the Nile, which at a certain time of the year overflows, and discharges itself at several mouths into the Mediterranean sea.

Barbary comprehends the country of Barca, the eastern half of which was by the ancients called Cyreniaca, the kingdom of Tunis or Africa minor, the country of Tripoli, that of Tripolitan, including Numidia, the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, and Dara. Tunis is the capital of the kingdom of that name, Algiers, infamous for its piracies, is the metropolis of Tripolitan.

Biledulgerid, anciently Getulia, or the country of Dates, is bounded on the south by mount Atlas, the highest in all Africa, which old authors have reported to shine with frequent fires in the night, and to re-
found with the songs of Satyrs and Ægyptians, and the noise of drums and cymbals.

Sarra or Zaara of the Desert, anciently Lybia interior, consists of immense deserts, with dens and retreats of wild beasts, and reaches from mount Atlas to the river Niger.

The country of Nigritia is washed by the Niger, the noblest river in Africa; and is divided into several districts, the chief of which is Guinea, the coast of which, from the quantity of gold found there, is called the Golden coast.

Æthiopia is divided into Upper, or the kingdom of Abyssinia, and Lower; and the regions of Congo, Monomotapa, Cafarria, Zangibar, Ajan, Nubia, and Troglodytia.

The most noted inhabitants of Africa among the ancients were the Egyptians, who contended with the Scythians for the antiquity of their nation, and were the inventors of many arts. Besides these were the Nafaflones, Phylli, Nomades, Troglodytes, Garamantes, Mauri, Getauli, Nubi, Nigritas, Æthiopes Anthropophagi or Cannibals, now called Cafres or Hottentots.

The greatest island near the African coast is that of Madagascar, discovered in 1492; the islands of Cape Verd, Madeira, and the Canaries, with that of St. Thomas and St. Helena in the Ethopic sea deferve notice.

§ 30. America.

Is bounded on the north by the Arctic Lands, on the south by the Straits of Magellan, which separate it from Terra del fuego; on the east by the Atlantic or Western Ocean; on the west by the Pacific or South Sea.

The whole continent of America is divided into north and south, by a narrow isthmus passing between them.

In North America are the following countries.

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| Nova Scotia, of which the chief town is Halifax. New Brunswick. Canada, in which the principal town is Quebec. Labrador, or New Britain. Arctic lands, including New Wales and Greenland. New Albion. California. Mexico, or New Spain, of which the chief city is Mexico. New Mexico, or Granada, of which the chief town is Santa Fe. Louisiana, of which the chief city is New Orleans. West and East Florida, with the city of St. Augustine.

South America is divided into the following great parts. Terra Firma, with the city of Panama. Perú, in which is Lima. Brazil with St. Salvador. Land of the Amazons. Chili, in which is St. Jago. Paraguay, with the town called Asumption. Magellanic lands.

Principal rivers in South America are the Rio de la Plata, and Amazon.

The chief of the American islands are as follows. Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Bermudas, &c.

§ 31. Islands in the West Indies.

Cuba, Hifpaniola or St. Domingo, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Lucayos or Bahama Isles; the Antilles or Caribbees, with many others of less note.

§ 32. To the Division already enumerated we must add the following countries and islands in the Southern Hemisphere.

New Guinea, which lies to the east of the Molucca islands in the East Indies. New Britain, a little to the east of New Guinea. New Holland, to the south of the Moluccas. New South Wales, in which are the establishments to which the English convicts have of late years been sent. New Zealand. The New Hebrides. New Caledonia. The Friendly Isles. The Society Isles, of which the principal is Otaheite; and the Marquesas.

The principal islands in the North Pacific ocean, are those to which their immortal discoverer, Captain Cook, gave the name of Sandwich Islands.

CHAP. II.

ASTRONOMY. JENNINGS.

§ 1: A general view of the universe.

The heavenly bodies, which are visible from the earth, are sun, moon, and stars.

The stars are of two sorts. One sort (of which there is by far the greater number) are called fixed stars; because they always appear in the same places, or at the same distance, from one another. The other sort of
of stars are called planets, or wandering stars; because they are perpetually changing their places and distances, both with regard to the fixed stars, and one another.

The planets may easily be distinguished from the fixed stars, by their not twinkling, as the fixed stars do, excepting those of them which are vertical, or nearly so. And generally the planets are the stars which appear so near in the evening, and are latest ere they disappear in the morning; therefore it is one of the planets that is the morning or evening star.

The fixed stars are at such immeasurable distances from the earth, that we know but very little of them. The sun, moon, and planets, are much nearer to us, and are better known.

The sun is a great burning globe, or fiery ball, whose diameter is computed to be 892,000 miles. It always remains immovable in the vast expanse, except that it is observed to turn round its own axis in about twenty-five days and a half.

Many dark spots, of various irregular figures, may commonly be seen, with telescopes, in the surface of the sun; by means of which its rotation on its axis has been discovered, and the time of it ascertained. These spots are not very permanent, but some of them disappear again in a few days after their first appearance. Others of them have been observed to continue during four or five rotations of the sun's body.

The planets are round opaque bodies, which have no light of their own, but reflect the light of the sun.

The planets, and the earth (which is truly a planet) are continually moving round the sun in circles, or rather in ellipses, or ovals, of different bignesses, in the following order.

1. ☉ Mercury is nearest the sun, and performs his revolution in about three months.
2. ☉ Venus is next, and revolves in about seven months and a half.
3. ☉ The earth in a year.
4. ☉ Mars in about two years.
5. ☉ Jupiter in about twelve years.
6. ☉ Saturn in about thirty years.
7. ☉ The Georgium Sidus, or Georgian planet, in about eighty-three years.

The space of time in which each planet revolves round the sun, is also called that planet's year. Thus Saturn's year is equal to about thirty of ours.

These seven are the primary planets. Some of them have secondary planets, or satellites, or moons, moving continually round them. As the moon round the earth. Jupiter has four moons, Saturn has seven, and the Georgian planet two.

The planets are of different magnitudes; some are bigger than the earth, others are less. Mercury is seven times less than the earth; Venus nearly equal to the earth; Mars six times less; Jupiter one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight times bigger; Saturn fix hundred times bigger; the Georgian planet eighty times bigger; the moon is sixty times less than the earth.

A machine which represents the motions of the planets, is called an orrery. And it will very well answer the purpose, if it represents only the motions of two primary planets, for instance, the earth and Venus; and of one secondary planet, viz. the moon: for as the others move in the same manner, a sufficient notion may be formed by these, of the motions of all the rest.

The proportionable magnitudes, and respective

* Which the planets cannot be in our latitude.
† The system of the world here described, is called the Pythagorean or Copernican system; as having been antiquely taught by the wise Samian philosopher, Pythagoras, and revived, after it had been in a manner lost, by the famous Polish philosopher, Nicholas Copernicus, who was born at Thorn, in the year 1473...

The most famous of the antiquated, and now justly exploded systems, are the Ptolomean and the Tychonian.

The Ptolomean system (held long before by Aristotle and Hipparchus) was taught by Ptolomy, an Egyptian astronomer, who is said to have lived 158 years before Christ. He supposed the earth to be immovably fixed in the center of the universe, and the seven planets, viz. the moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; and, above them all, the firmament of fixed stars, to be constantly revolving round the earth in twenty-four hours from east to west.

The Tychonian system was taught by Tycho Brahe, a noble Dane, who was born A. D. 1546. It supposes the earth to be fixed and immovable, as the Ptolomean system does; and that all the stars and planets revolve round the earth in twenty-four hours; but it differs from the Ptolomean in that it not only allow a menstrual motion to the moon round the earth, as the center of its orbit; but it makes the sun to be the center of the orbits of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, in which they are carried round the sun in their respective years, as the sun is round the earth in a solar year; and all these planets, together with the sun, are supposed to be whirled round the earth in twenty-four hours.
effective distances of these bodies to one another, are not to be conveniently expressed in an Orrery. For suppose a ball of one inch diameter to represent the earth, then the ball that represents the sun should, in true proportion, be very near eight feet diameter, (the sun being 885,736 times bigger than the earth) and the distance of the earth from the sun should be about 284 yards, which is more than half a quarter of a mile.

§ 2. **Of the earth and its motions.**

The natural earth is nearly a globe, or round ball, whose diameter is 7,940 miles*. Its mean distance from the sun is 93,000,000 miles.

Note. The earth being further off from the sun at one time of the year than another (as will be shewn afterwards) by the mean distance is meant the medium betwixt the two extremes; or a line drawn from the earth to the sun, which exceeds the shorter distance, as much as it falls short of the longer.

The axis of the earth is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, making with it an angle of 66° 21', or with a perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, an angle of 23° 27' degrees.

Note. The plane of the ecliptic is an imaginary plane, passing through the center of the sun, and of the earth.

The earth has a double motion. First, its diurnal motion, round its own axis, in 24 hours. Secondly, its annual motion round the sun in a year.

First, It has a diurnal motion, which occasions the perpetual succession of days and nights.

One hemisphere of the earth is always illuminated by the sun; and the circle of illumination, or the boundary of light and shade, is perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic.

When any point on the globe first gets into the enlightened hemisphere, the sun is just risen to that part; when it gets half way, or to its greatest distance from the circle of illumination, it is then noon; and when it leaves the enlightened hemisphere, it is then fun-fet. But still it enjoys some light from the sun, reflected by the atmosphere, or air, until it is got 18 degrees beyond the circle; which glimmering light is called twilight.

Suppose a peach to represent the earth, the down on the peach will fitly enough represent the atmosphere; the height of which is computed at about 50 miles: for when the sun is got 18 degrees below the horizon, his rays will not reach lower than about 50 miles over our heads, and then we find the twilight is gone, and we can see the smallest stars that are visible to the naked eye. So that there does not seem to be any air above that height dense enough to reflect the light of the sun to us.

N. B. These parts of the earth that lie at more than 48 degrees latitude, have no perfect night at all, at the season of their longest days, but twilight only.

As the earth moves round its own axis, from west to east, in 24 hours, all the heavenly bodies must appear to move round the earth, from east to west, in the same time.

The rays of the sun, when he is near the horizon, pass through a much larger body of air, (by which the force of the light is much weakened,) than when he is near the zenith.

Hence it is that we can look upon the sun, at his rising, or setting, without hurting our eyes, which we are not able to do when he is at the meridian.

Secondly, The earth has an annual motion round the sun, which produces the lengthening and shortening of days, and different seasons, viz. spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

The earth, in its annual motion, has its axis always in the same direction, or parallel to itself.

The earth completes its revolution round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes. The odd 5 hours and 49 minutes, being nearly a quarter of a day, occasion the additional day every fourth year, or leap year. But yet as 4 times 5 hours and 49 minutes wants 44 minutes of a complete na-

This hypothesis is so embarrassed and perplexed, that but few persons embraced it. It was afterwards refined upon by Longomontanus, and some others; who allowed the diurnal motion of the earth on its own axis, but denied its annual motion round the sun. This hypothesis, partly true and partly false, is called the Semi-Tychonian system. However, the Pythagorean system has generally been received by the greatest mathematicians and philosophers, ever since the revival of it by Copernicus, and it has been at length established on such a solid foundation of mathematical and physical demonstration, by the great Sir Isaa Newton, as puts it out of all danger of being ever overthrown by any new contivined system, so long as the sun and moon shall endure.

The unevenness of the surface of the earth, as consisting of mountains and valleys, is no material objection, against its being considered as round; since the highest mountains do not bear near so great a proportion to the bulk of the earth, as the little risings in the coat of an orange bear to the bigness of that fruit.
tural day, or 24 hours. (which defect amounts to about 3 days in 400 years,) this occasions the error of the old fyle, which is at present 11 days behind the new fyle, now used in most countries of Europe; and in 400 years more it will be 14.

The earth's annual motion is from west to eait; and in the same course does the fun, as seen from the earth, appear to move through the signs of the zodiac.

In whatever sign the earth would appear, if seen from the fun; the fun appears in the opposite sign, as seen from the earth.

The sign which the earth is in, is that which appears upon the meridian at midnight; from whence we can tell what sign the fun is in, though we do not see the stars at the time of his shining.

When the earth enters the sign Libra, the fun appears to enter the sign Aries, which is about the 21st of March. Then the circle of illumination touches both poles: the fun is vertical to the equator, and days and nights are equal all the world over. This is called the vernal equinox.

When the earth enters Scorpio, the fun enters Taurus. The days are then lengthened every where north of the equator, and shortened south of it.

While the fun is, in appearance, travelling through Gemini, the days and nights grow still more unequal.

When he arrives at Cancer, the days are at the longest in the northern hemisphere, and at the shortest in the southern. And the whole northern frigid zone is got within the circle of illumination towards the fun; consequently there is no night there. The verfe is the cafe in the southern frigid zone. The fun is now vertical to the northern tropic, which, from his entering the sign Cancer at this season, is called the tropic of Cancer. This is the summer solstice.

As the fun proceeds through Leo and Virgo, the days shorten in the northern, and lengthen in the southern hemisphere.

When he arrives at Libra, the days and nights are again every where equal. This is called the autumnal equinox, which falls out about the 23d of September.

When he comes to Capricorn, it is the longest day in the southern, and the shortest in the northern hemisphere. This is the winter solstice. The southern tropic is called the tropic of Capricorn, for the same reason that the northern is called the tropic of Cancer.

As the fun proceeds through Aquarius and Pisces, the days lengthen north of the equator, and shorten south of it; until he arrives at Aries again, when the earth has completed her annual orbit, and days and nights are again every where equal.

The names and order of the twelve signs of the zodiac may be easily recollected, by committing to memory the following lines of Dr. Watts.

The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins, And next the Crab, the Lion shines, The Virgin, and the scales: The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea-goat, The man that holds the water-pot, And Fith with glittering tails.

The nearer any place is to the pole, it has the longer days in the summer, and the shorter in the winter. At the pole the longest day is fix months.

In all positions of the earth, half the equator is always in the light, and half in darkness; therefore at the equator the days and nights are always equal.

The fun's declination does not alter so falt; or his altitude, as seen from any place on the earth one day at noon, does not differ so much from his altitude the next day at noon, when he is at or near the solstices, as when he is at or near the equinoxes: because the ecliptic, in which the fun appears to move, approaches much nearer to a parallel position to the equator, where it touches the tropics, than where it cuts the equator; and therefore neither does his diurnal arch, or his apparent path over the earth above the horizon, grow so much bigger or lefs, one day than another; nor, consequently, do the days lengthen, or shorten, so falt about the folticial, as at the equinoctial feasons.

The fun, standing out of the center of the earth's annual orbit*, makes the summer

* The earth's orbit is in reality an oval, or ellipse, having the fun standing in one focus. The focus's of an ellipse are two points in the longer axis, equally distant from the center, or middle of it; from each of which, if a right line be drawn to any point in the circumference, both those lines together are equal to the longer axis. The longer an ellipse is, in proportion to its breadth, or the more it differs from a circle, it is said to be the more eccentric, and the focus's are the further funder, and nearer to the ends.

The focus of the earth's annual orbit, in which the fun stands, is that which is nearer to that end where the earth is at the winter solstice. That point of the earth's, or of any planet's orbit, wherein it is nearest the fun, is called its perihelion. The opposite point, in which it is furthest off from the fun, is called its aphelion.
to the northern hemisphere, longer than the
winter by eight days: that is, from the ver-
nal equinox to the autumnal, is eight days
more, than from the autumnal to the vernal.

The sun being nearer to the earth in our
winter, than in summer, makes the winters
warmer, and the summers cooler, than they
are in the same latitude south of the equator.
Hence also the sun appears bigger to us in
winter than in summer.

The cause of greater heat in summer than
in winter is, partly, the sun's being longer
above the horizon; and chiefly, his being
higher above the horizon; consequently his
rays come to the earth in a direction more
perpendicular to its surface in the summer,
than in the winter.

Moreover the sun being low, and near the
horizon in the winter, his beams pass through
a much greater quantity of air in their pa-
sage to us, by which the force of them is
weakened, than when he approaches nearer
to our zenith in the summer.

The torrid zone, to one part or other of
which the sun is always vertical, is therefore
hottest.

The frigid zones, though they have the
longest days, receive the sun's rays most obli-
guely, and are therefore coldest.

The temperate zones, to which the sun is
never quite vertical, nor very oblique, enjoy
the more moderate heat.

But yet we do not find the hottest season
of the year to be just at the summer solstice,
when the sun is longest and highest above
the horizon, but generally a month or two
after: which may be thus accounted for.

We know that a body once heated by the
sun, does not grow cold again instantaneously,
but gradually: or the heating particles
which flow from the sun, do not fly off again
all at once, as soon as the sun is withdrawn;
but they fly off, or lose their force by de-
grees. Now so long as more heat comes
from the sun in the day than is lost in the
night, the heat of the earth and air will be
daily increasing. Suppose half the heat of
the day should go off in the night; and, for ex-
ample's sake, let us suppose that 100 heating
particles come from the sun in the day, 50
only of which fly off in the night, when, at
the time of the summer solstice, the night is
but half as long as the day. Suppose but
90 heating particles come from the sun the
fun the next day; yet 90 + 50 = 140. Sup-
pose but 80 new heating particles come the
third day; yet 80 + 70 (i.e. half the heat
of the former day) = 150; therefore this
day will be still hotter than the last. Thus
while there are more particles that excite
heat received in the day time, than are lost
in the night, the heat of the earth and air
will continually grow stronger. But, in pro-
cess of time, as the action of the sun in heat-
ging grows weaker, and the nights grow
longer, more heating particles will go off in
the night than were received in the day;
and then the earth and air will gradually
cool again, till after the winter solstice.

The earth does not move uniformly in its
orbit, or always with the same degree of
velocity; but swifter when it is nearer the
sun, and slower when further off. The me-
dium betwixt the two extremes of its swiftest
and slowest motion, is called its mean mo-
tion*; that is, such a degree of velocity,
which as much exceeds the slowest motion,
as it falls short of the swiftest.

The velocity of the mean motion of the
earth in its annual orbit, is computed to be
at the rate of 15½ miles in a second of time,
933 in a minute, 50000 in an hour: which
is more than 100 times swifter than the mo-
tion of a cannon ball, which is usually rec-
koncd about 7 miles in a minute. Any
point on the earth's equator moves, by the
diurnal rotation, at the rate of about 17
miles in a minute, and 1020 in an hour†.

§ 3. Of the Moon.

The moon, which, of all the heavenly bod-
ies next to the sun, appears biggest and
brightest, because of her nearness to the
earth, on which she is a constant attendant,
is an opaque globe, which has no light of its
own, but only reflects the light of the sun
which shines upon it.

That the moon shines only with a borrow-
ed light, may be concluded from her vari-
ous phases; for if she were a luminous body,
like the sun, she would always shine with a
full orb, as the sun does.

The moon's mean distance from the earth
is about 240,000 miles. Her diameter is
2175 miles.

One hemisphere of the moon is always
enlightened by the sun, while the other he-
midphere is in darkness.

* As the motion of all the primary planets is sometimes accelerated, and sometimes retarded, according
to their distance from the sun; and of the secondary planets, according to their distance from the pri-
mary planets, about which they revolve; the terms mean distance and mean motion are applicable to all
of them.

† The inhabitants under the parallel of London, are carried about 580 miles every hour.
The moon, besides her being carried with the earth round the sun in a year, has a double motion of her own.

1. Round her own axis in a month.
2. Round the earth, in her proper orbit, in the same time.

1. The moon's revolution on her own axis, once in a month, certainly appears by her keeping the same face always towards the earth.

In the moon the days and nights are each a fortnight long, and always nearly of the same length.

2. Of the moon's motion round the earth.

The orbit in which the moon moves round the earth is an ellipsis, having the centre of the earth in one focus. That point of her orbit, wherein she is nearest the earth, is called her perigee; or perigee; the opposite point, in which she is furthest off from the earth, is called her apogee, or apogee: these two points are also called her apsides; the one, viz. the apogee, is the higher apsis, the other the lower.

The moon's orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, making with it an angle of about five degrees.

The two points where the moon's orbit coincides with the plane of the ecliptic are called her nodes.

The node by which the moon ascends above the plane of the ecliptic northward, is called the Dragon's-head, and is marked thus ☉. The opposite node, by which she descends below the ecliptic southward, is called the Dragon's-tail, and is thus marked ☐.

An imaginary line, carried cross the moon's orbit, and reaching from node to node, is called the line of the nodes.

The line of the nodes appears continually to move in antecedence, or contrary to the order of the signs of the zodiac; and it revolves in nineteen years.

The moon can never appear exactly in the ecliptic more than twice in her period, viz. when she is in the nodes.

The moon's distance from the plane of the ecliptic is called her latitude; her greatest latitude is 5 degrees 18 minutes.

As the sun appears to pass through the twelve signs of the zodiac in a year, so does the moon in a month.

When the moon is in that part of her orbit which is nearest the sun, she is said to be in conjunction with the sun. Then the whole of her enlightened hemisphere is turned from the earth. Then it is new moon.

When she has proceeded through one eighth of her orbit, a little part of her enlightened hemisphere is turned towards the earth, and she appears horned.

When she has advanced two eighths, she enters on her first quarter; then we see a half moon. When she has gained three eighths of her orbit, she appears gibbous or humped.

When she has proceeded through half her orbit, the whole enlightened hemisphere is towards the earth; then she is said to be full, and in opposition to the sun. The sun and moon are then seen in the opposite parts of the heaven, one rising when the other sets. When she is advanced five eighths, she is again gibbous; but whereas the defect or darkened part was before towards the east, it is now toward the west.

When she has reached three quarters of her orbit, she enters on her last quarter, and we see a half moon again.

At seven eighths she appears horned.

When she has completed her revolution, the whole enlightened hemisphere is again invisible, and we have another new moon.

N. B. The moon moves in her orbit at the rate of about 2300 miles an hour.

The moon performs a complete revolution in her orbit in the space of 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, which is called a periodical month; but the earth having in that time advanced through almost a whole sign in its annual course, and carried the moon along with it, the moon will not come to the same position, with respect to the sun and earth, as she was in when she began her circle, until two days afterwards. Thence it follows, that from new moon to new moon, which is called a synodical month, or lunation, is 29 days and a half, pretty nearly. Therefore, though in the space of a year the moon performs 13 complete revolutions round the earth, or 13 periodical months and 19 days over; yet there are but 12 complete lunations, or synodical months, and 11 days over, in a year.

As the moon, by reflecting the light of the sun, enlightens the earth in the night, so does the earth much more enlighten that hemisphere of the moon which is turned towards it; for the surface of the earth being above fifteen times bigger than that of the moon, probably reflects more than fifteen times as much light as the moon does to the earth. From hence arises that dim light which is visible in the darkened part of the moon, a little before and after the change. The earth appears new and horned, gibbous and full to the moon, just as the moon does...
to the earth, but fifteen times larger. When it is new moon it is full earth, and vice versa.

The moon proceeds daily in her orbit about 13 degrees, and loses about 48 minutes a day, one day with another, in the time of her rising; but yet she loses more when she is in one part of her orbit, and less in another; which is occasioned by the moon's path, (which, at present, we suppose to be the same as the ecliptic) lying sometimes more oblique to the horizon than at others. Suppose the moon is in the beginning of Aries when she rises to-day; to-morrow, when the beginning of Aries comes again to the horizon, the moon is got 13 degrees further eastward, and therefore does not rise till some time after. Now when the ecliptic is in its most perpendicular position to the horizon, at the time of the moon's rising, 13 degrees less her than a much greater distance below the horizon, than when it is in its most oblique position; consequently she will be longer in coming to the horizon in the former case, than in the latter. When the beginning of Libra cuts the horizon in the east, the ecliptic is then in its most perpendicular position to the horizon; but when the first point of Aries touches it in the same place, it is then in its most oblique position. Consequently when the moon is at, or near, the beginning of Aries, at the time of her opposition to the sun, or at full moon (which falls out about the autumnal equinox), there is then the least difference in the time of her rising from one night to another, after the full, that there is any time of the year. And if the moon be at the same time ascending from south to north latitude, that will reduce her path nearer to a parallel position to the horizon, by about 5 degrees, than if she moved in the ecliptic; and so make the difference in the time of her rising to be still less.

This full moon is called the harvest moon; and it is remarkable for its varying so little in the time of its rising for several nights together, immediately after the full.

If the full moon happens just at the equinox, or presently after it, the ecliptic becomes more perpendicular to the horizon, at the time of the moon's rising, every day than other for many days after; and so long she loses more and more in the time of her rising. But if the full moon falls out before the equinox, the ecliptic grows more and more oblique to the horizon at the time of the moon's rising; and she loses less and less in the time of her rising every day than other, till she arrives at the first point of Aries. Now as that week in the summer or winter, in which the sun rises every day nearest to the same time, does not begin at the solstice, but before it, and has the solstitial day in the middle of it; so that week in the year, next after a full moon, when she rises every evening nearest to the same time, must begin not with the moon's arriving at the first point of Aries, (when the ecliptic is in the most oblique position of all to the horizon at the time of her rising;) but two or three days before. Therefore it is, generally, that the full moon in August, when she arrives to her opposition in Pisces, has most remarkably the property of the harvest moon. And the next full moon after, viz. in September, which has the fame property of rising nearly at the same time, for several nights after the full, though not quite so remarkably as the former, is, by some, called the hunter's moon.

That the surface of the moon is very uneven and mountainous, is apparent from the irregularity or unevenness of the line which separates the enlightened from the dark part of its disk, at any time when the moon is not full; which line, when viewed with a telescope, appears, as it were, toothed, and cut with innumerable irregular notches. And, besides, several shining points may be seen in the dark part of the moon, quite separated, though not far distant from the enlightened part. These are concluded to be the tops of mountains, which are sooner reached by the sun's beams than the lower parts, that lie about them. The bright top of one of these lunar mountains has been observed on the 4th day after the new moon, to be distant from the confines of the enlightened surface about a 16th part of the moon's diameter; from whence (supposing the true measure of the moon's diameter; to be known) it is easy to compute the height of that mountain; which is accordingly computed to be nine miles high, that is, three times higher than the top of any mountain on the earth.*

Some parts of the moon's surface, even when she is full, appear of a dusky colour.

* It appears, however, from the observations and experiments of Dr. Herschel, that the height of the lunar mountains has been greatly over-rated. He has proved that the generality of them do not exceed half a mile in their perpendicular elevation. The height of the highest which he has measured, is not more than a mile and three-quarters.
These are supposed, by some, to be seas and lakes. But Mr. Keill afferts (vid. Altr. Lect., Lelt. 10.) "that when they are looked at with a good telescope, they appear to consist of an infinity of caverns and empty pits, whose shadows fall within them; which can never be in a sea, or liquid body. These black spots there-fore cannot possibly be seas: but they consist of some darker and red coloured matter, which does not reflect the light to strongly as the solid and shining mountains do."

There seem to be no clouds about the moon; for when there are no clouds in our air, she constantly appears to us with the same lustre.

§ 4. Of the eclipses of the Sun and Moon.

An eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the moon's coming betwixt the sun and the earth, and thereby hiding the light of the sun from the earth; which can only happen when the moon is in conjunction with the sun, or at new-moon.

An eclipse of the moon is occasioned by the shadow of the earth falling upon the moon; or by the moon's passing through the shadow of the earth, whereby she is necessarily darkened, and loses the light of the sun. This can only happen when the moon is in opposition to the sun, or at full-moon.

The reason why the sun is not eclipsed every new-moon, and the moon every time she is full, is because of the inclination of the moon's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic; so that an eclipse can never happen, but when the moon is either at or near one of the nodes.

If the moon happens to be exactly in the node at the time of her conjunction, it occasions a central eclipse of the sun, which is commonly total; but sometimes, as when the earth is in its perihelion, and the moon in her apogee, the eclipse will be annular; that is, a luminous circle of the sun will appear round the body of the moon.

If the be near the node, the eclipse may be total, though not central. If she be any where within 12½ degrees of the node, she will hide at least some part of the sun from the earth, and produce a partial eclipse. If she be further from the node than 12¾ degrees, there will be no eclipse at all; but the light of the sun will pass to the earth, either under or over the moon, without obstruction.

So if the moon be exactly in the node at the time of her opposition, the eclipse of the moon, by the shadow of the earth, will be central and total. If near the node, total, though not central. If at a greater distance, but within 16½ degrees, the shadow of the earth will fall upon part of the moon, and occasion a partial eclipse. But if at a greater distance than 16½ degrees, there will be no eclipse at all.

The line of the nodes being carried nearly parallel to itself, round the sun in a year, would twice in the year, if produced, pass through the sun; and the new and full moons which happen nearest to such a position of the nodes will, most commonly, produce eclipses. So that there are ordinarily four eclipses in a year, viz. two of the sun, and two of the moon; which fall out in pairs, thus, one of each luminary at a fortnight's distance, and another pair, in the same manner, about half a year after.

The shadows which both the earth and the moon cast behind them, which cause the eclipses, are of a conical figure, terminating in a point at a distance from their bodies; which is proved thus:

If the shadow of the earth were a cylinder, or every where of the same width, (which must be the case, if the sun, and the earth were of the same bigness,) or if it grew wider and wider, the further it extended (which would be the case, if the earth were bigger than the sun,) it would run out into infinite space; and sometimes it would involve in it, and eclipse the planets Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium fidus. But, as that never happens, we may reasonably conclude, that the shadow of the earth is a cone, whose point, or vertex, falls short of any of those planets. Besides, it is found that the moon is longer in passing through the earth's shadow, when she is in her perigee, or nearer the earth, than when she is in her apogee, or further off from it; which affords another proof that the shadow of the earth is a cone, which grows less the further it is extended; and consequently this proves too that the sun is bigger than the earth.

If the diameter of the earth's shadow, where it reaches the moon, were not so long as the diameter of the moon, (as would be the case if the moon were bigger, or as big as the earth,) the moon could never be totally eclipsed by it. But since the moon is often totally eclipsed by the shadow of the earth, the moon must be less than the sun, and consequently her shadow must be also conical.

The shadow of the moon, where it reaches the earth, is so small, that but a little part of
of the earth can be covered by it at a time; therefore a total eclipse of the sun can last no longer, in one place, than about four minutes. But the diameter of the earth's shadow, where the moon passes through it, is three or four times longer than the diameter of the moon's body; therefore the moon is sometimes totally eclipsed for about three hours together.

Since when the moon is eclipsed, she is really darkened, and loses the light of the sun, from so much of her disc as is involved in the shadow of the earth, a lunar eclipse must appear just the same in all parts of the world, where it is seen. But when the sun appears eclipsed, he, in reality, loses none of his light, only the moon stands in the way of our seeing him, either wholly or in part. And since the moon can hide the sun but from a little part of the earth at one time, a solar eclipse will appear differently in different places. In one place it may be central and total, the moon being just between that place and the sun, or that place being just in the center of the moon's shadow; while the moon hides but part of the sun from other places; and from others, no part of him at all.

A lunar eclipse seen from the moon, is an eclipse of the sun.

If a solar eclipse (which is more properly an eclipse of the earth) can be seen from the moon, it appears only as a dark spot passing over the disk of the earth.

It is observed that the moon, even when she is totally eclipsed, or wholly involved in the shadow of the earth, does not lose all her light, but still appears of a faint dusky red colour; which is owing to the sun's rays being refracted, or bent inwards, in passing through the earth's atmosphere, (just as they are in passing through a burning-glass,) by which means they enter, and, in some measure, enlighten the conical shadow of the earth, where it involves the moon; and it is by that faint light that the moon is still visible, even in the midst of a central eclipse.

Astronomers divide the diameters both of the sun and moon into twelve equal parts, which they call digits, and each digit into minutes, &c. by which they measure the quantity of obscuration, or the bigness of an eclipse.

- The computation of eclipses requires a great deal more previous mathematical knowledge than the per sons, for whose service this treatise is designed, are supposed to be furnished with; therefore I wholly omit it. Those that would acquaint themselves with the method of computing eclipses, both solar and lunar, may see it in Dr. Gregory's or Dr. Keill's astronomy. And they may find good tables for calculating eclipses in Dunton's Practical Astronomy of the Moon.

1. The shadow of the earth, which is visible upon the moon in a lunar eclipse, appearing always circular, is a sensible demonstration of the globular form of the earth.

2. Since the bigness of an eclipse depends on the bigness of the shadow that falls on the eclipsed body, and that on the bigness, and distance of the body which casts the shadow; and as the time of an eclipse depends on the motions of those bodies, it is evident that an eclipse could not be computed before it happened, unless all these were known. But certain it is, that astronomers are able to compute* eclipses beforehand, to almost a minute of time; therefore we must conclude, that their knowledge of these matters is very considerable and certain.

§ 5. Of the Doctrine of the Tides.

The surface of the whole globe (as also its internal parts) is every where pressed by gravitation towards its center.

If the globe were all fluid, and some parts of the surface were more pressed than others, the parts that were most pressed would be lowlest, or nearest the center; and the parts least pressed would be the highest, or furthest from the center.

Both sun and moon attract the earth with forces which pervade the whole globe; but which are greater or less in the different parts of it, as those parts are nearer to, or further from, those luminaries; and the moon, by reason of her being so much nearer to the earth than the sun, has the greatest influence; and causes the greatest alteration in the figure of the earth or raising the tides.

The effects of the moon's attraction upon the fluids of the globe, to alter their natural spheroidal figure, must be as follows:

First, Upon the hemisphere towards the moon; where the middle point being nearest the moon, and therefore most attracted by her, (directly contrary to its natural gravitation towards the center) is least pressed by gravitation than any other part of the surface of that hemisphere, and consequently the waters will there rise highest.

Secondly, Upon the hemisphere that is remote from the moon; where the middle point being left attracted by the moon, (by reason of its greatest distance from her) is left behind, while all the other parts, and
even the center itself, are more attracted towards her: from whence it will follow, that the surface of the water at the middle of that hemisphere, will be higher, or more remote from the center, than in any other part. The two middle points will therefore be the highest in their respective hemispheres; the one being really more elevated, the other less depressed, by the moon’s attraction, than the adjacent parts: so that these two points may now be conceived of as the summits of two opposite mountains of water, or the whole globe may be conceived as now thrown into a spheroidal or oval figure, whose longer axis produced would pass through the moon. And by reason of the earth’s rotation, these mountains must be continually shifting their places all round the surface of the globe; from whence there will follow two flood-tides and two ebb-tides in the space of 25 hours; in which time the moon moves from the meridian of any place, to the meridian again.

When the sun and moon are in conjunction or opposition, that is, at new or full moon, the attraction of both these bodies acting upon the earth in the same direction or in the same right line, their force is united to elevate the waters; whereby are produced spring-tides.

When the moon is in her quadratures, her attraction acts in one direction, the sun’s in a quite contrary; by which means they correct or counteract one another, the moon rising the waters where the sun depresses them, and vice versa; which produces neap-tides.

It is evident, that if the two opposite protuberances, or summits of the two mountains of water, were always exactly at the poles of the earth, there would be no rising and falling of the waters by means of the earth’s rotation, or no tides at all; but it would constantly be high water at the poles, and low water all round the equator. On the other hand, when these two summits are farthest from the poles, that is, upon the equator, the rise and fall of the waters, by means of the earth’s rotation, is then greatest: therefore the nearer they are to the equator, the rise and fall is the greater: and the nearer to the poles, the rise and fall is the less. Consequently when the sun and moon are in conjunction or opposition, in or near the equinoctial, as in March and September, the spring-tides must rise higher, (the summits of the two mountains being then upon the equator) than when they are in conjunction or opposition in the tropics, as in June and December. And the moon being in the tropics at her quadratures in March and September, and in the equinoctial at her quadratures in June and December, the neap-tides will be less vigorous in the former months, and more vigorous in the latter.

And, besides, when the moon is in the tropics at her quadratures, the sun is in the equinoctial; therefore the rise and fall of the waters by his influence (counteracting that of the moon) is then greatest, though still less than that of the moon, consequently the neap-tides will then be weakest. But when the moon is in the equinoctial at her quadratures, the sun is in the tropic, whose influence, as counteracting the moon, is then least; therefore the neap-tides will then be strongest. So that the difference between the spring and the neap-tides is much less considerable at the solstitial, than at the equinoctial seasons.

Yet the highest tides of the year are observed to be (ceteris paribus) some time before the vernal, and some time after the autumnal equinox, viz. in February and October; which is owing to the sun’s being nearer the earth in the winter months, when, consequently, the force of his attraction on the waters is greater, than in the summer months.

It has further been observed, that, in this part of the world, the tides rise higher when the moon is in the northern signs, at the time of her coming to the meridian, above our horizon; and when she is in the southern signs at the time of her coming to the meridian, below the horizon; than when, on the contrary, she is in the southern signs above our horizon, and in the northern signs below it. The reason of which will evidently appear upon the globe, viz. That in the two former cases, the moon is nearer to our zenith and nadir, when she is upon our meridian, or at the time of high water, and consequently, we are then nearer to the summits of the mountains of water, than in the two latter cases.

Though the force by which the tides are raised is continually increasing, from the time of the moon’s quadrature to her conjunction or opposition, after which it gradually decreases until the next quadrature; yet the highest spring-tide is not just at the new or full moon, but a day or two after; which may be thus accounted for.

Conceive every tide as raised by a double force, viz. some part of the force by which the last tide was raised still remaining, and the force of a new impulse. When both these together amount to more than the whole
force which raised the last tide, the present tide must rise higher than the last did. Suppose the remaining force to be always half the whole force of the last tide: suppose the new impulse, just at new or full moon, to be 15, and the whole force, with which that tide is raised to be 22. Let the new impulse of the new tide be but 14, then $14 + 11$ (i.e. half 22) = 25: this tide will therefore rise higher than the last. Let the new impulse of the next tide be but 13; then $13 + 12\frac{1}{2}$ (i.e. half 25) = 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. Consequently this tide will rise still higher than the last did; though the force of the action of the two luminaries, by which the tides are raised, is now considerably abated.

For the same reason, the deadest neap-tides will fall out, not precisely at the moon's quarters, but sometime after.

§ 6. Of the inferior and superior Planets.

The planets are distinguished into inferior and superior. Mercury and Venus are called the inferior planets, because they are lower than the earth, in the solar system, and nearer to the sun; Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgian planet, are called the superior planets, because they are higher than the earth, and more remote from the sun.

Mercury revolves about the sun in 87 days 23 hours, at the mean distance of 37,000,000 miles; his diameter is 2600 miles. As this planet is almost three times nearer the sun than the earth is, his light and heat is seven times greater than ours; which degree of heat is sufficient to make water boil. This planet must therefore consist of denser matter than the earth; and if it be inhabited, it must be by other sort of creatures than any that live here.

An eye in Mercury sees six planets superior to it. Venus and the earth, when they are in opposition to the sun, shine upon Mercury with a full orb, and afford a considerable light to this planet in the night; but the other planets do not afford him so much light as they do to us.

It is not known whether Mercury revolves on his axis, nor what is the inclination of his axis to the plane of his orbit; consequently the length of his days, and what change of seasons this planet is subject to, are both unknown; only the orbit of Mercury, being the most excentric of any of the planets, must occasion a considerable alteration of his light and heat, in different times of his year.

Mercury's greatest elongation, or apparent distance from the sun, is about 28 degrees. The inclination of his orbit to the plane of the eclipse, is 6 degrees, 54 minutes.

There may be other planets betwixt Mercury and the sun; but if there are, they can never be seen by us, because of their nearness to the sun.

Venus, the brightest of the primary planets, and nearest to the earth, is 7906 miles diameter. She revolves on her axis in 23 hours, and in her orbit round the sun in 224 days, 16 hours, 46 minutes, at the mean distance of 69,000,000 miles from the sun. Her light and heat is more than twice as much as ours. The orbit of Venus being nearer the sun than the earth's annual orbit, she is much nearer the earth, viz. six times nearer, at her inferior conjunction, or when she is betwixt the earth and the sun, than at her superior conjunction, viz. when the sun is betwixt the earth and Venus; therefore she appears much larger to us at one time than another.

Her greatest elongation is about 48 degrees. The inclination of her orbit to the plane of the eclipse is 3 degrees 24 minutes.

She appears with different phases, viz. horned and full like the moon; and sometimes, at her inferior conjunction, she appears as a spot paling over the body of the sun.

The different phases of Venus were first discovered by the great Italian philosopher, Galileo, in the beginning of the last century: whereby he fulfilled the famous prophecy of Copernicus; who, when it was objected to his hypothesis, that according to it, Venus ought to undergo the same changes and phases that the moon does, answered,
that perhaps the astronomers in after ages would find, that Venus does really undergo all these changes.

The inferior planets, from the time of their superior, to the time of their inferior conjunction, are seen more easily than the sun, and set after him. Then they are evening stars.

But from the time of their inferior to their superior conjunction, they are seen westward of the sun; and consequently set in the evening, and rise in the morning before him. Then they are morning stars.

They are seen from the earth to move much swifter in their orbits round the sun, at sometimes than at others; and their motion at sometimes appears to be direct, or according to the natural order of the signs of the zodiac, as from Aries to Taurus, &c. sometimes retrograde, or contrary to the order of the signs, as from Taurus to Aries, &c. and sometimes they appear to be stationary, or without any motion at all, for some days together; all which is occasioned by the earth and these planets moving in concentric orbits, one within another, but with different velocities.

Mars, who looks the most red and fiery of any of the planets, revolves on his axis in 24 hours, 40 minutes, at the mean distance of 145,000,000 miles from the sun; his diameter is 4,444 miles. His days and nights are always nearly of the same length; because his axis is nearly at right angles to the plane of his orbit. The inclination of his orbit, to the plane of the ecliptic, is 1 degree 52 minutes. His year is almost twice as long as ours, (for he performs his revolution about the sun in 364 days, 22 hours) but with little variety of seasons. The quantity of light and heat which this planet receives from the sun, is not half so much as ours. Mars seems to have an atmosphere round him, as the earth has, which is argued from the fixed stars appearing obscure, when they are seen just by his body.

This planet is five times nearer to us when he is in opposition to the sun, than when he is in conjunction with him; therefore he appears so much bigger and brighter at one time than another.

A spectator in Mars will hardly ever see Mercury; unless sometimes as a spot in the disk of the sun. To an eye in Mars, Venus will appear about as far from the sun, as Mercury does to us. And the earth about as far off as Venus appears to us.

Jupiter's mean distance from the sun is 493,000,000 miles. He revolves on his axis in 10 hours; and his days and nights, each of 5 hours, are always nearly of the same length, all over his surface; because his axis, like that of Mars, is nearly at right angles to the plane of his orbit. The inclination of his orbit, to the plane of the ecliptic, is 1 degree 20 minutes; the diameter of Jupiter is 81,000 miles. His year is almost equal to 12 of ours, viz. to 314 days, 12 hours, but without any considerable change of seasons. The light and heat which this planet receives from the sun is but one 27th part of what the earth enjoys.

Besides abundance of spots which may be seen on Jupiter's surface, he appears to be surrounded with several belts, or girdles, which are parallel to his equator, and to one another; and are variable both in respect to their breadth, and their relative distances. Sometimes they appear wider, sometimes narrower, sometimes they are nearer, and sometimes farther off from one another. Whether these spots and belts are inherent in the body of the planet; or whether they swim, like clouds and vapours, in its atmosphere, no observations yet made are sufficient to inform us.

This planet has four other primary planets beneath him; but they are all too near the sun to be ever seen in Jupiter by an eye of no sharper sight than ours: even Mars, which is farthest off from the sun of all the four, will never be above 18 degrees from him. And considering how small a planet Mars is, and how weakly he reflects the sun's light, he will scarcely be seen at so small a distance from the sun: so that Saturn and the Georgian planet are the only primary planets that can be seen in Jupiter.

Jupiter has four satellites or moons revolving about him, viz.

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<td>Second</td>
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<td>Third</td>
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<td>Fourth</td>
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His outermost moon must appear almost as large to an inhabitant of Jupiter (supposing his eyes like ours) as our moon does to us; and if the other satellites are not less than the outermost, they must appear much larger. Mr. Huygens conceives them to be not much, if at all, less than the earth. In Jupiter they have frequent eclipses of the sun, and of their moons; and sometimes one moon eclipses another.

All the four satellites of Jupiter were first discovered by Galileo, Jan. 7, 1610.
Saturn's mean distance from the sun, is 908,000,000 miles; his year is equal to near 30 of ours, viz. 29 years, 167 days, 22 hours; his diameter is 67,000 miles. The inclination of his orbit, to the plane of the ecliptic, is 2 degrees, 20 minutes. Whether Saturn revolves on his axis is not known: it is certain he enjoys but one girdle part of the light and heat from the sun that we do. An eye in Saturn sees no primary planets but Jupiter, and the Georgian planet.

Saturn has seven satellites moving round him, viz.:

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The fourth satellite, which is the largest of them all, was first discovered by the famous Christopher Huygens, in the beginning of the year 1665. The first, second, third, and fifth, were all discovered by Mr. Cassini, between the years 1671 and 1684.

The sixth and seventh satellites owe their discovery to the indefatigable labours of Dr. Herchel. His account of them was first read to the Royal Society, Nov. 12, 1789. Though, in point of situation, they are, very probably, the first and second in the Saturnian system; they are called by him the sixth and seventh, that we may not be liable to mistakes in referring to former observations, or tables, where the other five satellites are mentioned in the old order.

Saturn has a vast solid ring, different from all the other planets, which encompasses his body, as a horizon does a globe; it is about 21,000 miles broad, and as much distant from Saturn's body. The thickness of it is to us almost invisible; perhaps it may be 500 or 1000 miles. This ring casts a vast shadow upon the body of the planet, and it must occasion very strange and different celestial appearances to the Saturnian inhabitants, if any such there be.

Saturn also has been found, by some late observations, particularly those of Dr. Herchel, to be surrounded, like the planet Jupiter, with several belts parallel to his equator, and variable in their appearances.

The mean distance of the Georgian planet from the sun, is 1,800,000,000 miles; his year is equal to about 83 of ours; the inclination of his orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, is 43 min. 35 sec.; his diameter is 34,217 miles. This planet has two satellites moving round him; the first revolves in 8 days, 17 hours, 1 min. 19 sec. at the distance of 33 seconds; the second revolves in 13 days, 11 hours, 5 minutes, 1 second, 5 thirds, at the distance of 44 seconds, 23 thirds.

The Georgian planet was discovered by Dr. Herchel in the year 1781, and so called by him in honour of his Majesty King George III. Its satellites were discovered by him in the year 1786.

The light of this planet is of a bluish white colour, and in brilliancy, between that of the moon and Venus.

With telescopes of a small power it can hardly be distinguished from a fixed star of between the 6th and 7th magnitude. In a very fine clear night, when the moon is absent, it may also be seen by the naked eye.

The superior planets, as well as the inferior, are, by turns, morning and evening stars; and they appear direct, stationary, and retrograde.

The proportional distance of all the planets from the sun, may be learned from the following table:

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<tr>
<td>Mercury</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mars</td>
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| Saturn | Georgian planet |
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| 9539 | 19934 |

As the orbits of all the planets are inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, some more and some less, they all have latitude; that is, they are always at some distance from the plane of the ecliptic, except when they are just in the nodes of their orbits. Their latitude, as it would appear to an eye placed in the sun, is called their heliocentric latitude; as it is seen from the earth it is called their geocentric latitude. Now, though the greatest heliocentric latitude of any planet is but just equal to the inclination of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, yet its geocentric latitude may be much greater. For instance, the greatest heliocentric latitude of Venus is about 2 ½ degrees; but as she is much nearer the earth, at one time than another, she will appear under a greater angle with the plane of the ecliptic; or a line drawn from the observer's eye to Venus, will make a greater angle with the plane of the ecliptic at one time than another, that is, when she is nearer than when she is farther off: and consequently though her heliocentric latitude were exactly the same in both cases,
Cafes, yet her geocentric latitude would be very different. And thus it is, that Venus has at some times, when she is nearest the earth and retrograde, more than 8 degrees latitude; and it is on this account the zodiac is made to extend somewhat above 8 degrees, on each side of the ecliptic, that it may be broad enough to take in the apparent paths of the planets.

COROLLARY.

The superior planets appearing direct, stationary, and retrograde, is a proof of the earth's annual motion round the sun; for if it had no such motion, they never could appear otherwise than direct.

That all the planets, both primary and secondary, may be habitable worlds, is a notion, (however laughed at by the vulgar, yet) not without a reasonable probability. For who that has seen any engine, a windmill for instance, in his own country, and knows the use of it to grind corn; if he travels into another country, and there sees an engine of the same sort, will not reasonably conclude that it is designed for the same purpose? So when we know that the use of this planet, the earth, is for an habitation of various sorts of animals; and we see other planets at a distance from us, some bigger, and some less than the earth, all of them solid bodies, much of the same shape with the earth; one, at least, encompassed with an atmosphere as the earth is; all moving periodically round the sun; most, if not all, of them revolving on their own axis, just as the earth does; and some of them attended with moons, to enlighten them in the night: is it not highly reasonable to conclude, that they are all designed for the same use that the earth is, and that they are habitable worlds like this in which we live?

What use can we conceive of Jupiter's and Saturn's moons, and those of the Georgian planet, which are not visible to us without the help of telescopes, unless they are to enlighten those planets in the night? And of what use can their light be to those planets,

if there be no inhabitants to enjoy the benefit of it? Nay, of how little use are any even of the primary planets to our world? How little is the light which they afford us? And as for any influence upon us and our world, which the astrologers ascribe to them, which they conceive to be different, according to their different aspects*, and by which they pretend to foretell future events; it is most certainly all a groundless and foolish conceit. Whoever considers the vast distance of the planets from us, and that their aspects are according to natural laws, will not easily believe they can have any such influence at all.

§ 7. Of Comets.

Comets, or blazing-stars, were anciently supposed to be meteors, or exhalations, set on fire in the highest region of the air; but the modern astronomers have found that they are above the orbit of the moon. Most probably they are a sort of excentrical planets, which move periodically round the sun.

Their orbits are very long ellipses, having the sun in one focus.

The proper motion of comets is not the same in all, but each has its peculiar course. Some go from west to east, others from east to west; some from north to south, others again from south to north, in all planes and directions: so that they are not, as the planets are, contained within the zodiac.

Not many more than twenty comets have yet been observed; at least so as that their paths in the heavens have been traced and described. The time in which they complete their revolution is not yet known, except perhaps of two or three of them.

When the comets descend near to the sun, they become visible, and continue so for some time while they are ascending again from him: but as they remove further off, we lose sight of them by degrees; until at length they run out into far distant regions, where they are quite invisible to us, in by far the greater part of their orbits.

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* Aspects of the heavenly bodies, signifying their situation in the zodiac, with respect to one another, or their distance from one another in longitude. The names and characters of the different aspects are,
1. * Sextile, when they are two signs, or 60 degrees from one another.
2. * Quadrile, when they are three signs, or 90 degrees distant.
3. * Trine, when they are four signs, or 120 degrees distant.
4. * Opposition, when they are six signs, or 180 degrees distant.
5. * Conjunction, when they are in the same sign and degree.

N. B. Two bodies are said to be in conjunction when both are upon the same line of longitude, though they may not be in the same point of the heavens; but several degrees distant from each other in respect of latitude. Thus Mercury and the moon may be in conjunction, when yet they are 10 degrees distant; that is, when the former has near 7 degrees of latitude on one side of the ecliptic, and the latter about 5 degrees latitude on the other side.
When a comet descends near to the sun, it is set on fire; and its tail seems to be nothing else but a long and very thin smoke, or train of vapours streaming from it, which always points to the region opposite to the sun.

The popular division of comets into three kinds, \textit{viz.} caudutii or tailed, barbati or bearded, and criniti or hairy, arises not from any real difference of comets from one another, but from different circumstances of the same comet. For instance,

When a comet is moving towards the sun the train of vapours follows it, like a tail.

When it is moving from the sun, after its perihelion, the luminous vapour marches before it, in the manner of a beard.

When the vapour is projected directly behind the comet from us, it is then hid from our view, excepting that we see a little of it appearing round the comet, like a border of hair. This appearance may be accounted for, partly, from the train of vapours widening as it recedes from the head (as it always does), so that we see a little of the remoter part round the body of the comet; and partly, because the vapour is raised, by the heat of the sun, chiefly from the side or hemisphere which is towards the sun, and is thrown off, by the gravitation, the contrary way. For as in our air, the smoke of a heated body ascends from the earth, towards which the body gravitates; so in the heavens, where all bodies gravitate towards the sun, smoke or vapour must ascend from the sun; therefore the vapour which is raised from that side of a comet which is towards the sun, is turned back again, and thrown the contrary way. Confessionally when the comet is opposite to the sun, and the heated side is towards us, the vapour, in returning back, is seen round the edge of the disk of the comet, and helps to form what is vulgarly called the hair.

N. B. The tail or beard of a comet appears longer or shorter, not only as it is really projected to a further or less distance from the head, but as it appears to us making a greater or less angle, with a line drawn from our eye to the comet. When we see it at right angles, or any great angle, it appears long; but if at a small angle it appears short.

Sir Isaac Newton has computed that the great comet, which appeared 1680 and 1681, was heated, by its near approach to the sun, to the degree of near 2000 times the heat of red hot iron.

Bodies that can endure so intense a heat, without being entirely disintegrated and destroyed, must needs be very hard and solid; such therefore, no doubt, the comets are.

Helmietius, by measuring the comet that appeared 1665, found its diameter to be three times as long as that of the earth; consequently the body of that comet must be twenty-seven times greater than the earth.

The comet which appeared 1759, is supposed to be the same that appeared 1662, and before in 1607 and 1531; whose period must therefore be 75 or 76 years; and whose return may be expected 1835 or 1836. Its greatest distance from the sun, to its leaf, is as 60 to 1: and its greatest light and heat, to its leaf, as about 3600 to 1.

The comet which appeared 1661, is supposed to be the same that appeared 1532, whose period is therefore about 126 years. Its greatest distance to its leaf, is computed to be more than 100 to 1, and its greatest light and heat to its leaf, more than 10,000 to 1.

The great comet which appeared 1680 and 1681, is supposed to be the same that appeared in the 44th year before the Christian Era, and again A. D. 531 or 532, again 1106, and lastly 1680; therefore the time of its revolution must be 576 years, and its next appearance may be expected in the year 2256. Its greatest distance to its leaf, is about 20,000 to 1, and its greatest light and heat to its leaf, above 400,000,000 to 1.

We know but little, or rather nothing certainly, of the life of comets. They seem, in their present state, to be very unfit for the habitation of animals, because of their intense heat, when they are in one part of their orbit, \textit{viz.} nearest the sun, and their extreme cold in the opposite part. But yet God could, no doubt, make creatures who should be capable of enduring both these extremes. To imagine that the appearing of a comet is ominous, and that it forebodes some approaching calamity to any part of the earth, is a superstitious conceit, without any foundation in reason; and it seems to be

* Spheres are to one another as the cubes of their diameters.
† From the disappointment which took place in the year 1789, when this period returned, it is most probable that there were different comets, whose periods are not yet ascertained.
‡ The pole star is a star of the second magnitude, in the tip of the tail of the little bear, and is very near the exact north pole of the world.
§ 8. Of the fixed Stars.

That the fixed stars are at a very great distance from the earth, may be concluded from the north pole of the earth pointing as directly to the pole star *, when the earth is at Aries, as when it is at Libra; though those two points in the earth's orbit are at the distance of 190,000,000 miles from each other, which, it seems, amounts to no more than an insensible point, in respect to the distance of the fixed stars †.

The fixed stars being visible to us at such a vast distance, makes it highly probable that they are very large bodies.

They are probably also at vast distances from one another, which may be one cause of their appearing of such different magnitudes. They seem, by the lustre of their appearance, to emit light like the sun; and, indeed, if they only reflected light, they could hardly be visible to us at all at so great a distance.

Scarce 2000 stars can be seen by the naked eye; but ten, or, perhaps, twenty times more, may be discerned by telescopes. The discoveries of Dr. Herschel prove, that their number is considerably greater than former astronomers have supposed.

Thus, in the Pleiades, where only six stars are to be seen with the naked eye, Dr. Hook counted 78 with a twelve-foot telescope; and with longer telescopes he discovered a great many more. (See his Micography, p. 241.) And in the constellation Orion, where but 62 stars can be counted with the naked eye, 2000 have been numbered with the help of telescopes.

Can we think that God made these vast and numerous bodies only to twinkle to us in the night? or is it not a more reasonable conjecture that the fixed stars are all fans with planetary worlds moving round them, like our sun? which, perhaps, is no other than one of the fixed stars.

* The Pole star is a star of the second magnitude, in the tip of the tail of the little Bear, and very near the exact North Pole of the world.

† It appears from Dr. Bradley's Observations that, at least, the distance of the nearest star from the earth is 450,000 times as great as the distance of the sun. In order to obtain the exact idea of this vast distance, it is most convenient to compare it with the velocity of some moving body, by which it may be measured. A cannon ball has been found to move about 7 miles and 4 in a minute. Sound, according to Derham, 13 miles in a minute. According to the present known distance of the sun, (93,000,000) a cannon ball, with the above velocity, would be near 25 years passing from the earth to it. Sound would move through that space in near 14 years. Light is found to move through that space in near 8 minutes. Suppose, therefore, the distance of the sun 400,000 times greater than that of the sun; light would be 6 years in coming to the earth; sound would be 5,600,000 years; a cannon ball nearly 10,000,000 years in travelling that space.
I. Days are either natural or artificial.

A natural day is the space of time which flows while the sun goes from any meridian to the same meridian again; or from any hour one day, to the same hour the next day. These days are always of the same length, very nearly.

An artificial day is from sun-rise to sun-set. These days are of different lengths, at different times of the year, all the world over, except at the equator and the poles.

Different nations have begun the natural day differently.

The Jews began the day from sun-set.
The Babylonians from sun-rising;
The Egyptians from midnight; in which they are followed by most modern nations of Europe.

Only the astronomers begin the day at noon, and count 24 hours till the noon of the next day, and not twice twelve, according to vulgar computation.

II. Hours are also either natural or artificial.

A natural hour is the 24th part of a natural day. The hour is divided into 60 minutes; the minute into 60 seconds, &c.

An artificial hour is the 11th part of the artificial day or night. This was used by some of the ancients.

III. A week is a system of seven days.
The first is called Sunday, or Lord's day; the second, Monday, &c. In Latin they are named after the planets. Sunday is Dies Solis; Monday, Lune; Tuesday, Martis; Wednesday, Mercurii; Thursday, Iovis; Friday, Veneris; Saturday, Saturni.

IV. Months are either astronomical or civil.

The astronomical month is either lunar or solar.
The lunar month is that space of time which the moon takes up in performing its course through the zodiac.
The solar month is that space in which the sun goes through one sign, or 360 degrees of the zodiac.

The civil or kalendar month consists of a certain number of days, according to the laws or customs of different countries. The English, and most other European nations, make 12 months in a year, viz. January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

The number of days in each month is found by the following canon.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February hath Twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have Thirty-one.

V. Years are again either astronomical or civil.
The astronomical year is either solar or lunar.
The solar year is sidereal, or tropical.
The sidereal year is the space that flows while the sun is passing from any fixed star, to the same again. It consists of 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 14 seconds.
The tropical year is the space that flows while the sun passes from either tropic, or from any point of the ecliptic, to the same again. This is somewhat short of the sidereal year, because every point of the ecliptic goes backwards about 50 seconds of a degree in a year, thereby meeting the sun, as it were; which makes the sun return to the same position.

* The ancient Saxons had a great many idols, seven of which were appropriated to the seven days of the week, because of some worship that was paid to each idol on its respective day, viz.

1. The Sun.
2. The Moon.
3. Tuifco, who had been a man of great renown among the Germans, after whom they called themselves Tuifthen; that is, Tuifthen; from whence comes the modern name Dutchmen. The third day of the week was especially dedicated to the worship of this idol, which was therefore called Tuifday, or Tuesday.
4. Weden, who had been a famous warrior, and was therefore honoured as the god of battle, in like manner as Mars was among the Romans. He was chiefly worshipped on the fourth day of the week, which was called Wedensday or Wednesday.
5. Thor, the god who was supposed to govern the winds and clouds, and to whom they prayed for favorable weather, and that especially on the fifth day of the week, called therefore Thoriday or Thursday.
6. Friga, a goddess, reputed the giver of peace and plenty; for which gifts they prayed to her chiefly on the sixth day, which was therefore called Frigadead; from whence comes the name Friday.
7. Seater, to whom they prayed for protection, freedom and concord; and also for the fruits of the earth. He was worshipped on the seventh day of the week, which therefore received the name Seater-day from this idol; or, as we now write it, Saturday.

The Romans finding, or fancying, some resemblance between the attributes of those Saxon idols, and several of their gods, imagined them to be the same. As Woden they supposed to be Mars; Thor to be Jupiter the thunderer; Friga to be Venus the goddess of love and friendship; and especially because Venus was honoured by them on the same day of the week. Seater they mifook for Saturn, merely because of the like sound of the name.

Vide Prestegan's Relistation of decayed Intelligence, Page 69.
The famous point of the ecliptic, about 20 minutes of time before he arrives at the fame fixed star, where that point of the ecliptic was when the sun was in it a year ago. The tropical year therefore is shorter than the sidereal year, and consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 57 seconds.

The lunar year is either wandering or fixed.

The wandering lunar year consists of 12 lunar synodical months; which wants 11 days of the solar year. This year is used by the Turks and other Mahometans; so that the beginning of their year is perpetually shifting through the several sealons; and it revolves in 32 years.

The fixed lunar or lunar-solar year consists sometimes of 12 synodical months, sometimes of 13; as will be shown afterwards.

The civil year is either Julian or Gregorian.

The Julian is so called from Julius Caesar, by whom it was fixed 40 years before Christ. It consists of 365 days; only every fourth year, which is called bissextile, or leap year; consists of 366. The additional day is now put to the end of February, so that February has that year 29 days; but in the ancient Roman calendar the sixth of the calends of March, answering to our 24th of February, was that year reckoned twice over; from whence is the name bissextile.

The Gregorian year is so called from Pope Gregory XIII. by whose order the calendar was reformed A.D. 1582. It begins at present 11 days before the Julian.

Every centennial or hundredth year from the birth of Christ, as 1500, 1600, 1700, &c. is leap year, according to the Julian account; but according to the Gregorian, it is always a common year, except when the number of centuries can be divided by 4 without a remainder, for then it is leap year. Thus the years 1600 and 2000 are cap years; but the intermediate centennial years are common ones. So that the Gregorian year, or new style, which is now generally used, gets before the Julian, or old style, 3 days in 400 years.

To know if it be Leap Year, leap year is given, when four will divide the centuries completely, or odd years before.

Example for 1791.

1792 \div 4, remains 3, not Leap Year.

Example for 1792.

1792 \div 4, remains 0, Leap Year.

§ 2. Of Calendars.

The calendar (in Arabic all-manach, from whence is the English word almanach) is a table, in which all the days of the year are set down successively; with holy-days, both ecclesiastical and civil, terms, &c. marked in their proper places. This table of days is divided into 52 weeks, of 7 days each, and 1 day over, by means of the first seven letters of the alphabet A, B, C, D, E, F, G, perpetually recurring throughout the year. A stands against the 1st of January. B against the 2d, and so on to December the 31st, which has A joined to it. The letter which stands against all the sundays of the year, is called the dominical or sunday letter, for that year. If January the 1st be Sunday, A is the dominical letter, which stands against every sunday throughout the year, except it be leap year; for then the dominical letter changes at the end of February, moving a letter backwards: so that G will be the sunday letter during the remainder of the year; for the dominical letter always shifts backwards, as from A to G, from G to F, and from F to E. If E be the dominical letter this year, D will be the next.

To find the Dominical Letter for any Year.

Divide the centuries by 4; and twice what does remain

Take from 6; and then add to the number you gain

The odd years and their 4th; which dividing by seven,

What is left take from 7, and the letter is given.

Example for 1791.

1791 \div 4 remains 1

1 \times 2 = 2

4 + 9 + 7 + 2 \div 7 = 117

117 \div 7 remains 5

7 + 5 \times 2 = 8, the Dominical Letter.

By the dominical letter, you may compute on what day of the week any day of the month will fall throughout the year, by the following canon.

1 2 3 4 5 6

As Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,

7 8 9 10 11 12

Good Christopher Finch; And David Friar.

Where the 12 words answer to the 12 months; the first letter of each word stands in the calendar against the first day of the corresponding month, as A against January the 1st, D against February the 1st, &c. Suppose B is the dominical letter, I would know on what day of the week June the 24th falls that year. B stands against June the 1st, per canon. Remember that the 1st, 8th, 15th, 22d, 29th, is the same day of the week in each month. Now if B be Sunday, E is Wednesday; therefore June the 22d is Wednesday, and the 24th is Friday.
§ 3. Of Cycles.

Cycles, or periods, are such spaces of time as revolve into themselves again; of which sort the most considerable are,

- of the sun,
- of the moon,
- of the Roman indication.

1. The cycle of the sun consists of 28 years, which contain all the possible combinations of the dominical letters, in respect to their successive order, as pointing out common years and leap years: so that after the expiration of the cycle, the days of the month return in the same order to the same days of the week, throughout the next cycle. Except that upon every centennial year, which is not a leap year, the letters must all be removed one place forward, to make them answer to the years of the cycle. For instance, if the year 1800 were a leap year, as every centennial year is in the Julian account, the dominical letters would be E D, and C would be the dominical letter of the next year; but as it is a common year in the Gregorian account, D is the dominical letter of 1801, which answers to the 18th of the cycle; C to the 19th &c. until the next centennial year.

The dominical letter of each year in this cycle, until the year 1800, appears in the following table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Letter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1791</td>
<td>G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1792</td>
<td>F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1793</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1794</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. The cycle of the moon is a period of 19 years, after which the new and full moons return on the same days of the months; only 1 hour 28 minutes sooner: so that on whatever days the new and full moons fall this year, they will happen 19 years hence on the same days of the months. Except when a centennial common year falls within the cycle, that will remove the new and full moons a day later in the calendar, than otherwise they would have fallen; so that a new moon which fell, before the centennial year, suppose on March 10th, will fall 19 years afterwards on March 11th.

The number of the years in this cycle is called the prime, from its use in pointing out the first day of the moon (Primum Lunæ) and the golden number, as deserving to be writ in letters of gold.

The golden numbers are those placed in the first column of the calendar, between March 21 and April 19th, both inclusive, to denote the days upon which those full moons fall, which happen upon or next after March 21st in those years, of which they are respectively the golden numbers. The day of such full moon, or the number of days from March 1st to that day inclusive, is called the paschal limit, the next sunday, after which is Easter day. From whence it appears that Easter can never fall sooner than March 22d, nor later than April 25th; because those two days are the earliest and latest sundays that can possibly fall next after the first full moon on or after the 21st of March. Those numbers placed will mark the day of the paschal limit, till the year 1900, when they will need some alteration as may be seen in The Earl of Macclesfield's Remarks upon the Solar and the Lunar Years, in Philos. Transact. No. 495.

3. The cycle of the Roman indication is a period of 15 years, which was used by the ancient Romans, but for what purpose is not now known. It is however used by the Popes, who date their acts by the years of the indication.

The golden number, cycle of the sun, and indication are found for any year by this canon.

When 1, 9, 3, to the year have been added,
Divide by nineteen, twenty-eight, fifteen:
By what remains each cycle's year is seen.

**Example for 1791.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Letter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1791</td>
<td>G</td>
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<tr>
<td>1792</td>
<td>F</td>
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<tr>
<td>1793</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1794</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These three cycles, multiplied into one another; that is, 28 \times 19 \times 15, amount to 7980, which is called the Julian period, after which the three foregoing cycles will begin again together. This period had its imaginary beginning 710 years before the creation, and is not yet complete. It is much used in chronological tables.

* The reason of adding these numbers, viz. 1 for the golden number, 9 for the cycle of the sun, and 3 for the indication, to the date of the Christian era, is because so many years of the respective cycles were elapsed when the Christian era began. If then you divide the current year of Christ, with the addition of the respective number, by the whole number of the cycle, the quotient shews how many complete cycles have run out, since the beginning of that in which the Christian era commenced, and the remainder, if any, shews the present year of the cycle; if there be no remainder, it is the last year, which completes the cycle.
§ 4. Of the Epafl.

The Epafl is a number arising from the excess of the solar year above the lunar, of 12 synodical months, which excess is 11 days; or the epafl of any year expresses the number of days from the last new moon of the old year, (which was the beginning of the present lunar year) to the 1st of January. The first year of the cycle of the moon the epafl is 0, because the lunar year begins with the solar. On the second, the lunar year has begun 11 days before the solar year, therefore the epafl is 11. On the third it has begun twice 11 days before the solar year, therefore the epafl is 22. On the fourth it begins three times 11 days sooner than the solar year; the epafl would therefore be 33, but 30, being an entire synodical month, must that year be intercalated; or that year must be reckoned to consist of 13 synodical months, and there remains 3, which is the true epafl of the year; and so on to the end of the cycle, adding 11 to the epafl of the last year, and always rejecting 30, gives the epafl of the present year. Thus to adjust the lunar year to the solar, through the whole cycle of 19 years, 12 of them must consist of 12 synodical months each, and 7 of 13, by adding a month of 30 days to every year when the epafl would exceed 30, and a month of 29 days to the last year of the cycle, which make in all 509 days, i.e. 19 x 11; so that the intercalary or embolimic years in this cycle are 7, 10, 12, 15, 18, 19.

A general Rule to find the Gregorian Epafl.

Let the centuries by 4 be divided, and then what remains multiplied by the number 17; forty-three times the quotient, and 86 more added to that; and dividing by 4 and a score; from 11 times the prime, subtract the last quotient, and rejecting the thirties, gives you the epafl you sought.

Example for 1791.

17 ÷ 4 remains 1
1 x 17 = 17
43 x 4 + 86 + 17 = 275
275 ÷ 25 = 11
11 x 6 = 66
66 - 11 = 55
55 + 30 remains 25 = Epafl.

To find the Epafl until the Year 1500.

The prime wanting one multiplied by 11, and the thirties rejected, the epafl is given.

Example for 1791.

6 - 1 x 11 = 55
55 + 30 remain 25 = Epafl.

A table of the golden numbers and their corresponding epafls until the year 1800.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G. N. Epaf</th>
<th>G. N. Epaf</th>
<th>G. N. Epaf</th>
<th>G. N. Epaf</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Easter may be computed from the efpaf by the two following canons.

To find Easter Limit, or the Day of the Paschal Full Moon, from March the 1st inclusive.

Add 29 to the efpaf, reject 3 times 10,
What's left take from 50, the limit you gain:
Which if 50, one less you must make it, and even When 49 too, if prime's more than 11.

Example for 1791.

25 + 6 = 31
30 - 10 = 0
59 + 1 = 49 = Limits.

By the Limit, and Dominical Letter to find Easter Day.

If the letter and 4 from the limit you take, And what's left from next number which sevens will make; Adding then to the limit what last does remain, You the days from St. David's to Easter obtain.

Example for 1791.

49 - 4 = 2 = 43
49 - 43 = 6
49 + 6 = 55 = April 24th, Easter Day.

The age or change of the moon may be found, pretty nearly, by the following canon, in which the 12 numbers answer to the 12 months, beginning with January.

Janus 0, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
8, 8, 10, 10, the efpaf fixed,
The sum, date 30, to the month's day add,
Or take from 30, age or change is had.

Example for 1791.

25 + 1 + 16 = 36
36 - 36 = 0 = Moon's Age,
25 + 1 = 26
30 - 26 = 4 = Day of the Change.

To find the Time of the Moon's coming to the South, and of High Water at London-Bridge.

Four times the moon's age, if by 5 you divide,
Gives the hour of her fowthing; add 2 for the tide.

§ 5. Of Epochas or Eras.

An epocha or era is a fixed point of time, at or near to which some remarkable event has happened, from whence a series of years is computed; as, from the creation of the
world, from the deluge, from the birth of Christ, &c.

As the constitution of epochas is merely arbitrary, and not founded on any astronomical considerations, different nations have made use of different epochas, commonly taken from some remarkable occurrence in their respective histories. Thus the Romans computed their years from the building of Rome. The Greeks from the first institution of the Olympic games, which were celebrated at the beginning of every fifth year. Hence they computed their years by Olympiads, each Olympiad containing four years. The Turks and Arabians, and generally all that profess the Mahometan religion, use the epocha of the Hegeira, which is computed from the time of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina. The ancient Jews made use of various epochas, taken from remarkable occurrences in their history, as from their Exodus or departure from Egypt, from the building of Solomon's temple, from the Assyrian and Babylonian captivities, &c. The modern Jews use, principally, the epocha of the creation. The epocha of Christ, or A. D. i.e. the year of our Lord commencing from our Saviour's nativity, is now chiefly used by Christians, at least throughout Europe; for the Abyssinian Christians are said to use the Dioclebian era, in all their ecclesiastical computations; which is otherwise called the era of the martyrs, because of the great number of Christians that suffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Diocletian. The vulgar Christian era, whose author was Dionyius Exiguus, an Abbot of Rome, in the sixth century, is allowed by the best chronologers to begin four years too late, or after the true time of Christ's birth; yet long use has now so established it, that there is less inconvenience in using it with that error, than there would be in correcting it. Dionyius dated his era from the conception of Christ, which he supposed to be on March 25th, which method obtained in England until the year 1752. But now the first of January is reckoned the beginning of the year in all the British dominions, as well as by most other nations of Europe.

Besides these great epochas, as we may call them, it has been usual to compute by lesser epochas, commencing with the beginning of the reign of emperors and kings, and expiring at their death. Thus the ancient Romans reckoned by the years of the reign of their emperors; and thus in England the anno regni, which is computed from the beginning of the king's reign, is generally used in acts of parliament, and law instruments.

CHAP. IV.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Extracis from Mr. Pennant's British Zoology.

§ 1. The Horse.

The breed of horses in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horses has given us a variety, that no single country can boast of: most other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the several species, by the happy difference of our soils, and by our superior skill in management, may triumph over the rest of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the highest perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found instances of horses that have literally out-stripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately shewn in his remarks on those of Great Britain. Childers is an amazing instance of rapidity, his speed having been more than once exerted equal to 82$\frac{1}{2}$ feet in a second, or near a mile in a minute: the fame horse has also run the round course at Newmarket (which is about 400 yards less than four miles) in six minutes and forty seconds; in which case his fleetness is to that of the swiftest Barb, as four to three; the former, according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a space of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horses of this kind derive their origin from Arabia; the seat of the purest, and most generous breed.

The species used in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others superior in strength, but inferior in point of speed and lineage; an union of both is necessary; for the fatigues of the chase must be
be supported by the spirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the strength and size of our horses defined for the draught; or to the activity and strength united of those that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are instances of single horses that are able to draw on a plain, for a small space, the weight of three tons; but could with ease, and for a continuance, draw half that weight. The pack-horses of Yorkshire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the most remote parts of the kingdom, usually carry a burden of 420 pounds; and that indifferently over the highest hills of the north, as well as the most level roads; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of our British horses, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horses: some of these will carry, at one load, thirteen measures, which, at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight superior to that which the letterest of camels will bear: this will appear less surprising, as these horses are, by degrees, accustomed to the weight; and the distance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlets.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had an opportunity) flowed over those of our allies, as well as of the French, a great superiority both of strength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the impetuous charge of our squadrons; while the German horses, from their great weight, and inactive make, were unable to second our efforts; though those troops were actuated by the noblest ardour.

The present cavalry of this island only supports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earliest times: our scythed chariots, and the activity and good discipline of our horses, even struck terror into Caesar's legions; and the Britons, as soon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to represent on their money the animal for which they were so celebrated. It is now impossible to trace out this species; for those which exist among the indigence of Great Britain, such as the little horses of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the shelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uses of those countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and stronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the island. Those we employ for that purpose, or for the draught, are an offspring of the German or Friesian breed, mellowed by our soil, and a judicious culture.

The English were ever attentive to an exact culture of these animals; and in very early times set a high value on their breed. The esteem that our horses were held in by foreigners so long ago as the reign of Athelstan, may be collected from a law of that monarch prohibiting their exportation, except they were designed as presents. These must have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needless, for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourse with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we soon laid hold of the advantages this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, is the first that is on record: he introduced the Spanish stallions into his estate in Powilby, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a swift and generous race of horses. Giralus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry the second, takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, contemporarv with Shakepear, sings their excellence in the fifth part of his Polyolbion. This kind was probably defined to mount our gallant nobility, or courteous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous contests of the tilt-yard. From these sprung, to speak the language of the times, the Flower of Courfers, whose elegant form added charms to the rider; and whose activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithstanding my former supposition, races were known in England in very early times. Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II., mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diversion. But by his words, it appears not to have been designed for the purposes of gaming, but merely to have sprung from a generous emulation of shewing a superior skill in horsemanship.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such excess as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have waited more of his estate than any of his ancestors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horse-races, tiltings, and other expensive diversions. It is probable that the parmi-
nious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kennelworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign, were places allotted for the sport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly, in Yorkshire, were celebrated courtes. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diversion to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only affect a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockeys, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the sports that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. "The exercise (says "he) I do not approve of, is running of "horses, there being much cheating in that "kind; neither do I see why a brave man "should delight in a creature whose chief "use is to help him to run away."

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses: an excess of wealth, before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals: their high reputation abroad, has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, so none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase: the number seems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times: yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry: and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the most imminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish, amounted only to 3000: to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses which took the field in Stephen's reign was no more than an un-disciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected: but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of these, our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may observe, that this most noble and useful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it subservient to the uses of mankind; and those qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a leas degree, in proportion to our various necessities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility half reasoning, is given to some, which fits them for military services. The spirit and emulation to apparent in others, furnish us with that species, which is admirably adapted for the course; or, the more noble and generous pleasure of the chase.

Patience and perseverance appear strongly in that most useful kind defined to bear the burdens we impose on them; or that employed in the slavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vast strength, and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their master's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues, even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human race, together with a certain conscionables of the services we can render them. Most of the hoofed quadrupeds are domestic, because necessity compels them to seek our protection: wild beasts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, ditijute of those advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial shelter, and harvested provisions: as nature, in these climates, does not throughout the year supply them with necessary food.

But still, many of our tame animals must, by accident, endure the rigour of the season: to prevent which inconvenience, their feet (for the extremities suffer first by cold) are protected by strong hoofs of a horny substance.

The tail too is guarded with long bushy hair that protects it in both extremes of weather; during the summer it serves, by its pliancy and agility, to brush off the swarms of insects which are perpetually attempting either to cling them, or to deposit their eggs in the rectum; the same length of hair contributes
tributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the absurd and cruel custom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive these animals of both advantages: in the last war our cavalry suffered so much on that account, that we now seem sensible of the error, and if we may judge from some recent orders in respect to that branch of the service, it will, for the future, be corrected.

Thus is the horse provided against the two greatest evils he is subject to from the seasons: his natural diseases are few; but our ill usage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our over care of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the distempers he is naturally subject to, are the worms, the bots, and the stone: the species of worms that infect him are the lumbrici, and ascariides: both these resemble those found in human bodies, only larger: the bots are the cruce, or caterpillars of the oesirius, or gadfly: these are found both in the rectum, and in the intemach, and when in the latter bring on convulsions, that often terminate in death.

The stone is a disease the horfe is not frequently subject to; yet we have seen two examples of it; the one in a horfe near High Wycombe, that voided sixteen calculi, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a stone taken out of the bladder of a horse, and depofited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. These stones are formed of several crusts, each very smooth and glossy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by collision against each other.

The all-wise creator hath finely limited the several services of domestic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of such, which in their lives have been the most useful, should after death contribute the least to our benefit. The chief ufe that the exuage of the horfe can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harness; and thus, even after death, he prefers some analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of ufe in making wigs; of the tail in making the bottons of chairs, floor-cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

§ 2. The Ox.

The climate of Great Britain is above all others productive of the greatest variety and abundance of wholesome vegetables, which, to crown our happiness, are almost equally diffus'd through all its parts; this general fertility is owing to those clouded skies, which foreigners mistakenly urge as a reproach on our country; but let us cheerfully endure a temporary gloom, which cloaths not only our meadows but our hills with the richest verdure. To this we owe the number, variety, and excellence of our cattle, the richness of our dairies, and innumerable other advantages. Caesar (the earliest writer who describes this island of Great Britain) speaks of the numbers of our cattle, and adds that we neglected tillage, but lived on milk and feath. Strabo takes notice of our plenty of milk, but says we were ignorant of the art of making cheese. Mela informs us, that the wealth of the Britons consisted in cattle: and in his account of Ireland, reports that such was the richness of the pastures in that kingdom, that the cattle would even burst if they were suffered to feed in them long at a time.

This preference of pasturage to tillage was delivered down from our British ancestors to much later times; and continued equally prevalent during the whole period of our feudal government: the chieflain, whose power and safety depended on the promptness of his vaftals to execute his commands, found it his interest to encourage those employments that favoured that disposition; that vaftal, who made it his glory to fly at the first call to the standard of his chieflain, was sure to prefer that employ, which might be tranfacted by his family with equal success during his abfencc. Tillage would require an attendance incompatible with the services he owed the baron, while the former occupation not only gave leisure for those duties, but furnished the hospitable board of his lord with ample provision, of which the vaftal was equal partner. The relics of the larder of the elder Spencer are evident proofs of the plenty of cattle in his days; for after his winter provisions may have been supposed to have been mostly consumed, there were found, so late as the month of May, in that, the carcases of not fewer than 60 beeves, 600 bacons, and 600 muttons. The accounts of the several great feasts in after times, afford amazing instances of the quantity of cattle that were consumed in them. This was owing partly to the continued attachment of the people to grazing; partly to the preference that the English at all times gave to animal food. The quantity of cattle that appear from the latest calculation to have been consumed in our metropolis, is a sufficient argument of the vast plenty.
plenty of these times; particularly when we consider the great advancement of tillage, and the numberless variety of provisions, unknown to past ages, that are now introduced into these kingdoms from all parts of the world.

Our breed of horned cattle has in general been so much improved by a foreign mixture, that it is difficult to point out the original kind of these islands. Thofe which may be supposed to have been purely British, are far inferior in size to thofe on the northern part of the European continent: the cattle of the highlands of Scotland are exceeding small, and many of them, males as well as females, are hornles: the Welch runs are much larger: the black cattle of Cornwall are of the same fize with the laft. The large species that is now cultivated through most parts of Great Britain are either entirely of foreign extration, or our own improved by a cross with the foreign kind. The Lincolnshire kind derive their fize from the Holfein breed; and the large hornles cattle that are bred in some parts of England come originally from Poland.

About two hundred and fifty years ago there was found in Scotland a wild race of cattle, which were of a pure white colour, and had (if we may credit Boethius) manes like lions. I cannot but give credit to the relation; having seen in the woods of Drumlanrig in North Britain, and in the park belonging to Chillingham castle in Northumberland, herds of cattle probably derived from the savage breed. They have loft their manes; but retain their colour and fierce-ness: they were of a middle fize; long legged; and had black muzzles, and ears: their horns fine, and with a bold and elegant bend. The keeper of thofe at Chillingham faid, that the weight of the ox was 38 ftones: of the cow 28: that their hides were more efteemed by the tanners than thofe of the tame; and they would give fix-pence per stone more for them. These cattle were wild as any deer: on being approached would instantly take to flight and galop away at full speed: never mix with the tame species; nor come near the house unless conftrained by hunger in very fevere weather. When it is neceffary to kill any they are always shot: if the keeper only wounds the beast, he muft take care to keep behind some tree, or his life would be in danger from the furious attacks of the animal; which will never defist till a period is put to his life.

Frequent mention is made of our savage cattle by historians. One relates that Robert Bruce was (in chasing these animals) preferved from the rage of a wild Bull by the intrepidity of one of his courtiers, from which he and his lineage acquired the name of Turn-Bull. Fitz-Stephen names these animals (Uri-Sylvufris) among thofe that harboured in the great forest that in his time lay adjacent to London. Another enumerates, among the provisions at the great feast of Nevil archbishop of York, six wild Bulls; and Sibbald affures us that in his days a wild and white species was found in the mountains of Scotland, but agreeing in form with the common fорт. I believe thofe to have been the Bifontes jubati of Pliny, found then in Germany, and might have been common to the continent and our ifland: the los of their savage vigour by confinement might occasion some change in the external appearance, as is frequent with wild animals deprived of liberty; and to that we may ascribe their los of mane. The Urus of the Hercynian forest, described by Cæsar, book VI. was of this kind, the fame which is called by the modern Germans, Aurochis, i. e. Bos Sylvufris.

The ox is the only horned animal in these iflands that will apply his strength to the service of mankind. It is now generally allowed, that in many cases oxen are more profitable in the draught than horses; their food, harness, and shoes being cheaper, and should they be lamed or grow old, an old working beast will be as good meat, and fatten as well as a young one.

There is scarce any part of this animal without its ufe. The blood, fat, marrow, hide, hair, horns, hoofs, milk, cream, butter, cheefe, whey, urine, liver, gall, spleen, bones, and dung, have each their particular ufe in manufactures, commerce, and medicine.

The skin has been of great ufe in all ages. The ancient Britons, before they knew a better method, built their boats with oifers, and covered them with the hides of bulls, which served for short coafting voyages.


The bending willow into barks they twine; Then line the work with spoiles of slaafturd kine. Such are the farts Venetian fihers know, Where in dull marbies stands the fettling Po; Or on fuch to neighbouring Gaul, allured by gain, The bolder Britons cross the dwelling main.
Veals of this kind are still in use on the Irish lakes; and on the Dee and Severn: in Ireland they are called Curach, in England Coracles, from the Britifh Curacog, a word signifying a boat of that structure.

At present, the hide, when tanned and curried, serves for boots, shoes, and num-berlefs other conveniences of life.

Vellum is made of calves skin, and gold-beaters skin is made of a thin vellum, or a finer part of the ox’s guts. The hair mixed with lime is a necessary article in building. Of the horns are made combs, boxes, handles for knives, and drinking vessels; and when softened by water, obeying the manufacturer’s hand, they are formed into pellucid lamins for the sides of lanterns. These last conveniences we owe to our great king Alfred, who first invented them to preserve his candle time measurers from the wind; or (as other writers will have it) the tapers that were set up before the reliques in the miferable tattered churches of that time.

In medicine, the horns were employed as alexipharmics or antidotes against poison, the plague, or the small-pox; they have been dignified with the title of English bezor; and are said to have been found to answer the end of the oriental kind: the chips of the hoofs, and paring of the raw hides, serve to make carpenters glue.

The bones are used by mechanics, where ivory is too expensive; by which the common people are served with many neat conveniences at an easy rate. From the tibia and carpus bones is procured an oil much used by coach-makers and others in dressing and cleaning harness, and all trappings belonging to a coach; and the bones calcined afford a fit matter for teals for the use of the refiner in the smelting trade.

The blood is used as an excellent manure for fruit-trees; and is the basis of that fine colour, the Prufian blue.

The fat, tallow, and fuel, furnish us with light; and are also used to precipitate the salt that is drawn from briny springs. The gall, liver, spleen, and urine, have also their place in the materia medica.

The ufe of butter, cheese, cream, and milk, in domestic economy; and the excellence of the latter, in furnishing a palatable nutriment for most people, whose organs of digestion are weakened, are too ob-vious to be inferted upon.

§ 3. The Sheep.

It does not appear from any of the early writers, that the breed of this animal was cultivated for the sake of the wool among the Britons; the inhabitants of the inland parts of this island either went entirely naked, or were only clothed with skins. Those who lived on the sea-coasts, and were the most civilized, affected the manners of the Gauls, and wore like them a fort of garments made of coarse wool, called Brache. These they probably had from Gaul, there not being the least traces of manufactures among the Britons, in the histories of those times.

On the coins or money of the Britons are seen impressed the figures of the horfe, the bull, and the hog, the marks of the tributes extracted from them by the conquerors. The Reverend Mr. Pegge was so kind as to inform me that he has seen on the coins of Cunobelin that of a sheep. Since that is the case, it is probable that our ancestors possessed the animal, but made no farther use of it than to flrip off the skin, and wrap themselves in it, and with the wool inmost obtain a comfortable protection against the cold of the winter season. This neglect of manufacture, may be easily accounted for, in an uncivilized nation whose wants were few, and those easily satis-fied; but what is more surprifing, when after a long period we had cultivated a breed of sheep, whose fleeces were superior to those of other countries, we still neglected to promote a woollen manufacture at home. That valuable branch of businefs lay for a confiderable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth manufactured from our own materials. There seem indeed to have been many unavailing efforts made by our monarck to preserve both the wool and the manufacture of it among ourfelves. Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spanish wool, it should be burnt by the mayor: yet so little did the weaving businefs advance, that Edward the Third was obliged to permit the importation of foreign cloth in the beginning of his reign; but soon after, by encouraging foreign artifeces to settle in England, and instruct the natives in their trade, the manufacture increased so greatly as to enable him to pro-hibit the wear of foreign cloth. Yet, to shew the uncommercial genius of the peo-ple, the effects of this prohibition were checked by another law, as prejudicial to trade as the former was falutary; this was an act of the fame reign, against exporting woollen
woollen goods manufactured at home, under heavy penalties; while the exportation of wool was not only allowed but encouraged. This oversight was not soon rectified, for it appears that, on the alliance that Edward the Fourth made with the king of Arragon, he presented the latter with some ewes and rams of the Cotefwold kind; which is a proof of their excellency, since they were thought acceptable to a monarch, whose dominions were so noted for the fineness of their fleeces.

In the first year of Richard the Third, and in the two succeeding reigns, our woollen manufactures received some improvements; but the grand rise of all its prosperity is to be dated from the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the tyranny of the duke of Alva in the Netherlands drove numbers of artificers for refuge into this country, who were the founders of that immense manufacture we carry on at present. We have strong inducements to be more particular on the modern state of our woollen manufactures; but we defist, from a fear of digressing too far; our enquiries must be limited to points that have a more immediate reference to the study of Zoology.

No country is better supplied with materials, and those adapted to every species of the clothing businesfs, than Great-Britain; and though the sheep of these islands afford fleeces of different degrees of goodness, yet there are not any but what may be used in some branch of it. Herefordshire, Devonshire, and Cotefwold downs are noted for producing sheep with remarkable fine fleeces; the Lincolnshire and Warwickshire kind, which are very large, exceed any for the quantity and goodness of their wool. The former county yields the largest sheep in these islands, where it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a ram, and a guinea for the admission of a ewe to one of the valuable males; or twenty guineas for the use of it for a certain number of ewes during one season. Suffolk also breeds a very valuable kind. The fleeces of the northern parts of this kingdom are inferior in fineness to those of the south; but still are of great value in different branches of our manufactures. The Yorkshire hills furnish the looms of that county with large quantities of wool; and that which is taken from the neck and shoulders is used (mixed with Spanish wool) in some of their finest cloths.

Wales yields but a coarse wool; yet it is of more extensive use than the finest Sego-vian fleeces; for rich and poor, age and youth, health and infirmities, all confess the universal benefit of the flannel manufacture.

The sheep of Ireland vary like those of Great Britain. Those of the fouth and eafť are large, and their flesh rank. Those of the north, and the mountainous parts, small, and their flesh sweet. The fleeces in the fame manner differ in degrees of value.

Scotland breeds a small kind, and their fleeces are coarse. Sibbald (after Boethius) speaks of a breed in the isle of Rona, covered with blue wool; of another kind in the isle of Hirta, larger than the biggest he-goat, with tails hanging almost to the ground, and horns as thick, and longer than those of an ox. He mentions another kind, which is clothed with a mixture of wool and hair; and a fourth species, whose fleth and fleeces are yellow, and their teeth of the colour of gold; but the truth of these relations ought to be enquired into, as no other writer has mentioned them, except the credulous Boethius. Yet the left particular is not to be rejected: for notwithstanding I cannot instance the teeth of sheep, yet I faw in the fanmer of 1772, at Athol house, the jaws of an ox, with teeth thickly incrusted with a gold-coloured pyrites; and the fame might have happened to thofe of sheep had they fed in the fame grounds, which were in the valley beneath the house.

Besides the fleec, there is scarce any part of this animal but what is ufeful to man-kind. The fleath is a delicate and whole-fome food. The skin drefsed, forms different parts of our apparel; and is ufed for covers of books. The entrails, properly prepared and twifted, serve for stringins for various musical instruments. The bones calcined (like other bones in general) form materials for tefts for the refinner. The milk is thicker than that of cows, and consequently yields a greater quantity of butter and cheese; and in some places is fo rich, that it will not produce the cheese without a mixture of water to make it part from the whey. The dung is a remarkably rich manure; inofmuch, that the folding of sheep is become too ufeful a branch of husbandry for the farmer to negeFr. To conclude, whether we confider the advantages that refult from this animal to individuals in particular, or to thefe kingdoms in general, we may, with Columella, confider this in one fentence, as the firft of the domestic animals. Pofl majoris quadrupedes ovili pecoris femina ratio est; qua prima fit ad utilitatis magnitudinem referar. Nam id praceipue contra frigoris violentiam pro- tegitur, corporibusque noftris liberatius pradet ve- lamina;
NATURAL HISTORY.

The sheep, as to its nature, is a most innocent, mild, and simple animal; and, conscious of its own defenceless state, remarkably timid: if attacked when attended by its lamb, it will make some shew of defence, by stamping with its feet, and pushing with its head: it is a gregarious animal, is fond of any jingling noise, for which reason the leader of the flock has in many places a bell hung round its neck, which the others will constantly follow: it is subject to many diseases: some arise from insects which deposit their eggs in different parts of the animal; others are caused by their being kept in wet pastures; for as the sheep requires but little drink, it is naturally fond of a dry soil. The dropsy, vertigo (the pensero of the Welsh) the phthisie, jaundice, and worms in the liver, annually make great havoc among our flocks: for the first disease the shepherd finds a remedy, by turning the infected into fields of broom; which plant has been also found to be very efficacious in the same disorder among the human species.

The sheep is also infested by different sorts of insects: like the horfe it has its peculiar cefurus, or gadfly, which deposits its eggs above the nose in the frontal sinuses; when those turn into maggots they become excessive painful, and cause those violent agitations that we so often see the animal in. The French shepherds make a common practice of eating the sheep, by trepanning and taking out the maggot; this practice is sometimes used by the English shepherds, but not always with the same success; besides these insects, the sheep is troubled with a kind of tick and louse, which magpies and starlings contribute to ease it of, by lighting on its back, and picking the insects off.

§ 4. The Dog.

Dr. Caius, an English physician, who flourished in the reign of queen Elizabeth, has left, among several other tracts relating to natural history, one written expressly on the species of British dogs: they were wrote for the use of his learned friend Gesner; with whom he kept a strict correspondence; and whose death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Besides a brief account of the variety of dogs then existing in this country, he has added a systematic table of them: his method is so judicious, that we shall make use of the same; explain it by a brief account of each kind; and point out those that are no longer in use among us.

SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH DOGS.

I. The most generous kinds.

Hounds.

1. Dogs of Chace.

1. Terrier
   Harrier
   Blood-hound.

2. Dogs of Fowlers.

Gaze-hound
Grey-hound
Leviner, or Lyammar
Tumbler.

3. Lap Dogs.

Setter
Water-spaniel, or finder.

II. Farm Dogs.

Shepherd's dog
Mastiff, or band dog.

III. Mon-grels.

Wappe
Turnipit
Dancer.
The first variety is the Terrarius, or Terrier, which takes its name from its subter- 
raneous employ; being a small kind of 
hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts 
of prey, out of their holes; and (in former 
times) rabbets out of their burrows into 
nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species 
well known at present; it derives its name 
from its use, that of hunting the hare; but 
under this head may be placed the fox-
hound, which is only a stronger and f teeter 
variety, applied to a different chase.

The Sanguinarius, or blood-hound, or the 
Sleuthounde of the Scots, was a dog of great 
use, and in high efteeem with our ancetors: 
its employ was to recover any game that 
had escaped wounded from the hunter; or 
been killed and ftole out of the forest. It 
was remarkable for the acutenefs of its 
smell, tracing the loft beast by the blood it 
had fpilt; from whence the name is derived: 
this species could, with the utmoft certainty, 
discover the thief by following his footleps, 
let the diftime of his flight be ever fo 
great; and through the moft secret and 
thickest coverts: nor would it ceafe its pur-
fuit, till it had taken the felon. They 
were likewise ufed by Wallace and Bruce during 
the civil wars. The poetical historiaans of 
the two heroes frequently relate very cu-
rious passages on this subjeft: of the fervice 
these dogs were of to their masters, and the 
esapes they had from thefe of the enemy. 
The blood-hound was in great requeft on 
the confines of England and Scotland; where 
the borderers were continually preying on 
the herds and flocks of their neighbours. 
The true blood-hound was large, strong, 
mufcular, broad breasted, of a fteet coun-
tenance, of a deep tan-colour, and generally 
marked with a black spot above each eye. 

The next divifion of this species of dogs 
comprehends thofe that hunt by the eye; and 
whose succeth depends either upon the quick-
nefs of their flight, their swifhnefs, or their 
ufibility.

The Agaffeus, or Gaze-hound, was the 
first: it chafed indifferently the fox, hare, or 
buck. It would felect from the herd the fat-
telt and faireft deer; purfue it by the eye; 
and, if loft for a time, recover it again by 
itufing diftinguifhing faculty; and fhould 
the beaft rejoin the herd, this dog would fix 
unerringly on the fame. This species is 
now loft, or at leaft unknown to us.

It muft be observed, that the Agaffeus of 
Dr. Caius, is a very different species from 
the Agaffeus of Oppian, for which it might 
be mistaken from the fimilitude of name: 
this he describes as a small kind of dog, pe-
culiar to Great-Britain; and then goes on 
with these words:

Γρίδον, ἀναφέρεται, λαούτρητον, δώματι τοῖς, 
Curvum, maculentum, hipidium, oculis pigrum.

What he adds afterwards, still marks 
the difference more strongly;

Ῥπος ὁ ἀντὶ μάλιστα χαράζεις ὑπὸ γαγαοὺς,
Naribus autem longè præfuntantis eft agaffeus.

From Oppian's whole description, it is 
plain he meant our Beagle.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Gre-
hound Dr. Caius informs us, that it takes 
its name quod precipus gradus fit inter canes; 
the firft in rank among dogs: that it was 
formerly esteemed fo, appears from the fo-
ref in laws of king Canute; who enacted, that 
no one under the degree of a gentleman 
should presume to keep a gre-hound; and 
flill more strongly from an old Welsh fay-
ing; Wrth ei Walch, ei Fareb, a' Fitgi, yr 
adwaenir Beneddig; which signifies, that 
you may know a gentleman by his hawk, 
his horfe, and his gre-hound.

Froifart relates a fact not much to the cre-
dit of the fidelity of this species: when that 
unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was 
taken in Flint caftle, his favourite gre-
hound immediately deferted him, and fawned 
on his rival Bolingbrooke; as if he underfood 
and foresaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland gre-
hound, and now become very scarce, is of a 
very great fize, strong, deep chefted, and 
covered with long and rough hair. This kind 
was much fteemed in former days, and ufed 
in great numbers by the powerful chieftains 
in their magnificent hunting matches. It had 
as fagacious nofrils as the blood-hound, and 
was as fercce. This seems to be the kind 
Boethius styles genu venaticum cum celeri-
num tum audacissimum; nec modo in feras, sed 
in hoffes etiam lanoqueque; proferitum si domi-
num duferenue injuria afficere aut in eos 
corrector.

The third species is the Levinarius, or 
Lorarius; the Léviner, or Lyemmer: the 
first name is derived from the lightnefs of 
the kind, the other from the old word Lyemi-
me, a thong; this species being ufed to be 
led in a thong, and flipped at the game. 
Our author fays, that this dog was a kind 
that hunted both by feent and fight; and in 
the form of its body observed a medium be-
tween the hound and the gre-hound. This 
probably is the kind now known to us by 
the
the name of the Irish grey-hound, a dog now extremely scarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as possible. I have seen two or three in the whole island: they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon Le grand Danois, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long posse"d that kingdom. Their use seems originally to have been for the chase of wolves, with which Ireland swarmed till the latter end of the last century. As soon as those animals were extirpated, the number of the dogs decreased; for from that period they were kept only for state.

The Vertagus, or Tumbler, is a fourth species; which took its prey by mere subtlety, depending neither on the sagacity of its nose, nor its swiftness: if it came into a Warren, it neither barked, nor ran on the rabbits; but by a seeming neglect of them, or attention to something else, deceived the object till it got within reach, so as to take it by a sudden spring. This dog was less than the hound; more sly, and had prick-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's description, seems to answer to the modern lurcher.

The third division of the more generous dogs, comprehends those which were used in fowling; first the Hispanioulos, or Spanian: from the name, it may be supposed, that we were indebted to Spain for this breed: there were two varieties of this kind, the first used in hawking, to spring the game, which are the same with our starters.

The other variety was used only for the net, and was called Index, or the setter; a kind well known at present. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this sort, particular care having been taken to preserve the breed in the utmost purity. They are still distinguished by the name of English Spaniels; so that notwithstanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great-Britain. We may strengthen our suspicion by saying, that the first who broke a dog to the net was an English nobleman of a most distinguished character, the great Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of a foreign extraction, was unknown to our ancestors.

The Aquaticus, or Finder, was another species used in fowling; was the same as our water-spaniel; and was used to find or recover the game that was shot.

The Melitusus, or Fotor; the spaniel gentle or comforter of Dr. Caius (the modern lap-dog) was the last of this division. The Maltese little dogs were as much esteemed by the fine ladies of past times, as those of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollinghed is ridiculously severe on the fair of his days, for their excessive passion for these little animals; which is sufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The second grand division of dogs comprehends the Ruflii, or those that were used in the country.

The first species is the Pastoralis, or shepherd's dog; which is the same that is used at present, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is so well trained for those purposes, as to attend to every part of the herd be it ever so large; confine them to the road, and force in every straggler without doing it the least injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Catenarius; the mastiff, or band dog; a species of great size and strength, and a very loud Barker. Manwood says, it derives its name from magfheiffje, being suppos'd to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us, that three of these were reckoned a match for a bear; and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the First, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were disabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to seek for safety by flight. The English bull-dog seems to belong to this species; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Laniarius. Great-Britain was so noted for its mastsiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of Procurator Cyngii, whose sole business was to breed, and transplant from hence to the amphitheatre, such as would prove equal to the combats of the place,

Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britannii.

And British dogs subdue the stoutest bulls.

Gratius speaks in high terms of the excellency of the British dogs,

Atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos?
O quanta est merces et quantum impendia supra!
Si non ad speciem mentiturque decoros
Protrusus: haec una est catulsi jaactura Britannis.

At magnam cum venit opus, promenadeaque virtus,
Et vocat extremo precepis discrimine Mavors,
Non tunc egregios tantum admirere Molossos.

If Britain's distant coast we dare explore,
How much beyond the coast the valued store; If shape and beauty not alone we prize,
Which nature to the British hound denies;
But when the mighty toil the huntsman warns,
And all the soul is rous'd by fierce alarms,
When Mars calls furious to th' enfanguin'd field,
Even bold Molossian then to th' most yield.

Strabo
Strabo tells us, that the mastiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were used by the Gauls in their battles: and it is certain, a well-trained mastiff might be of considerable use in distressing such half-armed and irregular combatants as the adversaries of the Gauls seem generally to have been before the Romans conquered them.

The last division is that of the Degeneres, or Curs. The first of these was the Wappe, a name derived from its note: its only use was to alarm the family by barking, if any person approached the house. Of this class was the Verflator, or turnspit; and lastly the Saltator, or dancing dog, or finch as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a show. Those Degeneres were of no certain shape, being mongrels or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

We should now, according to our plan, after enumerating the several varieties of British dogs, give its general natural history; but since Linnaeus has already performed it to our hand, we shall adopt his sense, translating his very words (wherever we may) with literal exactness.

"The dog eats flesh, and farinaceous vegetables, but not greens: its stomach digests bones: it uses the tops of graps as a vomit. It voids its excrements on a stone: the album graecum is one of the greatest encouragers of putrefaction. It laps up its drink with its tongue: it voids its urine sideway, by lifting up one of its hind legs; and is most diuretic in the company of a strange dog. Odorat anum alterius: its scent is most exquisite, when its nose is moist: it treads lightly on its toes; scarce ever sweats; but when hot lolls out its tongue. It generally walks frequently round the place it intends to lie down on: its sense of hearing is very quick when asleep: it dreams. Provis rix-antibus crudelis: catulis cum variis: mordet illa illa: cohabet copula junctus: it goes with young sixty-three days; and commonly brings from four to eight at a time: the male puppies resemble the dog, the female the bitch. It is the most faithful of all animals: is very docile: hates strange dogs: will snap at a stone thrown at it: will howl at certain musical notes: all (except the South American kind) will bark at strangers: dogs are rejected by the Mahometans."

§ 5. The Wild Cat.

This animal does not differ specifically from the same cat; the latter being origin- naturally of the same kind, but altered in colour, and in some other trifling accidents, as are common to animals reclaimed from the woods and domesticated.

The cat in its savage state is three or four times as large as the house-cat; the head larger, and the face flatter. The teeth and claws tremendous: its muscles very strong, as being formed for rapine: the tail is of a moderate length, but very thick, marked with alternate bars of black and white, the end always black: the hips and hind part of the lower joints of the leg, are always black: the fur is very soft and fine. The general colour of these animals is of a yellowish white, mixed with a deep grey: these colours, though they appear at first sight confusedly blended together, yet on a close inspection will be found to be disposed like the streaks on the skin of the tiger, pointing from the back downwards, rising from a black lift that runs from the head along the middle of the back to the tail.

This animal may be called the British tiger; it is the fiercest, and most destructive beast we have; making dreadful havoc among our poultry, lambs, and kids. It inhabits the most mountainous and woody parts of these islands, living mostly in trees, and feeding only by night. It multiplies as fast as our common cats; and often the females of the latter will quit their domestic mates, and return home pregnant by the former.

They are taken either in traps, or by shooting: in the latter case it is very dangerous only to wound them, for they will attack the person who injured them, and have strength enough to be no despicable enemy. Wild cats were formerly reckoned among the beasts of chase; as appears by the charter of Richard the Second, to the abbots of Peterborough, giving him leave to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The use of the fur was in lining of robes; but it was esteemed not of the most luxurious kind; for it was ordained 'that no abbess or nun should use of more costly apparel than such as is made of lambs or cats skins.' In much earlier times it was also the object of the sportsman's diversion.

Felemque minacem
Arboris in truncu longis predfgere teles.
Nemefiani Cyngegatae, L. 550.

§ 6. The Domestic Cat.

This animal is so well known as to make a description of it unnecessary. It is an useful, but deceitful domestic; active, neat, sedate, intent on its prey. When pleased pursues and
and moves its tail: when angry spits, hisses, and strikes with its foot. When walking, it draws in its claws: it drinks little: is fond of fish: it washes its face with its fore foot, (Linnæus says at the approach of a storm:) the female is remarkably fallacious; a piteous, squalling, jarring lover. Its eyes shine in the night: its hair when rubbed in the dark emits fire: it is even proverbially tenacious of life: always lights on its feet: is fond of perfumes, marum, cat-mint, valerian, &c.

Our ancestors seem to have had a high sense of the utility of this animal. That excellent prince Hoel dda, or Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him (among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals) to include that of the cat; and to describe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a killing before it could see, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse two-pence; when it commenced mouser four-pence. It was required besides, that it should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, be a good mouser, have the claws whole, and be a good nurse: but if it failed in any of these qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a snitch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former.

This last quotation is not only curious, as being an evidence of the simplicity of ancient manners, but it almost proves to a demonstration that cats are not aborigines of these islands; or known to the earliest inhabitants. The large prices set on them, (if we consider the high value of specie at that time) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies so fast, are almost certain proofs of their being little known at that period.

II. ORNITHOLOGY.

§ 7. EXPLANATION OF SOME TECHNICAL TERMS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

Fig.

1. Cere. Cera

The naked skin that covers the base of the bill in the Harp kind.

2. Capillus

A word used by Linnæus to express the short feathers on the forehead just above the bill. In Crows these fall forwards over the nostrils.

3. Lorum

The space between the bill and the eye, generally covered with feathers, but in some birds naked, as in the black and white Grebe.

4. Orbits. Orbita

The skin that surrounds the eye, which is generally bare, particularly in the Heron and Parrot.

5. Emarginatum

A bill is called rostrum emarginatum when there is a small notch near the end: this is conspicuous in that of Butcher-birds and Thrushes.

6. Vibrisse

Vibrisse Precinate, stiff hairs that grow on each side the mouth, formed like a double combs, to be seen in the Goat-fucker, Fly-catcher, &c.

7. Basilar wing. Alula Spuria

A small joint rising at the end of the middle part of the wings, or the cubitus, on which are three or five feathers.

8. Lesser covert of the wings. Testrices prima

The small feathers that lie in several rows on the bones of the wings. The under covertes are those that line the inside of the wings.

9. Greater covertes. Testrices secundae

The feathers that lie immediately over the quill-feathers and secondary feathers.

10. Quill-feathers. Primores

The largest feathers of the wings, or those that rise from the first bone.

11. Secondary feathers. Secondarix

Those that rise from the second.

12. Coverts of the tail. Uropygium

Those that cover the base of the tail.

13. Vent-feathers

Those that lie from the vent to the tail. Crissum Linnei.

14. The tail. Rectrices

That rise from the shoulders, and cover the sides of the back.

15. Scapular feathers

b h
16. Nucha  The hind part of the head.
17. Rostrum  A term Linnaeus uses for a short and slender bill.
   subulatum  To show the structure of the feet of the Kingfisher.
18.  The foot of the Woodpecker formed for climbing. Climbing
19. Psinis  feet.
   scanorius  Such as those of the Grebes, &c. Such as are indented are called
   and  scolloped; such as those of Coots and scallop-toed Sandpipers.
20. Finned foot. Pes  When the webs only reach half way of the toes.
   lobatus, pinnatus  Such as want the back toe.
22. Pes  When the hind claw adheres to the leg without any toe, as in
   tridactylus  the Petrels.
23. Semi-palmated. Pes  All the four toes connected by webs, as in the
   semi-palmatus  Caruorants.
24. Ugnus  EXPLANATION of other LINNAEAN TERMS.
   podico  Flaps.
25. Digitis  A bill with a nail at the end, as in those of the Geese and
   omnibus  Ducks.
   palmatis  When the tongue is edged with fine bristles, as in Ducks.

§ 8. The Pigeon.

The tame pigeon, and all its beautiful varieties, derive their origin from one spe-
cies, the Stock Dove: the English name implying its being the  flock or stem from whence
the other domestic kinds sprung. These
birds, as Varro observes, take their (Latin)
name, Columba, from their voice or cooing;
and had he known it, he might have added
the British, &c. for Kloninen, Kylebenen,
Kulum, and Kolum signify the same bird. They
were, and still are, in most parts of our island,
in a state of nature; but probably the Ro-
mans taught us the method of making them
domestic, and constructing pigeon-houses.
Its characters in the state nearest that of its
origin, is a deep bluish ash-colour; the breast
dashed with a fine changeable green and pur-
ple; the sides of the neck with shining copper
colour; its wings marked with two
black bars, one on the coverts of the wings,
the other on the quill-feathers. The back
white, and the tail barred near the end with
black. The weight fourteen ounces.

In the wild state it breeds: in holes of
rocks, and hollows of trees, for which reason
some writers style it columba cavernata; in op-
position to the King Dove, which makes its
nest on the boughs of trees. Nature ever
preserves some agreement in the manners,
characters, and colours of birds reclaimed
from their wild state. This species of pi-
gen soon takes to build in artificial cavities,
and from the temptation of a ready provi-
sion becomes easily domesticated. The drakes
of the tame ducks, however they may vary in
colour, ever retain the mark of their origin
from our English mallard, by the curled fea-
thers of the tail: and the tame goose betrays
its descent from the wild kind, by the inva-
riable whiteness of its rump, which they al-
ways retain in both sexes.

Multitudes of these birds are observed to
migrate into the south of England; and
while the beech woods were suffered to cover
large tracts of ground, they used to haunt
them in myriads, reaching in strings of a
mile in length, as they went out in the
morning to feed. They visit us the latest
of any bird of passage, not appearing till
November; and retire in the spring. I ima-
gine that the summer haunts of these are in
Sweden, for Mr. Eckmark makes their re-
treat thence coincide with their arrival here.
But many breed here, as I have observed,
on the cliffs of the coast of Wales, and of the
Hebrides.

The varieties produced from the domes-
tic
tic pigeon are very numerous, and extremely elegant; these are distinguished by names expressive of their several properties, such as Tumblers, Carriers, Jacobines, Croppers, Powters, Runts, Turbits, Owls, Nuns, &c. The most celebrated of these is the Carrier, which, from the superior attachment that pigeon shews to its native place, is employed in many countries as the most expeditious courier: the letters are tied under its wing, it is let loose, and in a very short space returns to the home it was brought from, with its advices. This practice was much in vogue in the East; and at Scanderoon, till of late years, used on the arrival of a ship, to give the merchants at Aleppo a more expeditious notice than could be done by any other means. In our own country, these aerial messengers have been employed for a very singular purpose, being let loose at Tyburn at the moment the fatal cart is drawn away, to notify to distant friends the departure of the unhappy criminal.

In the East, the use of these birds seems to have been improved greatly, by having, if we may use the expression, relays of them ready to spread intelligence to all parts of the country. Thus the governor of Damiatam circulated the news of the death of Orrilo:

Tofo che’l Caffellam di Damiatam
Certificcof, ch’era morto Orrilol,
La Colomba lafcio, ch’avea legata
Sotto l’ala la lettera col fiio.
Quelle anò ai Cairo, ed indi fu lafciatada
Un’ altra altrave, come quiwi e filio:
Si, che in pochillime ore andò l’avviso
Per tutto Egito, ch’era Orrino ucciso.

But the simple use of them was known in very early times: Anacreon tells us, he conveyed his billet-doux to his beautiful Bathyllus by a dove.

\[
\text{Εὐω Ἔνο Ανακρέων\\ Διάκοιτο τοσαίτα.\\ Καὶ ιῶν οἰς ἐκαίσιν.\\ Εὐπολοχα καμίνο.}
\]

I am now Anacreon’s slave,
And to me entrusted have
All the overflowings of his heart
To Bathyllus to impart;
Each soft line, with nimble wing,
To the lovely boy I bring.

Taurothenes also, by means of a pigeon he had decked with purple, sent advice to his father, who lived in the isle of Ægina, of his victory in the Olympic games, on the very day he had obtained it. And, at the siege of Modena, Hirtius without, and Brutus within the walls, kept, by the help of pigeons, a constant correspondence; baffling every stratagem of the besieger Antony to intercept their couriers. In the times of the crusades there are many more instances of these birds of peace being employed in the service of war: Joinville relates one during the crusade of Saint Louis; and Tasso another, during the siege of Jerusalem.

The nature of pigeons is to be gregarious; to lay only two eggs; to breed many times in the year; to bill in their courtship; for the male and female to fit by turns, and also to feed their young; to call their provision out of their craw into the young one’s mouths; to drink, not like other birds by dipping, but by continual draughts like quadrupeds; and to have notes mournful or plaintive.


This bird is of a very retired and solitary nature; frequents hedges and thickets, in which it builds earlier than any other bird: the nest is formed of moss, dead grass, fibres, &c. lined or plaited with clay, and that again covered with hay or small stray. It lays four or five eggs of a bluish green colour, marked with irregular dusky spots. The note of the male is extremely fine, but too loud for any place except the woods: it begins to sing early in the spring, continues its mufic part of the summer, desists in the moultine season; but resumes it for some time in September, and the first winter months.

The colour of the male, when it has attained its full age, is of a fine deep black, and the bill of a bright yellow; the edges of the eye-lids yellow. When young the bill is dusky, and the plumage of a rufty black, so that they are not to be distinguished from the females; but at the age of one year they attain their proper colour.

§ 10. The Bullfinch.

The wild note of this bird is not in the least musical; but when tamed it becomes remarkably docile, and may be taught any
tune after a pipe, or to whittle any notes in the juiciest manner: it seldom forgets what it has learned; and will become so tame as to come at call, perch on its master's shoulders, and (at command) go through a difficult musical lesson. They may be taught to speak, and some thus instructed are annually brought to London from Germany.

The male is distinguished from the female by the superior blackness of its crown, and by the rich crimson that adorns the cheeks, breast, belly, and throat of the male; those of the female being of a dirty colour: the bill is black, short, and very thick: the head large: the hind part of the neck and the back are grey: the covert of the wings are black; the lower crossed with a white line: the quill-feathers dusky, but part of their inner webs white: the covert of the tail and vent-feathers white: the tail black.

In the spring these birds frequent our gardens, and are very destructive to our fruit-trees, by eating the tender buds. They breed about the latter end of May, or beginning of June, and are seldom seen at that time near houses, as they choose some very retired place to breed in. These birds are sometimes wholly black: I have heard of a male bullfinch which had changed its colours after it had been taken in full feather, and with all its fine tints. The first year it began to assume a dull hue, blackening every year, till in the fourth it attained the deepest degree of that colour. This was communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. White of Selborne. Mr. Morton, in his History of Northamptonshire, gives another instance of such a change, with this addition, that the year following, after molting, the bird recovered its native colours. Bullfinches fed entirely on hemp seed are apt to undergo this change.

§ 11. The Goldfinch.

This is the most beautiful of our hard-billed small birds; whether we consider its colours, the elegance of its form, or the music of its note. The bill is white, jipt with black: the base is surrounded with a ring of rich scarlet feathers: from the corners of the mouth to the eyes is a black line: the cheeks are white: the top of the head is black; and the white on the cheeks is bounded almost to the fore part of the neck with black: the hind part of the head is white: the back, rump, and breast are of a fine pale tawny brown, lightest on the two lat: the belly is white: the covert feathers of the wings, in the male, are black: the quill-feathers black, marked in their middle with a beautiful yellow; the tips white: the tail is black, but most of the feathers marked near their ends with a white spot: the legs are white.

The female is distinguished from the male by these notes; the feathers at the end of the bill in the former are brown; in the male black: the lesser coverts of the wings are brown: and the black and yellow in the wings of the female are less brilliant. The young bird, before it moults, is grey on the head; and hence it is termed by the bird-catchers a grey bate.

There is another variety of goldfinch, which is, perhaps, not taken above once in two or three years, which is called by the London bird-catchers a chevrel, from the manner in which it concludes its jerk: when this fort is taken, it falls at a very high price: it is distinguished from the common fort by a white streak, or by two, and sometimes three white spots under the throat.

Their note is very sweet, and they are much esteemcd on that account, as well as for their great docility. Towards winter they assemble in flocks, and feed on seeds of different kinds, particularly those of the thistle. It is fond of orchards, and frequently builds in an apple or pear-tree: its nest is very elegantly formed of fine moss, liver-worts, and bents on the outside; lined with wool and hair, and then with the gollin or cotton of the fallow. It lays five white eggs, marked with deep purple spots on the upper end.

This bird seems to have been the κόσμητης * of Aristotle; being the only one that we know of, that could be distinguished by a golden fillet round its head, feeding on the seeds of prickly plants. The very ingenious translator (Dr. Martyn) of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, gives the name of this bird to the acalabtis or acantbis:

Littorique alcyon colonem, et acantibis dumi.

In our account of the Halycon of the ancients, we followed his opinion; but having since met with a passage in Aristotle, that clearly proves that acantbis could not be used in that sense, we beg, that till we can discover what it really is, the word may be rendered linnet; since it is impossible the philosopher could distinguish a bird of such

* Which he places among the ἀκαλαβτίας. Scaliger reads the word κόσμητης, which has no meaning; neither does the critic support his alteration with any reasons. Hist. an. 827.
ing and brilliant colours as the goldfinch, by the epithet *auriceps*, or bad coloured; and as he celebrates his *acanthis* for a fine note, *rantius jacet inter canis*, both characters will suit the linnet, being a bird as remarkable for the sweetness of its note, as for the plainness of its plumage.

§ 12. The Linnet.

The bill of this species is dusky, but in the spring assumes a bluish cast: the feathers on the head are black, edged with ash-colour; the sides of the neck deep ash-colour: the throat marked in the middle with a brown line, bounded on each side with a white one: the back black, bordered with reddish brown: the bottom of the breast is of a fine blood red, which heightens in colour as the spring advances: the belly white: the vent feathers yellowish: the sides under the wings spotted with brown: the quill-feathers are dusky: the lower part of the nine first white: the coverts incumbent on them black: the others of a reddish brown: the lowest order tied with a paler colour: the tail is a little forked, of a brown colour, edged with white: the two middle feathers excepted, which are bordered with dull red. The females and young birds want the red spot on the breast; in lieu of that, their breasts are marked with short streaks of brown pointing downwards: the females have also less white in their wings.

These birds are much esteemed for their song: they feed on seeds of different kinds, which they peel before they eat: the seed of the *linum* or *flax* is their favourite food; from whence the name of the linnet tribe.

They breed among furze and white thorn: the outside of their nest is made with moss and bents; and lined with wool and hair. They lay five whitish eggs, spotted like those of the goldfinch.


This bird is of the finch tribe. It was originally peculiar to those isles, to which it owes its name; the same that were known to the ancients by the addition of the fortunate. The happy temperament of the air: the spontaneous productions of the ground in the varieties of fruits: the sprightly and cheerful disposition of the inhabitants; and the harmony arising from the number of the birds found there, procured them that romantic distinction. Though the ancients celebrate the isle of *Canaria* for the multitude of birds, they have not mentioned any in particular. It is probable then, that our species was not introduced into Europe till after the second discovery of these isles, which was between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We are uncertain when it first made its appearance in this quarter of the globe. Belon, who wrote in 1555, is silent in respect to these birds: Gesner is the first who mentions them; and Aldrovand speaks of them as rarities: that they were very dear on account of the difficulty attending the bringing them from so distant a country, and that they were purchased by people of rank alone. Olina says, that in his time there was a degenerate sort found on the isle of Elba, off the coast of Italy, which came there originally by means of a ship bound from the Canaries to Leghorn, and was wrecked on that island. We once saw some small birds brought directly from the Canary Islands, that we suspected to be the genuine sort: they were of a dull green colour: but as they did not sing, we supposed them to be hens. These birds will produce with the goldfinch and linnet, and the offspring is called a mule-bird, because, like that animal, it proves barren.

They are still found on the same spot to which we were first indebted for the production of such charming songsters; but they are now become so numerous in our own country, that we are under no necessity of crossing the ocean for them.


The length of this species is seven inches one-fourth: the breadth twelve and a half: the weight one ounce and a half: the tongue broad and cloven: the bill slender: the upper mandible dusky, the lower yellow: above the eyes a yellow spot: the crown of the head a reddish brown spotted with deep black: the hind part of the head ash-colour: chin white. It has the faculty of erecting the feathers of the head. The feathers on the back, and coverts of the wings, dusky edged with reddish brown, which is paler on the latter: the quill-feathers dusky: the exterior web edged with white, that of the others with reddish brown: the upper part of the breast yellow spotted with black: the lower part of the body of a pale yellow: the exterior web, and half of the interior web next to the shaft of the first feather of the tail, are white: of the second only the exterior web: the rest of those feathers dusky: the others are dusky edged with red: those in the middle deeply so, the rest very lightly: the legs dusky: foles of the feet yellow: the hind claw very long and fibrat.

This and the wood lark are the only

birds

k h 3
birds that sing as they fly; this raising its note as it soars, and lowering it till it quite dies away as it descends. It will often soar to such a height that we are charmed with the music when we lose sight of the songster; it also begins its song before the earliest dawn. Milton, in his Allegro, most beautifully expresses these circumstances: and Bishop Newton observes, that the beautiful scene that Milton exhibits of rural cheerfulness, at the same time gives us a fine picture of the regularity of his life, and the innocence of his own mind; thus he describes himself as in a situation

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing fricate the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

It continues its harmony several months, beginning early in the spring, on pairing. In the winter they assemble in vast flocks, grow very fat, and are taken in great numbers for our tables. They build their nest on the ground, beneath some cloed; forming it of hay, dry fibres, &c. and lay four or five eggs.

The place these birds are taken in the greatest quantity, is the neighbourhood of Doncaster: the season begins about the fourteenth of September, and ends the twenty-fifth of February; and during that space about 4000 dozen are caught, which supply the markets of the metropolis. Those caught in the day are taken in clap nets of fifteen yards length, and two and a half in breadth; and are enticed within their reach by means of bits of looking-glasses, fixed in a piece of wood, and placed in the middle of the nets, which are put in a quick whirling motion, by a string the larker commands; he also makes use of a decoy lark. These nets are used only till the fourteenth of November, for the larks will not dare, or frolick in the air except in fine sunny weather; and of course cannot be inveigled into the snare. When the weather grows gloomy, the larker changes his engine, and makes use of a trammel-net twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet long, and five broad; which is put on two poles eighteen feet long, and carried by men under each arm, who pass over the fields and quarter the ground as a setting dog; when they hear or feel a lark hit the net, they drop it down, and so the birds are taken.

§ 15. The Nightingale.
The nightingale takes its name from night, and the Saxon word galan, to sing; expressive of the time of its melody. In size it is equal to the redstart; but longer bodied, and more elegantly made. The colours are very plain. The head and back are of a pale tawny, dafted with olive: the tail is of a deep tawny red: the throat, breast, and upper part of the belly, of a light glossy ah-colour: the lower belly almost white: the exterior webs of the quill-feathers are of a dull reddish brown; the interior of brownish ah-colour: the irides are hazel, and the eyes remarkably large and piercing: the legs and feet a deep ah-colour.

This bird, the most famed of the feathered tribe, for the variety, length, and sweetness of its notes, visits England the beginning of April, and leaves us in August. It is a species that does not spread itself over the island. It is not found in North Wales; or in any of the English counties north of it, except Yorkshire, where they are met with in great plenty about Doncaster. They have been aiso heard, but rarely, near Shrewsbury. It is also remarkable, that this bird does not migrate so far west as Devonshire and Cornwall; counties where the fawns are so very mild, that myrtles flourish in the open air during the whole year: neither are they found in Ireland. Sibbald places them in his lift of Scotch birds; but they certainly are unknown in that part of Great Britain, probably from the scarcity and the recent introduction of hedges there. Yet they visit Sweden, a much more severe climate. With us they frequent thick hedges, and low coppices; and generally keep in the middle of the bush, so that they are very rarely seen. They form their nest of oak leaves, a few bents, and reeds. The eggs are of a deep brown. When the young first come abroad, and are helpless, the old birds make a plaintive and jarring noise with a sort of snapping as if in menace, pursuing along the hedge the pallerengers.

They begin their song in the evening, and continue it the whole night. These their vigils did not pass unnotic'd by the antiquits: the flumbers of these birds were proverbial; and not to rest as much as the nightingale, expressed a very bad sleeper. This was the favourite bird of the British poet, who omits no opportunity of introduc-

*Ælian var. hist. 577. both in the text and note.

It must be remarked, that nightingales sing also in
cning it, and almost constantly noting its love of solitude and night. How finely does it serve to compose part of the solemn scenery of his Penferofo; when he describes it

In her faftest sweetest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night; While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accoulted oak; Sweet bird, that thun'm't the noife of folly, Moft musical, moft melancholy! Thine, chauntrelle, oft the woods among,
I wo'o to hear thy evening song.

In another place he styles it the solemn bird; and again speaks of it,
As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in thickest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

The reader must excuse a few more quotations from the same poet, on the same subject: the first describes the approach of evening, and the retiring of all animals to their repose.

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their genly couch, thefe to their nefts Were flunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous deficient sung.

When Eve pafted the irksome night preceding her fall, the, in a dream, imagines herself thus reproached with losing the beauties of the night by indulging too long in repose:

Why fleep't thou, Eve? now is the pleafant time,
The cool, the filent, save where silence yelds To the night-warbling bird, that now awake Tunes sweeteft his love-labour'd fong.

The fame birds fing their nuptial fong, and call them to reft. How rapturous are the following lines! how expreflive of the delicate fenfibility of our Milton's tender ideas!

The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill: Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings Flung rofe, flung odours; from the spicy thrub, Disporting, till the amorous bird of night Sung fploufal, and bid halt the evening fhar On his hill-top to light the bridtal lamp.

These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing fleep; And on their naked limbs the flowery cool Shower'd rohes, which the morn repair'd.

These quotations from the beft judge of melody, we thought due to the sweeteft of our feathered choirifters; and we believe no reader of taste will think them tedious.

Virgil seems to be the only poet among the ancients, who hath attended to the circumstance of this bird's finging in the night time.

Qualis populace morrens Philomela sub umbra
Amifos queritur focius, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit: at tilla
Fiet nofrem, tarnque fodens miserabile carmen
Integret, et monetite loci quotidianus implet.

Pliny has described the warbling notes of this bird, with an elegance that bespeaks an exquisite fenfibility of taste: notwithstanding that his words have been cited by most other writers on natural history, yet such is the beauty, and in general the truth of his exprefions, that they cannot be too much studied by lovers of natural history. We must obferve notwithstanding, that a few of his thoughts are more to be admired for their vivacity than for ftrict philosophical reafoning; but these few are easily diftinguishable.


This bird, though so very petulant as to be at confant war with its own tribe, yet is remarkably fociable with mankind: in the winter it frequently makes one of the family; and takes refuge from the inclemency of the fæzon even by our fire-fides. Thomson* has prettily described the annual visits of this gueft.

The Red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wifely regardful of the embracing sky,
In joyous fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His thivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual viftit. Half afraid, he fift
Againft the window beats; then, brink, alights
On the warm hearth: then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family afiance,
And pecks and fifts, and wonders where he is;
'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his flander feet.

The great beauty of that celebrated poet confines in his elegant and juft descriptions of the economy of animals; and the happy use he hath made of natural knowledge, in descriptive poetry, fimplices through almost every page of his Seafons. The affection this bird has for mankind, is also recorded in that antient ballad, The bates in the wood; a composition of a moft beautiful and pathetic fimplicity. It is the firft trial of our humanity: the child that refrains from tears on hearing that read, gives but a bad preage of the tenderness of his future fenfations.

* In his Seafons, vide Winter, line 245.
In the spring this bird retires to breed in the thickest covers, or the most concealed holes of walls and other buildings. The eggs are of a dull white, sprinkled with reddish spots. Its song is remarkably fine and soft; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter, and early in the spring, and even through great part of the summer, but its notes are part of that time drowned in the general warble of the season. Many of the autumnal songsters seem to be the young cock red-breasts of that year.

The bill is dusky: the forehead, chin, throat and breast are of a deep orange-colour: the head, hind part of the neck, the back and tail are of a deep ath-colour, tinged with green; the wings rather darker; the edges inclining to yellow: the legs and feet dusky.

§ 17. The Wren.

The wren may be placed among the finest of our singing birds. It continues its song throughout the winter, excepting during the frosts. It makes its nest in a very curious manner; of an oval shape, very deep, with a small hole in the middle for egrets and re-greets: the external material is moss, within it is lined with hair and feathers. It lays from ten to eighteen eggs; and as often brings up as many young; which, as Mr. Ray observes, may be ranked among those daily miracles that we take no notice of; that it should feed such a number without passing over one, and that too in utter darkness.

The head and upper part of the body of the wren are of a deep reddish brown: above each eye is a streak of white: the back, and coverts of the wings, and tail, are marked with slender transverse black lines: the quill-feathers with bars of black and red. The throat is of a yellowish white. The belly and sides crossed with narrow dusky and pale reddish brown lines. The tail is crossed with dusky bars.

§ 18. The Swift.

This species is the largest of our swallows; but the weight is most disproportionately small to its extent of wing of any bird: the former being scarce one ounce, the latter eighteen inches. The length near eight. The feet of this bird are so small, that the action of walking and of rising from the ground is extremely difficult; so that nature hath made it full amends, by furnishing it with apple means for an easy and continual flight. It is more on the wing than any other swallows; its flight is more rapid, and that attended with a thrill scream. It rests by clinging against some wall, or other apt body; from whence Klein styles this species Hirundo muraria. It breeds under the eaves of houses, in steeples, and other lofty buildings; makes its nest of grasses and feathers; and lays only two eggs, of a white colour. It is entirely of a glossy dark footy colour, only the chin is marked with a white spot: but by being so constantly exposed to all weather, the globs of tue plumage is lost before it retires. I cannot trace them to their winter quarters, unless in one instance of a pair found adhering by their claws and in a torpid state, in February 1765, under the roof of Longnor chapel, Shropshire: on being brought to a fire, they revived and moved about the room. The feet are of a particular structure, all the toes standing forward; the leaf consists of only one bone; and the others of an equal number, viz. two each; in which they differ from those of all other birds.

This appears in our country about fourteen days later than the sand martin; but differs greatly in the time of its departure, retiring invariably about the tenth of August, being the first of the genus that leaves us.

The fabulous history of the Manucodiata, or bird of Paradise, is in the history of this species in great measure verified. It was believed to have no feet, to live upon the celestial dew, to float perpetually on the Indian air, and to perform all its functions in that element.

The Swift actually performs what has been in these enlightened times disproved of the former; except the small time it takes in sleeping, and what it devotes to incubation, every other action is done on wing. The materials of its nest it collects either as they are carried about by the winds, or picks them up from the surface in its sweeping flight. Its food is undeniably the insects that fill the air. Its drink is taken in transient sips from the water's surface. Even its amorous rites are performed on high. Few persons who have attended to them in a fine summer's morning, but must have seen them make their aerial courses at a great height, encircling a certain space with an easy steady motion. On a sudden they fall into each other's embraces, then drop precipitate with a loud shriek for numbers of yards. This is the critical conjuncture, and to be no more wondered at, than that insects (a familiar instance) should discharge the same duty in the same element.

These birds and swallows are inveterate enemies.
enemies to hawks. The moment one appears, they attack him immediately: the swifts soon defeat; but the swallows pursue and persecute those rapacious birds, till they have entirely driven them away.

Swifts delight in sultry, thunder weather, and seem thence to receive fresh spirits. They fly in those times in small parties with particular violence; and as they pass near steeples, towers, or any edifices where their mates perform the office of incubation, emit a loud scream, a fort of sirenade, as Mr. White supposes, to their respective females.

To the curious monographs on the swallow tribe, of that worthy correspondent, I must acknowledge myself indebted for numbers of the remarks above mentioned.

§ 19. Of the Disappearance of Swallows.

There are three opinions among naturalists concerning the manner the swallow tribe dispose of themselves after their disappearance from the countries in which they make their summer residence. Herodotus mentions one species that resides in Egypt the whole year: Prosper Alpinus ascribes the same; and Mr. Loten, late governor of Ceylon, assured us, that those of Java never remove. These excepted, every other known kind observe a periodical migration, or retreat. The swallows of the cold Norway, and of North America, of the distant Kemptchataka, of the temperate parts of Europe, of Aleppo, and of the hot Jamaica, all agree in this one point.

In cold countries, a defect of insect food on the approach of winter, is a sufficient reason for these birds to quit them: but since the same cause probably does not subsist in the warm climates, recourse should be had to some other reason for their vanishing.

Of the three opinions, the first has the utmost appearance of probability; which is, that they remove nearer the sun, where they can find a continuance of their natural diet, and a temperature of air suiting their constitutions. That this is the cause with some species of European swallows, has been proved beyond contradiction (as above cited) by M. Adanson. We often observe them collected in flocks innumerable on churches, on rocks, and on trees, previous to their departure hence; and Mr. Collinson proves their return here in perhaps equal numbers, by two curious relations of un doubted credit: the one communicated to him by Mr. Wright, master of a ship; the other by the late Sir Charles Wager; who both described (to the same purpose) what happened to each in their voyages. "Re turning home (says Sir Charles) in the spring of the year, as I came into soundings in our channel, a great flock of swallows came and settled on all my rigging; every rope was covered; they hung on one another like a swarm of bees; the decks and carvings were filled with them. They seemed almost famished and spent, and were only feathers and bones; but being recruited with a night's rest, took their flight in the morning." This vast fatigue, proves that their journey must have been very great, considering the amazing swiftness of these birds: in all probability they had crossed the Atlantic ocean, and were returning from the shores of Senegal, or other parts of Africa; so that this account from that most able and honest feaman, confirms the later information of M. Adanson.

Mr. White, on Michaelmas-day 1768, had the good fortune to have ocular proof of what may reasonably be supposed an actual migration of swallows. Travelling that morning very early between his house and the coast, at the beginning of his journey he was environed with a thick fog, but on a large wild heath the mist began to break, and discovered to him numberless swallows, clustered on the flamingo's, as if they had roosted there: as soon as the sun burst out, they were instantly on wing, and with an easy and placid flight proceeded towards the sea. After this he saw no more flocks, only now and then a fraggler.*

This rendezvous of swallows about the same time of year is very common on the willows, in the little isles in the Thames. They seem to assemble for the same purpose as those in Hampshire, notwithstanding no one yet has been eye-witness of their departure. On the 26th of September last, two gentlemen who happened to lie at Maidenhead bridge, furnished at least a proof of the multitude there assembled: they went by torch light to an adjacent isle, and in less than half an hour brought aboard fifty dozen; for they had nothing more to do

* In Kalm's Voyage to America, is a remarkable instance of the distant flight of swallows; for one lighted on the ship he was in, September 24, when he had passed only over two-thirds of the Atlantic ocean. His passage was uncommonly quick, being performed from Deal to Philadelphia in less than six weeks; and when this accident happened, he was fourteen days full from Cape Hibernia.
than to draw the willow twigs through their hands, the birds never stirring till they were taken.

The northern naturalists will perhaps say, that this assembly met for the purpose of plunging into their subaqueous winter quarters; but was that the case, they would never escape discovery in a river perpetually filled as the Thames, some of them must inevitably be brought up in the nets that harrow that water.

The second notion has great antiquity on its side. Aristotle and Pliny give, as their belief, that swallows do not remove very far from their summer habitation, but winter in the hollows of rocks, and during that time lose their feathers. The former part of their opinion has been adopted by several ingenious men; and of late, several proofs have been brought of some species, at least, having been discovered in a torpid state. Mr. Collinson favoured us with the evidence of three gentlemen, eye-witnesses to numbers of sand martins being drawn out of a cliff on the Rhine, in the month of March 1762. And the honourable Daines Barrington communicated to us the following fact, on the authority of the late Lord Belhaven, that numbers of swallows have been found in old dry walls, and in sandhills near his lordship's seat in East Lothian; not once only, but from year to year; and that when they were exposed to the warmth of a fire, they reviv'd. We have also heard of the same annual discoveries near Morpeth in Northumberland, but cannot speak of them with the same assurance as the two former: neither in the two last instances are we certain of the particular species.

Other witnesses crowd on us to prove the residence of those birds in a torpid state during the severe season.

First, in the chalky cliffs of Sussex; as was seen on the fall of a great fragment some years ago.

Secondly, In a decayed hollow tree that was cut down, near Dolgelli, in Merionethshire.

Thirdly, In a cliff near Whitby, Yorkshire; where, on digging out a fox, whole bushels of swallows were found in a torpid condition. And,

Lastly, The Reverend Mr. Conway, of Sychton, Flintshire, was so obliging as to communicate the following fact: A few years ago, on looking down an old leadmine in that county, he observed numbers of swallows clinging to the timbers of the shaft, seemingly asleep; and on flinging some gravel on them, they just moved, but never attempted to fly or change their place; this was between All Saints and Christmas.

These are doubtless the lurking-places of the later hatches, or of those young birds, who are incapable of distant migrations. There they continue insensible and rigid; but like flies, may sometimes be reanimated by an unseasonable hot day in the midst of winter: for very near Christmas a few appeared on the moulding of a window of Merton College, Oxford, in a remarkably warm nook, which prematurely set their blood in motion, having the same effect as laying them before the fire at the same time of year. Others have been known to make this premature appearance; but as soon as the cold, natural to the season, returns, they withdraw again to their former retreats.

I shall conclude with one argument drawn from the very late hatches of two species.

On the twenty-third of October, 1767, a martin was seen in Southwark, flying in and out of its nest: and on the twenty-ninth of the same month, four or five swallows were observed hovering round, and settling on the county hospital at Oxford. As these birds must have been of a late hatch, it is highly improbable that at so late a season they would attempt, from one of our midland counties, a voyage almost as far as the equator to Senegal or Goree: we are therefore confirmed in our notion, that there is only a partial migration of these birds; and that the feeble late hatches conceal themselves in this country.

The above are circumstances we cannot but assent to, though seemingly contradictory to the common course of nature in regard to other birds. We must, therefore, divide our belief relating to these two so different opinions, and conclude, that one part of the swallow tribe migrate, and that others have their winter quarters near home. If it should be demanded, why swallows alone are found in a torpid state, and not the other many species of soft billed birds, which likewise disapper about the same time? The following reason may be assigned:

No birds are so much on the wing as swallows, none fly with such swiftness and rapidity, none are obliged to such sudden and various evolutions in their flight, none are at such pains to take their prey, and we may add, none exert their voice more incessantly; all these occasion a vast expence of strength, and of spirits, and may give such a texture to the blood, that other animals cannot experience;
perience; and so dispose, or we may lay, necessitate, this tribe of birds, or part of them, at least, to a repose more lasting than that of any others.

The third notion is, even at first sight, too amazing and unnatural to merit mention, if it was not that some of the learned have been credulous enough to deliver, for fact, what has the strongest appearance of impossibility; we mean the relation of swallows passing the winter imderfed in ice, at the bottom of lakes, or lodged beneath the water of the sea at the foot of rocks. The first who broached this opinion, was Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, who very gravely informs us, that these birds are often found in clustered masses, at the bottom of the northern lakes, mouth to mouth, wing to wing, foot to foot; and that they creep down the reeds in autumn to their subaqueous retreats. That when old fishermen discover such a mass, they throw it into the water again; but when young inexperienced ones take it, they will, by swaying the birds at a fire, bring them indeed to the use of their wings, which will continue but a very short time, being owing to a premature and forced revival.

That the good Archbishop did not want credibility, in other infinaces, appears from this, that after having flocked the bottoms of the lakes with birds, he fores the clouds with mice, which sometimes fall in plentiful showers on Norway and the neighbouring countries.

Some of our own countrymen have given credit to the submersion of swallows; and Klein patronizes the doctrine strongly, giving the following history of their manner of retiring, which he received from some countrymen and others. They affirmed, that sometimes the swallows assembled in numbers on a reed, till it broke and sunk with them to the bottom; and their imderfed was preceded by a dirge of a quarter of an hour's length. That others would unite in laying hold of a straw with their bills, and so plunge down in society. Others again would form a large mass, by clinging toge-
The wild birds fly (as the bird-catchers term it) chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November; as the flight in March is much less considerable than that of Michaelmas. It is to be noted also, that the several species of birds of flight do not make their appearance precisely at the same time, during the months of September, October, and November. The Pippet, for example, begins to fly about Michaelmas, and then the Woodlark, Lianet, Goldfinch, Chaffinch, Greenfinch, and other birds of flight succeed; all of which are not easily to be caught, or in any numbers, at any other time, and more particularly the Pippet and the Woodlark.

These birds, during the Michaelmas and March flights, are chiefly on the wing from day break to noon, though there is afterwards a small flight from two till night; but this however is so inconsiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

It may well deserve the attention of the naturalist, whence the periodical flights of certain birds can arise. As the ground however is ploughed during the months of October and March for fowing the winter and lent corn, it should seem that they are thus supplied with a great profusion both of seeds and insects, which they cannot so easily procure at any other season.

It may not be improper to mention another circumstance, to be observed during their flying, viz. that they fly always against the wind; hence, there is great contention amongst the bird-catchers who shall gain that point; if (for example) it is westerly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets most to the east, is sure almost of catching every thing, provided his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the south-west generally produces the best sport.

The bird-catcher who is a substantial man, and hath a proper apparatus for this purpose, generally carries with him five or six linnets (of which more are caught than any other bird) two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one redpoll, a yellowhammer, titlark, and aberdavine, and perhaps a bullfinch; these are placed at small distances from the nets in little cages. He hath, besides, what are called flur-birds, which are placed within the nets, are raised upon the flur, and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. These generally confit of the linnet, the goldfinch, and the greenfinch, which are secured to the flur by what is called a brace; a contrivance that secures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage.

It having been found that there is a superiority between bird and bird, from the one being more in song than the other; the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds should moult before the usual time. They, therefore, in June or July, put them into a close box, under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raise a greater heat; in which state they continue, being perhaps examined but once a week to have fresh water. As for food, the air is so putrid, that they eat little during the whole state of confinement, which lasts about a month. The birds frequently die under the operation; and hence the value of a stopped bird rises greatly.

When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in song, whilst the wild birds are out of song, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one; but it is not only in his note he receives an alteration, the plumage is equally improved. The black and yellow in the wings of the goldfinch, for example, become deeper and more vivid, together with a most beautiful gloss, which is not to be seen in the wild bird.

The bill, which in the latter is likewise black at the end, in the stopped bird becomes white and more taper, as do its legs: in short, there is as much difference between a wild and a stopped bird, as there is between a horse which is kept in body clothes, or at grafts.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he disposes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It must be owned, that there is a most malicious joy in these call-birds to bring the wild ones into the same flate of captivity; which may likewise be observed with regard to the decoy ducks.

Their flight and hearing infinitely excel...
that of the bird-catcher. The instinct that
the wild birds are perceived, notice is
given by one to the rest of the call-birds (as
it is by the first hound that hints on the scent
to the rest of the pack) after which follows the
same fort of tumultuous ecstacy and joy.
The call-birds, while the bird is at a distance,
do not sing as a bird does in a chamber;
they invite the wild ones by what the bird-
catchers call short jerks, which when the
birds are good, may be heard at a great dis-
ance. The ascendency by this call or in-
vitation is so great, that the wild bird is
flopped in its course of flight, and if not al-
ready acquainted with the nets ♦, lights
boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three
or four bird-catchers, on a spot which oth-
erwise it would not have taken the leafl notice
of. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half
a flock only are caught, the remaining half
will immediately afterwards light in the nets,
and share the fame fate; and should only
one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to
be pulled at till it is caught, such a fascina-
ting power have the call birds.

While we are on this subject of the jerk-
ing of birds, we cannot omit mentioning,
that the bird-catchers frequently lay confi-
derable wagers whose call-bird can jerk the
longest, as that determines the superiority.
They place them opposite to each other, by
an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks
the oftener, before the candle is burnt out,
wins the wager. We have been informed,
that there have been instances of a bird's giv-
ing a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter
of an hour; and we have known a linnet,
in such a trial, perforevere in its emulation
till it swooned from the perch: thus, as
Pliny says of the nightingale, *ita morte
finit fape vitam, spiritu prius deficiente quidam
canta. Lib. x. c. 29.

It may be here observed, that birds when
near each other, and in flight, seldom jerk
or sing. They either fight, or use short and
wheeling calls; the jerking of these call-
birds, therefore, face to face, is a most ex-
traordinary inllance of contention for supe-
riority in song.

It may be also worthy of observation,
that the female of no species of birds ever

* It may be also observed, that the moment they see a hawk, they communicate the alarm to each
other by a plaintive note; nor will they then jerk or call, though the wild birds are near.
† A bird, acquainted with the nets, is by the bird-catchers termed a sharper, which they endeavor to
drive away, as they can have no sport whilst it continues near them.
‡ Maximum canum infignis est in hac memoria, Ciodilì. Aesop. tragoet bifforium petens seservos H. S. taxata; in
quod pofitur aces canum aitique, aut huumo sermo, occult. Plin. lib. x. c. 51. The price of this expensive
dish was about 6s. 4d. ro. according to A. Hume's Tables. This seems to have been a woman's caprice,
rather than a viande in operation.
the season, it frequently happens, that forty are taken and not one female among them: and probably the same would be observed with regard to other birds (as has been done with relation to the wheat-ear) if they were attended to.

An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher informed us, that such birds as breed twice a year, generally have in their first brood a majority of males, and in their second, of females, which may in part account for the above observation.

We must not omit mention of the bullfinch, though it does not properly come under the title of a singing bird, or a bird of flight, as it does not often move farther than from hedge to hedge; yet, as the bird falls well on account of its learning to whistle tunes, and sometimes flies over the fields where the nets are laid; the bird-catchers have often a call-bird to ensnare it, though most of them can imitate the call with their mouths. It is remarkable with regard to this bird, that the female answers the purpose of a call-bird as well as the male, which is not experienced in any other bird taken by the London bird-catchers.

It may perhaps surprise, that under this article of singing birds, we have not mentioned the nightingale, which is not a bird of flight, in the sense the bird-catchers use this term. The nightingale, like the robin, wren, and many other singing birds, only moves from hedge to hedge, and does not take the periodic flights in October and March. The perfons who catch these birds, make use of small trap-nets, without call-birds, and are considered as inferior in dignity to other bird-catchers, who will not rank with them.

The nightingale being the first of singing-birds, we shall here infer a few particulars relating to it.

Its arrival is expected, by the trappers in the neighbourhood of London, the first week in April; at the beginning none but cocks are taken, but in a few days the hens make their appearance, generally by themselves, though sometimes a few males come along with them.

The latter are distinguished from the females not only by their superior size, but by a great dwelling of their vent, which commences on the first arrival of the hens.

They do not build till the middle of May, and generally choose a quickset to make their nest in.

If the nightingale is kept in a cage, it often begins to sing about the latter end of November, and continues its song more or less till June.

A young canary bird, linnet, skylark, or robin (who have never heard any other bird) are said bel to learn the note of a nightingale.

They are caught in a net-trap; the bottom of which is surrounded with an iron ring; the net itself is rather larger than a cabbage-net.

When the trappers hear or see them, they strew some fresh mould under the place, and bait the trap with a meal-worm from the baker's shop.

Ten or a dozen nightingales have been thus caught in a day.

Barrington.


From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. lxxxiii.

As the experiments and observations I mean to lay before the Royal Society relate to the singing of birds, which is a subject that hath never before been scientifically treated of *, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of some uncommon terms, which I shall be obliged to use, as well as others which I have been under a necessity of coining.

To chirp, is the first found which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarse and disagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I must add, that it consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and that it is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The call of a bird, is that found which it is able to make when about a month old; it is, in most instances (which I happen to recollect) a repetition of one and the same note,

* Kircher, indeed, in his Mufurgia, hath given us some few passages in the song of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cockow, which he hath engraved in musical characters. These instances however, only prove that some birds have in their song notes which correspond with the intervals of our common scale of the musical octave.
is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, recording, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument, formerly used in England, called a recorder.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again, when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a finger raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I have never happened to meet with a passage in any writer, which seems to relate to this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

* Nunc volucrum novi
* Quæstus, inexpertumque carmen

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to sing his song round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

I would therefore define a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crotches in an adagio movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By the first requisite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short burts of singing birds, contending with each other (called jerks by the bird catchers) are equally distinguished from what I term song, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its song, I will, for this reason, take the liberty of terming such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the varied call.

Having thus settled the meaning of certain words, which I shall be obliged to make use of, I shall now proceed to state some general principles with regard to the singing of birds, which seem to result from the experiments I have been making for several years, and under a great variety of circumstances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the matter under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

Most of the experiments I have made on this subject have been tried with cock linnets, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their nest, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great powers of imitation, but because the cock is easily distinguished from the hen at that early period, by the superior whiteness in the wing.

* For want of terms to distinguish the notes of birds, Bellon applies the verb chanteur, or sing, to the goose and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Plusieurs oiseaux chanteur la nuit, comme c't l'oise, la grue, & le roignon." Bellon's Hist. of Birds, p. 50.

† It seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe tunes.

Lord Bacon describes this instrument to have been fiasa, to have had a lesser and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the player, and to have had what he calls a siphon, or reedpipe. See his second Century of Experiments.

‡ The bird called a Twite by the bird-catchers commonly flies in company with linnets, yet these two species of birds never learn each other's notes, which always continue totally different.

§ The common hen, when the lay, repeats the same note, very often, and concludes with the sixth above, which she holds for a longer time.

¶ The white reaches almost to the shaft of the quill feathers, and in the hen does not exceed more than half of that space; it is also of a brighter hue.
In many other sorts of singing birds the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from the female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

> "ibi omnis"  
> "Edusus labor,"

The Greek poets made a songster of the *tis*; whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable, that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds:

> *Eit en 01 τισηγ ης ευδηγημερης,
> ου τας γυναικεις & οι άνδρις φωνης i6;*

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those kinds.

I have educated Neilting linnets under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet * was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any pallinges from the linnet's song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European neftling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengolina ♀, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet's song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the neftling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

I have before stated, that all my neftling linnets were three weeks old, when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consist of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a neftling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though neftlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the infant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I must own, that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth indeed of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

Though I must admit, therefore, that I have never reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kennington, which, from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words, pretty boy, as well as some other short sentences: I heard the bird myself repeat the words, pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatsoever.

This talking linnet died last year, before which, many people went from London to hear him speak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

I thought indeed that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to enquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

* I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-rob in, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

* This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our abeadavino (or siskin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock has a bright yellow spot upon the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird. An instance hath lately happened, in an aviary at Harvye, of a vengolina's breeding with a Canary bird.
The people of the house, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I flaid a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren, without the least mixture of goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nefling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

These facts, which I have stated, seem to prove very decisively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song, inasmuch, that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the neflling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young Canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other forts; and yet I have been informed, that they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does anything but chirp: this, however, does not arise from want of powers in this bird to imitate others; but because he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnell: the bird, however, by accident, heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried several experiments, in order to observe, from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot settle this with any fort of precision, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of fong, and was perfectly mute in lefs than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish, or no particular note whatsoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived, that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

From several other experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nefllings will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I before related of the sparrow.

I must own also, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix upon the note which it first heard when taken from the nest; I imagined likewise, that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me, so much depends upon circumstances, and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

I educated a neflling robin under a wood-lark linnell, which was full in song, and hung very near to him for a month together; after which, the robin was removed to another house, where he could only hear a skylark-linnell. The consequence was, that the neflling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnell) but adhered entirely to the song of the skylark-linnell.

Having thus stated the result of several experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or song, which is supposed to be peculiar to each species, I shall now make some general observations on their singing; though perhaps the subject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, speaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet those even, who have good musical ears, seem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleasing noise.

I am also convinced (though it may seem rather paradoxical) that the inhabitants of London distinguish more accurately, and know more on this head, than of all the other parts of the island taken together.

This seems to arise from two causes.

The first is, that we have not more musical ideas which are innate, than we have of language;
language; and therefore tho' even, who have the happiness to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this sixth sense [as it hath been called by some], require, however, the bell instruction.

The orchestra of the opera, which is confined to the metropolis, hath diffused a good style of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fiddler and ballad-finger in the streets; the organs in every church, as well as those of the Savoyards, contribute likewise to this improvement of musical faculties in the Londoners.

If the singing of the ploughman in the country is therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the superiority is infinitely on the side of the latter; and the fame may be observed in comparing the voice of a country girl and London housemaid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former sing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to assert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good musical organs; but only, that they have not the same opportunities of learning from others, who play in tune themselves.

The other reason for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the song of birds, arises from their hearing each bird sing distinctly, either in their own or their neighbours shops; as also from a bird continuing much longer in song whilst in a cage, than when at liberty; the cause of which I shall endeavour hereafter to explain.

They who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds sing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confusion of notes prevents their attending to the song of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Besides this, birds in the spring sing very loud indeed; but they only give short jerks, and scarcely ever the whole compass of their song.

For these reasons, I have never happened to meet with any person, who had not resided in London, whose judgment or opinion on this subject I could the least rely upon; and a stronger proof of this cannot be given, than that most people, who keep Canary birds, do not know that they sing chiefly either the tilark, or nightingale notes*.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which most of the Canary birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as several nightingale strokes, or particular passages in the song of that bird.

I mention this superior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, because I am convinced, that if others are consulted in relation to the singing of birds, they will only mislead, instead of giving any material or useful information †.

Birds in a wild state do not commonly sing above ten weeks in the year; which is then also confined to the cocks of a few species; I conceive that this last circumstance arises from the superior strength of the muscles of the larynx.

I procured a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as also a cock and hen chiffinch, which that very eminent anatomist, Mr. Hunter, F. R. S. was so obliging as to dissect for me, and begged, that he would particularly attend to the state of the organs in the different birds, which might be supposed to contribute to singing.

Mr. Hunter found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

I sent the cock and hen rook, in order to see whether there would be the same dif-

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* I once saw two of these birds which came from the Canary Islands, neither of which had any song at all; and I have been informed, that a ship brought a great many of them not long since, which sung as little.

† Most of those Canary birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been educated by parents, the progenitor of which was instructed by a nightingale; our English Canary birds have commonly more of the tilark note.

The traffic in these birds makes a small article of commerce, as four Tyroleze generally bring over to England sixteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thousand miles, as well as pay 2ol. duty for such a number, yet, upon the whole, it answers to sell these birds at 5s. apiece.

The chief place for breeding Canary birds is Infruck and its environs, from whence they are sent to Constantinople, as well as every part of Europe.
ference in the cock and hen of a species which did not sing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended to much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the best of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in these muscles, seems not to be the only requisite; the birds must have also great plenty of food, which seems to be proved sufficiently by birds in a cage singing the greatest part of the year, when the wild ones do not (as I observed before) continue in song above ten weeks.

The food of singing birds consists of plants, insects, or seeds, and of the two first of these there is infinitely the greatest profusion in the spring.

As for seeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country so cultivated as England is; for the seeds in meadows are destroyed by mowing; in pastures, by the bite of the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when most of them are buried too deep for the bird to reach them.

I know well that the singing of the cock-bird in the spring is attributed by many to the motive only of pleasing its mate during incubation.

They, however, who suppose this, should recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not sing at all, why should their mate therefore be deprived of this solace and amusement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, sings nine or ten months in a year, cannot do so from this inducement; and, on the contrary, it arises chiefly from contending with another bird, or indeed against almost any fort of continued noise.

Superiority in songs gives to birds a most amazing ascendency over each other; as is well known to the bird-catchers by the fascinating power of their call-birds, which they contrive should mount prematurely for this purpose.

But, to shew decisively that the singing of a bird in the spring does not arise from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that some of these birds have jerked the instant they were caught. He hath also brought me to a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burst forth in a roar of song.

At the same time this bird is so fulk on its first confinement, that he must be cram med for seven or eight days, as he will otherwise not feed himself; it is also necessary to tee his wings, to prevent his killing himself against the top or sides of the cage.

I believe there is no instance of any bird's singing which exceeds our black-bird in size: and possibly this may arise from the difficulty of its concealing itself, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudness of its notes.

I should rather conceive, it is for the same reason that no ten-bird sings; because this talent would be still more dangerous during incubation; which may possibly also account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

Barrington.

III. FISHES.

§ 22. The Eel.

The eel is a very singular fish in several things that relate to its natural history, and in some respects borders on the nature of the reptile tribe.

It is known to quit its element, and during night to wander along the meadows, not only for change of habitation, but also for the sake of prey, feeding on the snails it finds in its passage.

During winter it beds itself deep in the mud, and continues in a state of rest like the serpent kind. It is very impatient of cold, and will eagerly take shelter in a whip of straw flung into a pond in severe weather, which has sometimes been practised as a method of taking them. Albertus goes so fat as to say, that he has known eels to shelter in a hay-rick, yet all perished through excess of cold.

It has been observed, that in the river Nyni there is a variety of small eel, with a leffer head and narrower mouth than the common kind; that it is found in clusters in the bottom of the river, and is called the bed-eel; these are sometimes roufed up by violent floods, and are never found at that time with meat in their stomachs. This bears such an analogy with the clustering of blindworms in their quiclient state, that we...
cannot but consider it as a further proof of a partial agreement in the nature of the two genera.

The ancients adopted a most wild opinion about the generation of these fish, believing them to be either created from the mud, or that the scropolings of their bodies which they left on the stones were animated and became young eels. Some moderns gave into these opinions, and into others that were equally extravagant. They could not account for the appearance of these fish in ponds that never were stocked with them, and that were even so remote as to make their being met with in such places a phenomenon that they could not solve. But there is much reason to believe, that many waters are supplied with these fish by the aquatic fowl of prey, in the same manner as vegetation is spread by many of the land birds, either by being dropped as they carry them to feed their young, or by passing quick through their bodies, as is the case with herons; and such may be the occasion of the appearance of these fish in places where they were never seen before. As to their immediate generation, it has been sufficiently proved to be effected in the ordinary course of nature, and that they are viviparous.

They are extremely voracious, and very destractive to the fry of fish.

No fish lives so long out of water as the eel; it is extremely tenacious of life, as its parts will move a considerable time after they are flayed and cut in pieces.

The eel is placed by Linneus in the genus *anguilla*, his first of the apodal fish, or such which want the ventral fins.

The eyes are placed not remote from the end of the nose: the irides are tinged with red: the under jaw is longer than the upper: the teeth are small, sharp, and numerous: beneath each eye is a minute orifice: at the end of the nose two others, small and tubular.

This fish is furnished with a pair of pectoral fins, rounded at their ends. Another narrow fin on the back, uniting with that of the tail; and the anal fin joins it in the same manner beneath.

Behind the pectoral fins is the orifice to the gills, which are concealed in the skin.

Eels vary much in their colours, from a footy hue to a light olive green: and those which are called silver eels, have their bellies white, and a remarkable clearness throughout.

Besides these, there is another variety of this fish, known in the Thames by the name of grigs, and about Oxford by that of grigs or gluts. These are scarce ever seen near Oxford in the winter, but appear in spring, and bite readily at the hook, which common eels in that neighbourhood will not. They have a larger head, a blunter nose, thicker skin, and less fat than the common sort; neither are they so much esteemed, nor do they often exceed three or four pounds in weight.

Common eels grow to a large size, sometimes so great as to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, but that is extremely rare. As to instances brought by Dale and others, of these fish increasing to a superior magnitude, we have much reason to suspect them to have been congers, since the enormous fish they describe have all been taken at the mouths of the Thames or Medway.

The eel is the most universal of fish, yet is scarce ever found in the Danube, though it is very common in the lakes and rivers of Upper Austria.

The Romans held this fish very cheap, probably from its likeness to a snake.

Vos anguilla manet longae cognata colubris,
Vernula riparum pinguis torrente cloaca.
Juvenal, Sat. v.

For you is keep a sink-fed snake-like eel.

On the contrary, the luxurious Sybarites were so fond of these fish, as to exempt from every kind of tribute the persons who sold them.

§ 23. The Perch.

The perch of Aristotle and Ausonius is the same with that of the moderns. That mentioned by Oppian, Pliny, and Athenaeus, is a sea-fish, probably of the *Labrus* or *Sparus* kind, being enumerated by them among some congeners species. Our perch was much esteemed by the Romans:

Nec te delicias menfuarum Perca, filo.
Amnios inter pisces digna marinis.
Ausonius.

It is not less admired at present as a firm and delicate fish; and the Dutch are particularly fond of it when made into a dish called water fouchy. It is a gregarious fish, and loves deep holes and gentle streams. It is a most voracious fish, and eager biter: if the angler meets with a shoal of them, he is sure of taking every one.

It is a common notion that the pike will not attack this fish, being fearful of the spiny fins which the perch erects on the approach
proach of the former. This may be true in respect to large fish; but it is well known the small ones are the most tempting bait that can be laid for the pike.

The perch is a fish very tenacious of life: we have known them carried near sixty miles in dry straw, and yet survive the journey.

These fish seldom grow to a large size: we once heard of one that was taken in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds; but that is very uncommon.

The body is deep: the scales very rough: the back much arched: side-line near the back.

The iridescent: the teeth small, disposed in the jaws and on the roof of the mouth: the edges of the covers of the gills serrated: on the lower end of the largest is a sharp spine.

The first dorsal fin consists of fourteen strong spiny rays: the second of sixteen soft ones: the pectoral fins are transparent, and consist of fourteen rays; the ventral of six; the anal of eleven.

The tail is a little forked.

The colours are beautiful: the back and part of the sides being of a deep green, marked with five broad black bars pointing downwards: the belly is white, tinged with red: the ventral fins of a rich scarlet; the anal fins and tail of the same colour, but rather paler.

In a lake called Llyn Raithlyon, in Merionethshire, is a very singular variety of perch: the back is quite hunched, and the lower part of the back bone, next the tail, strangely distorted: in colour, and in other respects, it resembles the common kind, which are as numerous in the lake as these deformed fish. They are not peculiar to this water; for Linnaeus takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlin, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames near Marlow.

§ 24. The Trout.

It is matter of surprise that this common fish has escaped the notice of all the ancients, except Auisonius: it is also singular, that so delicate a species should be neglected at a time when the folly of the table was at its height; and that the epicures should overlook a fish that is found in such quantities in the lakes of their neighbourhood, when they ransacked the universe for dainties. The milts of _murrayi_ were brought from one place; the rivers of _feari_ from another*; and oysters even from to remote a spot as our Sandwich †: but there was, and is a fashion in the article of good living. The Romans seem to have despised the trout, the piper, and the doree; and we believe Mr. Quin himself would have resigned the rich paps of a pregnant sow ‡, the heels of camels §, and the tongues of flamingoς ¶, though dressed by Helioabalus's cooks, for a good jowl of salmon with lobster-faucé.

When Auisonius speaks of this fish, he makes no euloge on its goodness, but celebrates it only for its beauty.

Purpureisque _Salar_ fællatus tergore guttus.

With purple spots the Salar's back is stain'd.

These marks point out the species he intended: what he meant by his _fario_ is not so easy to determine: whether any species of trout, of a size between the _salar_ and the salmon; or whether the salmon itself, at a certain age, is not very evident.

Teque inter geminos species, neutrumeque et utrumque.

A doubtful kind, that may be none, or either _fario_, when flopt in middle growth.

In fact, the colours of the trout, and its spots, vary greatly in different waters, and in different seasons; yet each may be reduced to one species. In Llyndivvi, a lake in South Wales, are trouts called _eel_ y _dail_, marked with red and black spots as big as fix-pences; others unsotted, and of a reddish hue, that sometimes weigh near ten pounds, but are bad tafed.

In Lough Neagh, in Ireland, are trouts called there _buddagh_, which I was told sometimes weighed thirty pounds; but it was not my fortune to see any during my stay in the neighbourhood of that vast water.

Trouts (probably of the same species) are also taken in Ulles-water, a lake in Cumberland, of a much superior size to those of Lough Neagh. These are supposed to be the same with the trout of the lake of Geneva, a fish I have eaten more than once, and think but a very indifferent one.

In the river Eynion, not far from Machynleth, in Merionethshire, and in one of the Snowdon lakes, are found a variety of trout, which are naturally deformed, having a strange crookedness near the tail, resembling that of the perch before described. We

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* Suetonius, vita Vitellii.
† Juvenal, Sat. IV. 141.  
‡ Martial, Lib. XIII. Epig. 44.  
§ Lamprid. vit. Heligab.
dwell the less on these monstrous productions, as our friend the Hon. Daines Barrington, has already given an account of them in an ingenious dissertation on some of the Cambrian fish, published in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1767.

The stomachs of the common trouts are uncommonly thick and muscular. They feed on the shell-fish of lakes and rivers, as well as on small fish. They likewise take into their stomachs gravel, or small stones, to affilt in comminuting the tellaceous parts of their food. The trouts of certain lakes in Ireland, such as those of the province of Galway, and some others, are remarkable for the great thickness of their stomachs, which, from some slight resemblance to the organs of digestion in birds, have been called gizzards: the Irish name the species that has them, Gillaroo trouts. These stomachs are sometimes served up to table, under the former appellation. It does not appear to me, that the extraordinary strength of stomach in the Irish fish, should give any suspicion that it is a distinct species: the nature of the waters might increase the thickness; or the superior quantity of shell-fish, which may more frequently call for the use of its comminuting powers than those of our trouts, might occasion this difference. I had opportunity of comparing the stomach of a great Gillaroo trout, with a large one from the Uxbridge river. The laft, if I recollect, was smaller, and out of season; and its stomach (notwithstanding it was very thick) was much inferior in flength to that of the former: but on the whole, there was not the least specific difference between the two subjects.

Trouts are most voracious fish, and afford excellent diversion to the angler: the passion for the sport of angling is so great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fishing in some of the streams in the adjacent counties, is purchased at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

These fish shift their quarters to spawn, and, like salmon, make up towards the heads of rivers to deposit their roes. The under jaw of the trout is subject, at certain times, to the same curvature as that of the salmon.

A trout taken in Lluyallet, in Denbighshire, which is famous for an excellent kind, measured seventeen inches, its depth three and three quarters, its weight one pound ten ounces: the head thick; the nose rather sharp: the upper jaw a little longer than the lower; both jaws, as well as the head, were of a pale brown, blotched with black: the teeth sharp and strong, disposed in the jaws, roof of the mouth and tongue, as is the cafe with the whole genus, except the gwyniad, which is toothless, and the grayling, which has none on its tongue.

The back was dusky; the sides tinged with a purplish bloom, marked with deep purple spots, mixed with black, above and below the side line which was fratt: the belly white.

The first dorsal fin was spotted; the fpu-rious fin brown, tipped with red: the pec- toral, ventral, and anal fins, of a pale brown; the edges of the anal fin white: the tail very little forked when extended.

§ 25. The Pike or Jack.

The pike is common in most of the lakes of Europe, but the largest are those taken in Lapland, which, according to Schafer, are sometimes eight feet long. They are taken there in great abundance, dried, and exported for sale. The largest fish of this kind which we ever heard of in England, weighed thirty-five pounds.

According to the common saying, these fish were introduced into England in the reign of Henry VIII. in 1537. They were so rare, that a pike was sold for double the price of a houfe-lamb in February, and a pickerel for more than a fat capon.

All writers who treat of this species bring instances of its vaft voraciousness. We have known one that was choked by attempting to swallow one of its own species that proved too large a mofel. Yet its jaws are very flofely connected; and have on each side an additional bone like the jaw of a viper; which renders them capable of greater diftention when it swallows its prey. It does not confine itself to feed on fish and frogs, it will devour the water rat, and draw down the young ducks as they are swimming about.

In a manuscript note which we found, p. 244, of our copy of Plott's History of Staffordshire, is the following extraordinary fact: "At Lord Gower's canal at Trent: "I, a pike seized the head of a fwan as "she was feeding under water, and gorged "so much of it as killed them both. The "servants perceiving the fwan with its head "under water for a longer time than usual, "took the boat, and found both fwan and "pike dead.""

* This note we afterwards discovered was wrote by Mr. Plott, of Oxford, who affured me he inferred it on good authority.
But there are instances of its fierceness still more surprising, and which indeed border a little on the marvellous. Gefner relates, that a famished pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule that was brought to water, and that the beast drew the fish out before it could disengage itself. That people have been bit by these voracious creatures while they were washing their legs, and that they will even contend with the otter for its prey, and endeavour to force it out of its mouth.

Small fish shew the same uneasiness and detestation at the presence of this tyrant, as the little birds do at the fight of the hawk or owl. When the pike lies dormant near the surface (as is frequently the case) the leffer fish are often observed to swim around it in vast numbers, and in great anxiety. Pike are often haltered in a noose, and taken while they lie thus asleep, as they are often found in the ditches near the Thames, in the month of May.

In the shallow water of the Lincolnsire fens they are frequently taken in a manner peculiar, we believe, to that country, and the isle of Ceylon. The fishermen make use of what is called a crown-net, which is no more than a hemispherical basket, open at top and bottom. He stands at the end of one of the little fenboats, and frequently puts his basket down to the bottom of the water, then poking a flick into it, discovers whether he has any booty by the strikings of the fish; and vast numbers of pike are taken in this manner.

The longevity of this fish is very remarkable, if we may credit the accounts given of it. Rzaczynski tells us of one that was ninety years old; but Gefner relates, that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words in Greek characters: I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederick the second, the 5th of October, 1230: so that the former must have been an infant to this Methusalem of a fish.

Pikes spawn in March or April, according to the coldness or warmth of the weather. When they are in high seafon their colours are very fine, being green, spotted with bright yellow; and the gills are of a most vivid and full red. When out of seafon, the green changes to grey, and the yellow spots turn pale.

The head is very flat; the upper jaw broad, and is shorter than the lower: the under jaw turns up a little at the end, and is marked with minute punctures. The teeth are very sharp, disposed only in the front of the upper jaw, but in both sides of the lower, in the roof of the mouth, and often the tongue. The slit of the mouth, or the gape, is very wide; the eyes small.

"The dorsal fin is placed very low on the back, and consists of twenty-one rays; the pectoral of fifteen; the ventral of eleven; the anal of eighteen.

The tail is bifurcated.

§ 26. The Carp.

This is one of the naturalized fish of our country, having been introduced here by Leonard Maschal, about the year 1514, to whom we were also indebted for that excellent apple the pepin. The many good things that our island wanted before that period, are enumerated in this old dithich:

Turkies, carp, hops, pickelcr, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

As to the two last articles we have some doubts, the others we believe to be true. Russia wants these fish at this day; Sweden has them only in the ponds of the people of fashion; Polith Prussia is the chief seat of the carp; they abound in the rivers and lakes of that country, particularly in the Prick and Curish-haff, where they are taken of a vast size. They are there a great article of commerce, and sent in well-boats to Sweden and Russia. The merchants purchase them out of the waters of the nobility of the country, who draw a good revenue from this article. Neither are there wanting among our gentry, instances of some who make good profit of their ponds.

The ancients do not separate the carp from the sea fish. We are credibly informed that they are sometimes found in the harbour of Dantzick, between the town and a small place called Hela.

Carp are very long lived. Gefner brings an instance of one that was an hundred years old. They also grow to a very great size. On our own knowledge we can speak of none that exceeded twenty pounds in weight; but Jovius says, that they were sometimes taken in the Lacus Larius (the Lago di Como) of two hundred pounds weight; and Rzaczynski mentions others taken in the Dniepan that were five feet in length.

They are also extremely tenacious of life, and will live for a most remarkable time out of water. An experiment has been made
by placing a carp in a net, well wrapped up in wet moss, the mouth only remaining out, and then hung up in a cellar, or some cool place: the fish is frequently fed with white bread and milk, and is besides often plunged into water. Carp thus managed have been known, not only to have lived above a fortnight, but to grow exceedingly fat, and far superior in taste to those that are immediately killed from the pond

The carp is a prodigious breeder: its quantity of roe has been sometimes found so great, that when taken out and weighed against the fish itself, the former has been found to preponderate. From the spawn of this fish caviare is made for the Jews, who hold theurgeon in abhorrence.

These fish are extremely cunning, and on that account are by some styled the *river fox*. They will sometimes leap over the nets, and escape that way; at others, will immerse themselves so deep in the mud, as to let the net pass over them. They are also very fhy of taking a bait; yet at the spawning time they are so simple, as to suffer themselves to be tickled, handled, and caught by any body that will attempt it.

This fish is apt to mix its milt with the roe of other fish, from which is produced a spurious breed; we have seen the offspring of the carp and tench, which bore the greatest resemblance to the first: have also heard of the same mixture between the carp and bream.

The carp is of a thick shape: the scales very large, and when in belt seafon of a fine gilded hue.

The jaws are of equal length; there are two teeth in the jaws, or on the tongue; but at the entrance of the gullet, above and below, are certain bones that act on each other, and comminute the food before it passes down.

On each side of the mouth is a single beard; above those on each side another, but shorter: the dorsal fin extends far towards the tail, which is a little bifurcated; the third ray of the dorsal fin is very strong, and armed with sharp teeth, pointing downwards; the third ray of the anal fin is confructed in the same manner.

§ 27. The Barbel.

This fish was so extremely coarse, as to be overlooked by the ancients till the time of Aufonius, and what he says is no panegyric on it; for he lets us know it loves deep waters, and that when it grows old it was not absolutely bad.

*Laxus excreces Barbe natus,
Tu melior pejore verno, tibi contigit uni*
*Credas Spirantum ex numero non inaudata seneatus.*

It frequents the still and deep parts of rivers, and lives in society, rooting like fivine with their noses in the soft banks. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be taken with the hand; and people have been known to take numbers by diving for them. In summer they move about during night in search of food, but towards autumn, and during winter, confine themselves to the deepest holes.

They are the worst and coarsest of fresh water fish, and seldom eat but by the poorer sort of people, who sometimes boil them with a bit of bacon to give them a relish. The roe is very noxious, affecting those who unwarily eat of it with a nauseat, vomiting, purging, and a slight swelling.

It is sometimes found of the length of three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight: it is of a long and rounded form: the scales not large.

Its head is smooth: the nozils placed near the eyes: the mouth is placed below: on each corner is a single beard, and another on each side the nose.

The dorsal fin is armed with a remark

able strong spine, sharply serrated, with which it can inflict a very severe wound on the incautious handler, and even do much damage to the nets.

The pectoral fins are of a pale brown colour; the ventral and anal tipped with yellow: the tail a little bifurcated, and of a deep purple: the side line is frail.

The scales are of a pale gold colour, edged with black: the belly is white.

§ 28. The Tench.

The tench underwent the same fate with the barbel, in respect to the notice taken of it by the early writers: and even Aufonius, who first mentions it, treats it with such disrespect, as evinces the great capriciousness of taste; for that fish, which at present is held in such good repute, was in his days the repast only of the canaille.

*Quis non et virides vulgia folatia Tincas Norit?*

It has been by some called the Physician of the fish, and that the slime is so healing,

† This was told me by a gentleman of the utmost veracity, who had twice made the experiment. The same fact is related by that pious philosopher Doctor Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, edit. 9th. 1737, ch. 1. p. 7. n. 6.
that the wounded apply it as a styptic. The ingenious Mr. Diaper, in his piscatory eclogues, says, that even the voracious pike will spare the tench on account of its healing powers:

The Tench he spares a medicinal kind:
For when by wounds diereth, or fore dierafe,
He courts the salutary fish for eafe;
Close to his scales the kind phyfician slides,
And sweats a healing balfam from his fides.

Ecl. II.

Whatever virtue its slime may have to the inhabitants of the water, we will not vouch for, but its flesh is a wholesome and delicious food to those of the earth. The Germans are of a different opinion. By way of contempt, they call it Shoemaker. Gefner even says, that it is insipid and unwholesome. It does not commonly exceed four or five pounds in weight, but we have heard of one that weighed ten pounds; Salvidianus speaks of some that arrived at twenty pounds.

They love still waters, and are rarely found in rivers: they are very plentiful, and easily caught.

The tench is thick and short in proportion to its length: the scales are very small, and covered with slime.

The irides are red: there is sometimes, but not always, a small beard at each corner of the mouth.

The colour of the back is dusky; the dorsal and ventral fins of the same colour: the head, sides, and belly, of a greenish cast, molt beautifully mixed with gold, which is in its greatest splendor when the fish is in the highest season.

The tail is quite even at the end, and very broad.

§ 29. The Gudgeon.

Aristotle mentions the gudgeon in two places; once as a river fish, and again as a species that was gregarious: in a third place he describes it as a sea fish; we must therefore consider the Kasies he mentions, lib. ix. c. 2. and lib. viii. c. 19. as the same with our species.

This fish is generally found in gentle streams, and is of a small size: tho’ few, however, that are caught in the Kennet, and Cole, are three times the weight of those taken elsewhere. The largest we have ever heard of was taken near Uxbridge, and weighed half a pound.

They bite eagerly, and are assembled by raking the bed of the river; to this spot they immediately crowd in shoals, expecting food from this disturbance.

The shape of the body is thick and round:

the irides tinged with red: the gill covers with green and silver: the lower jaw is shorter than the upper: at each corner of the mouth is a single beard: the back olive, spotted with black: the side line slait: the sides beneath that silvery: the belly white.

The tail is forked: that, as well as the dorsal fin, is spotted with black.

§ 30. The Bream.

The bream is an inhabitant of lakes, or the deep parts of still rivers. It is a fish that is very little esteemed, being extremely insipid.

It is extremely deep, and thin in proportion to its length. The back rises very much, and is very sharp at the top. The head and mouth are small: on some we examined in the spring, were abundance of minute whitish tubercles; an accident which Pliny seems to have observed befals the fish of the Lago Maggiore, and Lago di Como. The scales are very large: the sides flat and thin.

The dorsal fin has eleven rays, the second of which is the longest: that fin, as well as all the rest, are of a dusky colour: the back of the same hue: the sides yellowish.

The tail is very large, and of the form of a crescent.

§ 31. The Crucian.

This species is common in many of the fish-ponds about London, and other parts of the south of England; but I believe is not a native fish.

It is very deep and thick: the back is much arched: the dorsal fin consists of nineteen rays; the two first strong and ferrated. The pictorial fins have (each) thirteen rays; the ventral nine; the anal seven or eight: the lateral line parallel with the belly: the tail almost even at the end.

The colour of the fish in general is a deep yellow: the meat is coarse, and little esteemed.

§ 32. The Roach.

‘Sound as a roach,’ is a proverb that appears to be but indifferently founded, that fish being not more distinguished for its vivacity than many others; yet it is used by the French as well as us, who compare people of strong health to their garden, our roach.

It is a common fish, found in many of our deep still rivers, affecting, like the others of this genus, quiet waters. It is gregarious, keeping in large shoals. We have never seen them very large. Old Walton speaks of some that weighed two pounds. In a lift of fish sold in the London markets, with the greatest
The greatest weight of each, communicated to us by an intelligent fishmonger, is mention of one whole weight was five pounds.

The roach is deep but thin, and the back is much elevated, and sharply ridged: the scales large, and fall off very easily. Side line bends much in the middle towards the belly.

§ 33. The Dace.

This, like the roach, is gregarious, haunts the same places, is a great breeder, very lively, and during summer is very fond of frolicking near the surface of the water. This fish and the roach are coarse and insipid meat.

Its head is small: the irides of a pale yellow: the body long and slender: its length seldom above ten inches, though in the above-mentioned lift is an account of one that weighed a pound and an half: the scales smaller than those of the roach.

The back is varied with dusky, with a cast of a yellowish green: the sides and belly silvery: the dorsal fin dusky: the ventral, anal, and caudal fins red, but less so than those of the former: the tail is very much forked.

§ 34. The Chub.

Salvianus imagines this fish to have been the Squalus of the ancients, and grounds his opinion on a supposed error in a certain passage in Columella and Varro, where he would substitute the word Squalus instead of Scurus: Columella says no more than that the old Romans paid much attention to their fleets, and kept even the sea-fish in fresh water, paying as much respect to the mullet and Scurus, as to the days did to the murana and bafs.

That the Scurus was not our chub, is very evident; not only because the chub is entirely an inhabitant of fresh waters, but likewise it seems improbable that the Romans would give themselves any trouble about the worth of river fish, when they neglected the most delicious kinds; all their attention was directed towards those of the sea: the difficulty of procuring them seems to have been the criterion of their value, as is ever the cafe with effete luxury.

The chub is a very coarse fish, and full of bones: it frequents the deep holes of rivers, and during summer commonly lies on the surface, beneath the shade of some tree or bush. It is a very timid fish, fleeing to the bottom on the least alarm, even at the passing of a shadow, but they will soon resume their situation. It feeds on worms, caterpillars, grashoppers, beetles, and other coleopterous insects that happen to fall into the water; and it will even feed on cray-fish. This fish will rise to a fly.

This fish takes its name from its head, not only in our own, but in other languages: we call it chub, according to Skinner, from the old English, cœp, a head; the French, tybârd; the Italian, capitone.

It does not grow to a large size; we have known some that weighed above five pounds, but Salvianus speaks of others that were eight or nine pounds in weight.

The body is oblong, rather round, and of a pretty equal thickness the greatest part of the way: the scales are large.

The irides silvery: the cheeks of the same colour: the head and back of a deep dusky green: the sides silvery, but in the summer yellow: the belly white: the pectoral fins of a pale yellow: the ventral and anal fins red: the tail a little forked, of a brownish hue, but tinged with blue at the end.

§ 35. The bleak.

The taking of these, Aulonius lets us know, was the sport of children.

*Hist. an. lib. viii. c. 30.

They are very common in many of our rivers, and keep together in large shoals. These fish seem at certain seasons to be in great agonies; they tumble about near the surface of the water, and are incapable of swimming far from the place, but in about two hours recover, and disappear. Fish thus affected the Thames fishermen call mad bleak. They seem to be troubled with a species of Gordius or hair-worm, of the same kind with those which Aristotle* says that the Ballerus and Tillo are infected with, which torments them so that they rise to the surface of the water and then die.

Artificial pearls are made with the scales of this fish, and we think of the dace. They are beat into a fine powder, then diluted with water, and introduced into a thin glass bubble, which is afterwards filled with wax. The French were the inventors of this art.

Doctor Lifier † tells us, that when he was at Paris, a certain artist used in one winter thirty hampers full of fish in this manufacture.

The bleak seldom exceeds five or six inches in length: their body is slender, greatly compressed bideways, not unlike that of the sprat.

† Journey to Paris, 142.
The eyes are large: the irides of a pale yellow: the under jaw the longest: the lateral line crooked: the gills silvery: the back green: the sides and belly silvery: the fins pellucid: the scales fall off very easily: the tail much forked.

The White Bait.

During the month of July there appear in the Thames, near Blackwall and Greenwich, innumerable multitudes of small fish, which are known to the Londoners by the name of White Bait. They are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion, during the seafon, a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places they are taken at.

There are various conjectures about this species, but all terminate in a supposition that they are the fry of some fish, but few agree to which kind they owe their origin. Some attribute it to the shad, others to the sprat, the smelt, and the bleak. That they neither belong to the shad, nor the sprat, is evident from the number of branchioteous rays, which in those are eight, in this only three.

That they are not the young of smelts is as clear, because they want the pinna adiopfa, or raylefs fin; and that they are not the offspring of the bleak is extremely probable, since we never heard of of the white bait being found in any other river, notwithstanding the bleak is very common in several of the British streams: but as the white bait bears a greater similarity to this fish than to any other we have mentioned, we give it a place here as an appendage to the bleak, rather than form a distinct article of a fish which it is impossible to clas under certainty.

It is evident that it is of the carp or cyprinus genus: it has only three branchioteous rays, and only one dorsal fin; and in respect to the form of the body, is compressed like that of the bleak.

Its usual length is two inches: the under jaw is the longest: the irides silvery, the pupil black: the dorsal fin is placed nearer to the head than to the tail, and consists of about fourteen rays: the side line is straight: the tail forked. The tips black.

The head, sides, and belly, are silvery: the back tinged with green.

§ 36. The Minnow.

This beautiful fish is frequent in many of our small gravelly streams, where they keep in shoals.

The body is slender and smooth, the scales being extremely small. It seldom exceeds three inches in length.

The lateral line is of a golden colour: the back flat, and of a deep olive: the sides and belly vary greatly in different fish; in a few are of a rich crimson, in other bluish, in others white. The tail is forked, and marked near the base with a dusky spot.

§ 37. The Gold Fish.

These fish are now quite naturalized in this country, and breed as freely in the open waters as the common carp.

They were first introduced into England about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 1728, when a great number was brought over, and presented first to Sir Matthew Dekker, and by him circulated round the neighbourhood of London, from whence they have been distributed to most parts of the country.

In China the most beautiful kinds are taken in a small lake in the province of Che-Kyang. Every perfon of fashion keeps them for amusement, either in porcelain vellors, or in the small basins that decorate the courts of the Chinese houses. The beauty of their colours, and their lively motions, give great entertainment, especially to the ladies, whose pleasures, by reason of the cruel policy of that country, are extremely limited.

In form of the body they bear a great resemblance to a carp. They have been known in this island to arrive at the length of eight inches; in their native place they are said to grow to the size of our largest herring.

The nostrils are tubular, and form sort of appendages above the nose: the dorsal fin and the tail vary greatly in shape: the tail is naturally bifid, but in many is trid, and in some even quadridid: the anal fins are the strongest characters of this species, being placed not behind one another like those of other fish, but opposite each other like the ventral fins.

The colours vary greatly: some are marked with a fine blue, with brown, with bright silver; but the general predominant colour is gold, of a most amazing splendor; but their colours and form need not be dwelt on, since those who want opportunity of seeing the living fish, may survey them expressed in the most animated manner, in the works of our ingenious and honest friend Mr. George Edwards.
IV. THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

STILLINGFLEET.

* * * To accustom young People to the innocent and agreeable Employment of observing Nature, it was judged proper to insert the following, as affording them an useful Model, and much valuable Information.

MARKS EXPLAINED.

b signifies buds swelled.
B - - - buds beginning to open.
f - - - flowers beginning to open.
F - - - flowers full blown.
L - - - leaves beginning to open.
L - - - leaves quite out.
r. P. - fruit nearly ripe.
R. P. - fruit quite ripe.
E - - - emerging out of the ground.
D - - - flowers decayed.

I. MONTH.

Januray
5. ROSEMARY, 515. H. Rosmarinus officinal, f.
Honeyfuckle, 458. Lonicera periclymenum, l.
23. Archangel, red, 240.2. Lamium purpureum, F.
Hafel nut tree, 439. Corylus avellana, f.
Honeyfuckle, 458. Lonicera periclymenum, L.
Laurustinus, 1690. H. Viburnum tinus, F.
Holly, 466. Ilex aquifolium, f.
26. Snow drops, 1144. H. Galanthus nivalis, F.
Chickweed, 347.6 Alfine media, F.
Spurry, 351.7. Spergula arvensis, F.
Daisy, 184. Bellis perennis, F.

II. MONTH.

February
Elder tree, 461. Sambucus nigra, f.
12. ROOKS, 39.3. Corvus frugilegus, begin to pair.
GELEE, 136.1. Anas, anser, begin to lay.
* WAGTAIL WHITE, 75.1. Motacilla alba, appears.

* The wagtail is said by Willughby to remain with us all the year in the severest weather. It seems to me to shift its quarters at least, if it does not go out of England. However, it is certainly a bird of passage in some countries, if we can believe Aldrovandus, the author of the Swedish Calendar, and the author of the treatise De Migrationibus Avium. Linnaeus observes, S. N. Art. Motacilla, that most birds which live upon insects, and not grains, migrate.
February

16. THRUSH, 64.2. Turdus muscicu, sing3.
* CHAFFINCH, 88. Fringilla celesv, sing3.
20. Thermometer, 11. Highest this month.
Thermometer, - 2. Lowest this month.
22. PARTRIDGES, 57. Tetrao perdix, begin to pair.
Hafel tree, 439. Corylus avellana, F.
        Currant, red, 456.1. Ribes rubrum, l.
Thermometer from the 19th to the 25th, between 0 and 1 with snow.
Wind during the latter half of the month between E. and N.

III. MONTH.

March

2. ROOKS, 39.3. Corvus frugilegus, begin to build.
Thermometer, 10.
4. THRUSH, 64 2. Turdus muscicu, sing3.
Thermometer, 11.
7. Thermometer, 0. Lowest this month.
11. Sallow, Salix, F.
Laurustinus, 1690. H. Viburnum tinus, l.
+ BEES, Apis mellifera, out of the hive.
Laurel, 1549. H. Prunus laurocerasus, l.
Bay, 1688. H. Laurus nubilis, l.
20. Vernal equinox.
Asp, 446.3. Populus tremula, F.
26. Speedwell, germander, 279.4. Veronica agrestis, F.
Alder, 442. Alnus betula, F.
28. Violet, sweet, 364.2. Viola odorata, F.
Parinep, cow, 205. Heracleum sphondylium, E.
Pilewort, 296. Ranunculus ficaria, F.
Thermometer, 25.50. Highest this month.
29. Cherry tree, 463. Prunus cerasus, B.
Currant bush, 456.1. Ribes rubrum, B.
Primrose, 284.1. Primula veris, F.
Yew tree, 445. Taxus baccata, F.
Elder, water, 460. Viburnum opulus, B.
Thorn, haw, 453.3. Crataegus oxyacantha, B.
Larch tree, 1405. H. Pinus larix, B.
Hornbeam, 451. Carpinus oftrya, B.
Tansy, 183. Tanacetum vulgare, E.

IV. MONTH.

April

1. Chestnut, horse, 1683. Aesculus hippocastanum, B.
Birch, 443. Betula alba, L.
Willow, weeping Salix Babylonica, L.
ELM-TREE, 468. Ulmus campestris, F.
Quicken tree, 452.2. Sorbus aucuparia, f.

* Linnaeus says, that the female chaffinch goes to Italy alone, through Holland; and that the male in the spring, changing its note, foretells the summer: and Gefner, ornithol. p. 388, says that the female chaffinch disappears in Switzerland in the winter, but not the male.
† Pliny, nat. hist. lib. 11. § 5. says, that bees do not come out of their hives before May 11, and seems to blame Aristote for saying that they come out in the beginning of spring, i. e. March 12.

1. Apricot,
April

1. Apricot, 1532. H. Prunus Armeniaca, F.
Narcissus, pale. 371.2 Narcissus pseudonar.

2. Holly, 466.1. Ilex aquifolium, f.
Bramble, 467.1. Rubus fruticosus, L.
Raspberry bulk, 467.4. Rubus idaeus, L.
Currants, red. 456. Ribes rubrum, F.
Dandelion, 170.1. Leontodon taraxicum, E.
Cleavers, 225. Galium aparine, E.

3. Laurustinus, 1690. H. Viburnum tinus, F.

APPLE-TREE, 451.1,2. Pyrus malus, B.

Orpine, 269.1. Sedum telephium, B.
Briar, 454.1. Rosa canina, L.


MAPLE, 470.2. Acer campestre, B.

Peach, 1515. H. Amygdalus Persica, L. et F.
Apricot, 1532. H. Malus Armeniaca, L.

Lilac, 1763. Syringa vulgaris, I.

7. Filberd, 439. Corylus avellana, L.

Salix, L.
Alder, 442.1. Betula alba, I.
Lilac, 1763. Syringa vulgaris, I.

Oak, 440.1. Quercus robur, f.

Wool, sweeping, Salix Babylonica, b.

Sycamore, 470. Acer pseudoplatanus, L.

Wormwood, 188.1. Artemisia absinthium, E.

NIGHTINGALE, 78. Motacilla lurcinia, fings.
Auricula, 1082. H. Primula auricula, b.

Bay, 1688. H. Laurus nobilis, L.
Willow, white. 447.1. Salix alba, b.

BEES about the male fallow.

Feverfew, 187.1. Matricaria Perthenium, E.
Dandelion, 170.1. Leontodon taraxicum, E.
Hound’s tongue, 226.1. Cynoglossum officinale, E.

Elm, 468. Ulmus campestris, I.

ANEMONE, wood. 259. Anemone nemorosa, F.

Jack in the hedge, 291. Erysimum allia, E.

Quince tree, 1452. H. Pyrus cydonia, L.

11. Elder, -water. 460. Viburnum opulus, L.

According to Ptolemy, swallows return to Egypt about the latter end of January.

† From morn ‘till eve, ’tis music all around;
Nor doth thou, Philomel, disdain to join,
Even in the mid-day glare, and aid the quire.
But thy sweet song calls for an hour apart,
When solem Night, beneath his canopy,
Enrich’d with stars, by silence and by sleep
Attended, fits and nods in awful state;
Or when the Moon in her refulgent car,
Triumphant rides o’er the silver clouds,
Tinging them as the pales, and with rays
Of mildest lustre gilds the scene below;
While zephyrs bland breathe thro’ the thickening shade,
With breath so gentle, and so soft, that e’en
The peplar’s trembling leaf forgets to move,
And mimic with its found the vernal shower;
Then let me sit, and listen to thy strains, &c.

11. Alder,
April

11. Alder, berry bearing, 265. Rhamnus frangula, B.

12. Acacia, 1719. H. Robinia acacia, B.

Mulberry tree, 1429. H. Morus nigra, B.

Lime tree, 473.1,2,3. Tilia Europa, B.

Mercury, dogs, 138.1. Mercurialis perennis, F.

* Elm, 409.4. L.

Ragweed, 177. Senecio jacobea, B.


Strawberry, 254. Fragaria vesca, F.

Quicken tree, 452.2. Sorbus aucuparia, L.

Sycomore, 470. Acer pseudoplat, L.

Laurel, 1549. H. Prunus laurocerasus, L.

Gooseberry bush, 1484. H. Ribes grossularia, F.

Currant bush, 456.1. Ribes rubrum, F.

Mallow, 251.1. Malva sylvestris, E.

Hornbeam, 451.1. Carpinus betulus, L.

14. Flixweed, 298.3. Silphium sempervirens, E.

Apple tree, 451. Pyrus malus, L.

Hops, 137.1. Humulus lupinus, E.

Plane tree, 1706. H. Platanus orientalis, B.

Walnut tree, 438. Juglans regia, f.

BITTERN, 100. Ardea stellaris, makes a noise.

15. Vine, 1613. Vitis vinifera, B.

Turneps, 204.1. Brassica rapa, F.

16. Abele, 446.2. Populus alba, B.

Chefnut, 138.2. H. Fagus caffanea, B.

Ivy, ground, 243. Glechoma bederacea, F.

Fig tree, 1431. Ficus carica, b.

Apricots and peaches out of blow.

RED START, 78.5. Motacilla Phaeicnuras, returns.

Tulip tree, 1690. H. Liriodendron tulipifera, B.

Plum tree, 462. Prunus domestica, F.

Sorrel, wood, *281.1,2. Oxalis acetosella, F.

Marygold, marsh, 272. Caltha palustris, F.

Laurel, spurge, 465. Daphne laureola, F.

17. Jack in the hedge, 291.2. Erythrum alliaris, F.

Willow, white, 447.1. Salix alba, L. et F.

Cedar, 1404. H. Pinus cedrus, l.

Elder, water, 460.1. Vibernum opulus, f.

Abele, 446.2. Populus alba, L.

† CUCKOW, 23. Cuculus canorus, fings.

18. Oak, 440.1. Quercus, robur, l. F.

Thorn, black, 462.1. Prunus spinosa, B.

Pear tree, 452. Pyrus communis, f.

Mulberry tree, 1429. H. Morus nigra B.

Violet, dog, 364.3. Viola canina, F.

Lime tree, 413.1,2,3. Tilia Europa, L.

Nightshade, 265. Atropa belladonna, E.

Cherry tree, 463.1. Prunus cerasus, F.

Ash tree, 469. Fraxinus excelsior, f.

Maple, 470. Acer campestre, L.

Broom, 474. Spartium scoparium, b.

Chefnut, 138.2. Fagus caffanea, L.

Fir, Scotch, 442. Pinus sylvestris, B.


Linnaeus does not seem to know this species of elm.

† Aristophanes says, that when the cuckow sings, the Phenicians reap wheat and barley. Vide Aves.
April
20. Thermometer 42. the highest this month.
21. Walnut tree, 438. Juglans regia, L.

   Plane tree, 1706. H. Platanus orientalis, L.
   Fir, Weymouth, 8. dent. Pinus taeda, B.
   Acacia, 1719. H. Robina pseudo-acacia, L.
   Fig tree, 1431. H. Ficus carica, L.
   Wallflower, 291. Cheiranthus cheiri, F.
   Poplar, black, 446.1. Populus nigra, L.
   Beech tree, 439.1. Fagus sylvatica, L.

   Young Apricots,
   Fir, Scotch, 442. Pinus sylvestris, f.
   Ash, 469. Fraxinus excelsior, F. et L.
   Broom, 474. Spartium foetidum, L.
   Poplar, Carolina.

   Meadow sweet, 259. Spiraea ulmaria, E.
   Fig tree, 1431. H. Ficus carica, fruit formed.
   Tormentil, 257.1. Tormentilla erecta, E.
   Phyllerica, 1585. H. Phyllerica latifolia, F.
   Thorn, evergreen, 1459. H. Mespilus pyracantha, F.
   Rosemary, 515. H. Rosmarinus officinalis, F.
   Champion, white, 339.8. Lychnis dioica, F.
   Buckbean, 285.1. Menyanthes trifoliata, F.
   Furze, needle, 476.1. Genista Anglica, F.
   Stitchwort, 346.1. Stellaria holostea, F.
   Robert, herb, 358. Geranium Robertianum, F.
   Fieldfares, 64.3. Turdus pilaris, still here.
24. Broom, 474. Spartium foetidum, F.
   Mercury, 156 15. Chenopodium bonus hens. F.
   Yew tree, 445. Taxus baccifera, L.
   Holly, 466.1. Ilex aquifolium, B.
   Furze, 475. Eulex Europaeus, l.
   Agrimony, 202. Agrimonia eupatoria, E.
25. Sycomore, 470. Acer pseudoplatanus, F.
   Hornbeam, 451. Carpinus betulus, F.
   Ash, 446. Populus tremula, l.
   Spurge, sund, 313.8. Euphorbia peplus, F.
   Elder tree, 461.1. Sambucus nigra, f.
   Nettle, 139. Urtica dioica, F.
   Bindweed, small, 275 2. Convolvulus arvensis. E.
   Fir, balm of Gilead. Pinus balsamea, L.
   Cicely, wild, 207.1. Charophyllum sylvestre, F.
   Young currants and gooseberries.
26. Plantain, ribwort, 314.5. Plantago lanceolata, F.
   Germander, wild, 281.11. Veronica chamaedrys, F.
   Cuckow pint, 266. Arum maculatum, spathe out.
   Holly, 466. Ilex aquifolium, F.
   Harebells, 373.3. Hyacinthus nonscriptus, F.
27. Lilac, 1763. H. Syringa vulgaris, F.
   Crane's bill, field, 357.2. Geranium cristatum, F.
   St. John's Wort, 342.1. Hypericum perforatum, E.
   Betyd, water, 283.1. Scrophularia aquatilis, E.
   Bryony, white, 261. Bryonia alba, E.
   Birch tree, 443.1. Betula alba, F.
   Jeaffarine, 1599.1. H. Jasminum officinale, l.
   Thorn, white, 453.3. Crataegus oxyacantha, f.
April

   † WHITE THROAT, 77. Motacilla sylvia.
   Juniper, 444.1. Juniperus communis, f.
   Rabberry bush, 467.4. Rubus idaeus, f.
   Quince tree, 1452. H. Malus Cydon, f.
   Crowfoot, sweet wood, 248.1. Ranunculus aquaticus.
   Snow.

29. Bugle, 245. Ajuga reptans, F.
   Bay, 1688. H. Laurus nobilis, f.
   Peas and beans, f.
   Snow.
   Chervil, wild, 207.1. Chervil, Communi, f.
   Parfnepl, cow, 205.1. Heracleum sphondyl, f.
   Pine, manured, 1398.1. H. Pinus pinea, f.

30. Snow.
   † Thermom. 5. The lowest this month.

V. MONTH.

May

1. Croswort, 223.1. Valantia cruciata, F.
   Avehs, 253.1. Geum urbanum, F.
   Mugwort, 191.1. Artemisia canepfris, E.
   Bay, 1688. H. Laurus nobilis, L.
   Lily of the valley, 264. Convallaria Majalis, f.
   Violet, water, 285. Hottonia palustris, F.
   Lettuce lamb, 201. Valeriana locusta, F.
   Tulip tree, Liriodendron tulipfera, L.
   Hound’s tongue, 226.1. Cynoglossum officinale.
   Cowflips, 284.3. Primula veris, F.
   Valerian, great wild, 200.1. Valerian officinalis, F.
   Rattle, yellow, 284.1. Rhinanthus crista galli, F.
   Ice.
   Thermom. 8. The lowest this month.
   Fir, silver, buds hurt by the frost.

   Tormentil, 257. Tormentilla cretica, F.
   Celandine, 309. Chelidonium majus, E.
   Betony, 238.1. Betonica officinalis, E.

6. Oak, 440. Quercus, robur, F. et L.
   Time for sowing barley.
   Saxifraga, white, 354.6. Saxifraga granulata, F.
   Ash, 469. Fraxinus excelsior, f.
   Ramsons, 370.5. Allium ursinum, F.
   Nettle, white, 240.1. Lamium album, F.
   Quicken tree, 452.2. Sorbus aucuparia, F.
   Fir, Scotch, 442. Pinus sylvestris, F.
   Woodruff, 224. Alserulus odorata, F.


10. Celandine, 309. Chelidonium majus, F.
   Solomon’s seal, 664. Convallaria polygonata, F.
   Thorn, white, 453.3. Crataegus oxyacantha, F.

* The black cap is a very fine singing bird, and is by some in Norfolk called the mock nightingale.
† Whether it be a bird of passage I cannot say.
‡ I have some doubt whether this bird be the Sylvia of Linnaeus, though the description seems to answer to Ray’s, and to one of my own, which I find among my papers.
§ Vernal beat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 28.25.

11. Maple.
May

11. Maple, 470.2. *Acer campestre*, F.
   Roes, *garden*, f.
   Chestnut, *horse*, 1683. *H. Æsculus hippocastanum*, F.
   Quince tree, 143. H. *Pyrus Cydonia*, F.
   Cleavers, 225. *Galium aparine*, F.
   Buter cups, 237.2. *Ranunculus bulbosus*, F.
   Clover, 328.6. *Trifolium pratense*, F.
   Thyme, 328.7. *Spergula arenaria*, F.
15. Young turkies.
   Milkwort, 287.1,2. *Polygala vulgaris*, F.
   Cuckow flower, 299.20. *Cardamine pratensis*, D.
   Earth nut, 209. *Bunium bulbocastanum*, F.
   Columbines, 173.1. *Aquilegia vulgaris*, F. *in the woods.*
27. Clove, 328.6. *Trifolium pratense*, F.
   Chervil, *wild*, 207. *Cherophyllum temulentum*, F.
   Brooklime, 280.8. *Veronica beccabunga*, F.
   Cuckow flower, 338. *Lychmis flos cuculi*, F.
   Creffes, *water*, 300.1. *Sifymbrium insulare*, F.
   Thyme, 32. *Highest this month.
31. Spurrey, 351.7. *Spergula arvensis*, F.

June

   Lily, *yellow water*, 368.1. *Nymphaea lutea*, F.
   Flower de luce, *yellow water*, 374. *Iris pseudo-acris*, F.
   Mayweed, *fingling*, 185.3. *Anthemis cotula*, F.
   Pimpernel, 282.1. *Anagallis arvensis*, F.
3. Arfmart, 145.4. *Polygonum persicaria*, F.
3. *Thyme, 430.1. Thymus serpyllum, F.  
4. Parfnep, cow, 205. Heracleum sphondylium, F.  
5. Quicket tree, 452. Sorbus aucuparia, D.  
6. Radif, horf*, 301.1. Cochlearia armorac. F.  
7. Thorn, evergreen, 1459.3. Ht Melpilus pyracantha, F.  
8. Bramble, 467. Rubus fruticosus, F.  
† GOAT SUCKER, or FERN OWL, 27. Caprimulgus Europæus, is heard in the 
eevening.

7. Flix weed, 295.3. Frangula vulgaris, F.  
8. Mallow, dwarf, 251.2. Malva rotundifolia, F.  
9. Elder, 461.1. Sambucus nigra, F.  
10. Parfnep, cow, 205.  
11. Thyme, 430.1. Thymus serpyllum, H.  
12. Poppy, 308.1. Papaver rhoeas, F.  
13. Elder, 461.1. Sambucus nigra, F.  
14. Goutweed, 208.3. Rubus idaeus, F.  
15. Mallow, 251.1. Malva sylvestris, F.  
16. Rose, 454.1. Rosa canina, F.  
17. Dewdrop, 27. Stellaria graminea, F.  
20. Water, 259.1. Spiræa ulmaria, F.  
22. Rose, 454.1. Rosa canina, F.  
23. Elder, 461.1. Sambucus nigra, F.  
24. Pflax weed, 295.3. Frangula vulgaris, F.  
25. Goutweed, 208.3. Rubus idaeus, F.  
26. Mallow, 251.1. Malva sylvestris, F.  
27. Rose, 454.1. Rosa canina, F.  

* Pliny, lib. 11. § 14. says, the chief time for bees to make honey is about the solstice, when the vines and thyme are in blow. According to his account these plants are as forward in England as in Italy.  
† This bird is said by Catteby, as quoted by the author of the treatise De Migrationibus Avium, to be a bird of passage.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, Book V.

June

17. Acacia, 1719. H. Robinia pseudo-acacia, F.
18. Yarrow, 183. Achillea millefolium, F.

Selfice. About this time ROOKS come not to their nest trees at night.

Wheat, 386.1. Triticum aestivum, F.
Rye, 388.1. Secale cereale, F.

Self-heat, 23. Prunella vulgaris, F.

22. Horshound, boke, 239. Stachys Germanica, F.

St. John’s wort, 342. Hypericum perforatum, F.
Parshley, hege, 219.4. Tordylium anthricus, F.

Parfeley, 206.1. Valeriana officinalis, F.

23. Horehound, 239. Stachys Germanica, F.

St. John’s wort, 342. Hypericum perforatum, F.
Parshley, 206.1. Valeriana officinalis, F.

24. Rosemary, 515. H. Rosmarinus officinalis, D.

Vine, 1613. H. Vitis vinifera, F.

Bindweed, great, 275.2. Convolvulus arvensis, F.

Feverfew, 187. Matricaria recutita, F.

Wood, wild, 366.2. Refedia luteola, F.

Rocket, boke, 366.1. Refedia lutea, F.

Archangel, yellow, 240.5. Galicopsis galobdolon, F.
Wheat, 386.1. Triticum aestivum, F.

Thermom. 20. The lowest this month.

27. Clover mowed.

Pennywort, marigold, 222. Hydrocotile vulgaris, F.
Meadow, sweet, 259. Spirina ulmaria, F.

Barley, 388. Hordeum vulgare, F.
Midsummer fruits of apricot, oak, beech, elm.

Succory, wild, 172.1. Cichorium intybus, F.
Blue bottles, 198. Centaurea cyanus, F.
Knapweed, great, 198. Centaurea scabiosa, F.

30. Currants ripe.

According to Dr. Hales, May and June heat is, at a medium, 28.5.

* The groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
With melody refound. ‘Tis silence all,
As if the lovely songsters, overwhelm’d
By bounteous nature’s plenty, lay interranc’d
In drowsy lethargy.

VII. MONTH.

July

2. Beech, 439. Fagus sylvatica, F.

Pearlwort, 345.2. Fagina procumbens, F.
Carrot, wild, 218. Daucus carota, F.

Grafs, dog, 390.1. Triticum repens, in ear.

Violet, Calathian, 274. Gentiana pneumonan, F.

* I heard no birds after the end of this month, except the STONE CURLEW, 1884. Charadrius oedicnemus, whistling late at night; the YELLOW HAMMER, 93.2. Emberiza flavia; the GOLDENFINCH, 89.1. and GOLDEN CRESTED WREN, 79-9. Motacilla regulus, now and then chirping.

I omitted to note ‘down when the cuckow left off singing’ but, as well as I remember, it was about this time. Artificial fays, that this bird disappears about the rising of the dog star, I. e. towards the latter end of July.

4. Silver
July 4. Silver weed, 256.5. Potentilla anserina, F.
Betony, 238.1. Betonica officinalis, F.
Nightshade, enchanter, 289. Circea lutetiana, f.
6. Lavender, 512. Lavandula spica, F.
Parfley, hedge, Tordylium anthriscus, F.
Gromill, 228.1. Lithospermum officinale, F.
Furze, 473. Ulex genista, D.
Cow wheat, eyebright, 284.2. Euphrasia officinalis, F.
7. Pinks, maiden, 335.1. Dianthus deltoides, F.
Tanfey, 188.1. Tanacetum vulgare, F.
Sage, wood, 245. Teucrium polium, F.
Lavender, 512. Lavandulam, F.
Bedstraw, lady's yellow, 224. Galium verum, F.
Spinach, 162.1 Spinacia oleracea, F.
Lithofpermum officinale, F.
Pinks, maiden, 335.1. Dianthus deltoides, F.
Passley, 884. H. Apium petroselinum, F.
9. Angelica, wild, 208.2. Angelica sylvestris, F.
Sundew, long leaved, 356.4. Drosera longifolia, F.
Mint, k k 3.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

Book V.

July
Willow herb, 311.6. Epilobium palustre, F.
Thistle tree sow, 163.7. Sonchus arvensis, F.
Burdock, 197.2. Arctium lappa, F.
Saxifrage, burnet, 213.1,2. Pimpinella, saxifraga, F.
Devil's bit, 191.3. Scabiosa fuciflora, F.

32. Nightshade, common, 288.4. Solanum nigrum, F.
DOVE, RING, 62.9. Columba palumbus, cases.

VIII. MONTH.

August
1. Melilot, 331.1. Trifolium officinale, F.
Rue, 874.1. Ruta graveolens, F.
Soapwort, 339.6. Saponaria officinalis, F.
Bedstraw, white lady's, 224.2. Galium palustre, F.
Parfneپ, water, 300. Sisymbrium nauturt, F.
Oats almost fit to cut.


5. Tansey, 183.1. Tanacetum vulgare, F.
Onion, 1115. H. Allium cepa, F.

7. Horchoud, 239. Marrubium vulgare, F.
Mint, water, 233.6. Mentha aquat, F.
Nettle, 139. Urtica dioica, F.
Orpine, 269.1. Sedum telephium, F.
NUTHATCH, 47. Sitta Europea, chatters.

8. Thermon. 20. Lowoft to the 27th of this month.

9. Mint, red, 232.5. Mentha gentilis, F.
Wormwood, 188.1. Artemisia absinthium, F.

12. Horchoud, water, 235.1. Lycopus Europæa, F.
Thistle, lady's 195.12. Carduus marianus, F.
Burdock, 196. Arctium lappa, F.
ROOKS come to the nest trees in the evening, but do not roost there.

STONE CURLEW, 103. Charadrius eudicenus, whistles at night.

15. Mallow, vervain, 252. Malva alcea, F.
GOAT SUCKER, 26.1. Caprimulgus Europæus, makes a noise in the evening, and young owls.

16. * Thermon. 35. The highest to the 27th of this month.

ROOKS roost on their nest trees.
GOAT SUCKER, no longer heard.


Devil's bit, yellow, 164.1. Leontodon, autumnal, F.

26. ROBIN RED BREAST, 78.3. Motacilla rubecula, fings.
Goule, 443. Myrica gale, F. R.
Golden rod, marj, 176.2. Senecio paludosus, F.

29. Smallage, 214. Apium graveolens, F.
Teasel, 192.2. Dipsacus fullonum, F.
Pipers come out of their holes still.

* From the 27th of this month to the 10th of September I was from home, and therefore cannot be sure that I saw the first blow of the plants during that interval.

IX. MONTH.
Book V.  NATURAL HISTORY. 633
IX. MOUTH.
September
2.  *Willow herb, yellow,* 282.1.  Lythraechia vulgaris, F.
    Traveller's joy, 258.  Clematis vitalba, F.
10.  Catkins of the hovel formed.
    Thermom. 17.  The leaves from the 10th to the end of this month,
11.  Catkins of the birch formed.
    Leaves of the Scotch fir fall.
    Bramble still in blow, though some of the fruit has been ripe some time; so that there
    are green, red, and black berries on the same individual plant at the same time.
    Ivy, 459.  Hedera helix, f.
14.  Leaves of the fycomore, birch, lime, mountain a&b, elm, begin to change.
16.  Furze, 475.  Ulex Europæus, F.
    Catkins of the elder formed.
    Thermom. 36.75.  The highest from the 10th to the end of this month.
CHAFFINCH, 83.  Fringilla coelebs, chirps.
17.  Herring.
    Ash, mountain, 452.2.  Sorbus aucuparia, F. R.
    Laurel, 1549.  H. Prunus lauriceras, f.r.
    Hops, humulus lupulus, 137.1.  f.r.
21.  SWALLOWS gone.  Full moon.
23.  Autumnal equinox.
    FIELD FARE, 64.3.  Turdus pilaris, appears.
    Leaves of the plane tree, tawny—of the hovel, yellow—of the oak, yellowish green—of
    the fycomore, dirty brown—of the maple, pale yellow—of the a&b, fine lemon—of the
    elm, orange—of the hawthorn, tawny yellow—of the cherry, red—of the hornbeam,
    bright yellow—of the willow, still hoary.
27.  BLACK BIRD sings.
29.  THRUSH, 64.2.  Turdus olivaceus, sings.

X. MOUTH.
October
1.  Bryony, black, 262.  Tamus communis, F. R.
    Elder, marj, 460.1.  Viburnum opulus, F. R.
    Elder, 461.1.  Sambucus nigra, F. R.
    Briar, 454.1.  Rosa canina, F. R.
    Alder, black, 465.  Rhamnus frangula, F. R.
    Holly, 466.  Ilex aquifolium, F. R.
    Barberry, 465.  Berberis vulgaris, F. R.
    Nightshade, woody, 265.  Solanum dulcamara, F. R.
2.  Thorn, black, 462.1.  Prunus spinosa, F. R.
    CROW, ROYSTON, 39.4.  Corvus cornix, returns.
5.  Catkins of fallows formed.
6.  Leaves of a&b almost all off—of choesnut, yellow—of birch, gold-coloured.
    Thermom. 26.50.  Highest this month.
7.  BLACK BIRD, 65.1.  Turdus merula, sings.
    Wind high; rooks sport and a&b about as in play, and repair their nests.
9.  Spindle tree, 468.1.  Euonymus Europæus, F. R.
    Some a&b trees quite stripped of their leaves.
    Leaves of marj marj of a beautiful red, or rather pink colour.

* Autumnal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.
† Linnaeus observes in the Systema Nature, and the Fauna Suecica, that this bird is useful to the
husbandman, tho' ill treated by him.
October
10. WOOD LARK sings.
14. WOOD LARK sings.
Several plants still in flower, as pansy, white bell, black noneuch, hawkweed, bugle, gentian, small stitchworts, &c. in grounds not broken up.
A great mist and perfect calm; not so much as a leaf falls. Spider webs innumerable appear everywhere. Woodlark sings. Rooks do not stir, but sit quietly on their nest trees.
16. GEESE, WILD, 136.4. Anas, anser, leave the fen and go to the rye lands.
22. WOODCOCK, 104. ScoIopax rusticola, returns.
Some asb-trees still green.
24. LARK, SKY, 69 1. Alauda arvensis, sings.
Privet, 465.1. Ligustrum vulgare, F. R.
26. Themom.7. Lowest this month.
Honeyfuckle, 458.1. Lonicera periclymenum, still in flower in the hedges, and mallow and feverfew.
WILD GEESE continue going to the rye lands.

Now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoeid shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeons, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gulf, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cacicas, and Argeites loud,
And Thracias rend the woods, and seas up-turn.

Milton.

Here ends the Calendar, being interrupted by my going to London. During the whole time it was kept, the barometer fluctuated between 29.1 and 29.9. except a few days, when it sunk to 28.6. and rose to 30 2.

A New Chronological Table of Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

Also, the Era, the Country, and Writings of Learned Men.

The whole comprehend in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before Christ.

4004 THE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
4003 The birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.
3017 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.
2348 The old world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's potterly, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.

The above gave time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.

* Aristotle says, that this bird does not cooc in the winter, unless the weather happens to be mild.
The celestrial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.

Misraim, the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyses, in 525 before Christ.

Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.

The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.

The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness, by fire from Heaven.

The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.

Memnon, the Egyptian, invents letters.

Prometheus first struck fire from flints.

Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genesis, containing a period of 2369 years.

Aaron, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.

Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.

Scamander comes from Crete in Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.

Cadmus carried the Phoenician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.

Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children; which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desert of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the tabernacle, and in it the ark of the covenant.

The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.

The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.

The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.

The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives; and the period of the sabbatical year commences.

Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.

The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.

David is sole king of Israel.
600 Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.

597 Jehoiakim, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.

587 The city of Jerusalem taken, after a siege of 18 months.

562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.

559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.

538 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.

534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Thespis.

526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.

515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.

509 Tarquin, the seventh and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.

504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.

486 Aeschylus, the Greek poet, first gains the prize of tragedy.

481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.

438 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.

454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.

451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.

430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time.

361 Malachi, the last of the prophets.

400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of braze.

331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius, king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323. Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.

285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical era on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.

284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.

269 The first coining of silver at Rome.

264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.

260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.

237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.

218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles; but, being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the forming of Rome.

190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.

168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.

167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.

163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.

146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.

135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.

52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.
The battle of Pharsalia between Caesar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.

The Alexandrian library, containing 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.

The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himself.

The solar year introduced by Caesar.

Caesar, the greatest of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and slain 1,192,000 men, and overthrown the liberties of his country, is killed in the senate-house.

The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Caesar.

Alexandria in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themselves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.

Octavius, by a degree of the senate, obtains the title of Augustus Caesar, and an absolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the first Roman emperor.

Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.

The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus, as an emblem of universal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A.C.

12 — disputes with the doctors in the Temple;
27 — is baptized in the Wilderness by John;
33 — is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
   His Resurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Ascension, Thursday, May 14.
36 St. Paul converted.
39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
40 Pontius Pilate kills himself.
43 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.
44 Claudius Caesar's expedition into Britain.
44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.
49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.
51 Caracalla, the British king, is carried in chains to Rome.
52 The council of the Apostles at Jerusalem.
55 St. Luke writes his Gospel.
59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
   — — — — — — — persecutes the Druids in Britain.
61 Boadicea, the British queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered soon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
62 St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.
Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or some of his disciples, about this time.
64 Rome set on fire, and burned for six days; upon which began (under Nero) the first persecution against the Christians.
67 Peter and St. Paul put to death.
70 Whilft the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.
83 The philosophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and first fails round Britain, which he discovers to be an island.
96 St. John the Evangelist wrote his Revelation—his Gospel in 97.
121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the southern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcastle and Carlisle; but this also proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
135 The second Jewish war ends, when they were all banished Judaea.
139 Jufin writes his first apology for the Christians.

141 A number of herefies appear about this time.

152 The emperor Antoninus Pius fops the perfeufion against the Christians.

217 The Septuagint faid to be found in a cahk.

222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink under its own weight. The Bar-
barians begin their irruption, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest
the empire.

250 Valerius is taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, and flayed alive.

274 Silk first brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by some
monks, 551; first worn by the clergy in England, 1534.

291 Two emperors, and two Caesars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.

306 Conftantine the Great begins his reign.

308 Cardinals first began.

313 The tenth perfeufion ends by an edict of Conftantine, who favours the Christians,
and gives full liberty to their religion.

314 Three bishops, or fathers, are sent from Britain to asift at the council of Arles.

325 The first general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, against Arius, where
was compos'd the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.

328 Conftantine removes the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thence-
forwards called Conftantinople.

331——— orders all the heathen temples to be destroyed.

393 The Roman emperor Julian, surnamed the Apollate, endeavour's in vain to rebuild
the temple of Jerufalem.

354 The Roman empire is divided into the eastern (Conftantinople the capital) and
western (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the
government of different emperors.

400 Bells invented by bishop Paulinus, of Campagnia.

404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.

406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, spread into France and Spain, by a concession of
Honorius, emperor of the West.

410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Vifio-Goths.

412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.

420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.

426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain,
and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence, and trust to
their own valour.

445 The britisins, now left to themselves, are greatly harass'd by the Scots and Piets,
upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no
affiftance from that quarter.

447 Attila (surnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.

449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, against the Scots and
Piets.

455 The Saxons having repuls'd the Scots and Piets, invite over more of their country-
men, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.

476 The western empire is finifh'd, 523 years after the battle of Pharafalia; upon the
ruins of which several new ftates arise in Italy and other parts, confifting of Goths,
Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguish'd, and
the works of the learned are deftroy'd.

496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Chriftianity begins in that kingdom.

508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.

513 Conftantinople besieged by Vitalianus, whose fleet is burn'd by a speculum of bras.

516 The computing of time by the Chriftian era is introduced by Dionyfius the monk.

529 The code of Justinian, the eaftern emperor, is published.

557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, which continues near fifty
years.

581 Latin ceas'd to be spoken about this time in Italy.

596 Augustine, the monk, comes into England with forty monks.
606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the concessions of Phocas, emperor of the east.

622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.

637 Jerusalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.

640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar, their caliph or prince.

653 The Saracens now extend their conquests on every side, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their posterity.

664 Glass invented in England by Benail, a monk.

685 The Britons, after a brave struggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.

713 The Saracens conquer Spain.

726 The controversy about images begins, and occasions many insurrections in the eastern empire.

748 The computing of years from the birth of Christ began to be used in history.

749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encouraged learning.

762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the house of Abbas.

800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany; afterwards called the western empire; gives the present names to the winds and months; endeavours to reform learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet disposed for it, being solely engrossed in military enterprizes.

826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects, for being a Christian.

828 Egbert, king of Wessex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.

836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.

838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of the Scottish history.

867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.

896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought 56 battles by sea and land), composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts, and founds the university of Oxford, about this time.

915 The university of Cambridge founded.

936 The Saracen empire is divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.

957 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.

979 Coronation oaths paid to be first used in England.

991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia.

Letters of the Alphabet were hitherto used.

996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.

999 Boilelaus, the first king of Poland.

1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.

1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.

1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold by their parents in England.

1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets possession of England.

1040 The Danes, after several engagements with various succces, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.

1041 The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.

1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.

1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.

1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunfanane, and marries the prince's Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling.

1065 The Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens.
The battle of Haflings fought, between Harold and William (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain, after which William becomes king of England.

William introduces the feudal law.

Henry IV, emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination of the German bishops. Henry, in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.

Justices of peace first appointed in England.

Doomsday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a survey of all the estates in England, and finished in 1086. The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his English subjects; numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or English language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.

The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.

The first crusade to the Holy Land is begun under several Christian princes, to drive the infidels from Jerusalem.

Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.

The order of the Knights Templars instituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to protect Christian strangers.

The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.

London bridge, consisting of 19 small arches, first built of stone.

The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.

Henry II, king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, or lord-lieutenant.

England is divided, by Henry, into six circuits, and justice is dispensed by itinerant judges.

Glas windows began to be used in private houses in England.

The laws of England are digested about this time by Glanville.

Pope Alexander III, compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.

The great conjunction of the sun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.

The battle of Ascalon, in Judaea, in which Richard, king of England, defeat's Saladin's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.

Dieu et mon Droit first used as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.

Chimneys were not known in England.

Surnames now began to be used; first among the nobility.

London incorporated, and obtained their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magistrates, from king John.

Magna Charta is signed by king John and the barons of England.

Court of Common Pleas established.

The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Kan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.

The Inquisition, begun in 1204, is now trusted to the Dominicans.

The houses of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, still thatched with straw.

The famous astronomical tables are composed by Alonzo, king of Castile.

The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.

Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III, who recovers the western isles.

According to some writers, the commons of England were not summoned to parliament till this period.
1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
1273 The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.
1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the first prince of Wales.
1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and defolating war between both nations.
1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 2nd of Edward I.
1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
\[\text{Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.}
\text{Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for lights.}
\text{Wine fold by apothecaries as a cordial.}
1302 The mariner’s compass invented, or improved, by Givia, of Naples.
1307 The beginning of the Swifs cantons.
1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
1310 Lincoln’s Inn society established.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
\[\text{The cardinals set fire to the conclave, and separate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.}
1320 Gold first coined in Christendom; 1344, ditto in England.
1336 Two Brabant weavers settle at York, which, says Edward III. may prove of great benefit to us and our subjects.
1337 The first comet whose course is described with an astronomical exactness.
1340 Gunpowder and guns first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologn; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Crefly; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
\[\text{Oil-painting first made use of by John Vaneck.}
\text{Heralds college instituted in England.}
1344 The first creation to titles by patents used by Edward III.
1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.
1349 The order of the Garter instituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and consists of 26 knights.
1352 The Turks first enter Europe.
1354 The money in Scotland till now the same as in England.
1356 The battle of Poitiers, in which king John of France, and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.
1357 Coals first brought to London.
1358 Arms of England and France first quartered by Edward III.
1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to English, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
\[\text{John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins about this time to oppose the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteness and spirit. His followers are called Lollards.}
1386 A company of linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.
\[\text{Windfor castle built by Edward III.}
1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the earl of Douglas.
1391 Cards invented in France for the king’s amusement.
1399 Westminster abbey built and enlarged—Westminfter hall ditto.
\[\text{Order of the Bath instituted at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.}
1411 The university of St. Andrew’s in Scotland founded.
1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
1428 The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.
1430 About this time Laurentius of Harleim invented the art of printing, which he practised
practised with separate wooden types. Gutenbergh afterwards invented cut
metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who in-
vented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corseilis began
to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who
introduced into England the art of printing with fusele types, in 1474.

1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The sea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eastern empire, 1123 years
from its dedication by Constanlne the Great, and 2206 years from the founda-
ton of Rome.
1454 The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
1477 The university of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.
1483 Richard III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed
at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the
civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of 30 years,
and the loss of 100,000 men.

1486 Henry establishes fifty yeomen of the guards, the first standing army.
1489 Maps and sea-charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely
subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions,
which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the
Inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors
are driven from Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they origi-
nally came.

1492 America first discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain.
1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America discovered by Americus Vespucius, from whom it has its name.
1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in
1512.
1505 Shillings first coined in England.
1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vege-
tables were imported hitherto.
1513 The battle of Flodden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower
of his nobility.
1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
1518 Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South
America.
1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of
the Faith from his Holiness.
1529 The name of Protestant takes it rise from the Reformed professing against the
church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
1534 The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
1537 Religious houses dissolves by ditto.
1539 The first English edition of the Bible authorized; the present translation finished
1571.

About this time cannon began to be used in ships.
1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king; first worn in England by queen
Elizabeth, 1561; the reel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of
St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
1544 Good lands let in England at one shilling per acre.
1545 The famous Council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at ten per cent.
1549 Lords lieutenants of counties instituted in England.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1550</td>
<td>The Muss guards instituted in England.</td>
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<td>1555</td>
<td>The Dutch company established in England.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1558</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.</td>
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<td>1560</td>
<td>The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1561</td>
<td>Knives first made in England.</td>
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<td>1569</td>
<td>Royal Exchange first built.</td>
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<td>1572</td>
<td>The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.</td>
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<td>1579</td>
<td>The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1580</td>
<td>Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first English circumnavigator.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1582</td>
<td>Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.</td>
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<td>1583</td>
<td>Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.</td>
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<td>1587</td>
<td>Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years imprisonment.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1588</td>
<td>The Spanish Armada destroyed by Drake and other English admirals.</td>
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<td>1589</td>
<td>Coaches first introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increased to 1000, in 1770.</td>
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<td>1590</td>
<td>Band of pensioners instituted in England.</td>
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<td>1591</td>
<td>Trinity College, Dublin, founded.</td>
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<td>1597</td>
<td>Watches first brought into England from Germany.</td>
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<td>1602</td>
<td>Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.</td>
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<td>1603</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1605</td>
<td>The gunpowder-plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman Catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.</td>
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<td>1606</td>
<td>Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.</td>
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<td>1608</td>
<td>Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.</td>
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<td>1610</td>
<td>Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravailiac, a disciple of the Jesuits.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1611</td>
<td>Baronets first created in England, by James I.</td>
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<td>1614</td>
<td>Napier, of Merchiston, in Scotland, invents logarithms.</td>
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<td>1615</td>
<td>Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.</td>
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<td>1616</td>
<td>The first permanent settlement in Virginia.</td>
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<td>1619</td>
<td>Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.</td>
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<td>1620</td>
<td>The broad silk manufactury from raw silk introduced into England.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1621</td>
<td>New England planted by the Puritans.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1625</td>
<td>King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1632</td>
<td>The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.</td>
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<td>1635</td>
<td>Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.</td>
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<td>1640</td>
<td>King Charles disobeys his Scotch subjects, on which their army, under general Lefley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1642</td>
<td>The massacre in Ireland, when 40,000 English Protestants were killed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1643</td>
<td>King Charles impeaches five members, who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1643</td>
<td>Excise on beer, ale, &amp;c. first imposed by parliament.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1649</td>
<td>Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1653</td>
<td>Cromwell assumes the protectorship.</td>
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<td>1655</td>
<td>The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
   Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
   The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
1662 The Royal Society establisht at London, by Charles II.
1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2. and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
   Tea first used in England.
1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
1668 ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
   St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
1670 The English Hudson's Bay company incorporated.
1672 Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
   African company establisht.
1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
   The habeas corpus act passed.
1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3. to March 9.
   William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.
1685 Charles II dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother, James II.
   The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
   The edict of Nantes infamous revok'd by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly perfecuted.
1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.
1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, December 3.
   King William and queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
   Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
1689 The land-tax passed in England.
   The toleration act passed in Ditto.
   Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oaths to king William.
   William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
1690 The battle of the Boyne, gained by William against James in Ireland.
1691 The war in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.
1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
   The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
   The first public lottery was drawn this year.
   Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
   Stamp duties instituted in England.
Book V. A New Chronological Table.

1696 The peace of Ryswick.
1699 The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
1700 Charles XII of Sweden begins his reign.
1701 Prussia erected into a kingdom.
1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II, who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.
1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards, by admiral Rooke.
1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, signed July 22.
1707 The first British parliament.
1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother, the late Pretender.
1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were also confirmed to the said crown by this treaty.
1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is succeeded by George I.
1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great-grandson, Lewis XV. the late king of France.
1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland.
1719 The Mississippi scheme at its height in France.
1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is succeeded by his only son, George II.
1732 Kouli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling.
1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.
1738 Westminster-Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750, at the expense of 389,000l. defrayed by parliament.
1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.
1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
1746 British Linen Company erected.
1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.
1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three per cent.
British herring fishery incorporated.
1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, died.
Antiquarian society at London incorporated.
1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.
1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.
1755 Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake.
1756 146 Englishmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the East Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine society established at London.
1757 Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.
1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.
1760 King George II. dies, October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is succeeded by his present majesty, who, on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; finished 1770, at the expense of 52,840l. to be discharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
1762 War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned, and murdered.
American Philosophical Society established in Philadelphia.
George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, born August 12.
1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
1764 The parliament granted 10,000l. to Mr. Harriton, for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
1765 His majesty's royal charter passed for incorporating the Society of Artists.
An act passed annexing the sovereignty of the island of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
1766 April 21, a spot or macula of the sun, more than thrice the bigness of our earth, passed the sun's centre.
1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.
1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.
1772 The king of Sweden changes the constitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princess of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.
1772. The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themselves, in violation of the most solemn treaties.

1773 Captain Phipps is sent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.

The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.

The English East India company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Oria, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.

The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are everywhere unsuccessful.

1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.

The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.

Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.

First petition of Congress to the King, November.

1775 April 19, The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.

May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.

June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.

March 17, The town of Boston evacuated by the King's troops.

An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.

The Congress declare the American colonies free and independent states, July 4.

The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.

December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.

Torture abolished in Poland.

1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga, in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.

A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.

The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expense in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of parliament.

The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, Esq; and George Johnstone, Esq; arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commissioners for restoring peace between Great Britain and America.

Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.

The Congress refuse to treat with the British commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.

An engagement fought off Breit between the English fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.

Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.

St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, BOOK V.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.
Grenada taken by the French, July 3.

1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.
The Inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.
Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, Jan. 8.
The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.

Three actions between admiral Rodney and the count de Guichen, in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.
Charles Town, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.
Penfacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrenders to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.
The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000, go up to the House of Commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act pallied in favour of the Papists, June 2.

That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.

Five English East Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.
Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.

General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.

Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.

Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other islands, Oct. 3 and 10.

A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.

1781 The Dutch island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.

A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.

Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, Surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington, and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.

1782 Trincomalee, on the island of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.
Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.
The island of St. Christophier taken by the French, Feb. 12.
The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.
Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.
The House of Commons address the king against any further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, March 4; and resolve, That the house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

1782 Admiral
1782 Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet, under the command of count de Graffe, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.

Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, by the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.

The resolution of the house of commons relating to John Wilkes, esq; and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, recinded, May 3.

The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.

The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, August 24.

The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.

Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.

Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannick majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.

1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannick majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, Jan. 20.

The order of St. Patrick instituted, Feb. 5.

Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicily, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.

Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.

Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.

1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.

The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street, March 24.

The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.

The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.

The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey, May 26.—Continued annually for decayed musicians, &c.

Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.

Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.

1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.

Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.


Nov. 21. £471,000 3 per cent. stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £ 30 a man.

Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost, of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated February 4, 1787.

1787 May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Aug. 11. The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a bishop's see, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the bishop.

1788 In the early part of October, the first symptoms appeared of a severe disorder which afflicted our gracious Sovereign. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.
1789. Feb. 17. His Majesty was pronounced to be in a state of convalescence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.

April 23. A general thanksgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the service at St. Paul's with a great procession.


MEN of LEARNING and GENIUS.

Bef. Ch.

907 Homer, the first proflane writer and Greek poet, flourished. Pope.

Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer. Cooke.

284 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.

600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poetess, fl. Fawkes.

558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.

556 Achill, the first Greek fabulist. Croxal.

548 Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.

497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece. Rowe.

474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. Fawkes, Addison.

456 Eschylus, the first Greek tragic poet. Potter.

435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. Weft.

43 Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of proflane history. Littlebury.

407 Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. White.

Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. Woodbull.

406 Sophocles, ditto., Franklin, Potter.

Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.

400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.

391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. Smith, Hobbes.

361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. Clifton.

Democritus, the Greek philosopher.

359 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. Smith, Spelman, Abery, Fielding.

348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. Sydenham.

336 Icocrates, the Greek orator. Dimdale.

332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. Hobbes.

313 Demophilus, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. Leland, Francis.

288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. Budgel.

285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. Fawkes.

277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. R. Simpson.

270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. Digby.

264 Xeno, founder of the Stoic philosophy in ditto.

244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.

208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.

184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. Thornton.

159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. Colman.

155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.

124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. Hampton.

54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. Creech.

44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator, killed. Duncan.

Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. Booth.

Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.

Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. Guthrie, Melmoth.

Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. Rowe.

34 Sallust, the Roman historian. Gordon, Rose.

30 Dionyfius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. Spelman.
BOOK V. A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. Dryden, Pitt, Warton.
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. Granger, Dart.
8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satyric poet. Francis.

A. C.
17 Livy, the Roman historian. Ray.
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. Garth.
20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. Grevet.
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
33 Pseudo, the Roman fabulist. Smart.
45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. Newcomen.
26 Pereius, the Roman satiric poet. Bewyfer.
64 Quintus Curtius, a Roman, historian of Alexander the Great, fl. Digby.
Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. "L'Efronget.
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. Revs.
79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. Holland.
93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. Whiston.
94 Epictetus, the Greek Stoic philosopher, fl. Mrs. Carter.
95 Quintilian, the Roman orator and advocate. Guten.
60 Status, the Roman epic poet. Lewis.
Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
69 Tacitus, the Roman historian. Gordon.
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. Malmuth, Orrery.
117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. Hughes.
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. Dryden, Langbomte.
128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. Dryden.
140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. Turnbull.
161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. Roeks.
167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
180 Lucian, the Roman philologist. Dimieale, Dryden, Franklin.

193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian fl.
254 Origine, a Christian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. Hart.
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. Marcell.
273 Longinus the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. Smith.
320 Laestadius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
343 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. Hamner.
379 Basil, bishop of Cæsarea.
389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarians.
428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philospher. Bellamy, Preston.
520 Procopius of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. Holcroft.

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are styled, Classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory: but it will ever be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the Barbarians; and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement,
succeeded worse than Gothic ignorance—the superflusion and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the space of a thousand years; a period which historians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, from which memorable era a race of men have sprung up in a new soil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at least equal, the greatest geniuses of antiquity. Of these our own countrymen have the reputation of the first rank, with whole names we shall finish our list.

A. C.

1598 Edmund Spenser, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
1615 —25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
1616 William Shakspeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
1622 John Napier, of Marchelton, Scotland; discoverer of Logarithms.
1623 William Camden, London; history and antiquities.
1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philosophy, literature in general.
1638 Ben Jonson, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
1645 John Selden, Sussex; antiquities and laws.
1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent; discovered the circulation of the blood.
1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miscellaneou poetry.
1674 John Milton, London; Paradise Lost, Regained, and various other pieces in verse and prose.

1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
1677 Reverend Dr. Isaac Barrow, London; natural philosophy, mathematics, and sermons.
1680 Samuel Butler, Worcestershire; Hudibras, a burlesque poem.
1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, speeches, letters, &c.
1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somerfetshire; Intellectual System.
1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorsetshire; History of Physic.
1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philosophy and theology.
1694 John Tillottpon, archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 sermons.
1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics, and polite literature.
1701 John Dryden, Northamptonshire; 27 tragedies and comedies, satiric poems.
1704 John Locke, Somerfetshire; philosophy, government, and theology.
1705 John Ray, Essex; botany, natural philosophy, and divinity.
1707 George Farguhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
1713 Ant. Afl. Cowper, earl of Shaftesbury; Characters.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, bishop of Salisbury; history, biography, divinity, &c.
Nicholas Rowe, Devonshire; 7 tragedies, translation of Lucan's Pharsalia.

Reverend John Flamsteed, Derbyshire; mathematics and astronomy.

Joseph Addison, Wiltshire; Spectator, Guardian, poems, politics.

Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and astronomy.

Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.

William Wollaston, Staffordshire; Religion of Nature delineated.

Sir Isaac Newton, Lincolnshire; mathematics, geometry, astronomy, optics.

Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norwich; mathematics, divinity, &c.

Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.

William Congreve, Staffordshire; seven dramatic pieces.

John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-shire; medicine, coins, politics.

Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philosophy, astronomy, navigation.

Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkshire; classical learning, criticism.

Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, translation of Homer.

Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.

Colin M'Laurin, Argyleshire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philosophy.

James Thomson, Roxburghshire; Seasons, and other poems, five tragedies.

Reverend Dr. Isaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philosophy, psalms, hymns, sermons, &c.

Dr. Francis Hutcheson, Ayrshire; System of Moral Philosophy.

Reverend Dr. Conyers Middleton, Yorkshire; life of Cicero, &c.

Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphysics, and natural philosophy.

Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philosophy, metaphysics, and politics.

Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; Anatomy of the Human Body.

Richard Mead, London; on poisons, plague, small-pox, medicine, precepts.

Henry Fielding, Somersethire; Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, &c.

Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.

Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London; 69 sermons, &c.

Benjamin Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; sermons and controversy.

Samuel Richardson, London; Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela.

Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancashire; Answer to Deistical Writers.

Reverend Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts, and other poems, three tragedies.

Robert Simfon, Glasgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.

Reverend Lawrence Steene; 45 sermons, Sentimental Journey, Tristram Shandy.

Robert Smith, Lincolnshire; harmonics and optics.

Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Erasimus, Ecclesiastical History, and sermons.

Mark Akenfide, Newcastle upon Tyne; poems.

Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dunbartonshire; History of England, novels, translations.

Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; poems.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield; letters.


Oliver Goldsmith; poems, essays, and other pieces.

Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester; Annotations on the New Testament, &c.

Dr. John Hawkesworth; essays.

David Hume, Merse; History of England, and essays.

James Ferguson, Aberdeenshire; astronomy.

Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.

David Garrick, Hereford; plays.

William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester; Divine Legation of Moses, and various other works.


Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkshire; philosophy and medicine.

James Harris; Hermes, Philological Inquiries, and Philosophical Arrangements.

Thomas Newton, bishop of Bristol, Litchfield; Discourses on the Prophecies, and other works.
1782 Sir John Pringle, Bart. Roxburghshire; Diseases of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticism, Sketches of the
History of Man.
1783 Dr. William Hunter, Lanerksire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Version of the Bible, theological tracts.
1784 Dr. Thomas Morell; Editor of Ainsworth’s Dictionary, Hedericus’s Lexicon, and
some Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnson, Litchfield; English Dictionary, biography, essays, poetry,
Died December 13, aged 71.
1785 William Whitehead, Poet Laureat; poems and plays. Died April 14.
Reverend Richard Burn, L.L.D. author of the Justice of Peace, Ecclesiastical
Richard Glover, Esq; Leonidas, Medea, &c. Died Nov. 25.
1786 Jonas Hanway, Esq; travels, miscellaneous. Died Sept. 5, aged 74.
1787 Dr. Robert Lowth, bishop of London; criticism, divinity, grammar. Died Nov. 3.
Soame Jenyns, Esq; Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, and other pieces,
Died Dec. 18.
178 James Stuart, Esq; celebrated by the name of “Athenian Stuart.” Died Feb. 1.
Thomas Gainsborough, Esq; the celebrated painter. Died Aug. 2.
Thomas Sheridan, Esq; English Dictionary, works on education, elocution, &c.
1789 Dr. William Cullen; Practice of Physic, Materia Medica, &c. Died Feb. 5.
1790 Benjamin Franklin, Esq; electricity, natural philosophy, miscellaneous. Died April 17.
Reverend Thomas Warton, B. D. Poet Laureat; History of English Poetry,
poems. Died April 21.
Dr. Adam Smith; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations.
1791 Reverend Dr. Richard Price. Metaphysics, Divinity, Morals, Civil Liberty,
Politics, Reversionary Payments, &c. Died April 19.

N. B. By the Dates is implied the Time when the above Writers died; but when
that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flourished is signified
by it. The names in Italic, are those who have given the best English Transla-
tions, exclusive of School-Books.

FINIS.