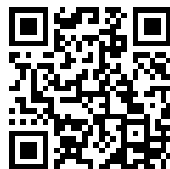


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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS. *Simons*

*or useful and entertaining*

*Henry* **PASSAGES in PROSE** *Chapman.*  
*Selected for the*

**IMPROVEMENT of SCHOLARS**

*at Classical & other Schools*

*in the*

**ART of SPEAKING,**

*in*

**Reading, Thinking, Composing;**

*and in the*

**CONDUCT of LIFE.**



*Stothard del.* *Heath sculp.*  
Μύθων τε ῥητῆς ἔμεναι, περὶ κτῆρα τε ἔργων.

RB 23. a. 18827



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# P R E F A C E.

**I**T may appear singular to make the avowal, but it is certainly true, that of all literary tasks the compilation of a book like this is attended with the least difficulty. In the present case, not the smallest claim is made to any peculiar skill or merit of execution. The Book must be left to recommend itself by the unassuming pretensions of obvious utility. There are already many collections of a similar kind, which have been found very useful : and this pretends not to any other superiority over them, but that of affording a greater quantity of matter than they have done, in a form and size convenient in schools, and at a price which, it is presumed, may justly be called moderate, when the quantity of paper and print, is duly considered.

This Book derives its origin from a wish expressed by persons who have the conduct of schools, that such a compilation might be published, as by means of a full page, and a small, yet very legible type, might

contain, in one volume, a little English library for young people who are in the course of their education. A common duodecimo or octavo, it was found, was soon perused, and laid aside for want of novelty ; but to supply a large school with a great variety, and constant succession of English books, is too expensive and inconvenient to be generally practicable ; such a quantity of matter is therefore exhibited in this Volume as must of necessity fill up a good deal of time, and furnish a great number of new ideas before it can be read to satiety, or entirely exhausted. It may therefore very properly constitute, what it was intended to be, a little Library for Learners, from the age of nine or ten to the age at which they leave their school : at the same time it is evident, upon inspection, that it abounds with such Extracts as may be read by them at any age with pleasure and improvement. Though it is chiefly and primarily adapted to scholars at school ; yet it is certain, that all readers may find it an agreeable companion, and particularly well adapted to fill up short intervals of leisure.

As to the authors from whom the Extracts are made, they are those whose characters want no recommendation. The Spectators, Guardians, and Tatlers have been often gleaned for the purpose of selections ; but to have omitted them, in a work like this, for that reason, would have been like rejecting the purest coin of the fullest weight, because

because it is not quite fresh from the mint, but has been long in circulation. It ought to be remembered, that, though the writings of Addison and his coadjutors may no longer have the grace of novelty in the eyes of veterans, yet they will always be new to a rising generation.

The greater part of this Book however consists of Extracts from more modern books, and from some which have not yet been used for the purpose of selections. It is to be presumed that living authors will not be displeased that useful and elegant passages have been borrowed of them for this Book ; since if they sincerely meant, as they profess, to reform and improve the age, they must be convinced, that to place their most salutary admonitions and sentences in the hands of young persons, is to contribute most effectually to the accomplishment of their benevolent design. The books themselves at large do not in general fall into the hands of school-boys ; they are often too voluminous, too large, and too expensive for general adoption ; they are soon torn and disfigured by the rough treatment which they usually meet with in a great school ; and indeed, whatever be the cause of it, they seldom are, or can be conveniently introduced ; extracts are therefore highly expedient, or rather, necessary. And with respect to those among writers or publishers who are interested in the sale of books, it may reasonably be supposed that the specimens exhibited in this Vo-

lume, will rather contribute to promote and extend than to retard or circumscribe the circulation of the works from which they are selected.

The editors of similar compilations, it is feared, may not so freely forgive the borrowing of many passages from them : but it should be remembered that they also borrowed of their predecessors ; for it will be found, on examination, that in all selections of this kind this privilege has been claimed ; and indeed, as the matter borrowed belongs as much to one as to the other, there is no just cause of complaint. A compiler can by no means pretend to an exclusive property in a passage of an author, which he has himself possessed on a very disputable title : every bird from whom the daw had stolen feathers, might claim his own plumage ; nor can he pretend an exclusive right who perhaps has no right at all, but by the connivance of the real and original possessor.

This Book aims not at supplanting others by ostentatiously displaying its own merits, or detracting from their value : the public will ultimately fix its choice on that book which best deserves it. Without instituting a competition, it will be enough if this Work shall be united with others in furnishing, what it professes and intends, a copious source of entertainment and improvement to the rising generation : there cannot be too many books adapted to purposes so laudable. One instructor

## P R E F A C E.

will choose this book, another a different one; but while all young persons are supplied with some book of the kind, it is impossible but that great good should be produced.

One thing more it may be proper to add, in justice to the Publication. The title-page describes it as compiled for the use of boys. It is very certain that it is not exclusively adapted to boys; and that if it were received in schools in which ladies are educated, it could scarcely fail of communicating to them taste, knowledge, and judgment. Indeed it is too evident to require proof, that such books as this are calculated to become the companions of all, without distinction of sex, who are in the course of a polite and comprehensive education,

That this Book may do good, is the sincere wish and first object of the Editor. This Preface is not designed to recommend it, by self commendation, but merely to give an account of it. Let it stand or fall as it may be found to deserve. It is a comfort to reflect, that it can do no harm; and that it may be extensively beneficial.





# INTRODUCTION:

O R

## RULES for the ART of SPEAKING, or the MANAGEMENT of the VOICE and GESTURE.

Extracted, with Additions and Alterations, from *QUINTILIAN*  
by *ROLLIN*.

**Q**UINTILIAN ascribes the same qualifications to the voice and pronunciation as to discourse.

1. \* It must be correct; that is, exempt from faults, so that the sound of the voice and the pronunciation may have something easy, natural, and agreeable in it, accompanied with a certain air of politeness and delicacy, which the ancients called urbanity, and consists in removing from it every foreign and rustic sound.

2. The pronunciation must be clear, to which two things will contribute; first, the right articulation of every syllable; for sometimes some are suppressed, whilst others are but lightly touched upon: but the most common fault, and most carefully to be avoided, is the not dwelling long enough upon the last syllables, and letting the voice

fall at the end of the periods. † As it is necessary to express every word, nothing is more disagreeable or insupportable, than a slow and drawling pronunciation, which calls over, in a manner, all the letters, and seems to count them one after another.

The second observation is, to know how to sustain and suspend the voice, by the different rests and pauses, which enter into the same period. One instance will explain my meaning, which I shall take from another passage of † Quintilian. The points here express the pauses. *Animadverti judices, . . . omnem accusatoris orationem . . . in duas . . . divisam esse partes.* This short period contains but one sense, which is not to be distinguished by any comma, except at the word '*judices*', which is an apostrophe; and yet the cadence, the ear, and

‡ *Emendata erit, id est vitis carebit, si fuerit  
se facile, emendatum, jucundum, urbanum; id est,  
in quo nulla neque rusticitas, neque peregrinatas  
resonet.*

*Quint.*

† *Ut est autem necessaria verborum explanatio,  
ita omnes computare & velut annumerare literas  
molestum & odiosum.*

‡ *Lib. ix. cap. 4.*

even the breath require different rests, in which all the harmony of pronunciation consists. By accustoming the scholars to make these pauses as they read, even where there are no commas; they will be taught at the same time to pronounce well.

3. An ornamented pronunciation is that which is assisted with an happy organ, an easy, loud, flexible, firm, durable, clear, sonorous, mild, and piercing voice: for there is a voice made for the ear; not so much by its compass, as by a facility of being managed at will, susceptible of every sound from the strongest to the softest, from the highest to the lowest; \* like an instrument well strung, which gives the sound the hand directs it to express. Besides this, a great force of breath is required, and lungs capable of holding out through the longest periods, and of dwelling upon them.

We do not make ourselves understood by violent and great pains, but by a clear and distinct pronunciation; and the principal skill is shewn in artfully managing the different fallies of the voice, in beginning with a tone that may be raised or depressed without difficulty or constraint; and in so governing the voice, that it may be fully exerted in such passages, where the discourse requires great force and vehemence; and principally in studying and copying nature in every thing.

The whole beauty of pronunciation lies in the union of two qualities, to all outward appearance opposite and inconsistent; equality and variety: by the first the orator sustains his voice, and governs the rise and

fall of it by fixed rules, which hinder him from being high and low as by chance; without observing any order or proportion: by the second, he avoids one of the most considerable faults in pronunciation; I mean a tedious continuance in one and the same tone; and on the other hand, he diffuses through it an agreeable variety, which awakens, raises, and charms his audience; herein resembling the painters, who by a vast number of shadows and colourings, almost imperceptible, and a happy mixture of the light and shade, know how to set off their pictures; and give them the just proportion which every part demands. Quintilian applies this last rule to the first period of the exordium of Tully's beautiful oration in defence of Milo: this passage deserves to be read to pupils.

There is another fault no less considerable, which likewise comes very near it, and is that of singing what one speaks: this canting consists in depressing or raising with a like tone, several members of a period, or several periods together; so that the same inflections of the voice frequently return; and almost constantly in the same manner.

4. Lastly, the pronunciation must be proportioned to the subjects expressed. This is more especially seen in the passions, which have each, if I may be allowed the expression, a peculiar language and a particular tone; for anger shews itself one way, com-

† Quid ad aures nostras & actionis suavitatem, quid est vicissitudine & varietate & commutatione aptius? Lib. iii. de Orat. n. 225.

‡ Hi sunt actori, ut pictori, expositi ad variandum colores. ibid. n. 217.

§ Omnis motus animi suum quemdam a naturâ habet: vultum & sonum & gestum, &c.

\* Omnes voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita sonant ut a motu animi quoque sunt pulsæ.

Cic. lib. iii. de Orat. n. 216.

ibid. n. 216, 219.  
passion

passion another, and so the rest. \* To express them well, we must begin with having a deep sense of them; and to this end we should lively represent things to ourselves, and be affected with them, as if they actually passed in us. Thus the voice, as the interpreter of our sentiments, will easily convey the same disposition into the mind of the auditors, it has derived from our own conceptions. It is the faithful image of the soul; it receives all the impressions and changes that the soul itself is capable of. Thus in joy it is clear, full, and flowing; in sorrow, on the other hand, it is slow, dull, and gloomy: anger makes it rough, impetuous, and interrupted: in the confession of a fault, making satisfaction, and intreating, it becomes smooth, fearful, and submissive. In a word, it follows nature, and borrows the tone of every passion.

The voice also varies, and assumes different tones, according to the different parts of a discourse: it conforms itself to the difference of sentiments; and sometimes, though rarely, to the nature and force of certain particular expressions. † It would be evidently ridiculous, to begin a discourse all at once in a loud and violent strain; as nothing is more proper to gain upon others, than modesty and reservedness. Narrations designed to interest the audience in the point related require a simple, uniform, and calm

voice, not much different from that we use in conversation; and so of all the rest.

Gestures naturally follows the voice, and conforms itself in like manner to the sentiments of the soul: it is a mute language, but eloquent, and often has more force than speech itself.

As the head has the first place among the parts of the body, it has it also in action. The first rule is: to keep it up and in a natural posture; the second, to suit its motions to the pronunciation and the action of the orator. When we refuse or reject, or shew that we have an horror or execration of any thing or person, then, at the same time that we repel with the hand, we turn aside the head, as a mark of aversion.

The countenance has a principal part in this point: there is no kind of motion or passion which it does not express. It threatens, it caresses, it intreats, it is sorrowful and merry, it is proud and humble, it testifies friendship towards some, and aversion to others; it gives us to understand abundance of things, and often says more than the most eloquent discourse can do.

I never could apprehend how the use of masks came to continue so long upon the stage of the ancients; for certainly, it could not but suppress in a great measure the vivacity of action, which is principally seen in the countenance, and may properly be considered as the seat and mirror of all the sentiments of the soul. Does it not frequently happen that the blood, according as it is moved by different passions, shall sometimes overspread the countenance with a sudden and modest suffusion; sometimes inflame and kindle it into rage; sometimes by retiring from the cheeks, leave them pale and cold with fear; and at other times diffuse through

\* In his primum est bene affici & contempere imagines rerum & tanquam veris moveri. Sic velut media vox, quem habitum a nobis accepit, hunc judicium animis dabit. Est enim mentis index & velut exemplar: ac totidem quot illa mutationes habet.

Quintil.

† A principio clamare agrestis quiddam est.

Lib. iii. de Orat. n. 227.

it a gentle and amiable serenity?—all this is expressed in the countenance. Now a mask, by covering it, deprives it of this emphatical language, and takes from it a kind of life and soul, which make it a faithful interpreter of all the sentiments of the heart. I am not therefore surprized at the remark that Tully makes, when he is speaking of Roscius as an actor: Our old men, says he\*, judge better than we, by not entirely approving even Roscius himself, whilst he spoke under this mask.

† But the countenance has likewise one part supereminent above the rest, viz. the eyes: it is by them especially that the soul displays itself, and shews itself in a manner externally; so that even without the moving of them, joy shall make them more lively, and sorrow overcast them with a kind of cloud: add to this, that nature has given them tears, the faithful interpreters of our thoughts, which impetuously force themselves a passage in grief, and flow gently down in joy: but how expressive are they in the different motions imparted to them! they are bold and languid, haughty and threatening, mild, rough, or terrible; and all this according to our wants, and the occasion.

To be short ‡, I pass to the hands, with-

\* Quo melius nostri illi senes qui personatum æ Roscium quidem magnopere laudabant.

† Sed in ipso vultu plurimum valent oculi, per quos animus maxime emanat; ut, citra motum quoque, et hilaritate entescant, et tristitia quoddam nubilum ducant. Quinetiam lacrymas his naturæ mentis indices dedit; quæ aut erumpunt dolore, aut lætitiâ manant. Motu vero intenti, remissi, superbi, torvi, mites, asperi sunt; quæ, ut actus poscoperet, fingentur. *Quintil.*

‡ Manus vero, sine quibus trunca esset actio et debilis, vix dici potest quot motus habeant, cum

out the assistance of which, action would be languid; and almost dead. How many motions are these capable of, since there is scarce a word which they are not sometimes eager to express! for the other parts of the body aid and contribute to discourse, but these may be almost said to speak for themselves, and be understood. We know that the pantomimes professed to represent exactly, and in a manner to paint in their gestures and postures, all the actions and passions of mankind. The ancients called this act of the pantomimes § a kind of dumb music, which had found out a method of substituting the language of the hands to that of the mouth; of speaking to the eyes by the assistance of the fingers; and of expressing by silence more eloquent and emphatical than words themselves, what could scarce be explained by discourse or writing.

The motion of the hands naturally follows the voice, and must conform to it. In common gestures, whilst we pronounce a period, we must carry the right hand from left to right, beginning at the breast and ending at the side, the fingers being a little raised above the wrist, open and at liberty, and the

penè ipsam verborum copiam persequantur, nam cæteræ partes loquentem adjuvant: hæ (prope est ut dicam) *ipsæ loquuntur.*

§ Hanc partem musicæ disciplinæ mutam nominavere majores, scilicet, qua ore clauso manibus loquitur et quibusdam gesticulationibus facit intelligi, quod vix narrante lingua, aut scripturæ textu posset agnosci. *Aurel. Cassiod. lib. i. epist. 10.*

Logyaccissimæ manus, linguosî digiti, clamoroso silentium, expositio tacita. *Idem, lib. iv. epist. ult.*

Mirari solemus scenæ peritos quod in omnem significationem rerum, et affectuum paratâ illorum est manus, et verborum velocitatem gestus assequitur. *Senec. arm*

arm extended at full length, without raising the elbow as high as the shoulder, but keeping it always clear of the body, and observing that the gesture must ordinarily begin with the motion of the elbow: after this we carry the left hand from right to left, with the same proportions as were observed in the motion of the right hand. The arm must be held after each gesture close to the side, till the period is at an end; and when it is finished, the two hands must fall negligently upon the desk, if it is from thence we speak, and never below it; or at their full length before, if we speak standing without any support; or upon the knees, if sitting on a chair. There are a thousand methods of varying these gestures, which are to be learnt from use and exercise alone.

There is a second kind of gesture relating to the extent and dimensions of every thing.

To express any thing that is high, we must lift up our eyes as high as we can, without scarce raising the head, but turning it a little on one side, throwing down both arms together at their full length, but keeping them clear of the body, and so as to have the outside of the hands turned towards the auditor.

To shew the depth of any thing, we must cast our eyes down to the ground, and stretch out both our arms on the opposite side, somewhat raising them, and shewing the outside of the hand which is next the auditor, the other remaining more raised and free.

To express breadth, it suffices to extend both hands at the same time, beginning always directly before us, and ending at the two sides; but so as to keep the hands always upon a level with the wrists, and to carry our eyes round the whole space they are able to comprehend.

To express length, we must stretch out both our arms, either this way or that, but on the same side, so as to keep the hands on a level with the wrists, the elbow, and one another; the inside of the hands being turned downwards.

The third kind of gesture relates to the passions: this matter is too large possibly to enter into an account so short as this, in which my design is only to lay down the most general and necessary rules: the masters will easily supply the rest.

The masters of the art take notice, that the motion of the hand must begin and end with the sense; because otherwise it must either precede the discourse, or last longer than it: now both these would be faulty.

We must not pretend to lay down fixed and certain rules upon the subject I am here treating of; one thing, as Quintilian observes, suiting well with one, which would fit ill upon another, without our sometimes being able to give a reason for it; so far, that in some the refinements of pronunciation shall not be graceful, and in others the very faults not displease†. Thus every one, in forming his action, must not only consult the general rules, but carefully study his own actual disposition and personal qualifications.

But the most important precept of all, both as to the voice and gesture, is to study nature; to look upon it here, as in every thing else, as the best master and surest guide that can be followed; to place the perfection of the

\* In quibusdam virtutes non habent gratiam, in quibusdam vitia ipsa delectant.

† Quare non sit quique, nec tantum ex communibus præceptis, sed etiam ex saturâ suâ capiat consilium formandæ actionis.

art in a perfect imitation of it, endeavouring only, after the example of painters, to embellish and set it off a little; but without ever swerving from a just likeness. When children are at liberty among themselves, and when in discoursing together they break out into some heat, they are under no difficulty in seeking either for tone or gesture; all comes to them as it were mechanically, because they only follow the impulse of nature. Why, when they are put upon declamation, do we find them for the most part almost dumb, motionless, confused, and perplexed? It is, because they think that then they must speak and act in a very different manner; in which they are much mistaken. For which reason we cannot too early, when children are

put upon speaking in the classics, or made to repeat their lessons, accustom them to assume a natural tone, that is, such as they use in familiar discourse; and the same may be said of any one that is to speak in public. Nor is this observation contrary to the study of the voice and gestures, which I have so earnestly recommended: this study should be applied to in the closet; but when he comes to speak, the orator must not seem to have studied it at all: all must flow easily from him: art must look like nature; his voice and gesture must shew nothing studied; and he must call to mind this great principle, which in general relates to all the parts of eloquence—Nothing is beautiful but what is true; truth only is amiable.

## C O N T E N T S.

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

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

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

sions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

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

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what

what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but

many of them fell into them. They grew thinner, towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

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

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

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; Take thine eyes off the bridge, says he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flocks 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,

tures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstitious, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

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

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

*Spectator.*

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

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

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

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched,

than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

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

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

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal insatiation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any

any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

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

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

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

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not

that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, the redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

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

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger,

having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the Gulph of Intemperance.

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

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

As I was looking upon the various state of

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

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

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

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure

pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth 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 circulations. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus

tortured with uncertainty, the sky was over-spread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

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

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

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit,

hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

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

'Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the strait road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one com-

pliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconsistency till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obtrude our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.'

Rambler.

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

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father, says he, you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son, said the hermit; but what is thy condition if there is?" "Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient: his second permanent and lasting. The question

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we are all concerned in is this, in which of those two lives is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

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

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not de-

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

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years: Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that 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, tho' 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 sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us, is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

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

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happi-

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

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

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason.

reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

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

*Speaker.*

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

Sir, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bag-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 understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the encrease of their estate.

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

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

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and



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

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

He had no occasion to complain of too burdensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment

than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me, but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

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

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

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor, who was rewarded with

a small anxiety for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

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

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

When I found myself thus hunted from all

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

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

I am, &c. Florentulus.  
Rambler.

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

I was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several

veral stars and planets appeared one after another, and the whole firmament was in a glow. The business of the spher was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the tension of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The Galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regarded him?" In the same manner when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and there still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary

worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a series in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes: and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

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

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect

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

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

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within

the substance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

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

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for

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

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

*Spectator.*

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

In one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to

all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

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

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

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

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle 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 kinds, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of these advantages from it, which are perfective of his

his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

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

But I shall only consider the wretchedness

of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that 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, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know, the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those rav-

visiting joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may

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

*Speculator.*

#### § 9. On the Immortality of the Soul.

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

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

easiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

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

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

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a succes-

sor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Flares

*Haridem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.*

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

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood

Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

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

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it.

To



To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as the now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

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

sider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness! *Spectator.*

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

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

when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed, the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generosity of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is so difficult a task in the father; and defence, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as due ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to

him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is discretion enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

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

*Spectator.*

§ 11. *The*

§ 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 trifter. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, 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 plumbs or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it, because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind,

his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

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

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

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction,

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

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

"My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped

than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

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

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

They both of them often asked me if I

were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise! when I found it to be the very painting, which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but 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 tenderness than the passions can possibly excite."

*SpeZator.*

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

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

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted 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 sometime to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation awakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

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

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the

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

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

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

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however important, 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 merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

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

*Idler.*

### § 13. *The Folly of mispending Time.*

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest

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some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

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

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rock and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, tho' much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we

want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

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

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

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

It is usual for those who are advised to

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

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

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears

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

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual pregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the

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most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world, such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the Praise of Folly, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, lest the hours which 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 over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use. *Rambler.*

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

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

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem

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

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer gaps and chaffins, 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

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 unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him ; or, on the contrary, pours out

its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

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

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

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

one of this species complaining that life is short?

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

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

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

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

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

*Spectator.*

#### § 15. *Mispent 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 business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our 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 styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went

to

to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was 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 stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: What have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, he told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left-hand, to take her into custody. And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose: Away with her. The

next was a plain country-woman; Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says

says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the croud, 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 past my time in bottling up may-dew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprized with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very delicious 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 work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily

daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

*Guardian.*

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

There is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatters away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean, the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will

give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

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

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

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

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

every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid.

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

*Lord Chesterfield's Letters.*

### § 18. *The bad Effects of Indolence.*

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

a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which would seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising 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 same number to each hand, and with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went thro' as regular triple peals and Bob Majors, as the boys of Christ-church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another

way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhimer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

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

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an hu-



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 existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind

them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with Ob. Ann. *Æta* 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

*Connoisseur.*

#### § 19. *The innocent Pleasures of Childhood.*

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

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

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

When men come to riper years, the innocent

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

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

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

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense,

to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

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

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

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

*Guardian.*

#### § 20. On 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 insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion

have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

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

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

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

violence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

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

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

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something too particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the

world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his intire existence, and dropping into nothing?

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

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

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have

have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

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

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

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

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret

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

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

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the 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

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 the earth gay and delightful, while she is

carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

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

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

I shall not here mention the several 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 satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This 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 Un-

derstanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

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

*Spectator.*

## § 22. On Truth and Sincerity.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient

venient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a strait 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 unpeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all

his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in 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 set fast, and nothing will then serve 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 last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance



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

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

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

Hypocrisy, at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from hypocrisy 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 im-

poses on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in these words, 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from my secret faults.'

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

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

In the first place, let them consider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from

us,

us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A 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 consider on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues, which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive, ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess, that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all

those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great caution and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution, for any party or opinion, how 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 persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party 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 cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account

in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

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

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

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

slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward:

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

“ 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 : my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, 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 illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom.”

Mirza departed, and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful ; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. “ My Lord,” said he, “ I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cofrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope ; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.” The king, who had listened to

Mirza with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cofrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush ; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

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

“ Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually 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 voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty ; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth ; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered

tered part of the country : my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the running water from the spring, and eat 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, resigning 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 discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a Fox whose two fore legs appeared to be broken. Before this Fox the Eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself : Cofrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life : but thou hast as yet only done it in part : thou art still every day busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is this trust in Providence complete. What art thou 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 thy self, is not necessity but devotion ? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object : this impatience, however, I 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 roused by the voice of an invisible being who pronounced these words : " Cofrou, I am the angel, who by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox ? hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle ? Arise, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine ; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth."

" At these words I was not less 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 treasure ; 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 stand

stand before him. Now, therefore be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received: As the fands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also who am but dust, imbibe the 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; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; 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 may'st stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest; thou canst not produce the principle, but may'st enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation, or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!"

The king, whose doubts like those of Mirza were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know "that no

"life is pleasing to God, but that which is  
"useful to Mankind." *Adventurer.*

### § 25. *Providence proved from Animal instinct.*

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

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

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

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

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the

same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for tho' 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 other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals indued 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 sustenance of their respective broods?

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

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

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than

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

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

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

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

With

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

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of ano-

ther species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

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

*Spectator.*

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

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy,



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

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

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you

will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes, the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the

lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

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

Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your future 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, disencumbered, 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 its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes off 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.

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

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

cessors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded, and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

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

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

any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

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

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

§ 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

which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men ; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile ? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning ; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment ; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm : they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth, is a plain and safe path ; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another ; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creep-

ing through the inferior walks of life : but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition ; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts ; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation ; are the indications of a great mind, the preludes of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind ; of one, who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable ; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

### § 33. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

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

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

#### § 34. *Courtesy and engaging Manners.*

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

#### § 35. *Temperance in Pleasure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every

gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast ; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment ; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount ? They may all be comprized in 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.

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

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings ; not only as rational, but social ; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure ; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system, can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves, and your own experience. We ask, whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain ? Whether, if not from every particular

particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you ; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue ? How long will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare ? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care, as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connections with the loose and profligate.

### § 37. *Irregular Pleasures.*

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

### § 38. *Industry and Application.*

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

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

tation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments, do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectation of your friends, and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

### § 39. *The Employment of Time.*

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

either for or against you, at that day, when for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

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

Let me finish 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! Destitute of the favour of God, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, ap-  
ply

ply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of Heaven.

*Blair.*

§ 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 ripper age. For, however, we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and, if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: But, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age: And the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them: Just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge,

which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

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

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

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is slept away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel, as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past: The 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 stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the un-



reasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: The latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy encreases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

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

How much otherwise is it with those, who

have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength: For, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains, impowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: Thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquisitions, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

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

Some may allege, in bar to what I have said, and as an excuse for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progress in learning. To which I answer, that few stations require uncommon abilities to discharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that share of apprehension which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will serve well enough. Bright and sparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not necessary for the good of the world: Whereas common sense is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occasion for it; and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we seem to be aware of. Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted, and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none

are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a distaste for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the case of those, whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and vivacity, makes them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: For great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere esteem as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is, in their opinion, a poor, low, groveling aim: Their ambition is, to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprizing them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes: For they will not love truth as such; they will love it only, when it happens to be surprizing and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make, which fits them for a swift and speedy race; but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey: Whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution, what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Ob-

serve, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is unaccustomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connection of ideas, which, to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them.

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

Others there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation; in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, 'that if any man will not work, neither should he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being no-

thing 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 that God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable: though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a soil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments, — an enlarged compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a small one patiently; but especially it is your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind.

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

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

One considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science, (far beyond their own) without having learned the first rudiments: nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the

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

The next advantage I shall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the most material subjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compass, if one were to read none but original authors, those who write chiefly from their own fund of sense,

without treading servilely in the steps of others.

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

§ 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 sallies of youth! Those to whom you have been over-indulgent, and perhaps could not have been otherwise, without proceeding to extremities, never to be used but in desperate cases, those have been always the most liberal of their censures and invectives against you: they put one in mind of Adonijah's rebellion against David his father; because his father had not displeased him at any time, in saying, Why hast thou done so?—It is a certain sign men want restraints, when they are impatient under any; too headstrong to be governed by authority, too weak to be conducted by reason.

† —Quasi cursores, vitæ lampada tradunt.

Lucretius.

§ 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 soever are concerned, strike upon the senses of some, and affect the passions of many more; by which (their senses and passions) the grofs of mankind generally judge of things: but it requires some expence 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.

§ 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 under-

standing is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full-blown, and display themselves, without any reserve, to the view.

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

good in ourselves, and useful to the world. *Seed.*

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

From a thorough insight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well weighed measures for the advancement of all useful literature, and the continual support and increase of virtue and piety, have the wise and religious instructors of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could do, to promote the most excellent and beneficial design, by the most rational and well-concerted means. They first laid the foundation well, in the discipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the restraint of wholesome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an excess that would serve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them; with simplicity yet sufficiency; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the seeds of vice are stifled in their birth; young persons are here removed from temptations, to which others, from a less happy situation, are too frequently exposed; and by an early habit of temperance and self-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular solicitations, or with ease to controul them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of these advantages, and a willing compliance with these rules, lay up in store for the rest of their life, virtue, health, and peace! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progress in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in

strict regularity and temperance; were the sensual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taste of sensual pleasures must be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a relish of the more sublime pleasures that result from reason and religion; that they may pursue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, assistance, and encouragement, to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of useful learning? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in supplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every station of life be equally serviceable and ornamental to themselves, and beneficial to mankind? And shall any one dare to convert a house of discipline and learning, into a house of dissoluteness, extravagance, and riot? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themselves, who at the same time that they are pursuing their own unhappiness, sacrilegiously break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, seducement, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into these schools of frugality, sobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices and vain gaieties of a licentious and voluptuous age? What have they to answer for, who while they prodigately squander away that most precious part of time, which is the only season of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loss, encourage one another in an idle and sensual course of life, and by spreading wide the contagion, reflect a scandal upon, and strive to bring into public

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

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

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his sensual indulgences, and leads him insensibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge so totally immerse in pleasures, as to drown at once all power of reason and conscience: They promise themselves, that they can indulge their appetites to such a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed say that there never have been persons in whom the strong ferment of youthful lusts may have happily subsided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and displayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the most licentious vices of youth should be absolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the instances in this case have been so rare, that it is very

dangerous for any one to trust to the experiment, upon a presumption that he shall add to the number. The only sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to set out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But on the contrary, when vicious, head-strong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power, to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? These reflections I have suggested principally for the sake of those, who allowing themselves in greater indulgences than are consistent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not sufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulness of pleasurable sin. Happy for them, would they once seriously consider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when these solemn seasons of recollection and religious discipline should particularly dispose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover, that though they are awhile carried gently and supinely down the smooth stream of pleasure, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed; the waves will arise, and dash them upon rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and

to divert their course into a different channel ; which, whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first, will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly carry them to a serene and secure haven. *Tottie.*

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

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

§ 53. *The Self-conceit of young People exposes them to many Dangers.*

The self-conceit of the young, is the great source of those dangers to which they are ex-

posed ; and it is peculiarly unfortunate, that the age which stands most in need of the counsel of the wise, should be the most prone to condemn it. Confident in the opinions which they adopt, and in the measures which they pursue, they seem as if they understood Solomon to say, not who *knoweth*, but who is *ignorant* of what is good for man all the days of his life ? The bliss to be aimed at, is, in their opinion, fully apparent. It is not the danger of mistake, but the failure of success, which they dread. Activity to seize, not sagacity to discern, is the only requisite which they value.—How long shall it be, ere the fate of your predecessors in the same course, teach you wisdom ? How long shall the experience of all ages, continue to lift its voice to you in vain ? Beholding the ocean on which you are embarked, covered with wrecks, are not those fatal signals sufficient to admonish you of the hidden rock ? If in Paradise itself, there was a tree which bare fruit fair to the eye, but mortal in its effects, how much more, in this fallen state, may such deceiving appearances be expected to abound ! The whole state of nature is now become a scene of delusion to the sensual mind. Hardly any thing is what it appears to be ; and what flatters most, is always farthest from reality. There are voices which sing around you, but whose strains allure to ruin. There is a banquet spread, where poison is in every dish. There is a couch which invites you to repose ; but to slumber upon it is death. In such a situation, be not high-minded, but fear. Let sobriety temper your unwearied ardour. Let modesty check your rash presumption. Let wisdom be the offspring of reflection now, rather than the fruit of bitter experience hereafter.

§ 54. *If*



§ 54. *If you faithfully serve God, he will always consult your Good.*

You know not what is good for you, in the future periods of life: But God perfectly knows it; and if you faithfully serve him, you have reason to believe that he will always consult it. Before him lies the whole succession of events, which are to fill up your existence. It is in his power, to arrange and model them at his pleasure; and so to adapt one thing to another, as to fulfil his promise, of 'making them all work together for good to those who love him.' Here then, amidst the agitations of desire, and the perplexities of doubt, is one fixed point of rest: By this let us abide; and dismiss our anxiety about things uncertain and unknown. Acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace. Secure the one thing needful. Study to acquire an interest in the divine favour; and you may safely surrender yourselves to the divine administration.

§ 55. *Time a sacred Trust.*

Time you ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to you by God; of which you are now the depositaries, and are to render account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted you, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of your time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of your necessary affairs; and let not what you call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven. If you delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, you overcharge the

to-morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. You load the wheels of time, and prevent it from carrying you along smoothly. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him thro' the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time, is like a ray of light which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

§ 56. *A just Sense of the Value of Time essential to the right Management of it.*

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out: But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. When they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome, that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected, that order should be observed in its distribution. But by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting

lasting regret, are they laying up in store for themselves ! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recal. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish, that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management he prolongs it : He lives much in little space ; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas, those hours fleet by the man of confusion like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with such a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him. Of him, more than of any other,

it may with justice be pronounced, ' that he walketh in a vain shew ; he is disquieted in vain.'

#### § 57. *Order to be observed in Amusements.*

Observe order in your amusements ; that is, allow them no more than their proper place ; study to keep them within due bounds ; mingle them in a temperate succession with serious duties, and the higher business of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without some measure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual stretch of serious thought. By too intense and continued application, our feeble powers would soon be worn out. At the same time, from our propensity to ease and pleasure, amusement proves, among all ranks of men, the most dangerous foe to order. For it tends incessantly to usurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thrust itself into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to disturb and counteract the natural course of things. One frivolous amusement indulged out of season, will often carry perplexity and confusion 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 seizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The most important concerns of life are abandoned

abandoned. Even the order of nature is by such persons inverted; night is changed to day, and day into night. Character, honour, and interest itself, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognosticate the ruin of these men to be just at hand. Disorder, arisen to its height, has nearly accomplished its work. The spots of death are upon them. Let every one who would escape the pestilential contagion, fly with haste from their company.

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

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

It is not a sufficient preservation against this evil, that the circles of society in which you are engaged, are not of a libertine and vicious kind. If they withdraw you from that attention to yourselves, and your domestic concerns, which becomes a good man, they are subversive of order, and inconsistent with your duty. What is innocent in itself, degenerates into a crime, from being carried to excess; and idle, trifling society, is nearly a-kin to such as is corrupting. One of the first principles of order is, to learn to be

happy at home. It is in domestic retreat that every wise man finds his chief satisfaction. It is there he forms the plans which regulate his public conduct. He who knows not how to enjoy himself when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief; but when forced to return to himself, he will be so much more oppressed and languid. Whereas, by a due mixture of public and private life, we keep free of the snares of both, and enjoy each to greater advantage.

§ 59. *A due Regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expence, and Amusement.*

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

I must also admonish you, that in small, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requisite. I mean not, that you ought to look on those minute attentions which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wisdom. But I exhort you to remember, that disorder, like other

other immoralities, frequently takes rise from inconsiderable beginnings. They who, in the lesser transactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to such affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remissness grows on all who study not to guard against it; and it is only by frequent exercise, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed.

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

By attending to order, you avoid idleness, that most fruitful source of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you constantly find innocent and useful employment for time. You are never at a loss how to dispose of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the course of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order stands in the middle between these two extremes, and suffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppressed. Whereas the disorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with business, and at another, either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Those seasons of indolence and idleness, which recur so often in their life, are their most dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its situation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuse it, is then aptest 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 distinguishing characteristics of a disorderly mind. It is the parent of steadiness of conduct. It forms consistency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repose in one another. For, the disorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any trust, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by desultory motions.

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

Consider also how important it is to your self-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the source of peace; and peace is the highest of all temporal blessings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquillity dwells. The very mention of confusion imports disturbance and vexation. Is it possible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the state of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without discerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midst of remorse for what he has neglected to do, or in the midst of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was necessary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celestial bodies which move in regular courses, and by stated laws; whose influence is beneficent; whose operations are quiet and tranquil. The disorderly resemble those tumultuous elements on earth, which

which, by sudden and violent irruptions, disturb the course of nature. By mismanagement of affairs, by excess in expence, by irregularity in the indulgence of company and amusement, they are perpetually creating molestation both to themselves and others. They depart from their road to seek pleasure; and instead of it, they every where raise up sorrows. Being always found out of their proper place, they of course interfere and jar with others. The disorders which they raise, never fail to spread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confusion and distress; whence they necessarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of discord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without disturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the societies of men in friendship and peace.

§ 62. *The Necessity of attending to our Thoughts.*

In the first place, study to acquire the habit of attention to thought. No study is more important; for in proportion to the degree in which this habit is possessed, such commonly is the degree of intellectual improvement. It is the power of attention which in a great measure distinguishes the wise and the great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather to dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In their unconnected roving; they pursue no end; they follow no tract. Every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their mind; like leaves scattered and blown about on the surface of the waters.

In order to lead your thoughts into any useful direction, your first care must be, to

acquire the power of fixing them, and of restraining their irregular motions. Inure yourselves to form a plan of proper meditation; to pursue it steadily; and with severe authority, to keep the door shut against intrusions of wandering fancy. Let your mind, for this purpose, become a frequent object to itself. Let your thoughts be made the subject of thought and review. —“ To what is my attention at present directed? Could I disclose it without a blush to the world? Were God instantly to call me into judgment, what account could I give of it to him? Shall I be the wiser or the better for dwelling on such thoughts as now fill my mind? Are they entirely consistent with my innocence, and with my present and future peace? If they are not, to what purpose do I indulge such unprofitable or dangerous musings?” — By frequent exercise of this inward scrutiny, we might gradually bring imagination under discipline, and turn the powers of thought to their proper use, as means of improvement, instead of suffering them to be only the instruments of vanity and guilt.

§ 63. *Idleness to be avoided, in order to the Government of Thought.*

In order to the government of thought, it is necessary to guard against idleness. Idleness is the great fomentor of all corruptions in the human heart. In particular, it is the parent of loose imaginations and inordinate desires. The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil. Imagine not that mere occupation, of whatever kind it be, will exempt you from the blame and danger of an idle life. Perhaps the worst species of idleness

is a dissipated, though seemingly busy life, spent in the haunts of loose society, and in the chase of perpetual amusement. Hence a giddy mind, alternately elated and dejected with trifles, occupied with no recollection of the past, but what is fruitless, and with no plans for the future, but what are either frivolous or guilty.

As, therefore, you would govern your thoughts, or indeed, as you would have any thoughts that are worthy of being governed, provide honourable employment for the native activity of your minds. Keep knowledge, virtue, and usefulness, ever in view. Let your life proceed in a train of such pursuits as are worthy of a Christian, of a rational and a social being. While these are regularly carried on as the main business of life, let amusement possess no more than its proper place in the distribution of your time. Take particular care, that your amusements be of an irreproachable kind, and that all your society be either improving or innocent. So shall the stream of your thoughts be made to run in a pure channel. Manly occupations and virtuous principles, will expel the taint which idleness never fails to communicate to the vacant mind.

§ 64. *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 diversion? What numerous artifices do they employ, to

evade the uneasiness which returns of reflexion 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.

§ 65. *Experience to be anticipated by Reflexion.*

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 reflexion, 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. There are the conclusions which the wise and thinking

part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last. By forming them betimes, you would make a seasonable escape from that tempestuous region, through which none can pass without suffering misery, contracting guilt, and undergoing severe remorse.

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

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

issues from a small chink, which once might have been easily stopped; but being neglected, it is soon widened by the stream, till the bank is at last totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain.

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

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

Many, indeed, are averse to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the same footing with a healthy constitution of body. They consider it as a natural felicity which some enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has sometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be consistent with a state of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the gospel is so full, 'that regeneration, or change of nature, is the essential characteristic of a Christian.' It would suppose, that grace might dwell amidst malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by such as are strangers to charity and love.—It will readily

ily be admitted, that some, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good dispositions and habits. But this affords no justification to those who neglect to oppose the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a soil altogether unfusceptible of culture! or that the worst temper may not, through the assistance of grace, be reformed by attention and discipline. Settled depravity of temper, is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nourish that malignity of disposition to which we are inclined, all the consequences will be placed to our account, and every excuse, from natural constitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven.

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

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

lost; and frequently it is their lot to perish.

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

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress, wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears such a disposition, when contracted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itself up in its own narrow interests, looks with an evil eye on the success of others, and with an unnatural satisfaction feeds on their disappointments or miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart!



§ 69. *Numerous Occasions offer for the Exercise of a benevolent Temper.*

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

Particularly in the course of that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There, the real character

displays itself. The forms of the world disguise men when abroad: but within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.—In all our intercourse, then, with others, particularly in that which is closest and most intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion seeks to form us. This was the temper of Christ. This is the temper of Heaven.

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

A contented temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretful and discontented temper, renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men, provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with disease and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part, the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are disposed to grant you. Viewing yourselves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a just light, you will rather be surprised at your enjoying so many good things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue,

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is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed. Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterises folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The cheerfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience, and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

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

To a variety of good purposes it is subservient, and on many occasions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from sloth, invigorates activity, and stimulates our efforts to excel. It has given rise to most of the splendid, and to many of the useful enterprizes of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Maganimity, generosity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, such as were actuated by the desire of extensive fame, have been prompted to deeds which either participated

of the spirit, or at least carried the appearance, of distinguished virtue. The desire of praise is generally connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counsel, and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely destitute of this passion, betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impression is easily made. Where there is no desire of praise, there will be also no sense of reproach; and if that be extinguished, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious pursuits. He whose countenance never glowed with shame, and whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not destined for any honourable distinction; is likely to grovel in the sordid quest of gain; or to slumber life away in the indolence of selfish pleasures.

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

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

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

- § 73. *That Discipline which teaches to moderate the Eagerness of worldly Passions,*

*and to fortify the Mind with the Principles of Virtue, is more conducive to true Happiness, than the Possession of all the Goods of Fortune.*

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity, than all the provision which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, 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 obtain, but that upright and honourable discharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the divine assistance, is always within our power. Let our happiness be sought where our proper praise is found ; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature ; not that, which is either the appointment of Providence, or which arises from the evil of others.

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

Consider it in the light of consolation ; as bringing aid and relief to us, amidst the distresses of life. Here religion incontestably triumphs ; and its happy effects in this respect, furnish a strong argument to every benevolent mind, for wishing them to be farther

ther diffused throughout the world. For, without the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumstances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and the issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness; where he is unable to discover, with any certainty, whence he sprung, or for what purpose he was brought into this state of existence; whether he be subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what construction he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation to a serious, enquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, its sensibility is likely to be the more oppressed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to banish all uneasy thought, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement; life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble; he sees himself beset with various dangers; and is exposed to many a melancholy apprehension, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the Christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human estate. He who was before a destitute orphan, wandering in the inhospitable desert, has now gained a shelter from the bitter

and inclement blast. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust; where to unboform his sorrows: and from what hand to look for relief.

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

Upon the approach of death especially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in order to bring

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

*Blair.*

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

Mankind certainly have a sense of right and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience shews, that the allurements of present pleasure, and the impetuosity of passion, are sufficient to prevent men from acting agreeable to this moral sense, unless it be supported by religion, the influence of which upon the imagination and passions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We shall readily acknowledge that many of the greatest enemies of religion have been distinguished for their honour, probity, and good-nature. But it is to be considered, that many virtues as well as vices, are constitutional. A cool and equal temper, a dull

imagination, and unfeeling heart, ensure the possession of many virtues, or rather are a security against many vices. They may produce temperance, chastity, honesty, prudence, and a harmless, inoffensive behaviour. Whereas keen passions, a warm imagination, and great sensibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition: attended, however, with the seeds of all the social and most heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its constitutional vices, by rendering those possessed of it, peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. They often appear indeed to be the greatest enemies to religion, but that is intirely 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 equally unsusceptible of its terrors or its pleasures.

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

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

§ 77. *Religion*

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

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

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

Feebleness of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not only upon such as have a sense of religion, but upon all who possess warm, open, cheerful tempers, and hearts peculiarly disposed to love and friendship. But the reproach is ill founded. Strength of mind does not consist in a peevish temper, in a hard inflexible heart, and in bidding defiance to God Almighty. It consists in an active, resolute spirit; in a spirit that enables a man to act his part in the world with propriety; and to bear the misfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity. This is a strength of mind, which neither atheism nor universal scepticism will

ever be able to inspire. On the contrary, their tendency will be found to chill all the powers of imagination; to depress spirit as well as genius, to sour the temper and contract the heart. The highest religious spirit, and veneration for Providence, breathes in the writings of the ancient stoics; a sect distinguished for producing the most active, intrepid, virtuous men, that ever did honour to human nature.

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

The general opinion of mankind, that there is a strong connection between a religious disposition and a feeling heart, appears from the universal dislike which all men have to infidelity in the fair sex. We not only look on it as removing the principal security we have

have for their virtue, but as the strongest proof of their want of that softness and delicate sensibility of heart, which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually secures their empire over us, than any quality they can possess.

There are, indeed, some men who can persuade themselves, that there is no supreme intelligence who directs the course of nature; who can see those they have been connected with by the strongest bonds of nature and friendship, gradually disappearing; who are persuaded, that this separation is final and eternal; and who expect, that they themselves shall soon sink down after them into nothing; and yet such men appear easy and contented. But to a sensible heart, and particularly to a heart softened by past endearments of love or friendship, such opinions are attended with gloom inexpressible; they strike a damp into all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and cut off those prospects which alone can comfort the soul under certain distresses, where all other aid is feeble and ineffectual.

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

### § 79. *Comforts of Religion.*

There are many who have past the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stript of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connections. What re-

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

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

der 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.

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

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

The very differing in opinion, upon any interesting subject, from all around us, gives a disagreeable sensation. This must be greatly increased in the present case, as the feeling which attends infidelity or scepticism in religion, is certainly a comfortless one, where there is the least degree of sensibility. —Sympathy is much more sought after by an unhappy mind, than by one cheerful and at ease. We require a support in the one case, which in the other is not necessary. A person, therefore, void of religion, feels himself as it were alone in the midst of society; and though, for prudential reasons, he chooses, on some occasions, to disguise his sentiments, and join in some form of religious

worship, yet this, to a candid and ingenuous mind, must always be very painful; nor does it abate the disagreeable feeling which a social spirit has in finding itself alone, and without any friend to soothe and participate its uneasiness. This seems to have a considerable share in that anxiety which Free-Thinkers generally discover to make proselytes to their opinions; an anxiety much greater than what is shewn by those whose minds are at ease in the enjoyment of happier prospects.

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

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

Suppose a person to lose an only child, the sole comfort and happiness of his life: When the first overflowings of nature are

\* Pope.



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

### § 82. *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 inquiries 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 oeconomy of the Deity. The objects are here, in a great measure, beyond the reach of our conception; and induction, from experience, on which all our other reasonings are founded, cannot be applied to a subject altogether dissimilar to any thing we are acquainted with.—Many of the fundamental articles of religion are such, that the mind may have the fullest conviction of their truth, but they must be viewed at a distance, and are rather the objects of silent and religious veneration, than of metaphysical disquisition. If the mind attempts to bring them to a nearer view, it is confounded with their strangeness and immensity.

When we pursue our enquiries into any part of nature beyond certain bounds, we find ourselves involved in perplexity and darkness. But there is this remarkable difference between these and religious enquiries: In the investigation of nature, we can always make a progress in knowledge, and approximate to the truth by the proper exertion of genius and observation; but our enquiries into religious subjects, are confined within very narrow bounds; nor can any force of reason or application lead the mind one step beyond that impenetrable gulf, which separates the visible and invisible world.

Though the articles of religious belief, which fall within the comprehension of mankind, and seem essential to their happiness, are few and simple, yet ingenious men have contrived to erect them into most tremendous systems of metaphysical subtlety, which will long

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

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

spirit, whose chief foundation and characteristic is genuine and profound humility, is not to be looked for among such persons.

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

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

Yet the effects of religious controversy have sometimes

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 assert the cause of liberty, in an age when the Christian world was enervated by luxury or superstition; and to such men we owe that freedom and happy constitution which we at present enjoy.—But these advantages of religious enthusiasm have been but accidental.

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

### § 23. *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 a 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 degree of perfection of both these arts, ought to be estimated by no other standard, than their success in the cure of the diseases to which they are severally applied. In medicine the facts on which the art depends, are so numerous and complicated, so misrepresented by fraud, credulity, or a heated imagination, that there has hardly ever been found a truly philosophical genius who has attempted the practical part of it. There are, indeed, many obstacles of different kinds, which concur to render any improvement in the practice of physic, a matter of the utmost difficulty, at least while the profession rests on its present

narrow foundation. Almost all physicians who have been men of ingenuity, have amused themselves in forming theories, which gave exercise to their invention, and at the same time contributed to their reputation. Instead of being at the trouble of making observations themselves, they culled out of the promiscuous multitude, already made, such as best suited their purpose, and dressed them up in the way their system required. In consequence of this, the history of medicine does not so much exhibit the history of a progressive art, as a history of opinions which prevailed perhaps for twenty or thirty years, and then sunk into contempt and oblivion. The case has been nearly similar in practical divinity: but this is attended with much greater difficulties than the practical part of medicine; in this last, nothing is required but assiduous and accurate observation, and a good understanding to direct the proper application of such observation.

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

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

plication of it to practice, depends, in a considerable degree, on powers, which no extent of understanding can confer.

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

well-regulated imagination is essentially requisite.

### § 85. *On Public Preaching.*

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

It is usually thought that a preacher, who feels what he is saying himself, will naturally speak with that tone of voice and expression in his countenance, that best suits the subject, and which cannot fail to move his audience; thus it is said, a person under the influence of fear, anger, or sorrow, looks and speaks in the manner naturally expressive of these emotions. This is true in some measure; but it can never be supposed, that any preacher will be able to enter into his subject with such real warmth upon every occasion. Besides, every prudent man will be afraid to abandon himself so entirely to any impression, as he must do to produce this effect. Most men, when strongly affected by any passion or emo-

tion, 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 warmed and animated with his subject, may nevertheless make a very ridiculous and contemptible figure. It is the business of art, to shew nature in her most amiable and graceful forms, and not with those peculiarities in which she appears in particular instances; and it is this difficulty of properly representing nature, that renders the eloquence and action, both of the pulpit and the stage, acquisitions of such difficult attainment.

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

well-regulated ceremonies. In fact, it will be found, that those sects who at their commencement have been most distinguished for a religious enthusiasm that despised all forms, and the genius of whose tenets could not admit the use of any, have either been of short duration, or ended in infidelity.

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

#### § 86. *Religion considered as exciting Devotion.*

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

great dependence on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and music, which 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, struck with the immensity of his being, and with a sense of its own littleness and unworthiness, admires with that distant awe and veneration that almost excludes love. But viewed by a devout imagination, he may become an object of the warmest affection, and even passion.—The philosopher contemplates the Deity in all those marks of wisdom and benignity diffused through the various works of nature. The devout man confines his views rather to his own particular connection with the Deity, the many instances of his goodness he himself has experienced, and the many greater he still hopes for. This establishes a kind of intercourse, which often interests the heart and passions in the deepest manner.

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

devotional writings, executed with judgment and taste, are not only highly useful, but to all, who have a true sense of religion, peculiarly engaging.

### § 87. *Advantages of Devotion.*

The devotional spirit united to good sense and a cheerful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming 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 sooth this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a cheerfulness over the darkest hours of human life. —Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shews great narrowness of understanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some

years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects for which at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to cheer the soul when all others shall have lost their influence. —The greatest inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking such a fast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to deplete 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.*

### § 88. *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

that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good breeding, but the certain effect to corrupt every virtue, to sooth every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

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

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

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

to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

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

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

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

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



the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his neighbour.

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

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

### § 89. On religious Principles and Behaviour.

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

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

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

I wish you to go no farther than the scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex

yourself about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

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

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

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

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

§ 90. On

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

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

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

*Horne.*

§ 91. *The Temple of virtuous Love.*

The structure on the right hand, was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to Virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle-doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies : he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amar-

ranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe, how the several couples that entered, were disposed of; which was after the following manner: There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air; the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity, who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left, carried a little lap-dog, that

barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawney Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

### § 92. *The Temple of Lust.*

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called the Temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half 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 stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me, I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords: in short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant: there

there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it : all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it : the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infebled with old age : the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and several lost their limbs, before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. — The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

Tatler.

### § 93. *The Temple of Virtue.*

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

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

### § 94. *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 goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was

to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths, which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of virtue, then 'crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom, by the inscription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

### § 95. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully

every thing that passed in the region of avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days, with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that tho' it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river, was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the Deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots and py-

ramids

ramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold : on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony ; the first was his collector, and the other his cashier. There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them : some of these I enquired into : at the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery.— At the next table was the office of Extortion : behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money : he gave out little purses to several, who, after a short-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 skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth : it would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple : there were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money ; nay, many of them, actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them

grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand, all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them ; and with the other hand, throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly felt a trembling ; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in, was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind : every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrensy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom. “ Oh ! Poverty ! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou 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 appearest to me at present. Let

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not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of Thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with Thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence." *Tailor.*

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

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

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

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

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

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by some, That this gentleness on which we now insist, regards only those smaller offices of life, which, in their eyes, are not essential to religion and goodness. Negligent, they confess, on slight occasions, of the government of their temper, or the regulation of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready, whenever the opportunity presents, to perform important services to their fellow-creatures. But let such persons reflect, that the occasions of performing those important good deeds, very rarely occur. Perhaps their situation in life, or the nature of their connections, may, in a great measure, exclude them from such opportunities. Great events give scope for great virtues; but the main tenour of human life,

is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or useful, it must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: Not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the sense; but, like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

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

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

#### § 98. *Gentleness recommended on Considerations of our own Interest.*

But if the senses of duty, and of common happiness, be insufficient to recommend the virtue of gentleness, then let me desire you, to consider your own interest. Whatever ends a good man can be supposed to pursue, gentleness will be found to favour them; it prepossesses and wins every heart; it persuades, when every other argument fails; it 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



injury committed in the collision of interests, will long and severely resent the slights of a contemptuous behaviour.—To the man of gentleness, the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind we admire at a distance, and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love: they are like some of the distant stars, whose beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the influence of gentleness, all in some degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character, rises in the world without struggle, and flourishes without envy. His misfortunes are universally lamented; and his failings are easily forgiven.

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

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

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

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

Let me advise you to view your character with an impartial eye; and to learn, from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-estimation, we forget what we are, we claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality

equality and mutual offences be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least consider what we are in the sight of God. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly entreat from heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to shew it to our own brethren?

§ 101. *Violence and Contention often caused by Trifles and imaginary Mischief.*

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

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

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

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

Aided by such considerations, let us cultivate that gentle wisdom which is, in so many respects, important both to our duty and our happiness.

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 slimy 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.

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

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

§ 105. *The Balance of Happiness equal.*

An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither too 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!

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

From this train of observation, can one avoid reflecting upon the disorder in which human

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

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

But can we believe, that the nature of man came forth in this state from the hands of its gracious Creator? Did he frame this world, and store it with inhabitants, solely that it might be replenished with crimes and misfortunes?—In the moral, as well as in the natural world, we may plainly discern the signs of some violent confusion, which has shattered the original workmanship of the Almighty. Amidst this wreck of human nature, traces still remain which indicate its author. Those high powers of conscience

and reason, that capacity for happiness, that ardour of enterprize, that glow of affection, which often break through the gloom of human vanity and guilt, are like the scattered columns, the broken arches, and defaced sculptures of some fallen temple, whose ancient splendour appears amidst its ruins. So conspicuous in human nature are those characters, both of a high origin and of a degraded state, that, by many religious sects throughout the earth, they have been seen and confessed. A tradition seems to have pervaded almost all nations, that the human race had either, through some offence, forfeited, or through some misfortune, lost, that station of 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 disease, they sought in vain for the remedy; the same divine revelation, which has informed us in what manner our apostacy arose, from the abuse of our rational powers, has instructed us also how we may be restored to virtue and to happiness.

Let us, therefore, study to improve the assistance which this revelation affords, for the restoration of our nature and the recovery of our felicity. With humble and grateful minds, let us apply to those medicinal springs which it hath opened, for curing the disorders of our heart and passions. In this view, let us, with reverence, look up to that Divine Personage, who descended into this world, on purpose to be the light and the life of men: who came, in the fulness of grace and truth, to repair the desolations of many generations, to restore order among the works of God, and to raise up a new earth, and new heavens, wherein righteousness should dwell for ever.

Under his tuition let us put ourselves; and amidst the storms of passion to which we are here exposed, and the slippery paths which we are left to tread, never trust presumptuously to our own understanding. Thankful that a heavenly conductor vouchsafes his aid, let us earnestly pray, that from him may descend divine light to guide our steps, and divine strength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all intemperate passions, and mistaken pursuits of pleasure; that whether it shall be his will, to give or to deny us earthly prosperity, he may bless us with a calm, a sound, and well-regulated mind; may give us moderation in success, and fortitude under disappointment; and may enable us so to take warning from the crimes and miseries of others, as to escape the snares of guilt.

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

While we thus maintain a due dependence on God, let us also exert ourselves with care, in acting our own part. From the whole of what has been said, this important instruction arises, that the happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together. We have seen, that inordinate passions are the great disturbers of life; and that, unless we possess a good conscience, and a well-governed mind, discontent will blast every enjoyment, and the highest prosperity will prove only disguised misery. Fix then this conclusion in your minds, that the destruction of your virtue, is the destruction of your peace. Keep thy heart with all dili-

gence; govern it with the greatest care; for out of it are the issues of life. In no station, in no period, think yourselves secure from the dangers which spring from your passions. Every age, and every station, they beset; from youth to grey hairs, and from the peasant to the prince.

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

At your first setting out in life especially, when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty; beware of the seducing appearances which surround you, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If you allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute 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 season of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succeed the more sober, but no less dangerous, attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with 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 is, that there shall

come

come an evil day, when the anguish of dis-  
 appointment shall drive us to acknowledge,  
 that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.  
*Blair.*

§ 110. *The Effects which the Behaviour of  
 young Persons may produce in many re-  
 spects.*

You constitute a large, an essential, and  
 a capital branch of the human species. You  
 are, or you expect to be, united with society  
 by a thousand strong, and a thousand tender  
 ties. The bosoms of your parents, kind-  
 red, and friends, are at this moment throb-  
 bing with anxiety on your account. In  
 your lot is involved the lot of multitudes.  
 You have the power of communicating bless-  
 ings or woes innumerable, inexpressible,  
 inconceivable. The effects which your be-  
 haviour in particular will produce on the  
 conduct, dispositions, reputation, and peace  
 or wretchedness of the other sex, are not to  
 be told. To you your country turns her im-  
 patient eye, eager to find in your persons;  
 her hope, her protection, and her boast;  
 well knowing that she must rise or sink as  
 you shall support and adorn, or disgrace  
 and betray her.—While I thus speak, I fan-  
 cy that I see you shooting up into fathers,  
 masters, men of business, teachers, tutors,  
 guardians of youth, physicians, lawyers,  
 divines, magistrates, judges, legislators, or,  
 to say the whole at once, into useful mem-  
 bers of a mighty state, through all its variety  
 of departments, which you may in the pro-  
 gress of life be called to fill. When your  
 predecessors retire from the scene, are unfit-  
 ted for action, or numbered with the dead,  
 it is you who must supply their places, and  
 carry on the system of human affairs. With  
 respect to many, there is reason to suppose,

that the greater part of your days is yet be-  
 fore you. But who can say how much its  
 pleasures, or its pains, may be increased or  
 diminished by your present deportment?  
 When the eventful story is ended with your  
 lives, it will be resumed in your posterity.  
 Your influence will reach to succeeding ages.  
 Nameless generations will, in no small de-  
 gree, receive their turn and character, conse-  
 quently their happiness or misery, from the  
 conduct which you shall pursue, and from  
 the principles which you shall propagate. If  
 your memories should be handed down to fu-  
 ture times, you will be blessed as the bene-  
 factors, or execrated as the pests of huma-  
 nity: and, to finish the account, when the  
 world shall hear of your conduct and prin-  
 ciples no longer, when the world itself shall  
 be no more, their final result in relation to  
 yourselves, and millions of your fellow-  
 creatures, will be nothing less than ever-  
 lasting destruction, or life eternal.

§ 111. *The Dangers to which Youth is exposed.*

Meanwhile it is pleasing to observe in ge-  
 neral, that many of the qualities just named,  
 furnish very valuable seeds of intellectual,  
 moral, and religious improvement; as, on  
 the other hand, the friends of society can-  
 not but be alarmed at the danger arising to  
 its highest concerns from the rest: a danger  
 infinitely increased by the endless, and formi-  
 dable snares that beset you on every side,  
 from bad companions, bad books, bad fa-  
 shions, false ridicule, or continual flattery;  
 often from the blandishments of worthless,  
 but artful women; often from the worst ex-  
 amples in the nearest relations; often from  
 rank and affluence; and, alas! how often  
 from an education deplorably neglected, or  
 grossly mistaken! Where indeed is the won-  
 der,

der, if all these, meeting with the warmth and vivacity, the confidence and inexperience, the want of suspicion, and, therefore, the want of guard—shall I add, the unthinking rashness, and the ungrounded conceit too common to youth, should render your situation exceedingly critical and hazardous?

Your situation will recur to our remembrance so frequently, that I shall only touch upon it now, as it is affected by the character and circumstances of the times. From the snares just specified, we must not flatter ourselves, that youth could be wholly secure in any period consistent with an advanced state of society. But who does not see, that in an age so deeply and so widely corrupted as the present, those temptations are strengthened and multiplied to an extraordinary pitch? Who does not see, that they operate every where, at this day, with a power more and more alarming, but chiefly in rich and populous cities, and most of all in the metropolis, which, like other capitals of great nations, when arrived at a certain point of refinement, loses in principles and morals, as it gains in extent and splendor, and is becoming every day a wider theatre of luxury, profaneness, and profligacy?

Contemplate for a moment, the enormous growth of public diversions, the peculiar dangerous tendency of some of them, the prodigious influx of wealth which not long since took place for a course of years; the spirit of dissipation, idleness, debauchery, extravagance, which these have engendered and propagated; with their inseparable attendants, a disregard for the ordinances and principles of religion, for the authority of laws, and even for the restraints of decorum; a quick decay of patriot zeal, a rapid progress of venal dependance, and a want of

vigour and diligence, or of capacity and skill, in applying the means of reformation, among our magistrates, our clergy, and our teachers in different ways; or, to sum up the account at large, a general and hitherto unexampled relaxation of maxims and manners among all conditions of men. Such is the state of things in which you are destined to live. Who, that has the smallest degree of feeling or reflection, can behold you placed on so dreadful a precipice, and not tremble for your safety?

In this situation what is to be done? Indolence would answer, Nothing at all, or nothing effectual. Spleen would suggest, that the world is not worth the mending. Superstition would, with doleful accent, doom all but a handful to inevitable destruction; and Bigotry would assert, with a fierce air and peremptory tone, that it is impossible for any to be saved, without an implicit faith in one favourite system, to the utter exclusion of all others. But your good qualities, and a joyful assiance in the Almighty Former of the human heart, encourage us to hold a different language; and to hope, that notwithstanding whatever diversity of opinions in points of inferior moment, notwithstanding a thousand powerful temptations which you are under, of “following a multitude to do evil,” notwithstanding innumerable specious, but wrong elections which you daily witness, you may yet be induced to “choose the good part,” and to pursue without delay, the only path of security and glory.

§ 112. *A general address to young Readers, bespeaking their candid Attention.*

If the sentiments of probity and excellence, which Heaven has impressed on the tender mind, deserve to be respected; if it becomes

becomes you to cherish your worthiest and finest feelings; if the palm of honour, fairly won, can please the youthful breast; if the praise of virtue can awaken your ambition; if honest love can gratify your wishes, or your bosoms can glow with the fervour of friendship; if the manly and magnanimous part should still be preferred to the mean and the effeminate; if humility be both decent and wise; if piety be the highest obligation of man, his greatest improvement, and his strongest security; if there be any beauty in sensibility, any sweetness in candour, any nobleness in liberality, any genuine attraction in unproved delight, or any hollow-ness and deformity in criminal indulgence; if there be aught engaging in amiable conversation, in a courteous behaviour, in the spirits and accomplishments of a gentleman, if knowledge be pleasant to the soul, and the love of liberty be more than a name; to these considerations, and whatever is most inspiring in the faith of religion, or glorious in the hope of immortality, I would bespeak your candid attention. Upon such subjects, and others connected with them, I mean to address you in the best manner I am able, and from the best motives. May the Supreme of beings bless the attempt, and grant me the felicity of contributing to yours!

§ 113. *On attending to Honour and Conscience.*

There is not perhaps any term more familiar in the mouths of youth, especially amongst those of better condition, than Honour. But have they well considered its meaning? Do they carefully discriminate between that honour which refers to public opinions, and that which results from self-

esteem? Say, do you never forget, that the first is suspended on prepossessions and fancies more variable than the winds, more restless than the waves; and that the last, when rightly understood, is built on truths and conclusions immutable as God himself, and unshaken as his throne? In the latter, which is the proper signification of the word, Honour includes Virtue, and bestows its sanction upon that only. In the former, which is the common acceptance of this term, it does not necessarily include Virtue, and its suffrage is frequently given to Vice. But can you be at any loss which to prefer? Can you doubt for an instant, whether you shall depend on your own approbation, or the applause of others: whether you shall be enslaved to the prejudices and caprices of the multitude, often changing and ever uncertain, or appear respectable to yourselves by a behaviour which something within you will always pronounce worthy, excellent, noble?

I said, Something within you. For, pray observe, we would not now send you back to academies and colleges, for a system of morality founded on deep speculation, wrought out by slow deduction, or shored up by laborious argument. A system more obvious and simple, perhaps too not less satisfactory and persuasive, you will find nearer home. God has established in your breast, a school of far superior authority to any merely human; committing you to the care of Conscience, his awful representative. If you will listen with docility to this divine teacher, you shall seldom err in any fundamental point of virtuous practice.



§ 114. *The Remonstrances of Conscience, but little regarded amidst the Allurements of Vice, and worthless Companions.*

It is often pleasant to mark the first appearances of moral sentiment in the minds of boys. Some of them, it must be owned, betray very early a crookedness of disposition that seems to be interwoven with their frame, and that is seldom afterwards set right by whatever skill or care. It affords, indeed, but little if any handle for the instruments of culture. Such unhappy creatures are the worse for praise, when they chance to merit it; and not the better for reproof, however severe, or however tender. They feel, perhaps, now and then, some touches of shame; but these are imbittered by vexation, instead of being tempered with ingenuity. Their blushes are the red-denings partly of consciousness, and partly of resentment: their original obliquity remains. We heartily sympathise with their parents and friends: but we, I fear, can do nothing for their reformation. We must leave them to the rough discipline of adversity, and to the mysterious operation of that Omnipotent Hand which can "create them anew in Christ Jesus unto good works;" of that hand which, in the emphatical language of our Saviour, "can out of the very stones raise up children unto Abraham."—Let us turn to more hopeful characters.

Let us suppose an ingenuous youth, like many whom we have seen, endowed with a lively sense of commendation and blame, with a strong abhorrence of cruelty and injustice, with a contempt of every thing base and mean, with a promptness to protect the weak, to patronise the injured, to pity distress, to fly to its relief, to melt at

a tale of generosity, to impart to associates, to raise up a fallen antagonist, to be reconciled to a yielding adversary, to behave after victory with mildness and modesty. When we observe such dispositions in a boy, our hearts burn within us, our thoughts dart forward into future years, and we are ready to cry out, with a kind of prophetic rapture, "He will one day make an excellent man!" Ah! that the prophecy were always fulfilled! Shall I say, how often it fails? Let us consider, in what manner the fatal reverse most usually happens.

Figure to yourselves a very common case, that of such a youth as we have now described, sallying from school into life, without a watchful father to guard, or a wise friend to admonish him, or yet any fixed principle in relation to the duty, and the glory, of preserving his innocence. He falls into loose company.—Where do they not abound?—Intending no evil, he suspects none. Amusement is his object: but that is generally dressed out with so many alluring circumstances, that his passions, now ardent, are instantly on fire. Appetite, vivacity, sollicitation, example, hurry him into scenes of disorder. He ventures forward with trembling steps: he yet reveres the vicegerent of God within him: he yet stands in awe of his own heart: his mind, hitherto undebauched, startles at the sight of Vice: his feelings of honour shrink back from her approach, like the sensitive plant from the hand that touches it. He blushes at the thought of deviating from Virtue: he still loves that heavenly form; but then he hears her worthless rival preferred and extolled. The hollow enchantress smiles, and courts, and addresses him with apparent fondness. "Beguiled by her much fair speech," he is tempted

tempted to yield: yet reflection interposes. The principles of his creation are not easily subdued. He resolves to be wise; but his companions rally his simplicity, call him a coward, and laugh him from his purpose. He plays the fool: he quickly returns to his senses, repents, is abashed: conscience stares him in the face, and thunders in his ear, "You have lost your innocence: O amiable "Innocence! that was wont to exhilarate "this now unhappy boy, thou art fled for "ever to cheer and delight him no more."

Yet he forms a thousand purposes to be sober: he maintains them for a time: he takes comfort from this seeming amendment: he begins to be reconciled to himself: he endeavours to forget the past: the future is to be regulated by prudence and propriety: he rises in his own esteem. "Whatsoever things are pure, and venerable, and of good report, he thinks on these things." In short, he is resolved, when he shall next meet the persons who led him astray, by no means to comply with them; that is, not beyond the bounds of temperance and wisdom. He meets them: the social spirit kindles; conversation takes its former turn, a turn most dangerously contaminating; youthful imagination glows; jollity and wine add fuel; his passions are again on fire; his resolutions melt away.—How rapid and irresistible the transition from thence to new folly!

The modesty of nature thus overleaped, and her reluctance baffled, what is there now left to check our young adventurer? His desires, inflamed by indulgence, refuse the rein, and rush on, "as the horse rusheth into the battle." Even when satiety and weariness would join with reason and conviction, to obstruct their progress; fancy

and fashion, luxury and dissipation, spur them along. The misgivings of guilt grow weaker; the remonstrances of conscience are little heard, and less regarded; or, if at a graver hour, in some situations unavoidable, these should prove more importunate and pungent than ordinary, the wretched youth takes refuge in louder folly and deeper riot.

But remark, I beseech you, what happens in the mean while: he is shocked at finding such disappointments in his pleasures, and such disgusts from his associates, as he never apprehended: the first very seldom answer his expectations; and of the last, some deceive, and some devour him: he discovers ingratitude in many, insincerity in more, and selfishness in most: he is confounded with the treachery in one, and provoked by the impudence of another. What is the consequence of all? His spirits are depressed, his mind is chagrined, and his temper unwhipped: the natural sweetness of his better days is dried up. Displeased with others, displeased with himself, he becomes peevish and splenetic: the benignity of virtue, and with it the charm of life, are vanished. The conscientious dignity, the delicious sentiments, which formerly transported him, being now, by the force of ignoble passions, extinguished, he sinks into real littleness, his soul shrivels into narrow affections and illiberal views: he loves no one's interest thoroughly but his own, and is therefore transported no longer: "his frozen heart," as one has expressed it, "palpitates with tenderness no more." He is alive only to the feeling of his meanness and misery, mingled with flurries of transient gratification, with gleams of social gladness, and now and then a few flights of airy exultation. I said, of airy exultation, and will endeavour to explain myself.

Having forfeited the nobility of his nature, and yet retaining a remembrance of it, his debasement appears to him, as often as the reflection recurs, so deeply humiliating, that he is compelled to look round for some method of self-support, some kind of compensation to his pride, for a loss which he can never cease to regret. Fain, indeed, would he believe that Virtue is little more than a name; that his former ideas of her were chiefly, if not altogether, the dictates of education, or the illusions of ignorance. He is often told so by his vicious companions, by those particularly whose hearts are more callous than his own. Still however, suspicions will arise; a degradation, and a discontent will be felt. A frown from the Divinity in his breast, a single look of disapprobation from that dreaded Power, will get the better of all those unnatural efforts, and cover him with confusion in his calmer moments. What shall he then do? Whither shall he fly then, for a shelter from reproach, from reason, from himself?

The system of Modern Honour is at hand, to receive, to re-assure, and soothe him; that boasted contrivance of desperate libertines, that notable system which, by boldly assuming the title of Virtue, frequently wearing her semblance, and freely passing for her amongst the generality of the fashionable, the great, and the gay, will enable him, in some measure, to elude the terrors of the inward judge; whilst it gives him a pretended licence to commit almost every crime, and yet to plume himself on the reputation of a Gentleman! Let him only abstain from theft, pay his debts at the gaming-table, fulfil such contracts as the law would enforce should he attempt to break them, and send a challenge to any man who

happens, however undesignedly, to affront him; he may then talk as usual, of sentiment and integrity of spirit and principle; he may swear upon his honour, and be all the while a dissembler, a cheat, an adulterer, a villain; yes, a villain, if coolly to violate the dearest and most sacred rights of society, can deserve the name.—Honour, Conscience, Principle, Spirit, Integrity, Sentiment! How dare you, Sir, take words like these in your polluted lips? Shameful abuse of language: abominable imposition upon the human mind! Intolerable insult to every sincere lover of goodness, to every person of true sensibility!

Shall we contrast with the picture now drawn, that of a young man entering the world, not only with a well-turned mind; but with resolutions alike earnest and deliberate, alike rational and devout; never to profane the sanctity of virtue; never to sacrifice to low passions, the awful honours of humanity; stedfastly to reverence, and faithfully to obey that first law, the Law of Conscience; to maintain inviolate the unaffected delicacies of native probity, or, in other words, the heart-taught and heart-felt convictions of truth and rectitude? Or shall we proceed to prove, that such resolutions seriously revolved, frequently renewed, and firmly adhered to through the rest of life, will, with the grace of Heaven, be a powerful preservative of innocence; and that he who acts accordingly, will find the practice delightful, beyond all that is commonly esteemed most delightful amongst men?—These pleasing considerations must be postponed to a future opportunity; till when, I commit you to the divine influence and your own reflections.

§ 115. *Of the various Systems, and the Conduct to be pursued in relation to them.*

A youth, entering the world, may be compared to an unpractised traveller, passing through a country, where he meets with a number of cross roads not properly marked, which of course leaves him uncertain about the right one, and if he is not much on his guard, lead him away from it. Alas! in how many different directions may the young, the unexperienced, and the heedless, be trained on to destruction! In just as many as there are irregular inclinations to prompt worthless companions to entice, and dangerous follies to ensnare them. To these we may add, the strange diversities of system, "and oppositions of science, falsely so called," that divide and perplex mankind, in relation to the conduct which they should pursue. Let me explain myself on this last point.

The opinions of the greater part, respecting the track they are to follow, may be chiefly ranked in two classes. On the one hand you find little else but ceremony without substance, speculation without practice, faith without works; a high-flown orthodoxy, which, if it does not avowedly supersede the necessity of sound morals, takes however all occasions to undervalue them; and, in fine, a fiery zeal, which burns up every sentiment of moderation and charity. On the other hand, you hear of honesty without piety, good-nature without real principle, modern honour in place of ancient virtue; or, at most, certain decencies of demeanour, that leave men at liberty to indulge the most criminal dispositions, provided only that appearances are preserved.

If you listen to the advocates for these se-

veral schemes, they would every one persuade you that they, and they only, are in the right; that such as differ, from them are equally mistaken and miserable; in a word, that, by espousing their party in preference to all the rest, you can alone insure felicity. This they maintain with as much positiveness and vehemence, as if Truth and They were born and had grown up together. From the narrowness and partiality which they all betray, it appears, indeed, that they are all erroneous; yet none of them are without a multitude of followers; each system being not only propagated with a confidence that imposes, but also adapted to soothe and screen the sinful propensities of men, while each seems to provide some kind of compensation; a circumstance which ought of itself singly to render both suspected, for this obvious reason, that the complying with one obligation can never be a just excuse for not complying with another. But what shall we say? Youth is a stranger to suspicion. "Pausing pale Distrust," as the poet has beautifully described it, "the assistant of that slow mistress, Experience," is only to be found in the school of the world. Fond confiding youth, yet unacquainted with the perfidy and futility daily practised there, is forward to believe whatever is boldly asserted, especially if it leave a latitude, much more if it give encouragement, to the favourite desires of nature.

But now suppose a young person hitherto uncorrupted, modest, simple, possessed of the amiable dispositions which our divine Master so much admired and applauded in children; imagine him to hear those opposite schemes proposed and pressed with the usual eagerness: How shall he proceed? What course shall he steer in this wide uncertain

ocean of contending opinions? There is but one safe course; it is pointed out by the Hand that made him, and that sent him forth on the voyage of life; he finds it traced upon his heart; his reason recognizes and recommends it as the work of the Creator. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what the Lord thy God requireth of thee; to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Our ingenuous enquirer listens to the voice of the Most High within him, as thus addressing his Conscience: "Behold, I have placed thee in the mind of that youth, as my representative. Fail not to exert thy power, in blessing him with tranquillity and joy, while he continues his allegiance; but should he rebel, give him to know that "it is an evil and a bitter thing," by punishing him with dejection and disquietude. Follow him every where, and make him always sensible, that his peace and welfare depend on the veneration he entertains for God's vicegerent."

What think ye? Will the youth we have supposed, with those awful words resounding in his intellectual ear, hesitate in his choice, or be disposed to doubt, whether he shall obey the Heaven-commissioned Judge, or give himself up to the giddy, noisy, and arrogant rout on either hand, which we mentioned before? Will he not rather rejoice in so significant a declaration of the unerring order, esteem himself happy in conforming to it, and be apt to cry out, with a mixture of serious contempt and holy zeal, Stand off! ye flatterers of youthful folly, ye smiling abettors of vice; and you, ye formal, proud, hypocritical pretenders: Stand off together, ye triflers, and "disputers of this world!" I will not be governed by any of you: I

will "hearken to the voice of the Lord" "God; and him only will I obey: I will call no man master upon earth;" the image of my Maker's authority in this breast I will ever revere: "My Heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."

§ 116. *Temptations to Vice to be guarded against.*

Young men are encompassed with snares: all is enchantment round them. Their fancies, like florid painters, give too much colouring to every object: their passions, like spirited horses not yet broke, disdain the curb. Pleasure invites, and appetite impels them. Opportunity presents itself in endless shapes; and ignorance of the world promises concealment, where concealment is wished; where it is not, the notion of liberty is infinitely grateful to the pride of juvenile spirits. The ardour of enterprize bleeds with the flame of desire: both are fanned by adulation and caresses. In the hurry of impatience, and the heat of pursuit, future consequences are neglected; and if a few friendly advisers should step in, and offer to remonstrate, however discreetly, Fashion, that petulant and over-bearing power, stands forward, urges the authority of rank with the weight of numbers, and laughs to scorn the singularity, unmodish air, and supposed awkwardness of Virtue. A melancholy account of your situation; such, indeed, as would represent it hopeless, were there nothing to counterbalance all this: but, God be praised, there is much to counterbalance it, as you may afterwards hear. I shall at this time only take notice of the resistance which "an honest and good heart," with the aid

of a little reflection, naturally makes to those dangerous assaults.

Is it all enchantment round me? will our well-resolved youth reply: I care not; it is but the magic of the blood: I will not trust it: the least sobriety of thought, or seriousness of occupation, is sufficient to break the spell: something whispers me at this moment, that there is nothing so beautiful, so sweet, as innocence. Would the glare of imagination impose on my understanding? I will guard against it, as an illusion like the former, and produced by nearly the same cause. The senses have lent their too ready assistance: but God has given me a judgment to correct both.—As for those passions, which were formed to submit and serve, shall they usurp the command, and precipitate me whithersoever they will, in spite of reason, in spite of conscience? Dignity and independence disdain the thought.—As to Appetite; were I to follow blindly its headlong impulse, in what should I excel the beasts that perish? It is easy to talk and vaunt of pleasure; but in the opinion of a reasonable being, no gratification that is inconsistent with peace or purity, can deserve so agreeable a name.—Does opportunity allure? Opportunity, when it would seduce me into disorder, and expose me to infamy, is a betrayer under the mask of friendship. But grant I could be concealed from the eye of men; what would it avail me, since I cannot be concealed from my own?—And why should I be tempted to dream of Liberty, in violating the laws of virtue? Do I not perceive, that I am then only free and self-possessed, when I follow cheerfully the dictates of the soul? When I act otherwise, do I not feel myself inflamed and wretched? If I am to attempt something great indeed,

and worthy of ambition, let it be to rise above the vulgar herd, by the power of superior worth.—With regard to Adulation; how empty a thing, when the heart speaks a different language! What were the caresses of thousands, if conscience should chastise, or reason condemn? The effects of guilt are only divided from it by a moment, and the more dreadful often for that short interval.—Then as to Fashion, with her whole gaudy and fantastic train; how frivolous, impotent, and contemptible, when opposed to the single dominion of Truth, rising in her native unadorned majesty! What sorry support could the applause of the former yield me, were I unhappy enough to incur the rebuke of the last?—Be gone? ye gay, glittering, but inconstant and deceitful phantoms of criminal and of vain delight. By whatever specious names you may be called, whatever plausible appearances you may assume; begone! and give place to the sublime and invariable honours of Wisdom, to the solid and unprecious joys of Goodness. Come, and possess this breast, ye fairest offspring of Heaven! To you I devote myself with eternal attachment: of you I can never be ashamed or weary. “My heart shall not reproach me, so long as I live.”

§ 117. *Care to be taken in the Choice of Friends.*

You have no need of high encomiums on friendship, to raise it in your estimation. Youth is the favourite foil of this, as of all the other social affections. In men whom age has cooled, and experience cautioned, who have suffered from the worthlessness of many, and from the selfishness of more, the fund of confidence and sensibility, with which they began the world, is too often ex-

hausted:

hausted; they are little inclined to form new connections; and however they may cherish such as are old, partly through the power of habit, and partly through the remembrance of that smiling season, from whose contemplation, even long after it is past, they now and then catch a reviving ray, yet the enthusiasm with which they then loved, is felt no more, unless, perhaps, by a very few hearts originally cast in a finer mould. Safety and ease are chiefly sought by declining nature: necessity succeeds to choice; and the charm of fervent esteem and fond complacency is chilled and shrivelled by the coldness of worldly policy.

But such, alas! is the mixed condition of humanity, as to admit of no advantage without some abatement. At the same time that the young are qualified to enjoy intensely all that is most exquisite in the sweetest of the bosom, there is infinite danger, lest they be hurried by eagerness, or betrayed by credulity, into extravagant attachments and pernicious intimacies, under the specious semblance of friendship. By expecting more from its gratification than it can give where it is realized, and by seeking that gratification where it cannot be found, endless disappointments are sustained, and fatal mischiefs are incurred. The good, which might be obtained in the line of moderation, is lost in the pursuit of a phantom: chagrin, disgust, and dark suspicion, are generally the result through the rest of life: and numbers, that set out with kind affections and laudable sentiments, finding themselves deceived and undone by unprincipled companions, whom they meant to cultivate as virtuous friends, are prompted to conclude, that friendship and virtue are empty names; a conclusion big with wretchedness, horror, and desperation.

To the prevention of these evils, we would willingly contribute, by warning you to avoid unreasonable hopes, and to stand on your guard against the impostures and the hazards to which your honest ardour, and your little experience, may lay you open, from the false, the frivolous, the licentious, and the low.

It is painful to think, that youth have commonly least discretion when they want it most; I mean, when they are contracting regards, and forming unions, which may probably determine the colour of their whole existence. Happy, indeed, beyond comparison, are those young men, whom the wise conduct of their parents, or other connections, or some peculiar favour of Providence, operating in whatever manner, has early led into safe and honourable associations, not only in the road of study, or of business, but in that which chiefly engages the heart, and gives the most immediate direction to its principal movements.

§ 118. *A Judgment may be formed of Persons by the Company they seek.*

It is a remark no less just than common, that we may judge of persons by the company they affect.—Who knows not the attraction of conformity, and the force of example? We naturally take to those whose opinions, inclinations, and manners, are most like our own, at least in the leading instances of life; and nothing, perhaps, conduces so much to ascertain or to mould a character, as daily intercourse and chosen familiarity. Of him who walks with wise men, we believe that he is wise, or we conclude that he will be so. On the other hand, there cannot be a worse symptom of any one, than his being attached to low and

worthless companions; for, if he is not already low and worthless, he must ere long become such, by continuing to frequent them. How many promising plants of virtue have we seen wither in the air of "evil communication!" Into so unwholesome a climate you may be led by accident, or drawn by curiosity, or carried by business, or betrayed by art practising on ignorance. But lay it down for an infallible rule, that, if you have a proper regard for your best interests, you will not continue there without necessity, after you are aware of your danger; which may for the most part be soon discovered from something or other said, done, or proposed, that is incompatible with principle, or offensive to decency. He, indeed, is a fortunate young man, who escapes from such an atmosphere without infection. What amusement can corrupt associates afford, or what service can they render, which deserves to be weighed against the advantages and pleasures of wisdom? Nor will her followers be unwilling to receive you into their cheerful and benevolent circle, if they perceive you in earnest to join them.

§ 119. *Parents to be consulted previous to the forming any Connexions.*

Your parents having tried the world, must doubtless be better judges of it than you who have not; and they will be disposed, on such occasions, to study your sobriety, your character, your interest; whilst you are prone to think only of your gratification: they consult your happiness for life; you, the entertainment of the hour: they know that present pleasure is often pernicious, and, at best, but a small portion of the felicity for which you were designed: you are too eager in the pursuit which engages you at the in-

stant, to weigh very carefully the consequences, or to extend very far your views of future good: from a warmth and candour that have not yet been damped by cruel treatment, you are too unsuspecting to apprehend danger, falsehood, or malice, where you hear nothing but the language of affection, and see nothing but the face of complacency; when your parents, who know how often these are assumed to deceive, may fear, lest you should be betrayed by your simplicity. They, indeed, may sometimes carry their suspicions too great a length, and often measure both men and things with an over scrupulosity, having often, it is probable, been disappointed by both; but in general, their estimate will be nearer the truth than yours, and you will be safer in following the line of caution which they recommend, than the indiscriminate impulse of your own ardour: you may, it is true, be less delighted for a time; but you will commonly afterwards be delighted more and longer. In short, they enquire into the principles, the manners, the circumstances, and the relations, of those with whom you associate; whilst you consider only appearances and professions, the power of talking and amusing, with the readiness to comply and oblige at all adventures. Give me leave to say, if you have any reflection, you cannot but perceive the extreme difference, in point of soundness and security, between these two modes of judging; and if you have any fairness or openness, you cannot but own it, and condemn, as neither dutiful nor wise, those young persons, whoever they be, that venture to chuse their companions (I will not now call them their friends) against the consent, or without the suffrage, of their parents.



Permit me to add, that next to the insatiation and impiety of opposing or disregarding yours in a matter of this magnitude, were you, indeed, capable of it, would be the folly, meanness, and unworthiness of carrying on, without their knowledge, any intimacy which concerned either your hearts or your fortunes. That correspondence should be avoided, like destruction, which appears in so questionable a shape, as not to be fit for a father's or a mother's eye. If any of you are unhappily engaged in such a correspondence, abandon it, I conjure you, abandon it, without a moment's delay. Such a correspondence has been often fatal. In many instances, it is to be dreaded more, than the most artful stratagem of your most inveterate foe. What do I say? Your worst enemy cannot draw you into guilt, or shame, or unpitied sorrow, without your own concurrence: but here you expose yourself, for aught you know, to all these hazards; with much deliberation, and at the expence of much contrivance on your part: you reduce yourself to a state of conscious littleness, of low anxieties, and painful apprehensions lest discovery should overwhelm you with confusion. But were there no other evil attending your situation, do not you blush at the thought of writing, conversing, acting, living, under a cloak of concealment? Can you enjoy that which you dare not avow? Can you be happy in receiving letters which you must hide, as if they were stolen; or in paying visits, from which you must sink away "as a thief in the night?" Will you honour with the appellation of friend, that person who can consent to all this? The very idea would fill you with indignant scorn, were you not intoxicated and blinded by your passions. But it is wonder-

ful what absurdities people can swallow, and to what humiliations they can submit, for the sake of momentary indulgence. The wisdom of a man, and yet more, the faith of a Christian, would save you from both: they would teach you to sacrifice little interests though present, when incompatible with superior objects, though remote; and always to seek your satisfaction in your duty.

But perhaps you will tell me, that your parents are known to be unkind and unreasonable; that their caprice would deny you the amusements suited to your time of life, and particularly, that their jealousy would preclude you from cultivating any agreeable connection whatsoever.—Are you certain? Do you not mistake them? Have they not been misrepresented? Are none of your companions disposed to inflame your prejudices against them? Have they never been provoked by yourself to a seeming severity, which they would not else have shewn? You must allow me to suspect, when I hear such complaints from a young man, that they are seldom well-founded. This is not the age of rigour. Parents in these days are apt to be but too indulgent. Suppose, however, that yours are the reverse; it still becomes you to comply with them, so long as they require nothing unlawful; nor is it by any means impossible, that by a submissive and affectionate carriage, you may soften them into gentleness, or at least obtain from them favours which you can never hope, and should never wish, by a different behaviour to extort.

*Fordyce.*

§ 120. *On Enthusiasm, and Indifference in Religion.*

It is an old observation, that nothing is so difficult

difficult as to preserve the human affections in the due medium between opposite extremes. This is so remarkably true in our religious sentiments, that whoever examines his own heart will probably be convinced, that in every part of his life, he has been led too far, either towards enthusiasm or indifference.

I remember, that when I was about fifteen years old, I was charmed with many of the doctrines of the Mystics. Disinterested love of God, contempt of ourselves, and indifference towards our own happiness, appeared to me essential to the true spirit of religion; and such refinements on human nature were highly gratifying to my romantic turn of mind. I fancied myself exalted by these ideas to a high degree of perfection, and lamented and despised the unhappy state in which I had been before I became acquainted with these sublime religionists. But, as my reason gained strength, I discovered that there was no more reality in these my fancied sentiments than in my dreams; and that the sensations I had produced in my own heart, were as entirely the effect of imagination, as the distress I felt in seeing a tragedy.

This self-delusion is common enough in many of the operations of our own minds, but perhaps in none more than in the ardours of devotion; which are often no other than the workings of a heated fancy, that, in a kind frenzy, adds an unnatural force to our sentiments, and makes us undertake flights, of which human nature in its sober state, is incapable.

It is true, that we cannot possibly exceed in the measure of our love to God, to whom reason, as well as revelation, directs us to offer the best of our affections, and from whom alone we can hope for that happiness

which it is our nature incessantly to desire. But we may fancy that we love him more than we do or can; and measure that love, not by the rule himself has given us—by our obedience, and by our love to our fellow-creatures—but by the strength of those factitious feelings which we have the art of raising in ourselves, and which can naturally be excited only by the senses or the imagination. God cannot be the proper object of such feelings, since he is not present either to our senses or our imaginations. Of him we can have no idea, since all our ideas are introduced by our senses. We do indeed discover, by the deductions of reason, that there must be one self-existent being possessing all perfection: we therefore accumulate all the good we are acquainted with, ascribing it to the Deity, with no other addition than the negation of all limits or imperfection. This we call an idea of God; but it is not properly such, for we are incapable of representing to our minds at once all possible excellencies, with infinity added to them. When we would contemplate the Supreme Being, we must trace his attributes one by one; and even thus we must gather from mere mortal things, our notions of those attributes. He is therefore the object and choice of our reason, rather than of our passions; and our contemplations of his divine perfections, are rather fitted to produce sentiments of gratitude and reverential love, like those we feel towards a worthy parent, than such strong desires and flaming raptures as the Mystics describe; who borrow their expressions from the most sensual kind of love. This love of desire, as they distinguish it, they would appropriate solely to the purest of all spirits, and leave for sensible objects only calm benevolence. Thus

they undertake to change the nature our Maker has given us. They reject the title he has vouchsafed to take upon himself, of our Father, and choose to stile him their Spouse, their Lover. They profess to feast and inebriate themselves with his charms, whom they "neither have seen, nor can see," and of whom they can have no real idea; and to shut their hearts against the attractions of all sensible objects. They even undertake a kind of separation from themselves: they talk of self-annihilation—self-hatred—of being able to will their own eternal misery, if it should please God to will it!—in short, they enchant themselves with words void of meaning, and with suppositions which a sound mind is incapable of admitting for a moment.

That the excellent Fenelon should have adopted such irrational expressions, would be inconceivable, if we did not know that the richness and strength of such an imagination, and the warmth of such a heart as his, will naturally prevail over reason, and hurry a man into the regions of extravagance, whenever his favourite object is in view.

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

But whatever absurdities may arise from the fancied ardours of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious to the mind than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable,

can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endued.

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 manner of living."—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time,

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

tune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and house-keeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful or old-fashioned.—As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured; and (considering that the great expence of being always drest for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say, I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money than I have to bestow.—I have had hopes indeed that my summers would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of 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 yourself 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 af-

fections,

fections, which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?—If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute 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 generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity:—Has your piety and gratitude to the source of all good, been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent 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 seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge it self to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate por-

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 adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through, for such an immortality?

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

§ 122. *Of the Difference between the extremes of Negligence and Rigour in Religion.*

How amazing is the distance between the extreme of negligence and self-indulgence in such nominal Christians, and the opposite excess of rigour which some have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Pascal (who dreaded the influence of pleasure so much, as to wear an iron, which he pressed into his side whenever he found himself taking delight in any object of sense) and those who

think life lent them only to be squandered in senseless diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—what a strange composition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely mistaking the means that lead to it.

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

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

and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

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

to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning visits, they have seven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to oeconomy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarreling 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 assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and cheerful hospitality, and in them a fund of good sense and good humour, with a constant disposition to

promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress, or in any scheme of amusement.

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

From this slight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master?—It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming, nor do they curse themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor staid in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid inter-

change

change of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve, indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety, which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and, above all, from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn-out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust: then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his Lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, the world, is not more favourable to them than to you.

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

for such a “warning voice” as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whether they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless.

*Mrs. Chapone.*

### § 123. *Virtue Man's true Interest.*

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

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house; and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity



as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enow to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that 'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

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

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

*Harris.*

#### § 124. *The End of Religion.*

The end and design of all religion; the proper effect and produce of good principles;

the good fruit of a good tree; the ultimate view and the fundamental intention of all religious truths, implanted in men either by nature or teaching; is the practice of virtue. For the word Religion, in its very native and original meaning, signifies an obligation upon men, arising from the reason of things and from the government of God, to do what is just, and virtuous, and good; to live in a constant habitual sense and acknowledgment of God, in the practice of universal justice and charity towards men, and in a regular and sober government of their own passions; under a firm persuasion and continual expectation of the righteous distribution of rewards and punishments at their proper season, in the eternal judgment of God. This is the foundation of religion; the fundamental doctrine; in all places, and at all times, invariable and eternal. This, being corrupted by numerous superstitions among the Jews, and by the absurdest idolatries and most enormous immoralities among the heathen, Christ came into the world to restore; and by the preaching of forgiveness upon true repentance and effectual amendment of life and manners, to bring back sinners to the kingdom of God, through the obedience of the gospel. In proportion therefore as any doctrine of truth has a greater, or more proper, and more immediate tendency to promote this great end, to produce this fruit of the spirit; exactly the very same proportion has it of weight and excellency, in the religious estimation of things: 'Tis gold or silver, or precious stones, (in the Apostle's language) built upon the foundation of Christ. And on the other side, any erroneous opinion, in proportion as it has any or no moral influence, in the very same proportion 'tis faulty or innocent. 'Tis (in St. Paul's similitude) either wood,

wood, hay, stubble; something that is merely lost labour, useless only, and insignificant, and of no strength in the building: or else 'tis opposite to, and destructive of, the very foundation of the temple of God. 'Tis (in the analogy of our Saviour's parable) that which denominates a man either to be a vine in which are many fruitless branches; or that he is (according to the comparison in the Scriptures) a thorn or a bramble-bush, from which 'tis impossible to expect there should ever be gathered either figs or grapes.

*Clarke.*

### § 125. On Gratitude.

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

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

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

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is 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 to 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 celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated.—It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity, were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I

am

am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shewn, if there were occasion for it.

*Speaker.*

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

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

he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

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

and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan, 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." "Hassan, he replied, I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety: and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue."

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

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the

reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence: and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan, 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,

want, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hasan, said he, I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy 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 caravanserai in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty

was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

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

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

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy

thy power than Almalic could give, or Aubekkir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

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

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

latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.  
*Adventurer.*

§ 127. *Religion the best and only Support in Cases of real Stresses.*

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 the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

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

to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say, but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another,—another, a better world beyond this!—This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate;—and as the persuasion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this life as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison—and he who looks no further than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and sufferings from that consideration, finds all his sorrows enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and cast the same sad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharaoh, “That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage.” But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and steadfastly 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 greater occur-

rences.—In the lesser evils of life, we seem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon, by a little impatience of spirit, under the cross and outward accidents we meet with.—These stand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the slighter indispositions of the body—which we think not worth treating seriously, and so leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are such good habits of the temper, such a complexional ease and health of heart, as may often save the patient much medicine.—We are still to consider, that however such good frames of mind are got, they are worth preserving by all rules:—Patience and contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchase; since without it, the best condition in life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

*Sterne's Sermons.*

### § 128. *Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.*

The unbounded freedom and licentiousness of railery and ridicule, is become of late years so fashionable among us, and hath already been attended with such fatal and destructive consequences, as to give a reasonable alarm to all friends of virtue. Writers have rose up within this last century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the Scoffer hath, by an unaccountable favour and indulgence, met not only with pardon, but approbation,

probation, and hath therefore been almost universally sought after and admired. Ridicule hath been called (and this for no other reason but because Lord Shaftesbury told us so) the test of truth, and, as such, has been applied indiscriminately to every subject.

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

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

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

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

Nor raise their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,  
Even these can censure, those can dare deride  
A Bacon's avarice, or a Tully's pride.

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



man for his preciseness, and the pious man for his hypocrisy.

Modesty is one of virtue's best supports; and it is observable, that wherever this amiable quality is most eminently conspicuous, ridicule is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never so happy as when he can raise the blush of ingenuous merit, or stamp the marks of deformity and guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our perfections conspire to render us both unhappy and contemptible.

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

I might take this opportunity to add, that ridicule is not always contented with ravaging and destroying the works of man, but boldly and 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 aspers the characters and destroy the validity of the writers of both the Old and New Testament; and to change the solemn truths of Chris-

tianity 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 ideot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he professed. One would not surely think that there was any thing in Christianity so ludicrous as to raise laughter, or to excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinsic excellence would, at least, have secured it from such indignities.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of those ancient heathens whom our modern bigots are so apt to despise, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full of absurdities and inconsistencies, which the more refined spirits among their poets and philosophers must have doubtless despised, rejected, and contemned; such was their respect and veneration for the established religion of their country, such their regard to decency and seriousness, such their modesty and diffidence in affairs of so much weight and importance, that we very seldom meet with jest or ridicule on subjects which they held thus sacred and respectable.

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

It hath indeed been the fate of the best and purest religion in the world, to become the jest of fools; and not only, with its Divine Founder, to be scourged and persecuted, but with him to be mocked and spit at, trampled on and despised. But to consider the dread-

ful consequences of ridicule on this occasion, will better become the divine than essayist; to him therefore I shall refer it, and conclude this essay by observing, that after all the undeserved encomiums so lavishly bestowed on this child of wit and malice, so universally approved and admired, I 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, affront God; to make us, in short, hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneasy to ourselves, and highly displeasing to the Almighty. *Smollett.*

#### § 129. *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 circumference; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

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

tice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

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

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

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expenses, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude.

clitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. 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, wanted in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

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

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

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the

last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications; and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance or impotent desire. *Rambler.*

### § 130. On Generosity.

I consider a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation, and am persuaded, wherever it resides no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the most singular of all the moral endowments: I am sure, at least, it is often imputed where it cannot justly be claimed. The meanest self-love, under some refined disguise, frequently passes upon common observers for this godlike principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a source than the suggestions of concealed vanity. Good nature, as it hath many features in common with this virtue, is usually mistaken for it; the former, however, is but the effect, possibly, of a happy disposition of the animal structure, or, as Dryden calls it, of a certain "milkeness of blood:" whereas the latter is seated in the mind, and can never subsist where good sense and enlarged sentiments have no existence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon justness of thought, which, perhaps, is the reason this virtue is so little the characteristic of mankind in general. A man whose mind is warped by the selfish passions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of sects or parties, if he does not want honesty, must undoubtedly want understanding. The same clouds that darken his intellectual views, obstruct his moral ones; and his generosity is extremely circumscribed, because, his reason is exceedingly limited.

It is the distinguishing pre-eminence of the Christian system, that it cherishes this elevated principle in one of its noblest exertions. Forgiveness of injuries, I confess indeed, has been inculcated by several of the heathen moralists; but it never entered into the established ordinances of any religion, till it had the sanction of the great Author of ours. I have often, however, wondered that the ancients, who raised so many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, should never have given a place in their temples to generosity; unless, perhaps, they included it under the notion of *Fides* or *Honos*. But surely she might reasonably have claimed a separate altar and superior rites. A principle of honour may restrain a man from counteracting the social ties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generosity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humbler boundaries of mere negative duties. True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous principle in the soul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond those which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced singly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative standards, without ever attempting to reach those glorious elevations which constitute the only true heroism of the social character. Religion, without this sovereign principle, degenerates into a slavish fear, and wisdom into a specious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit its more pleasing kind of madness. In a word, generosity sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the soul, and if it does not necessarily include, at least it re-

flects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities. *Melmoth.*

### § 132. On Honour.

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

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

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

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being; the one

as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares "that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature."

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

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

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a 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 destructive 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 the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespear's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing

thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare 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.*

### § 133. On Modesty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one

one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

*Spektor.*

### § 133. *On disinterested Friendship.*

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

The authors to whom I refer, dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating supernumerary disquietudes 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 straiten or relax them, as circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness; but an ingredient, however, which he who voluntarily distresses himself with cares in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to possess."

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

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent

benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that assistance and support which is to be derived from the connection." Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers; the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are deprest by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging sages 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 right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneasiness: for who that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without being affected with some degree of secret dissatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily exposed to the disagreeable emotions of dislike and aversion, when they

respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an essential property of every well-constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that present themselves to observation.

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

They who insist that "utility is the first and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendships," appear to me to 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 best and most valuable recommendation. It is so far  
indeed



indeed from being verified by fact, that a sense of our wants is the original cause of forming these amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is observable, that none have been more distinguished in their friendships than those whose power and opulence, but above all, whose superior virtue (a much firmer support) have raised them above every necessity of having recourse to the assistance of others.

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

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

*Metmoth's Translation of Cicero's  
Lælius.*

#### § 134. *The Art of Happiness.*

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

improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

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

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly

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

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

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is, that Melissa becomes 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.

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

All men pursue Good, and would be happy,

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

Harris.

### § 136. *The Choice of Hercules.*

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground

with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

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

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 down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it: in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see, said she, Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep be-

fore you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings 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.

*Tailor.*

### § 137. *An Exhortation to an early Attention to Religion.*

Hitherto you have "thought as a child, and understood as a child;" but it is time "to put away childish things."—You are now in your fifteenth year, and must soon act for yourself; therefore it is high time to store your

mind with those principles, which must direct your conduct and fix your character. If you desire to live in peace and honour, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of rising from the grave to a life of endless happiness—if these things appear worthy your ambition, you must set out in earnest in the pursuit of them. Virtue and happiness are not attained by chance, nor by a cold and languid approbation; they must be sought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every assistance must be eagerly embraced that may enable you to obtain them. Consider, that good and evil are now before you; that, if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other. Your trial is now begun, you must either become one of the glorious children of God, who are to rejoice in his love for ever, or a child of destruction—miserable in this life, and punished with eternal death hereafter. Surely, you will be impressed by so awful a situation; you will earnestly pray to be directed into that road of life, which leads to excellence and happiness; and, you will be thankful to every kind hand that is held out, to set you forward in your journey.

The first step must be to awaken your mind to a sense of the importance of the task before you, which is no less than to bring your frail nature to that degree of Christian perfection, which is to qualify it for immortality, and without which, it is necessarily incapable of happiness; for it is a truth never to be forgotten, that God has annexed happiness to virtue, and misery to vice, by the unchangeable nature of things; and that, a wicked being (while he continues such) is in a natural incapacity of enjoying happiness, even with the concurrence of all those outward

circumstances, which in a virtuous mind would produce it.

As there are degrees of virtue and vice, so there are of reward and punishment, both here and hereafter: But let not your aim be only to escape the dreadful doom of the wicked—let your desires take a nobler flight, and aspire after those transcendent honours, and that brighter crown of glory, which await those who have excelled in virtue; and, let the animating thought, that every secret effort to gain his favour is noted by your all-seeing Judge, who will, with infinite goodness, proportion your reward to your labours, excite every faculty of your soul to please and serve him. To this end, you must inform your understanding what you ought to believe, and to do.—You must correct and purify your heart; cherish and improve all its good affections; and continually mortify and subdue those that are evil.—You must form and govern your temper and manners, according to the laws of benevolence and justice; and qualify yourself, by all means in your power, for an useful and agreeable member of society. All this you see is no light business, nor can it be performed without a sincere and earnest application of the mind, as to its great and constant object. When once you consider life, and the duties of life, in this manner, you will listen eagerly to the voice of instruction and admonition, and seize every opportunity of improvement; every useful hint will be laid up in your heart, and your chief delight will be in those persons, and those books, from which you can learn true wisdom.

### § 138. *Religion the Basis of every Virtue.*

The only sure foundation of human virtue is Religion; and the foundation and first principle

ciple of religion, is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes. This you will think you have learned long since, and possess in common with almost every human creature in this enlightened age and nation; but, believe me, it is less common than you imagine, to believe in the true God—that is, to form such a notion of the Deity as is agreeable to truth, and consistent with those infinite perfections, which all profess to ascribe to him. To form worthy notions of the Supreme Being, as far as we are capable, is essential to true religion and morality; for as it is our duty to imitate those qualities of the Divinity, which are imitable by us, so is it necessary we should know what they are, and fatal to mistake them. Can those who think of God with servile dread and terror, as of a gloomy tyrant, armed with almighty power to torment and destroy them, be said to believe in the true God?—in that God who, the scriptures say, is love? The kindest and best of beings, who made all creatures in bountiful goodness, that he might communicate to them some portion of his own unalterable happiness—who condescends to file himself our Father! and, who pitieth us, as a father pitieth his own children?—Can those who expect to please God by cruelty to themselves, or to their fellow-creatures—by horrid punishments of their own bodies for the sin of their souls—or, by more horrid persecution of others for difference of opinion, be called true believers? Have they not set up another God in their own minds, who rather resembles the worst of beings than the best?—Nor do those act on surer principles, who think to gain the favour of God by senseless enthusiasm and frantic raptures, more like the wild excesses of the most depraved human love, than that reasonable adoration, that holy reverential

love, which is due to the pure and holy Father of the universe. Those likewise, who murmur against his providence, and repine under the restraint of his commands, cannot firmly believe him infinitely wise and good. If we are not disposed to trust him for future events, to banish fruitless anxiety, and to believe, that “all things work together for good to those that love him,” surely we do not really believe in the God of mercy and truth. If we wish to avoid all remembrance of him, all communion with him, as much as we dare, surely we do not believe him to be the source of joy and comfort, the dispenser of all good.

### § 139. *Of the Worship due to the Creator.*

How lamentable it is, that so few hearts should feel the pleasures of real piety!—that prayer and thanksgiving should be performed, as they too often are, not with joy, and love, and gratitude; but, with cold indifference, melancholy dejection, or secret horror!—It is true, we are all such frail and sinful creatures, that we justly fear to have offended our gracious Father; but let us remember the condition of his forgiveness: If you have sinned—“sin no more.” He is ready to receive you whenever you sincerely turn to him—and he is ready to assist you, when you do but desire to obey him. Let your devotion then be the language of filial love and gratitude; confide to this kindest of fathers, every want, and every wish of your heart;—but submit them all to his will, and freely offer him the disposal of yourself, and of all your affairs. Thank him for his benefits, and even for his punishments—convinced that these also are benevolent and mercifully designed for your good. Explore his direction in all difficulties; his assistance in all trials; his comfort and support in

sickness or affliction ; his restraining grace in the time of prosperity and joy. Do not persist in desiring what his providence denies you ; but be assured it is not good for you. Refuse not any thing he allots you, but embrace it as the best and properest for you. Can you do less to your heavenly Father than what your duty to an earthly one requires ?—If you were to ask permission of your father, to do, or to have any thing you desire, and he should refuse it to you, would you obstinately persist in setting your heart upon it, notwithstanding his prohibition ? Would you not rather say, My father is wiser than I am ; he loves me, and would not deny my request, if it was fit to be granted ; I will therefore banish the thought, and cheerfully acquiesce in his will ?—How much rather should this be said of our heavenly Father, whose wisdom cannot be mistaken, and whose bountiful kindness is infinite !—Love him therefore in the same manner you love your earthly parents, but in a much higher degree—in the highest your nature is capable of. Forget not to dedicate yourself to his service every day ; to implore his forgiveness of your faults, and his protection from evil, every night : and this not merely in formal words, unaccompanied by any act of the mind, but “ in spirit and in truth ;” in grateful love, and humble adoration. Nor let these stated periods of worship be your only communication with him ; accustom yourself to think often of him, in all your waking hours ;—to contemplate his wisdom and power, in the works of his hands—to acknowledge his goodness in every object of use or of pleasure—to delight in giving him praise in your inmost heart, in the midst of every innocent gratification, in the liveliest hour of social enjoyment. You cannot conceive, if you have not experienced, how much such silent acts of gratitude and love will en-

hance every pleasure ; nor what sweet serenity and cheerfulness such reflections will diffuse over your mind. On the other hand, when you are suffering pain or sorrow, when you are confined to an unpleasant situation, or engaged in a painful duty, how will it support and animate you, to refer yourself to your almighty Father !—to be assured that he knows your state and your intentions ; that no effort of virtue is lost in his sight, nor the least of your actions or sufferings disregarded or forgotten !—that his hand is ever over you, to ward off every real evil, which is not the effect of your own ill-conduct, and to relieve every suffering that is not useful to your future well-being.

#### § 140. *True Devotion productive of the truest Pleasure.*

You see that true devotion is not a melancholy sentiment, that depresses the spirits and excludes the ideas of pleasure, which youth is so fond of : on the contrary, there is nothing so friendly to joy, so productive of true pleasure, so peculiarly suited to the warmth and innocence of a youthful heart. Do not therefore think it too soon to turn your mind to God ; but offer him the first fruits of your understanding and affections : and, be assured, that the more you increase in love to him, and delight in his laws, the more you will increase in happiness, in excellence and honour :—that, in proportion as you improve in true piety, you will become dear and amiable to your fellow-creatures : contented and peaceful in yourself, and qualified to enjoy the best blessings of this life, as well as to inherit the glorious promise of immortality.

Thus far I have spoken of the first principles of all religion : namely, belief in God, worthy notions of his attributes, and suitable reflections :

aff.ctions towards him—which will naturally excite a sincere desire of obedience. But, before you can obey his will, you must know what that will is; you must enquire in what manner he has declared it, and where you may find those laws, which must be the rule of your actions.

The great laws of morality are indeed written in our hearts, and may be discovered by reason; but our reason is of slow growth, very unequally dispensed to different persons; liable to error, and confined within very narrow limits in all. If, therefore, God has vouchsafed to grant a particular revelation of his will—if he has been so unpeakably gracious as to send his Son into the world, to reclaim mankind from error and wickedness—to die for our sins—and to teach us the way to eternal life—surely it becomes us to receive his precepts with the deepest reverence; to love and prize them above all things; and to study them constantly, with an earnest desire to conform our thoughts, our words, and actions to them.

#### § 141. *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 pre-

cepts of our blessed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his disciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epistles of his Apostles—who were men chosen from amongst those who had the advantage of conversing with our Lord, to bear witness of his miracles and resurrection—and who, after his ascension, were assisted and inspired by the Holy Ghost. This sacred volume must be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths necessary to be believed; and plain and easy directions, for the practice of every duty. Your bible then must be your chief study and delight: but, as it contains many various kinds of writing—some parts obscure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent perusal, such parts of the sacred writings as are most adapted to your understanding, and most necessary for your instruction. Our Saviour's precepts were spoken to the common people amongst the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner easy to be understood, and equally striking and instructive to the learned and unlearned: for the most ignorant may comprehend them, whilst the wisest must be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majestic simplicity with which they are expressed. Of the same kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moses; which, as they were designed for universal laws, are worded in the most concise and simple manner, yet with a majesty which commands our utmost reverence.

I think you will receive great pleasure, as well as improvement, from the historical books of the Old Testament—provided you read them as an history, in a regular course, and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, true or fictitious, that is equally wonderful, interesting,



and affecting; or that is told in so short and simple a manner as this, which is, of all histories, the most authentic.

I shall give you some brief directions, concerning the method and course I wish you to pursue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God—this sacred treasure of knowledge!—May you read the Bible, not as a task, nor as the dull employment of that day only in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but, with a sincere and ardent desire of instruction; with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalmist so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue. Though I speak this of the Bible in general, I would not be understood to mean, that every part of the volume is equally interesting. I have already said, that it consists of various matter, and various kinds of books, which must be read with different views and sentiments. The having some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them, and will heighten your relish of them. I shall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole; for so I wish you to consider yourself; because the time and manner in which children usually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people who have read it thus, without understanding it in their youth, satisfy themselves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention when they come to a maturer age.

If the feelings of your heart whilst you read, correspond with those of mine whilst I write, I shall not be without the advantage

of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter.

### § 142. *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 distressed condition in which we see all his descendants continue:

—The sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race—with the reviving promise of that deliverance, which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour:—

The account of the early state of the world:

—Of the universal deluge:—The division of mankind into different nations and languages:

—The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trial human nature could sustain, obtained such favour in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to stile him his friend, and promised to make of his posterity a great nation; and that in his seed—that is in one of his descendants—all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed: this, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations.

—It is amazing that the Jews, possessing this prophecy among many others, should have been so blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great personage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation

from the subjection to which they were reduced under the Romans : It is equally amazing, that some Christians should, even now, confine the blessed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular sect or profession, when he is so clearly and emphatically described as the Saviour of the whole world.—The story of Abraham's proceeding to sacrifice his only son, at the command of God, is affecting in the highest degree, and sets forth a pattern of unlimited resignation, that every one ought to imitate in those trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquiescence under affecting dispensations, which fall to their lot : of this we may be assured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us : If we have not Abraham's strength of mind, neither shall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife against the bosom of an only child ; but, if the almighty arm should be lifted up against him, we must be ready to resign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will.—This action of Abraham has been censured by some who do not attend to the distinction between obedience to a special command, and the detestably cruel sacrifices of the Heathens, who sometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeasing the anger of their Gods. An absolute command from God himself—as in the case of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action ; since he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his instrument of destruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a delusion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the

power of him who made our souls as well as bodies, and who can controul and direct every faculty of the human mind : and, we may be assured, that if he was pleased to reveal himself so miraculously, he would not leave a possibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation : thus the sacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all superstition, and remains the noblest instance of religious faith and submission, that was ever given by a mere man : we cannot wonder, that the blessings bestowed on him for it, should have been extended to his posterity.—This book proceeds with the history of Isaac, which becomes very interesting to us, from the touching scene I have mentioned—and, still more so, if we consider him as the type of our Saviour : It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and history of his two sons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Esau, the father of the Edomites or Idumeans—the exquisitely affecting story of Joseph and his brethren—and of his transplanting the Israelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

#### § 143. *Of Exodus.*

In Exodus, you read of a series of wonders, wrought by the Almighty to rescue the oppressed Israelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having first received them as guests, by degrees reduced them to a state of slavery. By the most peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his chosen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, the solemn restitution of those primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate descendants, or which, at least, he had made known by the dictates of conscience, but which, time and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obscured.

This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderness of Sin: there, assembled before the burning mountain, surrounded "with blackness, and darkness, and tempest," they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impressing it on their hearts, with circumstances of terror, but without those encouragements and those excellent promises, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through them transmitted to other nations; and by that means a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To those moral precepts, which are of perpetual and universal obligation, were super-added, by the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions, wisely adapted to different ends—either, to fix the memory of those past deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater salvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by whom they were surrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this series of events, and to establish these laws with his people, God raised up that great prophet Moses, whose faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the most arduous enterprizes, and to pursue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen; even in the hour of death, this generous ardour still prevailed: his last moments were employed in fervent prayers for their prosperity, and, in rapturous gratitude, for the glimpse vouchsafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himself, whom God would one day raise up to his people.

Thus did Moses, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among

the saints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the first of those benefactors to mankind, whose labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages.

#### § 144. *Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.*

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little besides the laws for the peculiar ritual observance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great instruction to us now; you may pass it over entirely:—and for the same reason, you may omit the first eight chapters of Numbers. The rest of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the history, with some ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moses makes a recapitulation of the foregoing history, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worship and obey that God who had worked such amazing wonders for them; he promises them the noblest temporal blessings, if they prove obedient, and adds the most awful and striking denunciations against them, if they rebel, or forsake the true God. I have before observed, that the sanctions of the Mosaic law, were temporal rewards and punishments; those of the New Testament are eternal: These last, as they are so infinitely more forcible than the first, were reserved for the last, best gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Messiah, in the fullest and clearest manner. Moses, in this book, directs the method in which the Israelites were to deal with the seven nations, whom they were appointed to punish for their profligacy and idolatry, and whose land they were to possess, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the standing municipal laws of that people.—This book concludes with Moses's song and death.

§ 145. *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, unauthorised by a positive command : but they had the most absolute injunctions, not to spare these corrupt people—"to make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy to them, but utterly to destroy them:"—and the reason is given,— "lest they should turn away the Israelites from following the Lord, that they might serve other Gods." The children of Israel are to be considered as instruments in the hand of the Lord, to punish those whose idolatry and wickedness had deservedly brought destruction on them : this example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to these seven nations, they were directed to deal with them, according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city submitted, it became tributary, and the people were spared ; if it resisted, the men were to be slain, but the women and children saved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty cannot be justly laid to their charge on this occasion, you will observe in the course of their history, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the chosen people of God, if you supposed them selected on account of their own merit : their national character was by no means amiable ; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not chosen for their superior righteousness—"for they were a stiff-necked people, and provoked the Lord with their rebellions from the day

they left Egypt."—"You have been rebellious against the Lord, says Moses, from the day that I knew you."—And he vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter themselves that their success was, in any degree, owing to their own merits. They were appointed to be the scourge of other nations, whose crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chastisement. For the sake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wise reasons, undiscovered to us, they were selected from a world over-ran with idolatry, to preserve upon earth the pure worship of the one only God, and to be honoured with the birth of the Messiah amongst them. For this end, they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with any other people, and defended, by a great number of peculiar rites and observances, from falling into the corrupt worship practised by their neighbours.

§ 146. *Of Judges, Samuel, and Kings.*

The book of Judges, in which you will find the affecting stories of Sampson and Jephtha, carries on the history from the death of Joshua, about two hundred and fifty years ; but, the facts are not told in the times in which they happened, which makes some confusion ; and it will be necessary to consult the marginal dates and notes, as well as the index, in order to get any clear idea of the succession of events during that period.

The history then proceeds regularly through the two books of Samuel, and those of Kings : nothing can be more interesting and entertaining than the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon : but, after the death of Solomon, when ten tribes revolted from his son Rehoboam, and became a separate kingdom, you will find some difficulty in understanding di-

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strictly the histories of the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah, which are blended together, and by the likeness of the names, and other particulars, will be apt to confound your mind, without great attention to the different threads thus carried on together: The index here will be of great use to you. The second book of Kings concludes with the Babylonish captivity, 588 years before Christ—till which time the kingdom of Judah had descended uninterruptedly in the line of David.

§ 147. *Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther.*

The first book of Chronicles begins with a genealogy from Adam, through all the tribes of Israel and Judah; and the remainder is the same history which is contained in the books of Kings, with little or no variation, till the separation of the ten tribes: From that period it proceeds with the history of the kingdom of Judah alone, and gives therefore a more regular and clear account of the affairs of Judah than the book of Kings. You may pass over the first book of Chronicles, and the nine first chapters of the second book: but, by all means, read the remaining chapters, as they will give you more clear and distinct ideas of the history of Judah, than that you read in the second book of Kings. The second of Chronicles ends, like the second of Kings, with the Babylonish captivity.

You must pursue the history in the book of Ezra, which gives an account of the return of some of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord's temple.

Nehemiah carries on the history for about twelve years, when he himself was governor of Jerusalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The story of Esther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah; as you will see by the marginal dates: however, as it happened during the seventy years captivity, and is a kind of episode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the last of the canonical books that is properly historical; and I would therefore advise, that you pass over what follows, till you have continued the history through the apocryphal Books.

§ 148. *Of Job.*

The story of Job is probably very antient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: It is dated, however, 1520 years before Christ: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written: many parts of it are obscure, but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of the dispute between Job and his pretended friends, seems to be, whether the Providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life, in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwithstanding his apparent righteousness, he was in reality a grievous sinner: They aggravate his supposed guilt, by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment. Job asserts his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alledging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man should comprehend the ways of the Almighty, and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference

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the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of; and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of man.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light: a future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life.

#### § 149. *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 show you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them

with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs; which, being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfuse into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer!—To delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think “one day in his courts better than a thousand!”—But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved. Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners, could counterbalance the hundredth part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin; however available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprized at the folly of those who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who preserve their innocence unfulfilled by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love

of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.—There are many very striking prophecies of the Messiah in these divine songs, particularly in Psalm xxii.—such may be found scattered up and down almost throughout the Old Testament. To bear testimony to *him*, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers:—but, this will appear more plainly to you when you enter on the study of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake.

§ 150. *Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and Apocrypha.*

The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are rich stores of wisdom; from which I wish you to adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use, both to your temporal and eternal interest. But, detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well chosen and digested, will do you much more service, than to read half a dozen chapters together; in this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its mystical reference to religion lies too deep for a common understanding: if you read it therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity than of edification.

Next follow the Prophecies; which, though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance. Dr. Newton on the prophecies, will help you much, whenever you undertake this study

—which you should by all means do when your understanding is ripe enough; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament: besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the disadvantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them must be useful to all.

Though I have spoken of these books in the order in which they stand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the history is to be pursued, from Nehemiah to the first book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha; taking care to observe the chronology regularly, by referring to the Index, which supplies the deficiencies of this history from Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The first of Maccabees carries on the story till within 195 years of our Lord's circumcision: The second book is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so forward as the first; so that, it may be entirely omitted, unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

You must then connect the history by the help of the Index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the state of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Messiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of sacred authority, have many things well worth your attention; particularly the admirable book called Ecclesiasticus, and the book of Wisdom. But, in the

course of reading which I advise, these must be omitted till after you have gone through the Gospels and Acts, that you may not lose the historical thread.

§ 151. *Of the New Testament, which is constantly to be referred to as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.*

We come now to that part of scripture, which is the most important of all, and which you must make your constant study, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with it, but all your life long; because, how often soever repeated, it is impossible to read the life and death of our blessed Saviour, without renewing and increasing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is so justly due for all he did and suffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They must therefore be laid up in your heart, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly those very comprehensive moral precepts he has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied: such as, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them."—There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness. The two great commandments, which contain the summary of our duty to God and man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard by which to judge our own hearts—"To love the Lord our God, with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our strength; and our neigh-

bour (or fellow-creature) as ourselves." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever, are (in their remoter consequences at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live. It is impossible to love God without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to resemble him; therefore, the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree; and, we may be sure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus, do those 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.

§ 152. *Of the Example set by our Saviour, and his Character.*

What an example is set before us in our blessed Master! How is his whole life, from earliest youth, dedicated to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the practice of the most exalted virtue? When you see him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongst the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions on the subject of religion, and astonishing them all with his understanding and answers—you will say, perhaps—"Well might the Son of God, even at those years, be far wiser than the aged; but, can a mortal child emulate such heavenly wisdom? Can such a pittero be propoised to my imitation?"—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wisdom.



wisdom, as far as concerns your own good. He has left you such declarations of his will, and of the consequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to understand, if you will but attend to them. If then you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement; you may even now become "wise unto salvation."—Unmoved by the praise he acquired amongst these learned men, you see him meekly return to the subjection of a child, under those who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality their Lord: you see him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and solace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that scene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had sent him from his own right hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's son. What a lesson of humility is this, and of obedience to parents!—When, having received the glorious testimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the most High, he enters on his public ministry, what an example does he give us, of the most extensive and constant benevolence!—how are all his hours spent in doing good to the souls and bodies of men!—not the meanest sinner is below his notice:—to reclaim and save them, he condescends to converse familiarly with the most corrupt, as well as the most abject. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to punish and afflict them. Instead of using the almighty power which accompanied him, to the purpose of exalting himself, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other use of it than to heal and to save.

When you come to read of his sufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the sorrow of mind, and torment of body, which

he submitted to—when you consider, that it was all for our sakes—"that by his stripes we are healed"—and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life—what can I say, that can add any thing to the sensations you must then feel?—No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evangelists. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be scarcely human;—but the emotions of tenderness and compunction, which almost every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unless applied to the true end—unless it inspires you with a sincere and warm affection towards your blessed Lord—with a firm resolution to obey his commands;—to be his faithful disciple—and ever to renounce and abhor those sins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at so dear a rate. Remember that the title of Christian, or follower of Christ, implies a more than ordinary degree of holiness and goodness. As our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purposes, in descending from his glory, and dwelling amongst men. The first, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts: The second, to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it, by "bringing life and immortality to light;" by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain by his death the remission of our sins upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing

on his sincere followers, the inestimable gift of immortal happiness.

§ 153. *A comparative View of the Blessed and Cursed at the Last Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.*

What a tremendous scene of the last day does the gospel place before our eyes!—of that day when you, and every one of us, shall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celestial beings, of whose superior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—When, in presence of all mankind, of those holy angels, and of the great Judge himself, you must give an account of your past life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which must determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the desolation, shame, and anguish of those wretched souls, who shall hear these dreadful words;—“Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”—Oh!—I cannot support even the idea of your becoming one of those undone, lost creatures!—I trust in God’s mercy, that you will make a better use of that knowledge of his will which he has vouchsafed you, and of those amiable dispositions he has given you. Let us therefore turn from this horrid, this insupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is possible, what will be the sensations of your soul, if you shall hear our heavenly Judge address you in these transporting words—“Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.”—Think, what it must be, to become an object of the esteem and applause—not only of all mankind assembled together—

but of all the host of heaven, of our blessed Lord himself—nay, of his and our almighty Father:—to find your frail flesh changed in a moment into a glorious celestial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your soul cleansed from all its faults and infirmities; exalted to the purest and noblest affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your understanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power, and disposition of mind and body, adapted to the highest relish of virtue and happiness!—Thus accomplished, to be admitted into the society of amiable and happy beings, all united in the most perfect peace and friendship, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in scenes more delightful than the richest imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all possibility of change or satiety!—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate presence of God himself—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though still far short of their infinity—to be conscious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance!—But here all imagination fails:—we can form no idea of that bliss which may be communicated to us by such a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we must content ourselves with believing, “that it is what mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.” The crown of all our joys will be, to know that we are secure of possessing them for ever—what a transporting idea!

Can you reflect on all these things, and not feel the most earnest longings alter immortality?—Do not all other views and desires seem mean and trifling, when compared with

this?—And does not your inmost heart resolve, that this shall be the chief and constant object of its wishes and pursuit, through the whole course of your life?—If you are not insensible to that desire of happiness which seems woven into our nature, you cannot surely be unmoved by the prospect of such a transcendent degree of it; and that—continued to all eternity—perhaps continually increasing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of such an inheritance as the most insupportable evil!—Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give to vice, to carelessness, or sloth, the prize he has proposed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Christ and his disciples to encourage you—the most awakening motives to engage you—and, you have besides, the comfortable promise of constant assistance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and sincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be lost upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the inestimable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four gospels are each of them a narration of the life, sayings, and death of Christ; yet, as they are not exactly alike, but some circumstances and sayings omitted in one, are recorded in another, you must make yourself perfectly master of them all.

The Acts of the holy Apostles, endowed with the Holy Ghost, and authorized by their divine Master, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more interesting and edifying, than the history of their actions—of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of salvation, and of

the various exertions of the wonderful power conferred on them by the Holy Spirit for the confirmation of their mission.

#### § 154. *Character of St. Paul.*

The character of St. Paul, and his miraculous conversion, demand your particular attention: most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was considered as a high distinction in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught.—He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed: this zeal, before his conversion, shewed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent Christians; but, 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 assure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken consciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good-will towards those whose erroneous principles mislead their conduct: instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active wish of assisting them to find the truth, since we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, chosen vessels to promote

the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my intention to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Christianity, otherwise it would be impossible wholly to pass over that which arises from this remarkable conversion, and which has been so admirably illustrated by a noble writer, whose tract on this subject is in every body's hands.

### § 155. *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 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 lat-

ter, for their impiety in not paying the same regard to the distinctions of days and meats that they did; and the latter, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the former, for their weakness and superstition. Excellent is the advice which the Apostle gives to both parties: he exhorts the Jewish converts not to judge, and the Gentiles not to despise; remembering, that the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost:—Endeavour to conform yourself to this advice; to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence: and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship: remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all the sects of Christians—and that, to his own master every one must stand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the several points discussed by St. Paul in his various epistles—most of them too intricate for your understanding at present, and many of them beyond my abilities to state clearly. I will only again recommend to you, to read those passages frequently, which, with so much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the most exalted piety and benevolence. If the effusions of a heart, warmed with the tenderest affection for the whole human race—if precept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence which such affection only could inspire, are capable of influencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in such parts of his epistles as are adapted to your understanding, the strongest persuasives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature.

### § 156. *The Epistle of St. James.*

The epistle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you cannot study it too much. It seems particularly designed to guard Christians against misunderstanding some things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependance on faith alone without good works. But, the more rational commentators will tell you, that by the works of the law, which the apostle asserts to be incapable of justifying us, he means, not the works of moral righteousness, but the ceremonial works of the Mosaic law; on which the Jews laid the greatest stress, as necessary to salvation. But, St. James tells us, that "if any man among us" seem to be religious, and bridled 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 unpotted from the world." Faith in Christ, if it produce not these effects, he declareth is dead, or of no power.

### § 157. *Epistles of St. Peter, and the first of St. John.*

The Epistles of St. Peter are also full of the best instruction: and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life; amongst which, are set forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his second epistle is prophetic; warning the church of false teachers, and false doctrines,

which should undermine morality, and disgrace the cause of Christianity.

The first of St. John is written in a highly figurative style, which makes it in some parts hard to be understood: but, the spirit of divine love which it so fervently expresses, renders it highly edifying and delightful.—That love of God and of man, which this beloved apostle so pathetically recommends, is in truth the essence of religion, as our Saviour himself informs us.

### § 158. *Of the Revelations.*

The book of Revelations contains a prophetic account of most of the great events relating to the Christian church, which were to happen from the time of the writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it; and they have done this in many instances very successfully: but, I think, it is yet too soon for you to study this part of scripture; some years hence, perhaps there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the best expositions to assist you in reading such of the most difficult parts of the New Testament as you cannot now be supposed to understand.—May Heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation!—May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakable joyful tidings of eternal life and happiness to all the truly virtuous, through Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Deliverer of the world.

*Mrs. Chapone.*

*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 season, and for the refreshment of our souls and bodies, in the sweet repose of sleep. Accept also our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpless age of infancy.

Continue, we beseech thee, to guard us under the shadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail, and without the influence of thy grace, we shall surely fall.

Let that influence descend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard our hearts from the temptations to deceit, and grant, that we may abhor a lie as a sin and as a disgrace.

Inspire us also with an abhorrence of the loathsomeness of vice, and the pollutions of sensual pleasure. Grant at the same time, that we may early feel the delight of conscious purity, and wash our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taste for the pure and sublime pleasures of the understanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehension, and grant that we may lay up such a store of learning as may fit us for the station to which it shall please thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and shine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our studies, and that whatever we read, we may strongly mark, and inwardly digest it.

Bless our parents, guardians, and instructors; and grant that we may make them the best return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They ask no return, but that we should make use of those opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that we may never disappoint their anxious expectations.

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go through them cheerfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

*An Evening Prayer.*

O ALMIGHTY GOD! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from tempta-

tation, 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-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sen-

timents, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, by Christian charity, and attended with 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 wish for it.

Into thy hands then 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.*

END OF THE FIRST BOOK

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

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## BOOK THE SECOND.

### CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

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#### § 1. *Of the Rise of Poetry among the ROMANS.*

THE Romans, in the infancy of their state, were intirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them: and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world; even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into a virtue by calling it Roman spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of insolence than courage, in some of their most celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen: roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senate-house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories; very often in settling the balance of power among themselves; and not unfrequently in both these at the same time; it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, busy, unpolished people.

Not to enquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time; there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converse with the Muses, as well as with Egeria; and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Salian priests sung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed the chief employment of poetry in that and the following ages among the Romans, was of a religious



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-shews, or else a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy, and in Tuscany: in a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues, begun at their harvest and vintage-feasts, and carried on so rudely and abusive afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousness: and those lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer sort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and sang there, to some instrument of music, the achievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almost all these poets sleep in peace with all their works; and if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loss to us. One of their best poets represents them as very obscure and very contemptible; one of their best historians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their most judicious emperors ordered the greatest part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All these poets therefore may very well be

dropt in the account; there being nothing remaining of their works, and probably no merit to be found in them if they had remained: and so we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the first of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themselves seem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Augustan age.

The first kind of poetry that was followed with any success among the Romans, was that for the stage. They were a very religious people; and stage plays in those times, made no inconsiderable part in their public devotions. It is hence, perhaps, that the greatest number of their oldest poets of whom we have any remains, and indeed almost all of them, are dramatic poets.

## § 2. Of LIVIUS, NÆVIUS, and ENNIUS.

The foremost in this list were Livius, Nævius, and Ennius. Livius's first play (and it was the first written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him *Livius Scriptor*) was acted in the 514th year from the building of the city. He seems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their first than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired these old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and says, that his pieces did not deserve a second reading. He was for some time the sole writer for the stage; till Nævius rose to rival him, and probably far exceeded his master. Nævius ventured too on an epic, or rather an historical poem, on the first Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his steps in this, as well

well as in the dramatic way ; and seems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius ; so much at least, that Lucretius says of him, " That he was the first of their poets who deserved a lasting crown from the Muses." These three poets, were actors as well as poets ; and seem all of them to have wrote whatever was wanted for the stage, rather than to have consulted their own turn or genius. Each of them published, sometimes tragedies, sometimes comedies, and sometimes a kind of dramatic satires ; such satires, I suppose, as had been occasioned by the extempore poetry that had been in fashion the century before them. All the most celebrated dramatic writers of antiquity, excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander, and no comedy of Aælius, 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.

### § 3. 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 makes 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.

### § 4. 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

fore for a comedy; and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pound. 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 assisted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays: because Terence himself was born out of Italy; and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part of his education in a family, where they might not speak with so much correctness as Lælius and Scipio had been used to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the rest, it seems, from what he says himself, that his most usual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Those who say that he translated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though, I suppose, it would scarce hold, were we to take both of them together.

### § 5. Of AFRANIUS.

We have a very great loss in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Augustan age, as the most exact imitator of Menander. He owns himself, that he had no restraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they set him a good example. Afranius's stories and persons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked on as so material a point in those days, that it made two different species of comedy. Those on a Greek story were called, *Palliatae*; and those on a Roman, *Togatae*. Terence excelled

called all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter.

### § 6. 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 stiffings given to it, might take just as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him is, that he was almost as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny speaks of some paintings by him in a temple of Hercules, as the most celebrated work of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Picior. Actius began to publish when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not so fine, nor his verses so well-turned even as those of his predecessor. There is a remarkable story of him in an old critic, which, as it may give some light into their different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the soft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged on some affairs, to make a journey into Asia, he took Tarentum in his way, and staid there some

days with Pacuvius. It was in this visit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and desired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honestly, that the poetry was sonorous and majestic, but that it seemed to him too stiff and harsh. Actius replied, that he was himself very sensible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all sorry for it: "for, says he, I have always been of opinion, that it is the same with writers as with fruits; among which, those that are most soft and palatable, decay the soonest; whereas those of a rough taste last the longer, and have the finer relish, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether 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.

### § 7. Of the Rise of Satire: Of LUCILIUS, LUCRETIUS, and CATULLUS.

All this while, that is, for above an hundred years, the stage, as you see, was almost solely in possession of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the first that sprung up and flourished to any degree, was still a cyon from the same root. What I mean is Satire; the produce of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by some of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was so altered and so improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was so: and even as to this, Lucilius improved it a good deal by the side lights he borrowed

borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. —Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philosophy; and Catullus began to shew the Romans something of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius discovers a great deal of spirit, wherever his subject will give him leave; and the first moment he steps a little aside from it, in all his digressions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn than Virgil himself, which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter seems to pay him in his Georgics. His subject often obliges him to go on heavily for a hundred lines together: but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightness. His character in this, agrees with what is said of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote when letters in general began to flourish at Rome, much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wise to rival him; and was the most admired of all his 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, in shewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miscellaneous poems of Catullus; the philosophical poem of Lucretius; six comedies by Terence, and twenty by Plautus. Of all the rest, there is nothing left us, except such passages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics.

#### § 8. *Of the Criticisms of CICERO, HORACE, and QUINTILIAN on the above Writers.*

The best way to settle the characters and merit of these poets of the first age, where so little of their own works remain, 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 Nævius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with respect; and as to the tragic, he carries it so far as to seem strongly inclined to oppose old Ennius to Æschilus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Actius to Euripides.—This high notion of the old poets was probably the general fashion in his time; and it continued afterwards (especially

among the more elderly sort of people) in the Augustan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epistle to Augustus, combats it as a vulgar error in his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himself was not wholly free. However that be, Horace on this occasion enters into the question very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets, (which indeed includes all the poets I have been speaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus;) is perhaps rather too severe. He says, "That their language was in a great degree superannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent, and incorrect; and that there is generally a stiffness in their compositions: that people indeed might pardon these things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they should think of commending them for those very faults."

In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the same subject, he gives Lucilius's character, much in the same manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce-kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very superfluous and incorrect; his language is dashed affectedly with Greek; and his verses are hard and unharmonious."—Quintilian steers the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little misled by his nearness to their times; and Horace by his subject, which was professedly to speak against the old writers: Quintilian, therefore, does not commend them so generally as Cicero, nor speak against them so strongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon in this case, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to some sacred

grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleasing. He commends Pacuvius and Aetius, for the strength of their language and the force of their sentiments; but says, "they wanted that polish which was set on the Roman poetry afterwards." He speaks of Plautus and Cæcilius, as applauded writers; of Terence, as a most elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, says he, fall infinitely short of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude; according to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace: Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his style; and Catullus is remarkable in the satirical part of his works, but scarce so in the rest of his lyric poetry.

#### § 9. *Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the ROMANS.*

The first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Cæsar. The state, which had been so long tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or, at least, concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister too under him, who (though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the best: and who admitted the best poets in particular, into

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a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in this list: who at his first setting out grew soon their most applauded writer for genteel pastorals; then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture: (so beautiful, that some of the 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 Bossu: and the more one considers it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival, Anthony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn, and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world: He weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular; Virgil, in his *Æneid*, shews that *Æneas* was called into their country by the express order of the gods: That he was made king of it, by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be: That there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to *Romulus*: That his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them,

were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that *Julius Cæsar* was of this royal race, and that *Augustus* was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in *Augustus*, the Romans, if they would obey the Gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuaded themselves, that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown patriarch: And yet that had its effect with many about a century ago; and seems not to have quite lost all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his *Æneid*, were, to maintain their old religious tenets, and to support the new form of government in the family of the *Cæsars*. That poem therefore may very well be considered as a religious and political work; or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was scarce any thing more than an engine of state) it may fairly enough be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, Virgil was not so highly encouraged by *Augustus* and *Mæcenæ*s for nothing. To speak a little more plainly; he wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state: and all that can be offered in vindication of him in this light is, that the usurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution at that time was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have

have fallen into the hands of some one less snail 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.

§ 10. *Observations on the ÆNEID, and the Author's Genius.*

It preserves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as strongly as if we had so many pictures of them preserved to us, done by some of the best hands in the Augustan age. It is remarkable, that he is commended by some of the antients themselves, for the strength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character; so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet even of his time; in which, all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much less, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old Ennius; and often inserts whole verses from him, and some other of their earliest writers. The obsolescence of their style, did not hinder him much in this:

for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in chusing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the skill of making his own, by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even those parts of his poems, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of Mosaic; in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed, as to melt off insensibly into one another.

One of the greatest beauties in Virgil's private character was, his modesty and good-nature. He was apt to think humbly of himself, and handsomely of others; and was ready to shew his love of merit, even where it might seem to clash with his own. He was the first who recommended Horace to Mæcenas.

§ 11. *Of HORACE.*

Horace was the fittest man in the world for a court, where wit was so particularly encouraged. No man seems to have had more, and all of the genteel sort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety, and even his debauchery, made him still the more agreeable to Mæcenas; so that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that minister grew up to so high a degree of friendship, as is very uncommon between a first minister and a poet; and which had possibly such an effect on the latter, as one shall scarce ever hear of between any two friends, the most on a level: for there is some room to conjecture, that he hastened himself

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himself out of this world, to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been generally most celebrated for his lyric poems : in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of several of the Greek ; which seems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been usually reckoned, was his refining satire ; and bringing it from the coarseness and harshness of Lucilius to that genteel easy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one person more in all the ages since, has ever possessed. I do not remember that any one of the antients says any thing of his epistles ; and this has made me sometimes imagine, that his epistles and satires might originally have passed under one and the same name ; perhaps that of *Sermones*. They are generally written in a stile approaching to that of conversation ; and are so much alike, that several of the satires might just as well be called epistles, as several of his epistles have the spirit of satire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you please to call them (whether satires and epistles, or discourses in verse, on moral and familiar subjects) is what I must own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in these that he shews that talent for criticism, in which he so very much excelled ; especially in his long epistle to Augustus ; and that other to the Piso's, commonly called his art of poetry. They abound in strokes which shew his great knowledge of mankind ; and in that pleasing way he had of teaching philosophy, of laughing away vice, and insinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may serve, as much as almost any writings can, to make men wiser and better : for he has the most agree-

able 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 should 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.

### § 12. Of *TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, and OVID.*

In that happy age, and in the same court, flourished Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace : who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epistles. Tibullus is evidently the most exact and most beautiful writer of love-verses among the Romans, and was esteemed so by their best judges ; though there were some, it seems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent seems to have been only for elegiac verse : or least his compliment on Messalla (which is his only poem out of it) shews, I think, too plainly, that he was neither designed for heroic verse, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his distinguishing character among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's among the comic writers of the former : and if his subject will never let him be sublime, his judgment at least always keeps him from being faulty.—His rival and cotemporary, Propertius, seems to have set himself too many different models, to copy either of them so well as he might otherwise have done. In one place, he calls himself, the

the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas: and he is said to have studied Minnervus, and some other of the Greek lyric writers, with the same view. You may see by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the constant method of the Romans (when ever they endeavoured to excel) to set some 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 masters, Ovid endeavoured to shine in too many different kinds of writing at the same time. Besides, he had a redundant genius; and almost always chose rather to indulge, than to give any restraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merit of his several works, one should not perhaps be much beside the truth in saying, that he excels most in his Fasti; then perhaps in his love-verses; next, in his heroic epistles; and lastly, in his Metamorphosis. As for the verses he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite lost his spirit in them: and though you may discover some difference in his manner, after his banishment came to set 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 Metamorphosis (which was the last poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finished when he was sent into banishment) has more instances of false wit in it, than perhaps all his former writ-

ings 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 antients thought differently of this point; and Quintilian, where he is speaking of them, endeavours rather to excuse than to commend him on that head. We have a considerable loss in the latter half of his Fasti; and in his Medea, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry seems not to have flourished in proportion to the other sorts of poetry, in the Augustan age. We scarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of Aælius and Pacuvius. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the Medea of Ovid and Varius's Thyestes. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome.

### § 13. Of PHÆDRUS.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to insert Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. Fabulæ Æsopææ, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in  
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them : and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was very short and plain; for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The taste was so much fallen at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them without any sense at the bottom.

#### § 14. OF MANILIUS.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in these lower ages; so long since Latin has ceased to be a living language. There is, at least I believe, no instance, in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language, or such versification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one antient 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 antient globe of the heavens, in the Farnese 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 beside what I have mentioned: except, the garden-poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Grattius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus.

#### § 15. *Of the Poets whose Works have not come down to us.*

These are but small remains for an age, in which poetry was so well cultivated, and followed by very great numbers; taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, most of the best have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus; that Proculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a sort of piscatory eclogues; and Macer, a poem on the nature of birds, beasts, and plants. That the same Macer, and Rabirinus, and Marfus, and Ponticus, and Pedo Albinovanus, and several others, were epic writers in that time; (which by the way seems to have signified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verse:) that Fundanius was the best comic poet then, and Melissus no bad one; that Varius was the most esteemed for epic poetry, before the Æneid appeared; and one of the most esteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (besides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of state) is much commended for tragedy; and 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

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, Mæcenas; and in the latter part, his grandson Germanicus, were of this number. Germanicus in particular translated Aratus; and there are some (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a considerable part of his translation. The emperor himself seems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in prose; but some things in verse too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called Ajax.

It is no wonder, under such encouragements, and so great examples, that poetry should arise to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Augustus found a prince, whose own inclinations, the temper of whose reign, and whose very politics, led him to nurse all the arts; and poetry, in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got so far toward perfection, that they should fall as it were all at once; and from their greatest purity and simplicity, should degenerate so immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing than had been ever known among them.

#### § 16. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are some who assert, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been speaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Augustus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it

was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Augustus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at least a mildness, that gave a calm to the state during his time: the succeeding emperors flung off the mask; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monsters than men. We need not go to their historians for proofs of their prodigious vileness: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under such heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All discipline in war, all domestic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taste for sound eloquence and good poetry, sunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flourished, together. Instead of the sensible, chaste, and manly way of writing, that had been in use in the former age, there now rose up a desire of writing smartly, and an affectation of shining in every thing they said. A certain prettiness, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what distinguished their most applauded writers in prose; and their poetry was quite lost in high flights and obscurity. Seneca, the favourite prose-writer of those times; and Petronius Arbitr, 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.

#### § 17. *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 style, then in fashion.

fashion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fustian and bombast. His muse has a kind of dropfy, and looks like the soldier described in his own Pharsalia, who in passing the desert sands of Africa, was bit by a serpent, and swelled to such an immoderate size, "that he was lost (as he expresses it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haste to make Quintilian say some good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always for, and what he will ever deserve to be admired for, are the several philosophical passages that abound in his works; and his generous sentiments, particularly on the love of liberty, and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wife; but he is often in his rants, and never more so than when he is got into a battle, or a storm at sea: but it is remarkable, that even on those occasions, it is not so much a violence of rage, as a madness of affectation, that appears most strongly in him. To give a few instances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's storm, when Cæsar ventured to cross the sea in so small a vessel; "the fixt stars themselves seem to be put in motion." Then "the waves rise over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next step is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I suppose, to increase their force. The sea opens in several places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the universe are shaken; and nature is afraid of a second chaos. His little skiff, in the mean time, sometimes cuts along the clouds with her sails; and sometimes seems in danger of being stranded on the sands at the bottom of the sea: and must inevitably have been lost,

had not the storm (by good fortune) been so strong from every quarter, that she did not know on which side to bulge first.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of Pharsalia, we are told, that all the soldiers were incapable of any fear for themselves, because they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey and the commonwealth. On this great occasion, the hills about them, according to his account, seem to be more afraid than the men; for some of the mountains looked as if they would thrust their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themselves under the vallies 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.

#### § 18. *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 Jocularis; and what is still stranger, the poet chutes to be most diverting in the wounds he gives the poor soldier. The first person killed in it, is pierced at the same instant by two spears; one in his back, and the other in his breast; so nicely, that both their points meet together in the middle of his body. They each, I suppose, had a right to kill him; and his soul was for some time doubtful which it should obey. At last, it compounds the matter; drives out each of the spears before it, at the same instant; and whips out of his

his body, half at one wound, and half at the other.—A little after this, there is an honest Greek, who has his right hand cut off, and fights on with his left, till he can leap into the sea to recover the former; but there (as misfortunes seldom come single) he has his left arm chopt off too : after which, like the hero in one of our antient ballads, he fights on with the trunk of his body, and performs actions, greater than any Witherington that ever was.—When the battle grows warmer, there are many who have the same misfortune with this Greek. In endeavouring to climb up the enemies ships, several have their arms struck off ; fall into the sea ; leave their hands behind them ! Some of these swimming combatants encounter their enemies in the water ; some supply their friends ships with arms ; some, that had no arms, entangle themselves with their enemies ; cling to them, and sink together to the bottom of the sea ; others stick their bodies against the beaks of their enemies ships ; and scarce a man of them flung away the use of his carcase, even when he should be dead.

But among all the contrivances of these posthumous warriors, the thing most to be admired, is the sagacity of the great Tyrrhenus. Tyrrhenus was standing at the head of one of the vessels, when a ball of lead, flung by an artful slinger, struck out 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 desired his fellow-soldiers to plant him just as they did their Ballistæ : 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 swellings 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 Grece and Rome ; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly over-run with a bad taste. After all, what I most dislike him for, is a blot 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 baseness 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.

### § 19. Of PERSIUS.

Persius is said to have been Lucan's school-fellow under Cornutus ; and like him, was bred

bred up more a philosopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but scarce deserves that of a good writer, in any other than the moral sense of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetical. 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 tumid 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.

## § 20. 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 consulate; 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 of prudence: for his Thebaid is certainly ill conducted, and scarcely well written. By the little we have of his Achilleid, that would probably have been a much better poem, at least as to the writing part, had he lived to finish it. As it is, his description of Achilles's behaviour at the feast which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambassadors, and some other parts of it, read more pleasingly to me than any part of the Thebaid. I cannot help thinking, that the passage quoted so often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a satire

satire on him. Martial seems to strike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finish his Achilleid, he may deserve more reputation perhaps as a miscellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verses in his *Sylvæ*, are not without their faults, they are not so faulty as his *Thebaid*. The chief faults of Statius, in his *Sylvæ* and *Thebaid*, are said to have proceeded from very different causes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haste; and the other from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greatest fault of all, or rather the greatest sign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan so extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to see his son obtain the laurel-crown, at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himself.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfinished. We have but seven books of his *Argonautics*, and part of the eighth, in which the *Argonauts* are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion; for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius; and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly

less embarrassed and confused than the *Thebaid*. Some of the antients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quintilian; who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of several others, whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one should do no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age; under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian.

### § 21. OF MARTIAL.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest step of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough.



enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a distich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric; and these were his highest employments. He was however a good writer in his way; and there are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions.

## § 22. Of JUVENAL.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any thing of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he flashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his satires have a great deal of spirit in them; and shew a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his satires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far lost and extinguished

among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an enquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength; when they lost much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous; in its middle age, it was manly and polite; in its latter days, it grew tawdry and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and strength, in false ornaments of dress, and a borrowed flush on the face; which did not so much render it pleasing, as it shewed that its natural complexion was faded and lost.

## § 23. Of the Introduction, Improvement and Fall of the Arts at Rome.

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and undorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts, as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what

(what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: Their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood stuck together: nay even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthenware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chapt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and of private houses, consisted in their antient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war; and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people

shudder, whenever they first entered within its gates.

§ 24. *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 superstition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the most likely of all) out of mere politics, and the desire of keeping up their martial spirit and natural roughness, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to destroy. However that was, they generally preserved themselves from even the least suspicion of taste for the polite arts, pretty far into the second Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the

the scales were turned on their side. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and statues. Among others, there were some very fine colossal figures of the gods, represented as fighting against the rebel giants. These were made by some of the most eminent masters in Greece; and the Jupiter, not improbably, by Lysippus. When Fabius was disposing of the spoil, he ordered the money and plate to be sent to the treasury at Rome, but the statues and pictures to be left behind. The secretary who attended him in his survey, was somewhat struck with the largeness and noble air of the figures just mentioned; and asked, whether they too must be left with the rest? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

§ 25. MARCELLUS attacks SYRACUSE, and sends all its Pictures and Statues to Rome.

Marcellus had indeed behaved himself very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it against Syracuse. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned, than the city of Syracuse: it abounded in the works of the best masters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and sent all their statues and pictures to Rome. When I say all, I use the language of the people of Syracuse; who soon after laid a complaint against Marcellus before the Roman senate, in which they charged him with stripping all their houses and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himself did not at all disown it, but fairly confessed what he had done; and used to declare, that he had

done so, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taste for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders, soon occasioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius.—Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were; but temperate in his conquests. In what he had done, he had acted not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foresight. "These fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diversion for an idle effeminate people: let us leave them to the Greeks. The Romans desire no other ornaments of life, than a simplicity of manners at home, and fortitude against our enemies abroad. It is by these arts that we have raised our name so high, and spread our dominion so far: and shall we suffer them now to be exchanged for a fine taste, and what they call elegance of living? No, great Jupiter, who preside over the capital! let the Greeks keep their arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only how to conquer and to govern mankind."—Another sect, 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 portico's, and all the most public places of the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among the Barbarians. That rust, which we have been so long contracting, will soon be worn off. Other generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. We begin to

"see with new eyes, and have a new world  
 "of beauties opening before us. Let the  
 "Romans be polite, as well as victorious;  
 "and let us learn to excel the nations in  
 "taste, as well as to conquer them with our  
 "arms."

Which ever 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 his means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a passion, which grows very fast in any breast, wherever it is once entertained.

We may see how fast and how greatly it prevailed at Rome, by a speech which old Cato the censor made in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. He complains in it, that their people began to run into Greece and Asia; and to be infected with a desire of playing with their fine things: that as to such spoils, there was less honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuse, had revenged the cause of its citizens, in spreading this taste among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them; and who, he hoped, would still continue so, if they would but let their statues remain in peace upon their pedestals.

§ 26. *The ROMAN Generals, in their several Conquests, convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to ROME.*

It was in vain too that Cato spoke against it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward

the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have strove who should bring away the greatest number of statues and pictures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what accessions of this kind were made in the compass of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great number of wrought vases from Spain and Afric, toward the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of most of the finest works that ever were produced by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from hence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great shew both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip king of Macedonia; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days; the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted in vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most chosen things, culled from the collection of that successor of Alexander the great; for as to the inferior spoils of no less than seventy Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to his soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. Not many years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce exceeded by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of

that city, which had so long bid fair for being the seat of empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a vast accession: though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthaginians. The very same year that Scipio freed Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable for his rusticity, as Scipio was for elegance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and sacked, among several others, the famous city of Corinth, which had been long looked upon as one of the principal reservoirs of the finest works of art. He cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing any thing of them: even without knowing, that an old Grecian statue was better than a new Roman one. He used, however, the surest method of not being mistaken; for he took all indifferently as they came in his way; and brought them off in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with statues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taste, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in less than seventy years time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was destroyed) Italy was furnished with the noblest productions of the ancient artists, that before lay scattered all over Spain, Afric, 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 acqui-

sitions were made by their conquering armies: and they were carried on by the persons sent out to govern their provinces, when conquered. As the behaviour of these in their governments in general, was one of the greatest blots on the Roman nation, we must not expect a full account of their transactions in the old historians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs: for such of these that remain to us, are either Romans themselves, or else Greeks who were too much attached to the Roman interest, to speak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own historians, may be pretty well supplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who seems to have been a very honest man, has set the rapaciousness of their governors in general in a very strong light; as Cicero has set forth that of Verres in particular, as strongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monsters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his island, with a couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and the other a statuary of the same nation) to get together his collection; and was so curious and so rapacious in that search, that Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue, or relievo, or picture, in all Sicily, which he did not see; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What he thus got, he sent into Italy. Rome was the center both of their spoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their prætors and proconsuls acted but in half so abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all these sort of things secretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals.

§ 27. *The Methods made use of in drawing the Works of the best Ancient Artists into ITALY.*

There was another method of augmenting these treasures at Rome, not so infamous as this, and not so glorious as the former. What I mean, was the custom of the *Ædiles*, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of statues and pictures; which they bought up or borrowed, for that purpose, all over Greece, and sometimes even from Asia. *Scaurus*, in particular, in his ædileship, had no less than three thousand statues and relieves for the mere ornamenting of the stage, in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the same *Scaurus* who (while 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 antient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almost every body that could afford it, to adorn their houses, their porticos, and their gardens, with the best statues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Asia. None went earlier into this taste, than the family of the *Luculli*, and particularly *Lucius Lucullus*, who carried on the war against *Mithridates*. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life, gave himself up so much to collections of this kind, that *Plutarch* reckons it among his follies. "As I am speaking of his faults (says that historian in his life) I should not omit his vast baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens,

which were much more magnificent than any in his time at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed; nor his excessive fondness for statues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his works and gardens, at an immense expence; and with the vast riches he had heaped together in the *Mithridatic war*." There were several other families which fell about that time into the same sort of excess; and among the rest, the *Julian*. The first emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his successor, *Augustus*, was of *Corinthian vases*.

This may be called the first age of the flourishing of the politer arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there; for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps some particular persons in it of a very good taste: but in general one may say there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the first part of it, in greater numbers than can be easily conceived; and in some time, every body began to look upon them with pleasure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the several methods I have mentioned; and I doubt not but a good taste would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulsions in their state, and the perpetual struggles of some great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. These continued quite from *Sylla's* time to the establishment of the state under *Augustus*. The peaceful times that then succeeded; and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full

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.

§ 28. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry upon the Death of Augustus.*

On the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish; and the four reign of Tiberius, was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at

Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the had taste of the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The 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 confine one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two; whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight. *Spence.*

### § 29. *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 fitted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock, they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worst for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress, and aptest scholar; but nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as the 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 more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choak them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection, without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humour: The mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in time: An untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rustic, forced, and uncouth, and art must be applied to make it natural.

### § 30. *On the Entrance to Knowledge.*

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access: we must proceed at once by sap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to press boldly on, and enter: it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark, and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished: the country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have strait avenues, when the regions of happiness, like those of knowledge, are impervious, and shut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itself is narrow.



Common things are easily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will easily be persuaded to put forth your hand to the utmost stretch, and reach whatever you aspire at.

### § 31. *Classics recommended.*

Many are the subjects, which will invite and deserve the steadiest application from those who would excel, and be distinguished in them. Human learning in general; natural philosophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of science. But there is no necessity of leading you through these several fields of knowledge: it will be most commendable for you to gather some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, and sound reason, of great probity, and solid virtue. This is the true use of knowledge, to make it subservient to the great duties of our most holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and saving knowledge of a Christian, you may use the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and mistaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many instances of greatness of mind, of unshaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a most passionate love of their country, prodigality of life, disdain of servitude, inviolable truth, and the most public disinterested souls, that ever threw off all regards in comparison with their country's good: you will discern the flaws and blemishes of their fairest actions, see the wrong apprehensions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a ge-

nerous and noble spirit from the writings and histories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation.

If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find, that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other; I do not mean so much for expression, as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ransacked the Grecian store, and, as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is easier to strike out a new course of thought, than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to surpass, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less.

### § 32. *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

have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majesty of the Grecian stage; the best comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far lost to be compared with Terence; only if we may judge by the method Terence used in forming two Greek plays into one, we shall naturally conclude, since his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I shall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Aristophanes for wit and humour; variety of characters, plot and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has censured him for low wit.

Virgil has been so often compared with Homer, and the merits of those poets so often canvassed, that I shall only say, that if the Roman shines not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolness of his judgment, rather than the want of heat. You will generally find the force of a poet's genius, and the strength of his fancy, display themselves in the descriptions they give of battles, storms, prodigies, &c. and Homer's fire breaks out on these occasions in more dread and terror: But Virgil mixes compassion with his terror, and, by throwing water on the flame, makes it burn the brighter; so in the storm; so in his battles on the fall of Pallas and Camilla: and that scene of horror, which his hero opens in the second book; the burning of Troy; the ghost of Hector; the murder of the king; the massacre of the people; the sudden surprize, and the dead of night, are so relieved by the piety and pity that is every where intermixed, that we forget our fears, and join in the lamentation. All the world acknowledges the *Æneid* to be most perfect in its kind; and considering the disadvantage of the lan-

guage, 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 writ without any view or design at all; that his poems are loose, independent pieces tacked together, and were originally only so many songs or ballads upon the gods and heroes, and the siege of Troy. If this be true, they are the completest string of ballads I ever met with, and whoever collected them, and put them in the method we now read them in, whether it were Pisistratus, or any other, has placed them in such order, that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* seem to have been composed with one view and design, one scheme and intention, which are carried on from the beginning to the end, all along uniform and consistent with themselves. Some have argued, the world was made by a wise Being, and not jumbled together by chance, from the very absurdity of such a supposition; and they have illustrated their argument, from the impossibility that such a poem as Homer's and Virgil's should rise in such beautiful order out of millions of letters eternally shaken together; but this argument is half spoiled, if we allow, that the poems of Homer, in each of which appears one continued formed design from one end to the other,

other, were written in loose scraps on no settled premeditated scheme. Horace, we are sure, was of another opinion, and so was Virgil too, who built his *Æneid* upon the model of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. After all, Tully, whose relation of this passage has given some colour to this suggestion, says no more, than that Pifistratus, whom he commends for his learning, and condemns for his tyranny, observing the books of Homer to lie confused and out of order, placed them in the method the great author, no doubt, had first formed them in: but all this Tully gives us only as report. And it would be very strange, that Aristotle should form his rules on Homer's poems; that Horace should follow his example, and propose Homer for the standard of epic writing, with this bright testimony, that he "never undertook any thing inconsiderately, nor ever made any foolish attempts;" if indeed this celebrated poet did not intend to form his poems in the order and design we see them in. If we look upon the fabric and construction of those great works, we shall find an admirable proportion in all the parts, a perpetual coincidence, and dependence of one upon another; I will venture an appeal to any learned critic in this cause; and if it be a sufficient reason to altar the common readings in a letter, a word, or a phrase, from the consideration of the context, or propriety of the language, and call it the restoring of the text, is it not a demonstration that these poems were made in the same course of lines, and upon the same plan we read them in at present, from all the arguments that connexion, dependence and regularity can give us? If those critics, who maintain this odd fancy of Homer's writings, had found them loose and undigested, and restored them to the order they stand in now,

I believe they would have gloried in their art, and maintained it with more unconfessed reasons, than they are able to bring for the discovery of a word or a syllable hitherto falsely printed in the text of any author. But, if any learned men of singular fancies and opinions will not allow these buildings to have been originally designed after the present model, let them at least allow us one poetical supposition on our side, That Homer's harp was as powerful to command his scattered incoherent pieces into the beautiful structure of a poem, as Amphion's was to summon the stones into a wall, or Orpheus's to lead the trees a dance. For certainly, however it happens, the parts are so justly disposed, that you cannot change any book into the place of another, without spoiling the proportion, and confounding the order of the whole.

The *Georgics* are above all controversy with Hesiod; but the *Idylliums* of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of the pastoral.

In *Lyrics* the Grecians may seem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are superior in the number of their poets, and variety of their verse. Orpheus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides and Stesichorus are almost entirely lost. Here and there a fragment of some of them is remaining, which, like some broken parts of ancient statues, preserve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, strength, and skill of the great master's hand.

Pindar is sublime, but obscure, impetuous in his course, and unsathomable in the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. Anacreon flows soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse,

verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and pleasant temper of his soul. Horace alone may be compared to both, in whom are reconciled the loftiness and majesty of Pindar, and the gay, careless, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I suppose, however Pindar may be admired for greatness, and Anacreon for delicateness of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth and love, surpasses them both in justness, elegance, and happiness of expression. Anacreon has another follower among the choicest wits of Rome, and that is, Catullus, whom, though his lines be rough, and his numbers inharmonious, I could recommend for the softness and delicacy, but must decline for the looseness of his thoughts, too immodest for chaste ears to hear.

I will go no farther in the poets, only for the honour of our country, let me observe to you, that while Rome has been contented to produce some single rivals to the Grecian poetry, England hath brought forth the wonderful Cowley's wit, who was beloved by every muse he courted, and has rivalled the Greek and Latin poets in every kind, but tragedy.

I will not trouble you with the historians any further, than to inform you, that the contest lies chiefly between Thucydides and Sallust, Herodotus and Livy; though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more justly be compared: the critics have been very free in their censures, but I shall be glad to suspend any further judgment, till you shall be able to read them, and give me your opinion.

Oratory and philosophy are the next disputed prizes; and whatever praises may be justly given to Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, and Demosthenes, I will venture to say, that

the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philosophers in one.

### § 33. *A short Commendation of the Latin Language.*

And now, having possibly given you some prejudice in favour of the Romans, I must beg leave to assure you, that if you have not leisure to master both, you will find your pains well rewarded in the Latin tongue, when once you enter into the elegancies and beauties of it. It is the peculiar felicity of that language to speak good sense in suitable expressions; to give the finest thoughts in the happiest words, and in an easy majesty of style, to write up to the subject. "And in this, lies the great secret of writing well. "It is that elegant simplicity, that ornamental plainness of speech, which every common genius thinks so plain, 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 see, that nevertheless every writer shines in his peculiar excellencies; and that wit, like beauty, is diversified into a thousand graces of feature and complexion.

I need not trouble you with a particular character of these celebrated writers. What I have said already, and what I shall say farther of them as I go along, render it less necessary at present; and I would not pre-engage your opinion implicitly to my side. It will be a pleasant exercise of your judgment

to distinguish them yourself; and when you and I shall be able to depart from the common received opinions of the critics and commentators, I may take some other occasion of laying them before you, and submitting what I shall then say of them to your approbation.

### § 34. *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 circumstantialia of time and place, custom and antiquity, and in such instances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exercised. In these cases it is of great use: it helps the memory, and serves to keep those things in a sort of order and succession. But, commonplacing the sense of an author, is such a stupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in saying it, they want common sense that practise it. What heaps of this rubbish have I seen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have said, that is taken by those who have nothing to say themselves! You may depend upon it, the writings of these men are never worth the reading; the fancy is cramped, the invention spoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happiness

of these collectors of sense, that they can write without thinking.

I do most readily agree, that all the bright sparkling thoughts of the ancients; their finest expressions, and noblest sentiments, are to be met with in these transcribers; but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miserably put together! Indeed, I can compare such productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, sewed together with packthread.

When I see a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themselves, it puts me in mind of these common-place 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.

### § 35. *The Method of Schools vindicated.*

It has been a long complaint in this polite and excellent age of learning, that we lose our time in words; that the memory of youth is charged and overloaded without improvement; and all they learn is meer 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 meer words and terms, the hopeful youths, whose loss of time is so much lamented, were capable of learning nothing but words at those years. I do not mind what some quacks in the art of teaching say; they pretend to work wonders, and to make young gentlemen masters of the languages, before they can be masters of common sense; but this to me, is a demonstration, that we are capable of little else than words, till twelve or thirteen, if you will observe, that a boy shall be able to repeat his grammar over, two or three years before his

understanding opens enough to let him into the reason and clear apprehension of the rules; and when this is done, sooner or later it ceaseth to be cant and jargon: so that all this clamour is wrong founded, and the cause of complaint lies rather against the backwardness of our judgment, than the method of our schools. And therefore I am for the old way in schools still, and children will be furnished there with a stock of words at least, when they come to know how to use them.

### § 36. *Commendation of Schools.*

I am very far from having any mean thoughts of those great men who preside in our chiefest and most celebrated schools; it is my happiness to be known to the most eminent of them in a particular manner, and they will acquit me of any disrespect, where they know I have the greatest veneration; for with them the genius of classic learning dwells, and from them it is derived. And I think myself honoured in the acquaintance of some masters in the country, who are not less polite than they are learned, and to the exact knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues have joined a true taste, and delicate relish of the classic authors. But should you ever light into some formal hands, though your sense is too fine to relish those pedantries I have been remonstrating against, when you come to understand them, yet for the present they may impose upon you with a grave appearance; and, as learning is commonly managed by such persons, you may think them very learned, because they are very dull: and if you should receive the tincture while you are young, it may sink too deep for all the waters of Helicon to take out. You may be sensible of it as we are of ill habits, which we regret,

regret, but cannot break, and so it may mix with your studies for ever, and give bad colours to every thing you design, whether in speech or writing.

For these meaner critics dress up their entertainments so very ill, that they will spoil your palate, and bring you to a vicious taste. With them, as with distempered stomachs, the finest food and noblest juices turn to nothing but crudities and indigestion. You will have no notion of delicacies, if you table with them; they are all for rank and foul feeding, and spoil the best provisions in the cooking: you must be content to be taught parsimony in sense, and for your most inoffensive food to live upon dry meat and insipid stuff without any poignancy or relish.

So then these gentlemen will never be able to form your taste or your style; and those who cannot give you a true relish of the best writers in the world, can never instruct you to write like them.

### § 37. *On forming a Style.*

Give me leave to touch this subject, and draw out for your use, some of the chief strokes, some of the principal lineaments, and fairest features of a just and beautiful style. There is no necessity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry system upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleasure, and, I hope, with equal profit, some desultory thoughts in their native order, as they rise in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marshalled according to art.

To assist you therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I shall proceed to say something of what is required in a finished piece, to

make it complete in all its parts, and masterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable schemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we must make allowances for the infirmities of nature, and since none is without his faults, the most that can be said, is, That he is the best writer, against whom the fewest can be alledged.

“ A composition is then perfect, when the matter rises out of the subject; when the thoughts are agreeable to the matter, and the expressions suitable to the thoughts; where there is no inconsistency from the beginning to the end; when the whole is perspicuous in the beautiful order of its parts, and formed in due symmetry and proportion.”

### § 38. *Expression suited to the Thought.*

In every sprightly genius, the expression will ever be lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful should run out into unnecessary branches; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greatest self-denial in the world: to confine the fancy, to stifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the most delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praise, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavish: the chippings and filings of these jewels, could they

they be preserved, are of more value than the whole mass of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to spare.

It is by no means necessary for me to run out into the several sorts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the style of an orator be different from that of an historian, and a poet's from both.

### § 39. *On Embellishments of Style.*

The design of expression is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in such a manner, as is most probable to attain the end we propose, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unless they wrote agreeably, so as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the understanding of their readers: for which reason, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleasing, as well as profitable; and those arts are very commendable and honest; they are no trick, no delusion, or imposition on the senses and understanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon observing her operations in all the various passions, and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embellishments of style; all figures and schemes of speech, and those several decorations that are used in writings to enliven and adorn the work. The flourishes of fancy resemble the flourishes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminators of manuscripts, and of the press, borrowed their title perhaps from the illumination which a bright genius every where gives

to his work, and disperses through his composition.

The commendation of this art of enlightening and adorning a subject, lies in a right distribution of the shades and light. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to observe where the lights will fall, to produce the most beautiful parts to the day, and cast in shades what we cannot hope will shine to advantage.

It were endless to pursue this subject through all the ornaments and illustrations of speech; and yet I would not dismiss it without pointing at the general rules, and necessary qualifications required in those, who would attempt to shine in the productions of their pen. And therefore you must pardon me if I seem to go back, for we cannot raise any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation.

### § 40. *On the first Requisite, a Mastery of Language.*

The first thing requisite to a just style, is a perfect mastery in the language we write in; this is not so easily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taste of strength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expression. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical observations in the world will never bring a man to a just style, who has not of himself a natural easy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature leads the way, provided he is not too scrupulous, and does not make himself a slave to his rules; for that will introduce a stiffness and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.



By a perfect mastery in any language, I understand not only a ready command of words, upon every occasion, not only the force and propriety of words, as to their sense and signification, but more especially the purity and idiom of the language; for in this a perfect mastery does consist. It is to know what is English, and what is Latin, what is French, Spanish, or Italian, to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in, to point out the distinguishing characters, and the peculiar phrases of each tongue; what expressions, or manner of expressing is common to any language besides our own, and what is properly and peculiarly our phrase, and way of speaking. For this is to speak or write English in purity and perfection, to let the streams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the course: In English therefore, I would have all Gallicisms (for instance) avoided, that our tongue may be sincere, 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 syllable of foreign growth ought immediately to be discarded, if its use and ornaments to our language be not very evident.

#### § 41. *On the Purity and Idiom of Language.*

While the Romans studied and used the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flourished, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expressive; but in a few years after the ladies and beaux of Rome affected to speak Greek, and regarded nothing but the softness and effe-

minacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monstrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to speak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dress, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and English mixed together, that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of sense. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not against any real improvement of our own language from that or any other; but we are always so foolish, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs, but what is silly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the substantial use of their language, we only enervate and spoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply the place of those words that are continually falling off through disuse; and since it is so, I think 'tis better to raise them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have sufficient strength and numbers within ourselves: there is a vast treasure, an inexhaustible fund in the old English, from whence authors may draw constant supplies, as our officers make their surest recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the strength, and significancy of many antiquated words, should recommend them to use again. 'Tis only wiping off the rust they have contracted, and separating them from the dross they lie mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will rise above the standard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not so musical to the ear,

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 *Pressa Oratio*. They are all weight and substance, good measure pressed together, and running over in a redundancy of sense, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language consists in preserving this character, in writing with the English strength and spirit: let us not envy others, that they are more soft, and diffused, and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want supplies, we had better revive old words, than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debase it with too much alloy; and let me leave this censure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the English tongue with the most specious foreign words and phrases, is just as wise as those modish ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffick of old cloaths is much the fairest barter.

#### § 42. On Plainness and Perspicuity.

After this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a just style, is its plainness and perspicuity. This is the greatest commendation we can give an author, and the best argument that he is master of the language he writes in, and the subject he writes upon, when we understand him, and see into the scope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obscurity of expression, and darkness of sense, do arise from the confusion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear

perception of the matters he undertakes to treat of, he his style never so plain as to the words he uses, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon his subject be never so just and distinct, unless he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of easy writing in plain obvious expressions, the words will perplex the sense, and cloud the clearness of his thoughts.

It is the unhappiness of some, that they are not able to express themselves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigested knowledge, which lies confused in the brain, without any order or distinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obscurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed style, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending against plainness and perspicuity of style is, an affectation of hard unusual words, and of close contracted periods: the faults of pedants and sententious writers! that are vainly ostentatious of their learning, or their wisdom. Hard words and quaint expressions are abominable: wherever you meet such a writer, throw him aside for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have used a short and concise way of expression, I must own; and if they are not so clear as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we study to be concise, we can hardly avoid being obscure. We crowd our thoughts into too small a compass, and are so sparing of our words, that we will not afford enough to express our meaning.

There is another extreme in obscure writers, not much taken notice of, which some empty conceited heads are apt to run into, out of a prodigality of words, and a want of sense.

This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who lose their meaning in the multitude of words, and bury their sense under heaps of phrases. Their understanding is rather rarified, than condensed: their meaning, we cannot say, is dark and thick; it is too light and subtle to be discerned: it is spread so thin, and diffused so wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would express all they say in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt syllabub and froth, a little varnish and gilding, without any solidity or substance.

§ 43. *On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.*

The deepest rivers have the plainest surface, and the purest waters are always clearest. Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent; the value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the same art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debases it if be dull.

You see I have borrowed some metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impossible to describe the plainness and clearness of style, without some expressions clearer than the terms I am otherwise bound up to use.

You must give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of style: there is no inconsistency between the plainness and perspicuity, and the ornament of writing. A style resembleth beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to symmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements, as to features and complexion. If I may transgress in too frequent allusions, because I would make every thing plain to you, I would pass on from

painters to statuaries, whose excellence it is at first to form true and just proportions, and afterwards to give them that softness, that expression, that strength, and delicacy, which make them almost breathe, and live.

The decorations of style are formed out of those several schemes and figures, which are contrived to express the passions and motions of our minds in our speech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expressions. I shall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and those several ornaments of writing, whose grace and commendation lie in being used with judgment and propriety. It were endless to pursue this subject through all the schemes and illustrations of speech: but there are some common forms, which every writer upon every subject may use, to enliven and adorn his work.

These are metaphor and similitude; and those images and representations, that are drawn in the strongest and most lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the use of these, your ordinary writers are most apt to offend. Images are very sparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations, and their use is to move pity or terror, admiration, compassion, anger, and resentment, by representing something very affectionate, or very dreadful very astonishing, very miserable, or very provoking to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the subject, where they are painted by a masterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unskillfully placed, they raise no passion but indignation in the reader.

§ 44. *On Metaphor and Similitudes.*

The most common ornaments are Metaphor and Similitude. One is an allusion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the most familiar and best known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obscure in them, the purpose of using them is defeated; and that which is not clear itself, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of some poor brains to run out perpetually into a course of similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses, and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himself; and while he is likening his subject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in some simile men; which is, drawing their comparisons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the resemblance holds or not. But the true art of illustrating any subject by similitude, is, first, to pitch on such a resemblance as all the world will agree in: and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the strongest lines, and the nearest likenesses. And this will secure us from all stiffness and formality in similitude, and deliver us from the nauseous repetition of *as* and *so*, which some so so writers, if I may beg leave to call them so, are continually sounding in our ears.

I have nothing to say to those gentlemen

who bring similitudes, and forget the resemblance. All the pleasure we can take, when we meet these promising sparks, is in the disappointment, where we find their fancy is so like their subject, that it is not like at all.

§ 45. *On Metaphors.*

Metaphors require great judgment and consideration in the use of them. They are a shorter similitude, where the likeness is rather implied than expressed. The signification of one word in metaphors is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there must be a common resemblance, some original likeness in nature, some correspondence and easy transition, or metaphors are shocking and confused.

The beauty of them displays itself in their easiness and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not rise out of the course of thought, but are constrained and pressed into the service, instead of making the discourse more lively and cheerful, they make it sullen, dull, and gloomy.

You must form your judgment upon the best models and the most celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and strength, shedding a lustre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be used, but when it gives greater force to the sentence, an illustration to the thought, and insinuates a silent argument in the allusion. The use of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleasing manner, but to give it a stronger impression, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling trash; and

and in a due observance of this, in a pure, chaste, natural expression, consist the justness, beauty, and delicacy of style.

#### § 46. *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 satyr, and strains of compliment depend upon it, otherwise we may make an ass of a lion, commend a man in satyr, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here also there is room for genius: common justice and judgment should direct us to say what is proper at least; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the most lively and most forcible epithets that can be applied: and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies.

#### § 47. *On Allegories.*

Allegories I need not mention, because they are not so much any ornament of style, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed shape, and a dress more agreeable to the fancy, than naked truth herself can be. Truth is ever most beautiful and evident in her native dress:

and the arts that are used to convey her to our minds, are no argument that she is deficient, but so many testimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is forced to gain admittance to us in disguise, and court us in masquerade.

#### § 48. *On the Sublime.*

There is one ingredient more required to the perfection of style, which I have partly mentioned already in speaking of the suitableness of the thoughts to the subject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to consider it in another light with regard to the majesty and dignity of the subject.

It is fit, as we have said already, that the thoughts and expression 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:

magnificent : we can only express our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation ; and the brightest of these can only give us some faint shadows of his greatness and his glory. The strongest figures are too weak, the most exalted language too low, to express his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts ; for in so sublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolic. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in supplying thought on an infinite subject. How poor and mean, how base and grovelling are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity ! something sublime and noble must needs be said on so great an occasion ; but in this great article, the most celebrated of the Heathen pens seem to flag and sink ; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depressed by the weight, and dazzled with the splendor of the subject.

We have no instances to produce of any writers that rise at all to the majesty and dignity of the Divine Attributes, except the sacred penmen. No less than Divine Inspiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the spirit of God knew how to express his greatness, and display his glory : in comparison of these divine writers, the greatest genius's, 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 transfusion, 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 surpasses the brightest and noblest compositions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richness and solemnity of the eastern eloquence, for it holds in no other instance, but to the divine direction and assistance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the most literal translation of the scriptures, in the most natural signification of the words, is generally the best ; and the same 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 sunk in the attempt ; and all the decorations of their verse, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majesty, and solemnity of our prose : so that the prose of scripture cannot be improved by verse, and even the divine poetry is most like itself in prose. One observation more I would leave with you : Milton himself, as great a genius as he was, owes his superiority over Homer and Virgil, in majesty of thought and splendor of expression, to the scriptures : they are the fountain from which he derived his light ; the sacred treasure that enriched his fancy, and furnished him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to discover or conceive : and in him, of all human writers, you will meet all his sentiments and words raised and suited to the greatness and dignity of the subject.

I have detained you the longer on this majesty of style, being perhaps myself carried away with

with the greatness and pleasure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt so much on, with respect to divine subjects, is more easily to be observed with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall short; and in adorning all other subjects, our words and sentiments may rise in a just proportion to them; nothing is above the reach of man but heaven; and the same wit can raise a human subject, that only debases a divine.

#### § 49. *Rules of Order and Proportion.*

After all these excellencies of style, in purity, in plainness and perspicuity, in ornament and majesty, are considered, a finished piece of what kind soever must shine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light rises out of order, and beauty from proportion. In architecture and painting, these fill and relieve the eye. A just disposition gives us a clear view of the whole at once, and the due symmetry and proportion of every part in itself, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes; nothing is wanting, every thing is complete, and we are satisfied in beholding.

But when I speak of order and proportion, I do not intend any stiff and formal method, but only a proper distribution of the parts in general, where they follow in a natural course, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a scheme, and marking out the divisions and subdivisions of a discourse, are only necessary in systems, and some pieces of controvery and argumentation; you see, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable, where the method opens as you read, and the order discovers

itself in the progress of the subject: but certainly, of all pieces that were ever written in a professed and stated method, and distinguished by the number and succession of their parts, our English sermons are the completest in order and proportion; the method is so easy and natural, the parts bear so just a proportion to one another, that among many others, this may pass for a peculiar commendation of them: for those divisions and particulars which obscure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would insinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not necessary to lay the method we use before the reader, only to write, and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the subject, a distinct view to keep it always in sight, or else without some method first designed, we shall be in danger of losing it, and wandering after it, till we have lost ourselves, and bewildered the reader.

A prescribed method is necessary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is its freedom and unconstraint: it must be dispersed and shine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no necessity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at ease without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be measured out like the proportions of a horse, where every part must be drawn in the minutest respect to the size and bigness of the rest; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and consideration of the whole. The statuary that carves Hercules in stone, or casts him in brass, may be obliged to take his dimensions from his foot; but the poet that describes him is not bound up to the geometer's rule: nor is an author under any obligation to write by the scale.

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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.

### § 50. *A Recapitulation.*

I shall make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all these rules together, rises a just style, and a perfect composition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to shine in gold and jewels: there is a moderation to be used in the pomp and trappings of a discourse: it is not necessary that every part should be embellished and adorned, but the decoration should be skilfully distributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offensive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itself there are vacancies and spaces between the stars; and the day is not less beautiful for being interspersed with clouds; they only moderate the brightness of the sun, and, without 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 dependence on one another. They are held in one social bond, and joined, like the moral virtues, and liberal arts, in a sort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain English, must never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dress and adorn his discourse; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other side, let a man write in the exactest purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire to give his work some force and spirit, it is nothing but a meer corpse, and a lumpish unwieldy mass of matter. But every true genius, who is a 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.

### § 51. *How to form right Taste.*

A perfect mastery and elegance of style is to be learned from the common rules, but must be improved by reading the orators and poets, and the celebrated masters in every kind; this will give you a right taste, and a true relish; and when you can distinguish the beauties of every finished piece, you will write yourself with equal commendation.

I do not assert that every good writer must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception; but I will venture to affirm, that a soul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taste that way, is too dull and lumpish ever to write with any prospect



prospect of being read. It is a fatal mistake, and simple superstition, to discourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them against it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no restraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite smitten and bewitched with love of verse, they should be trained to it, to make them masters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception, and a true taste of their authors: and being able to write in verse upon occasion, I can assure you is no disadvantage to prose; for without relishing the one, a man must never pretend to any taste of the other.

Taste is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or dislike what we eat and drink, from the agreeableness or disagreeableness of the relish in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common use, and every body can tell sweet from bitter, what is sharp or sour, or vapid, or nauseous; but it requires senses more refined and exercised, to discover every taste that is most perfect in its kind; every palate is not a judge of that, and yet drinking is more used than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter, is, that wine should be, like a style, clear, deep, bright, and strong, sincere and pure, sound and dry, (as our advertisements do well express it) which last is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richest spirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampness.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to music, and a taste of painting; which are nothing but a just discernment of what is excellent and most perfect in them. The first depends entirely on the ear; a man can never

expect to be a master, that has not an ear tuned and set to music: and you can no more sing an ode without an ear, than without a genius you can write one. Painting, we should think, requires some understanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the best master's manner to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the rest, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent conversation with the best originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural sagacity and aptness, experience will be of no great service. A good taste is an argument of a great soul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor spirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that sparkles: but to pass by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is most perfect and excellent in its kind, speaks a superior genius, and a true discernment: a new picture by some meaner hand, where the colours are fresh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleasure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at first with eagerness, we presently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not so inviting at first, open to the eye by degrees; and the longer and oftener we look, we still discover new beauties, and find new pleasure. I am not a man of so much severity in my temper as to allow you to be pleased with nothing but what is in the last perfection: for then, possibly, so many are the infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you never could be pleased. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refusing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakness

of stomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taste judges of defects as well as perfections, and the best judges are always the persons of the greatest candour. They will find none but real faults, and wherever 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.

#### § 54. *Taste to be improved by Imitation.*

In Rome there were some popular orators, who with a false eloquence and violent action, carried away the applause of the people: and with us we have some popular men, who are followed and admired for the loudness of their voice, and a false pathos both in utterance and writing. I have been sometimes in some confusion to hear such persons commended by those of superior sense, who could distinguish, one would think, between empty, pompous, specious harangues, and those pieces in which all the beauties of writing are combined. A natural taste must therefore be improved, like fine parts, and a great genius; it must be assisted by art, or it will be easily vitiated and corrupted. False eloquence passes only where true is not understood; and 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.

#### § 55. *On the Historical Style.*

History will not admit those decorations other subjects are capable of; the passions and affections are not to be moved with any thing, but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty must lie in the order and expression. To relate every event with clearness and perspicuity, in such words as best express the nature of the subject, is the chief

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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 a tumult sensibly depicted: every object and every occurrence so presented to your view, that while you read, you seem indeed to see them; this is the art and perfection of an historical style. And you will observe, that those who have excelled in history, have excelled in this especially; and what has made them the standards of that style, is the clearness, the life and vigour of their expression, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the subjects they wrote on: for history and narration are nothing but just and lively descriptions of remarkable events and accidents.

#### § 54. *Of HERODOTUS and THUCYDIDES.*

For this reason we praise Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks; for I will mention no more of them; and upon this account we commend Sallust and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their style, yet they all agree in these common excellencies. Herodotus displays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearness of a numerous and solemn diction; he flows with a sedate and majestic pace, with an easy current, and a pleasant stream. Thucydides does sometimes write in a style so close, that almost every word is a sentence, and every sentence almost acquaints us with something new, so that from the multitude of causes, and variety of matter crowded together, we should suspect him to be obscure:

but yet so happy, so admirable a master is he in the art of expression, so proper and to full, that we cannot say whether his diction does more illustrate the things he speaks of, or whether his words themselves are not illustrated by his matter; so mutual a light do his expression and subject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be pressed and close, is nevertheless great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his subject. He first, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the historian's style, to make the narration more pleasing, by leaving the flatness and nakedness of former ages. This is most observable in his battles, where he does not only relate the meer fight, but writes with a martial spirit, as if he stood in the hottest of the engagement; and what is most excellent, as well as remarkable in so close a style, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their most proper situation.

#### § 55. *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,

him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can observe, one redundant expression; but his words are all weighed and chosen, so expressive and significant, that I will challenge any critic to take a sentence of his, and express it clearer or better; his contraction seems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that considered and studied perspicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to express his meaning, nor suffer one to stand if his sense was clear without it. Being more diffused, would have weakened his language, and have made it obscurer rather, than clearer: for multitude of words only serve to cloud or dissipate the sense; and though a copious style in a master's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciseness and perspicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge the expressions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Sallust is all life and spirit, yet grave and majestic in his diction: his use of old words is perfectly right; there is no affectation, but more weight and significancy in them: the boldness of his metaphors are among his greatest beauties; they are chosen with great judgment, and show the force of his genius: the colouring is strong, and the strokes are bold; and in my opinion he chose them for the sake of the brevity he loved, to express more clearly and more forcibly, what otherwise he must have written in looser characters with less strength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the justest and exactest of the Roman writers.

Livy is the most considerable of the Roman historians, if to the perfection of his style we join the compass of his subject; in

which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him in any nation, but the Jewish, especially over Thucydides; whose history, however drawn out into length, is confined to the shortest period of any, except what remains of Sallust. No historian could be happier in the greatness and dignity of his subject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majesty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not so copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expression, grave, majestic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would say his style flows with milk and honey, in such abundance, such pleasure and sweetness, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to resume him. We may resemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majesty of expression: and if we observe the multitude of clauses in the length of 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 significancy 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, shows 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 Sallust, rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history; for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young 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 disposed, do rather obscure than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a writer, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still increases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness 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 Sallust, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others.

#### § 56. *Their Use in Style.*

Reading these celebrated authors will give you a true taste of good writing, and form you to a just and correct style upon every occasion that shall demand your pen. I would not recommend any of them to a strict imitation; that is servile and mean; and you cannot propose an exact copy of a pattern, without falling short of the original: but if you once read them with a true relish and discernment of their beauties, you may lay them aside, and be secure of writing with all the graces of them all, without owing your perfection to any. Your style and manner will be your own, and even your letters upon the most ordinary subjects, will have a native beauty and elegance in the composition, which will equal them with the best originals, and set them far above the common standard.

Upon this occasion, I cannot pass by your favourite author, the grave and facetious Tatler, who has drawn mankind in every dress,

dress 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.

### § 57. *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.

### § 58. *On MILTON and PHILIPS.*

Milton is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of

rhyme; but, like sinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music: and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever; but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips has trod the nearest in his great master's steps, and has equalled him in his verse more than he falls below him in the compass and dignity of his subject. The Shilling is truly splendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfinished castle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or cyder drank in England. But I have digressed from Milton: and that I may return and say all in a word; his style, his thoughts, his verse are as superior to the generality of other poets, as his subject.

*Felton.*

### § 59. *On the Ancient Writers; and on the Labour with which the Ancients composed.*

The Antients (of whom we speak) had good natural parts, and applied them right; they understood their own strength, and were masters of the subject they undertook; they had a rich genius carefully cultivated: in their writings you have nature without wildness, and art without ostentation. For 'tis 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 skilful hand constantly to tend and prune it. Though these generous spirits were inspired with the love of true praise,

and had a modest assurance of their own abilities; yet they were not so self-sufficient, as to imagine their first thoughts were above their own review and correction, or their last above the judgment of their friends. They submitted their compositions to the censure of private persons and public assemblies. They reviewed, altered and polished, till they had good hopes they could present the world with a finished piece. And so great and happy was their judgment, that they understood when they had done well, and knew the critical season of laying aside the file.

For as those excellent masters, Pliny and Quintilian, observe, there may be an intemperance in correction; when an ingenious man has such an excess of modesty and faulty distrust of himself, that he wears off some of the necessary and ornamental parts of his discourse, instead of polishing the rough, and taking off the superfluous.

These immortal wits did not preposterously resolve first to be authors, and then immediately fall to writing without study and experience; but took care to furnish themselves with knowledge by close thought, select conversation, and reading; and to gain all the information and light that was necessary to qualify them to do justice to their subject. Then, after they had begun to write, they did not hurry on their pen with speed and impatience to appear in the view of the world; but they took time and pains to give every part of their discourse all possible strength and ornament, and to make the whole composition uniform and beautiful. They wisely considered, that productions which come before their due time into the world, are seldom perfect or long-lived; and that an author who designs to write for posterity, as

well as the present generation, cannot study a work with too deep care and resolute industry.

Varus tells us of his incomparable friend Virgil, that he composed but very few verses in a day. That consummate philosopher, critic, and poet, regarded the value, not number of his lines; and never thought too much pains could be bestowed on a poem, that he might reasonably expect would be the wonder of all ages, and last out the whole duration of time. Quintilian assures us, that Sallust wrote with abundance of deliberation and prudent caution; and indeed that fully appears from his complete and exquisite writings. Demosthenes laboured night and day, out-watched the poor mechanic in Athens, (that was forced to perpetual drudgery to support himself and his family) till he had acquired such a mastery in his noble profession, such a rational and overruling vehemence, such a perfect habit of nervous and convincing eloquence, as enabled him to defy the strongest opposition, and to triumph over envy and time.

Plato, when he was eighty years old, was busily employed in the review and amendment of his divine dialogues: and some people are severe upon Cicero, that, in imitation of Plato, he was so scrupulous whether he ought to write *ad Pireæ* or in *Pireæ*, *Piræum* or in *Piræum*, that now in the sixtieth year of his age, in the fury of the civil wars, when he knew not how to dispose of his family, and scarce expected safety, he earnestly intreated his noble and learned friend Atticus to resolve that difficulty, and ease him of the perplexity which it created him. Whatever raillery or reflection some humourful wits may make upon that great man's exactness and nicety in that respect,

and

and at such a time; 'tis a plain proof of his wonderful care and diligence in his composition, and the strict regard he had to the purity and propriety of his language. The ancients so accurately understood, and so indefatigably studied their subject, that they scarce ever fail to finish and adorn every part with strong sense, and lively expression.

### § 60. ON HOMER.

'Tis no romantic commendation of Homer, to say, that no man understood persons and things better than he; or had a deeper insight into the humours and passions of human nature. He represents great things with such sublimity, and little ones with such propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleasant.

He is a perfect master of all the lofty graces of the figurative style, and all the purity and easiness of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and historian, assures us, that Homer has described the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not seen them; and no man but must admire and be astonished who has. His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the universe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and style scattered through his writings; he is scarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehension of genius, elevation of fancy, and immense copiousness of invention. Such a

sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed and admired him as the great High Priest of Nature, who was admitted into her innermost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praises of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in these later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a spirit of conceit and contradiction.

These gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himself banished him out of his commonwealth; which, say they, must be granted to be a blemish upon the poet's reputation. The reason why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the subjects of that government, was because he did not esteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meanings, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a sense. Plato frequently declares, that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the poets; and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical way of writing. Though he forbade his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own closet. Though the philosopher pretends, that for reasons of state he must remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all possible respect while he staid; and dismiss him laden with presents, and adorned with garlands (as the priests and supplicants of their gods used to be) by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to esteem his person sacred, and receive him with due veneration."



§ 61. *ON THEOCRITUS.*

If we mention Theocritus, he will be another bright instance of the happy abilities and various accomplishments of the ancients. He has writ in several sorts of poetry, and succeeded in all. It seems unnecessary to praise the native simplicity and easy freedom of his pastorals; when Virgil himself sometimes invokes the muse of Syracuse; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in several passages translates him. Quintilian says of our Sicilian bard, that he is admirable in his kind; but when he adds, that his muse is not only shy of appearing at the bar, but in the city too, 'tis evident this remark must be confined to his pastorals. In several of his other poems, he shews such strength of reason and politeness, that would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his smaller poems of Cupid stung, Adonis killed by the Boar, &c. you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and Combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetic, clear, and pleasant, than Apollonius on the same, or any other subject. In his conversation of Alcmena and Tiresias, of Hercules and the old servant of Augeas, in Cynicea and Thyonichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the easiness and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue, which reign in the *Odysseis*; and in Hercules destroying the lion of Nemea, the spirit and majesty of the *Iliad*. The panegyric 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 Castor and Pollux,

he has praised his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of address, with those sublime and graceful expressions of devotion and respect, that in politeness, smoothness of turn, and a refined art of praising without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus; and in loftiness and flight of thought, scarce yields to Pindar or Homer.

§ 62. *ON HERODOTUS.*

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace, and Scythia: he travelled likewise to Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt; where he carefully viewed the chief curiosities, and most remarkable places, and conversed with the Egyptian priests, who informed him of their ancient history, and acquainted him with their customs, sacred and civil. Indeed he speaks of their religious rights with such plainness and clearness in some cases, and such reserve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and consecrated a priest of some of their orders\*.

Thus, being acquainted with the most famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the most considerable persons of the age, he applied himself to write the history of the Greeks and Barbarians: and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulness, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applause of the most august assembly in the world at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

\* See Herodot. Gale's Edition, lib. ii. sect. 3. p. 91. sect. 65. p. 114. sect. 171. p. 156.

His history opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives light to all her authors.

§ 63. *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 unwearied endeavours after knowledge and information; so that he describes all the countries, towns, seas, and ports, whither the Roman legions and navies came, with near the same accuracy and perfection (if possible) which he could any place in Italy; lays a siege, draws up an army with skill and conduct scarce inferior to Cæsar himself. Was there as much charm in the conversation of this extraordinary man, as there is in his writings, the gentleman of Cales would not repent of his long journey, who came from thence only to see Livy, upon the fame of his incomparable eloquence, and other celebrated abilities; and we have reason to believe he received satisfaction, because, after he had seen Livy, and conversed with him, he had no curiosity to see Rome, to which he was so near; and which at that time was, for its magnificence and glories, one of the greatest wonders of the whole earth.

These two princes of Greek and Roman history tell a story, and make up a description, with inexpressible grace; and so delicately mix the great and little circumstances, that there is both the utmost dignity and pleasure in it.

§ 64. *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 his reader with variety: that is the universal charm, which takes with people of all tastes and complexions. 'Tis an appetite planted in us by the Author of our being; and is natural to an human soul, whose immense desires nothing but an infinite good, and unexhausted pleasure, can fully gratify. The most palatable dish becomes nauseous, if it be always set before a man: the most musical and harmonious notes, too often and unseasonably struck, grate the ear like the jarring of the most harsh and hateful discord.

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 luxuriandy. They seldom use many periods together, consisting 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 soundest judgment, and please the most sprightly imagination.

tion. From these glorious authors we have instruction without the common formality and dryness of precept; and receive the most edifying advice in the pleasing way of insinuation and surprise.

§ 65. *Perspicuity a principal Beauty of the Classics.*

Another excellency of the true classics is, perspicuity, and clear style; which will excuse and cover several faults in an author; but the want of it is never to be atoned by any pretence of loftiness, caution, or any consideration whatever.

And this is the effect of a clear head, and vigorous understanding; of close and regular thinking, and the diligence of select reading. A man should write with the same design as he speaks, to be understood with ease, and to communicate his mind with pleasure and instruction. If we select Xenophon out of the other Greek classics, whether he writes of the management of family-affairs, or the more arduous matters of state and policy; whether he gives an account of the wars of the Grecians, or the morals of Socrates; the style, though so far varied as to be suitable to every subject, yet is always clear and significant, sweet without lushiousness, 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 delightful conversation. The pleasant and serious are there so happily mixed and tempered, that the discourse is

neither too light for the grave, nor too solemn for the gay. There is mirth with dignity and decorum; and philosophy attended and enlivened by all the graces.

§ 66. *On CICERO.*

If among the Latin Classics we name Tully, upon every subject he equally shews the strength of his reason, and the brightness of his style. Whether he addresses his friend in the most graceful negligence of a familiar letter, or moves his auditors with laboured periods, and passionate strains of manly oratory; whether he proves the majesty of God, and immortality of human souls, in a more sublime and pompous eloquence, or lays down the rules of prudence and virtue in a more calm and even way of writing; he always expresses good sense in pure and proper language: he is learned and easy, richly plain, and neat without affectation. He is always copious, but never runs into a faulty luxuriance, nor tires his reader: and, though he says almost every thing that can be said upon his subject, yet you will scarce ever think he says too much.

§ 67. *On the Obscurities in the Classics.*

Those few obscurities which are in the best authors, do not proceed from haste and confusion of thought, or ambiguous expressions, from a long croud of parentheses, or perplexed periods; but either the places continue the same as they were in the original, and are not intelligible to us only by reason of our ignorance of some customs of those times and countries; or the passages are altered and spoiled by the presumption and busy impertinence of foolish transcribers and conceited

ceited 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 over-spread 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, *τίς ἀνθρώπων ἀείδει;* "who can sing of Phœbus in the mountains?" which was neither sense of itself, nor had any connection with what went before. But Stephens's amendment of it set right both the sense and the connection, without altering a letter; *τίς ἀνὲρ ἄνθρωπων ἀείδει;* "Phœbus is an unexhausted subject of praise;"—among all his glorious qualifications and exploits, what poet can be so dull, what wit so barren, as to want materials for an hymn to his honour?—In the fourth verse of the eleventh epigram of Theocritus, there wanted a little point in the word *ἐμυοδέρης*, which took off all the sprightliness and turn of the thought; which Daniel Heinsius luckily restored by changing the nom. sing. *ἐμυοδέρης*, into the dat. plur. *ἐμυοδέρησι*. "The friends of Euthenes the poet gave him, though a stranger, an honourable burial in a foreign country; and the poet was extremely beloved by 'em." How flat and insipid! According to the amendment it runs thus: "The acquaintance of Euthenes buried

him honourably, though in a foreign country, and he was extremely beloved by his brother poets themselves." For a man to be mightily honoured by strangers, and extremely beloved by people of the same profession, who are apt to malign and envy one another, is a very high commendation of his candour, and excellent temper. That very valuable amendment in the sixth line of Horace's preface to his odes, has cleared a difficulty, which none of the critics could handsomely acquit themselves of before the admirable Dr. Bently; and has rescued the poet, eminent for the clearness of his style, from the imputation of harshness and obscurity in the very beginning, and first address to his reader; where peculiar care and accuracy is expected. It would be endless to mention the numerous places in the ancients happily restored and illustrated by that great man; who is not only a sound and discerning critic, but a clean and vigorous writer, excellently skilled in all divine and human literature: to whom all scholars are obliged for his learned performances upon the classics; and all mankind for his noble and glorious defence of religion. The learned Meursius was strange, puzzled with a passage in Minutius Felix\*; and altered the text with such intolerable boldness, as, if allowed, would soon pervert and destroy all good authors; which the ingenious editor of that father has cleared, by putting the points of distinction in their proper places. *Reges tantum regni sui, per officia ministrorum, universa novere.* Meursius had disguised and deformed the passage thus: *Reges statum regni sui per officia ministrorum diversa no-*

\* Min. Felix, Camb. edit. by Davis, § 33. p. 163. not. 7.

*vere.* Dr. Bently has made a certain emendation in Horace's Art of Poetry, only by altering the places of two lines, making that which was the forty-sixth in the common books, the forty-fifth in his own beautiful edition.

§ 68. *On several Advantages which the Classics enjoyed.*

It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want, and abject dependence. They were persons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, possessed of the highest dignities and posts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they presided; of those actions, in which they were present, and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, besides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was so considerable in power and interest, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had usurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education, in their youth, completed by severe

study in their advanced years: in short, they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies; and in strength of parts, and nobleness of thought and expression, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who by his commanding wisdom and eloquence influenced all Greece, and was said to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The smoothness of his composition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the soundness of his morals, conveyed in the sweetest numbers, were so universally admired, and his glory so far spread, that the Athenians, who were taken prisoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preserved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the astonishing respects that the Sicilians, enemies and strangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illustrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verses, were rewarded with their liberty, and generously sent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's side, sprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their no less celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greatest men of the age wherein he lived; and will be studied and admired by men of taste and judgment in all succeeding ages. In his works, are inestimable treasures of the best learning. In short, as a learned gentleman says, he writ with

with all the strength of human reason, and all the charm of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates king of Samos; and his sprightly muse, naturally flowing with innumerable pleasures and graces, must improve in delicacy and sweetness by the gaiety and refined conversation of that flourishing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his conversation with the heroes qualified him to sing their praises with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games scarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celestial song. The noble Hiero of Syracuse was his generous friend and patron; and the most powerful and polite state of all Greece esteemed a line of his, in praise of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a statue. Most of the genuine and valuable Latin Classics had the same advantages of fortune, and improving conversation, the same encouragements with these and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained such a wonderful insight into the characters and manners of mankind, such an elegant choice of words, and fluency of style, such judgment in the conduct of his plot, and such delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the conversation of Scipio and Lælius, the greatest men and most refined wits of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean scholar, improve by his diligent application to study, and their genteel and learned conversation; that it was charged upon him by those who envied his superior excellencies, that he published their

compositions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world should believe those noblemen wrote his plays, but scarce believed it themselves: and the poet very prudently and genteelly slighted their malice, and made his great patrons the finest compliment in the world, by esteeming the accusation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence against it\*.

Sallust, so famous for his neat expressive brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearness of style, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the mysteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning so useful to the world, and so honourable to himself, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government; and sharing in the important counsels and debates of the senate.

Cæsar had a prodigious wit, and universal learning; was noble by birth, a consummate statesman, a brave and wise general, and a most heroic prince. His prudence and modesty in speaking of himself, the truth and clearness of his descriptions, the inimitable purity and perspicuity of his style, distinguish him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer resemblance to him in more instances than the admirable Xenophon. What useful and entertaining accounts might reasonably be expected from such a writer, who gives you the geography and history of those countries and nations, which he himself conquered, and the descriptions of those military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himself contrived and marked out?

The best authors in the reign of Augustus,

\* See Prologue to *Adelphi*, v. 15—22.

as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumstances. That was the golden age of learning. They flourished under the favours and bounty of the richest and most generous court in the world; 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 magnificently encouraged by such patrons as Mæcenas and Augustus?

A chief reason why Tacitus writes with such skill and authority, that he makes such deep searches into the nature of things, and designs of men, that he so exquisitely understands the secrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himself was admitted into the highest places of trust, and employed in the most public and important affairs. The statesman brightens the scholar, and the consul improves and elevates the historian.

#### § 69. *On the Care of the Ancients in selecting Numbers.*

The Ancients are peculiarly to be admired for their care and happy exactness in selecting out the noblest and most valuable numbers, upon which the force and pleasantness of style principally depend. A discourse, consisting most of the strongest numbers, and best sort of feet, such as the Dactyl, Spondee, Anapest, Moloss, Cretic, &c. regularly compacted, stands firm and steady, and sounds magnificent and agreeable to a judicious ear. But a discourse made up of the weakest numbers, and the worst sort of feet, such as the Pyrrhichee, Choree, Trochee, &c. is loose and languid, and not capable 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 worse-sounding feet and measures, they so carefully temper and strengthen them with firm and nervous syllables on both sides, that the imperfection is covered, and the dignity of the sentence preserved and supported.

#### § 70. *On their making the Sound an Echo to the Sense.*

Another excellency, nearly allied to this in these glorious writers, is their suiting the contexture of their discourse, and the sound of their syllables, to the nature and character of their subjects. That is, they so contrive and work their composition, that the sound shall be a resemblance, or, as Longinus says, an echo of the sense, and words lively pictures of things. In describing the loveliness of beauty, and the charms of joy and gaiety, they avoid disagreeable elisions; do not make the discourse harsh by joining mutes, and coupling letters, that, being united, make a distasteful and grating sound. But by the choice of the best vowels, and the sweetest half-vowels, the whole composition is made smooth and delicate; and glides with easiness and pleasure through the ear.

In describing of a thing or person full of terror, ruggedness, or deformity, they use the worst-sounding vowels; and encumber the syllables with mutes of the roughest and most difficult pronunciation. The rushing of land-floods, the roaring of huge waters, and the dashing of waves against the shores, is imitated by words that make a vast and boisterous sound, and rudely clash together.

The

The great Plato, who had a genius for all manner of learning, was discouraged from poetry by finding that verse in Homer, which so wonderfully expresses the roaring of the billows.

Ηἰός τε βόωντι ἐπὶ πρυμναῖς ἀνδρὶς ἔξω •.

Haste and swiftness is figured by short syllables, by quick and rapid numbers; slowness, gravity, &c. by long syllables, and numbers strong and solemn. I shall produce some instances, and speak to them just as they come into my thoughts, without any nicety of method. Virgil, in his account of the sufferings of wicked souls in the regions of punishment, fills the reader with dread and amazement; every syllable sounds terror; awe and astonishment accompany his majestic numbers. † In that passage,

—Tum sæva sonare

Verbera, tum stridor ferri, tractæque catenæ,

the hissing letter repeated with broad sounding vowels immediately following, the force and roughness of the canine letter so often used, and those strong syllables in the second, third, and fourth places, emphatically express those dreadful sounds. A man of an ear will, upon the repetition of them, be apt to fancy he hears the crack of the furies whips, and the rattling and clank of infernal chains. Those harsh elisions, and heavy robust syllables, in that description of the hideous Cyclops, *Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, naturally express the enormous bulk, and brutish fierceness of that misshapen and horrid monster.

\* Iliad. 17. v. 265.

† Æneid. 6. v. 558, &c.

Our Spenser, one of the best poets this nation has bred, and whose faults are not to be imputed either to want of genius or care, but to the age he lived in, was very happy and judicious in the choice of his numbers; of which take this example, not altogether foreign or unparallel to that of Virgil just mentioned;

—He heard a dreadful sound,

Which thro' the wood loud-bellowing did rebound.

And then,

—His monstrous enemy

With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,  
An hideous giant, horrible and high †.

Those verses in the first Georgic,

Tor sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam

Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum †.

are contrived with great art to represent the prodigious pains the giants took in heaping mountains upon mountains to scale heaven, and the slowness of their progress in that unwieldy work.

For a vowel open before a vowel, makes a chafin, and requires a strong and full breath; therefore a pause must follow, which naturally expresses difficulty and opposition.

But when swiftness and speed are to be described, see how the same wonderful man varies his numbers, and still suits his verse to his subject!

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

† Fairy Queen.

‡ Georg. 1. v. 281.



Here the rapid numbers, and short syllables, sustained with strong vowels, admirably represent both the vigour and speed of a horse at full stretch scouring over the plain.

When Horace sings of mirth, beauty, and other subjects, that require delicacy and sweetness of composition, he smooths his lines with soft syllables, and flows in gay and melting numbers. Scarce any reader is so much a stoic, but good humour steals upon him; and he reads with something of the temper which the author was in when he wrote. How inexpressibly sweet are those neat lines!

Urit me Glyceræ nitor  
Splendens Pariò marmore purius:  
Urit grata protervitas,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.

Innumerable beauties of this nature are scattered through his Lyric poetry. But when he undertakes lofty and noble subjects, he raises his style, and strengthens his expression. For example, when he proposes to do honour to Pindar, and sing the glories of Augustus, he reaches the Grecian's noblest flights, has all his magnificence of thought, his strength of fancy, and daring liberty of figures.

The Roman swan soars as high as the Theban; he equals that commanding spirit, those awful and vigorous beauties, which he generously pronounces inimitable; and praises both his immortal predecessor in lyric poetry, and his royal benefactor, with as much grandeur, and exalted eloquence, as ever Pindar praised any of his heroes.

It is a just observation of Longinus, that though Homer and Virgil are chiefly confined to the Dactyl and Spondee, and rarely use even 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 position of all the feet in the languages.

§ 71. *Translations cannot be sufficient Substitutes for such Originals.*

A reader of such authors can scarce ever be weary; he has the advantage of a traveller for many miles round Damascus; he never removes out of Paradise, but is regaled with a constant succession of pleasures, and enjoys in a small compass the bounty and gaiety of universal nature. From hence may be seen the injustice and folly of those people, who would have translations of the classics; and then, to save the trouble of learning Greek and Latin, throw away the great originals to dust and oblivion. I would indeed have all the classics turned into our language by the most masterly hands, (as we already have some) among other reasons, for this, that ingenious and inquisitive people, who have the misfortune not to be well acquainted with the learned tongues, may have some taste of their excellencies. Ignorant persons, who know nothing of their language, would soon be persuaded to believe; and shallow pretenders, who know nothing of their beauties, would boldly pronounce, that some 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 tongues, so much in many respects inferior to them, always

more

more or less flattens their sense, and tarnishes their beauties. It is something like transplanting a precious tree out of the warm and fruitful climes in which it was produced, into a cold and barren country: with much care and tenderness it may live, blossom, and bear; but it can never so cheerfully flourish, as in its native soil; it will degenerate, and lose much of its delicious flavour, and original richness. And besides the weakening of the sense, (though that be by far the most important consideration) Greek and Latin have such a noble harmony of sound, such force and dignity of numbers, and such delicacy of turn in the periods, that cannot intirely be preserved in any language of the world. These two languages are so peculiarly susceptible of all the graces of wit and elocution, that they are read with more pleasure, and lively gust, and consequently with more advantage, than the most perfect translation that the ablest genius can compose, or the strongest modern language can bear. The pleasure a man takes in reading, engages a close attention; raises and cheers the spirits; and impresses the author's sentiments and expressions deeper on the memory. A gentleman travels through the finest countries in the world, is in all respects qualified to make observations, and then writes a faithful and curious history of his travels. I can read his relations with pleasure and improvement, and will pay him the praise due to his merits; but must believe, that if I myself travelled through those countries, and attentively viewed and considered all those curiosities of art and nature which he describes, I should have a more satisfactory idea, and higher pleasure, than it is possible to receive from the exactest accounts. Authors of such distinguished parts

and perfections cannot be studied by a rational and discerning reader without very valuable advantages. Their strong sense, and manly thought, clothed in the most significant and beautiful language, will improve his reason and judgment; and enable him to acquire the art of genteel and sensible writing. For it is a most absurd objection, that the Classics do not improve your reason, nor enlarge your knowledge of useful things, but only amuse and divert you with artificial turns of words, and flourishes of rhetoric. Let but a man of capacity read a few lines in Plato, Demosthenes, Tully, Sallust, Juvenal, &c. and he will immediately discover all such objections either to proceed from ignorance, a depraved taste, or intolerable conceit. The Classics are intimately acquainted with those things they undertake to treat of; and explain and adorn their subject with sound reasoning, exact disposition, and beautiful propriety of language. No man in his right mind would have people to study them with neglect and exclusion of other parts of useful knowledge, and good learning. No, let a man furnish himself with all the arts and sciences, that he has either capacity or opportunity to learn; and he will still find, that readiness and skill in these correct and rational authors is not the least ornamental or serviceable part of his attainments. The neatness and delicacy of their compositions will be refreshment and music, after the toils of severer and harsher studies. The brightness of their sense, and the purity and elegance of their diction, will qualify most people, who duly admire and study their excellencies, to communicate their thoughts with energy and clearness. Some gentlemen, deeply read in old systems of philosophy, and the abstruser part of learning, for want of a

sufficient acquaintance with these great masters of style and politeness, have not been able to express their notions, as to make their labours fully intelligible and useful to mankind. Irregular broken periods, long and frequent parentheses, and harsh tropes, have perplexed their notions; and much of their sense has lain buried under the confusion and rubbish of an obscure and horrid style. The brightest and most rational thoughts are obscured, and in a great measure spoiled, if they be encumbered with obsolete and coarse words unskilfully placed, and ungracefully turned. The matchless graces of some fine odes in Anacreon or Horace, do chiefly arise from the judicious choice of the beautiful words, and the delicacy and harmoniousness of the structure.

§ 72. *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 business, and sit as members in the most august assemblies, have a more considerable share in, than people of meaner condition. The speeches of the great men among the Greeks and Romans deserve their peculiar study and imitation, as being master-pieces of clear reasoning and genuine eloquence: the orators in the Classics fairly state their case, and strongly argue it: their remarks are surprising and pertinent, their repartees quick, and their railery clear and diverting. They are bold without rashness or insolence; and severe with good manners and decency. They do justice to their subject, and speak agreeably to the nature of things, and characters of persons. Their sentences are sprightly, and their morals

sound. In short, no part of the compositions of the ancients is more finished, more instructive and pleasing than their orations. Here they seem to exert their choicest abilities, and collect the utmost force of their genius. Their whole histories may be compared to a noble and delicious country, that lies under the favourable eye and perpetual smiles of the heavens, and is every-where crowned with pleasure and plenty: but their choice descriptions and speeches seem like some peculiarly fertile and happy spots of ground in that country, on which nature has poured out her riches with a more liberal hand, and art has made the utmost improvements of her bounty. They have taken so much pains, and used such accuracy in the speeches, that the greater pleasure they have given the reader, the more they have exposed themselves to the censure of the critic. The orations are too sublime and elaborate; and those persons to whom they are ascribed, could not at those times compose or speak them. 'Tis allowed, that they might not deliver themselves in that exact number and collection of words, which the historians have so curiously laid together; but it can scarce be denied, but the great men in history had frequent occasions of speaking in public; and 'tis probable, that many times they did actually speak to the same purpose. Fabius Maximus and Scipio, Cæsar and Cato, were capable of making as good speeches as Livy or Sallust; and Pericles was an orator no ways inferior to Thucydides. When the reason of the thing will allow that there was time and room for premeditation, there is no question but many of those admirable men in history spoke as well as they are represented by those able and eloquent writers. But then the historians putting the speeches into their

their own style, and giving us those harangues 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 scholiast. To grant all that is in the objection; the greatest Classics were liable to human infirmities and errors; and whenever their forward censurers shall fall into such irregularities, and commit such faults joined to such excellencies, the learned world will not only pardon, but admire them. We may say of that celebrated speech of Marius in Sallust, and others that are most attacked upon this foot, as the friends of Virgil do in excuse of his offending against chronology in the story of Æneas and Dido; that had there been no room for such little objections, the world had wanted some of the most charming and consummate productions of human wit. Whoever made those noble speeches and debates, they so naturally arise from the posture of affairs, and circumstances of the times which the authors then describe, and are so rational, so pathetic and becoming, that the pleasure and instruction of the reader is the same. A complete dissertation upon the uses and beauties of the chief speeches in the classical historians, would be a work of curiosity, that would require an able genius and fine pen. I shall just make some short strictures upon two; one out of Thucydides, and the other out of Tacitus.

§ 73. *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 desirable, by shewing they are always conferred with judgment and wariness. He praises the dead, in order to encourage the living to follow their example; to which he proposes the strongest inducements in the most moving and lively manner; from the consideration of the immortal honours paid to the memory of the deceased; and the generous provisions made by the government for the dear persons left behind by those who fell in their country's cause. He imputes the greatest share of the merits of those gallant men, to the excellency of the Athenian constitution; which trained them up in such regular discipline, and secured to them and their descendants such invaluable privileges, that no man of sense and gratitude, of public spirit, and a lover of his children, would scruple to venture his life to preserve them inviolable, and transmit them to late posterity. The noble orator in 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 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 desired without insolence or licentiousness; and fear nothing but transgressing the laws\*.

\* See Thucyd. Oxon. Ed. lib. 2. p. 103.

§ 74. *On MUCIAN's Speech in TACITUS.*

Mucian's speech in Tacitus\* contains many important matters in a small compass; and in a few clean and emphatical words goes through the principal topics of persuasion. He presses, and conjures Vespasian to dispute the empire with Vitellius, by the duty he owes his bleeding country; by the love he has for his hopeful sons; by the fairest prospect of success that could be hoped for, if he once vigorously set upon that glorious business; but if he neglected the present opportunity, by the dismal appearance of the worst evils that could be feared, he encourages him by the number and goodness of his forces; by the interest and steadiness of his friends; by the vices of his rival, and his own virtues. Yet all the while this great man compliments Vespasian, and pays him honour, he is cautious not in the least to diminish his own glory: if he readily allows him the first rank of merit, he briskly claims the second to himself. Never were liberty and complaisance of speech more happily mixed; he conveys sound exhortation in praise; and at the same time says very bold and very obliging things. In short, he speaks with the bravery of a soldier, and the freedom of a friend: in his address, there is the air and the gracefulness of an accomplished courtier; in his advice, the sagacity and caution of a consummate statesman.

§ 75. *The Classics exhibit a beautiful System of Morals.*

Another great advantage of studying the Classics is, that from a few of the best of

them may be drawn a good system and beautiful collection of sound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are set off in the light and gracefulness of clear and moving expression; and eloquence is meritoriously employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impressions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodness so engagingly dressed, and so beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tusculan Questions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much superior in language. Pindar writes in an exalted strain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the aspersions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never speaks of things or persons sacred, but with the tenderest caution and reverence. He praises virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and speaks of its eternal rewards with a pious assurance. A notable critic has observed, to the perpetual scandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral sentences. Indeed Pindar is a great master of this excellency, for which all men of sense will admire him; and at the same time be astonished at that man's honesty who slightes such an excellency; and that man's understanding, who cannot discover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a just contempt of his vile and malicious adversaries, he compares himself to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he soars far above the reach and out of the view of noisy fluttering cavillers. The famous Greek professor, Duport, has made an entertaining and useful collection of Homer's divine and moral sayings, and has with great dexterity compared

\* Tacit. Ezer. Ed. 1634. Hist. 2. p. 581, 585.

compared them with parallel passages out of the inspired writers \* : By which it appears, that there is no book in the world so like the style of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble historians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life ; and powerfully instruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and villainy in horrid colours ; and employ all their reason and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undisssembled goodness amiable in the eye of mankind. They express a true reverence for the established religion, and a hearty concern for the prosperous state of their native country.

§ 76. *On XENOPHON'S Memoirs of SOCRATES.*

Xenophon's memorable things of Socrates, is a very instructive and refined system of morality ; it goes through all points of duty to God and man, with great clearness of sense and sound notion, and with inexpressible simplicity and purity of language. The great Socrates there discourses in such a manner, as is most proper to engage and persuade all sorts of readers : he argues with the reason of a philosopher ; directs with the authority of a lawgiver, and addresses with the familiarities and endearments of a friend.

He made as many improvements in true morality, as could be made by the unassisted strength of human reason ; nay, he delivers himself in some places, as if he was enlightened by a ray from heaven. In one of Plato's divine dialogues \*, Socrates utters a surprising prophecy of a divine person, a true

friend and lover of human nature, who was to come into the world to instruct them in the most acceptable way of addressing their prayers to the majesty of God.

§ 77. *On the Morality of JUVENAL.*

I do not wonder when I hear that some prelates of the church have recommended the serious study of Juvenal's moral parts to their clergy. That manly and vigorous author, so perfect a master in the serious and sublime way of satire, is not unacquainted with any of the excellencies of good writing ; but is especially to be admired and valued for his exalted morals. He dissuades from wickedness, and exhorts to goodness, with vehemence of zeal that can scarce be dissimulated, and strength of reason that cannot easily be resisted. He does not praise virtue, and condemn vice, as one has a favourable, and the other a malignant aspect upon a man's fortune in this world only ; but he establishes the unalterable distinctions of good and evil ; and builds his doctrine upon the 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 sound and serviceable is that wonderful notion in the thirteenth satire \*, That an inward inclination to do an ill thing is criminal ; that a wicked thought stains the mind with guilt, and exposes the offender to the punishment of heaven, though it never ripen into action ! A suitable practice would effectually crush the serpent's head, and banish along and black train of mischiefs and miseries out of the world. What a scene of horror does

\* *Gnomologia Homerica*, Cantab. 1660.

† *Dialog. Select.* Cantab. 1683. ad Alcibiad.

he disclose, when in the same satire \* he opens to our view the wounds and gashes of a wicked conscience! The guilty reader is not only terrified at dreadful cracks and flashes of the heavens, but looks pale and trembles at the thunder and lightning of the poet's awful verse. The notion of true fortitude cannot be better stated than it is in the eighth satire †, where he pressingly exhorts his reader always to prefer his conscience and principles before his life; and not to be restrained from doing his duty, or be awed into a compliance with a villainous proposal, even by the presence and command of a barbarous tyrant, or the nearest prospect of death in all the circumstances of cruelty and terror. Must not a professor of Christianity be ashamed of himself for harbouring uncharitable and bloody resentments in his breast, which he reads and considers that invaluable passage against revenge in the above-mentioned thirteenth satire ‡? Where he argues against that fierce and fatal passion, from the ignorance and littleness of that mind which is possessed with it; from the honour and generosity of passing by and forgiving injuries; from the example of those wise and mild men of 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 assured his malicious prosecutors and murderers could do him no hurt; and had not himself the least inclination or rising wish to do them any; who discoursed with that 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.

§ 78. *The best Classics lay down excellent Rules for Conversation.*

The best Classics lay down very valuable rules for the management of conversation, for graceful and proper address to those persons with whom we converse. They instruct their readers in the methods of engaging and preserving friends; and reveal to them the true secret of pleasing mankind. This is a large and agreeable field; but I shall confine myself to a small compass.

While Tully, under the person of Crassus, gives an account of the word *ineptus*, or impertinent, he insinuates excellent caution to prevent a man from rendering himself ridiculous and distasteful to company. These are his words: "He that either does not observe "the proper time of a thing; or speaks too "much, or vain-gloriously sets himself off, "or has not a regard to the dignity or interest of those he converses with, or, in a "word, is in any kind indecent or excessive, "is called impertinent." That is admirable advice in the third book of his Offices, for the prudent and graceful regulation of a man's discourse (which has so powerful an influence upon the misfortune or happiness of life) that we should always speak with that prudence; candour, and undissembled complaisance, that the persons we address may be persuaded that we both love and reverence them.

For this persuasion settled in their minds, will secure their friendship, and create us the pleasure of their mutual love and respect. Every judicious reader of Horace will allow the justness of Sir William Temple's character of him, That he was the greatest master

of

\* V. 192, &c. 210, &c. † V. 79, to v. 85.  
‡ V. 181, &c.

of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it. Is it possible to comprise better advice in fewer lines than those of his to his friend Lollius, which I shall give you in the original ?

Arcaum aequè tu scrutaberis ullius unquam :  
Commisumque teges, & vino tortus & ira :  
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes :  
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges \*.

Horace had an intimate friendship and interest with men of the chief quality and distinction in the empire : who then was fitter to lay down rules how to approach the great, and gain their countenance and patronage ?

This great man has a peculiar talent of handsomely expressing his gratitude to his noble benefactors : he just puts a due value upon every favour, and, in short, manages that nice subject of praise with a manly grace, and irreproachable decency. How clean is that address to Augustus absent from Rome, in the fifth ode of the fourth book !

Lucem redde tuz, dox bone, patriæ ;  
Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus  
Assulst populo, gratior it dies,  
Et soles melius nitent.

Here are no forced figures, or unnatural rants ; 'tis all reasonable and beautiful, poetical and literally true.

### § 79. Directions for reading the Classics.

Those excellencies of the Ancients, which I have accounted for, seem to be sufficient to recommend them to the esteem and study of all lovers of good and polite learning : and that the young scholar may study them with suitable success and improvement, a few directions may be proper to be observed ; which I shall lay down in this

chapter. 'Tis in my opinion a right method to begin with the best and most approved Classics ; and to read those authors first, which must often be read over. Besides that the best authors are easiest to be understood, their noble sense and animated expression, will make strong impressions upon the young scholar's mind, and train him up to the early love and imitation of their excellencies.

Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Tibullus, Propertius, cannot be studied too much, or gone over too often. One reading may suffice for Lucan, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, Claudian ; though there will be frequent occasions to consult some of their particular passages. The same may be said with respect to the Greek poets : Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, must never be intirely laid aside ; and will recompense as many repetitions as a man's time and affairs will allow. Hesiod, Orpheus, Theogonis, Æschylus, Lycophron, Apollonius Rhodius, Nicander, Aratus, Oppian, Quintus Calaber, Dionysius, Periegetes, and Nonnus, will amply reward the labour of one careful perusal. Sallust, Livy, Cicero, Cæsar, and Tacitus, deserve to be read several times ; and read them as oft as you please, they will always afford fresh pleasure and improvement. I cannot but place the two Plinies after these illustrious writers, who flourished indeed, when the Roman language was a little upon the declension ; but by the vigour of a great genius, and wondrous industry, raised themselves in a great measure above the discouragements and disadvantages of the age they lived in. In quality and learning, in experience of the world, and employments of importance in the government, they were equal to

\* Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 37.



to the greatest of the Latin writers, though excelled by some of them in language.

The elder Pliny's natural history is a work learned and copious, that entertains you with all the variety of nature itself, and is one of the greatest monuments of universal knowledge, and unwearied application, now extant in the world. His geography, and description of herbs, trees, and animals, are of great use to the understanding of all the authors of Rome and Greece.

Pliny the younger is one of the finest wits that Italy has produced; he is correct and elegant, has a florid and gay fancy, tempered with maturity and soundness of judgment. Every thing in him is exquisitely studied; and yet, in general speaking, every thing is natural and easy. In his incomparable oration in honour of Trajan, he has frequent and surprising turns of true wit, without playing and tinkling upon sounds. He has exhausted the subject of panegyric, using every topic and every delicacy of praise. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Demosthenes, are of the same merit among the Greeks: to which, I think, I may add Polybius, Lucian, and Plutarch. Polybius was nobly born; a man of deep thought, and perfect master of his subject: he discovers all the mysteries of policy, and presents to your view the inmost springs of those actions which he describes: his remarks and maxims have been regarded by the greatest men both in civil and military affairs as oracles of prudence: Scipio was his friend and admirer; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch, have honoured him with high commendations; Constantine the Great was his diligent reader, and Brutus abridged him for his own constant use. Lucian is an universal scholar, and a prodigious wit: he is Attic and neat in his style, clear in his narration, and

wonderfully facetious in his repartees: he furnishes you, with almost all the poetical history in such a diverting manner, that you will not easily forget it; and supplies the most dry and barren wit with a rich plenty of materials. Plutarch is an author of deep sense, and vast learning; though he does not reach his illustrious predecessors in the graces of his language: his morals are sound and noble, illustrated with a perpetual variety of beautiful metaphors and comparisons, and enforced with very remarkable stories, and pertinent examples: in his lives there is a complete account of all the Roman and Grecian antiquities, of 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.

§ 80. *The subordinate Classics not to be neglected.*

Every repetition of these authors will bring the reader fresh profit and satisfaction. The rest of the Classics must by no means be neglected; but ought once to be carefully read over, and may ever after be occasionally consulted with much advantage. The Grecian Classics next in value to those we have named, are, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Strabo, Ælian, Arrian's Expedition of Alexander the Great, Polyænus, Herodian: the Latin are, Hirtius, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Nepos, and Suetonius. We may with a little allowance admit that observation to be just, that he who would completely understand one Classic, must diligently read all. When a young gentleman is entered

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tered 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 intirely master any passage, let him proceed by constant and regular reading, he will either find in that author he is upon, or some other on the same subject, a parallel place, that will clear the doubt.

The Greek authors wonderfully explain and illustrate the Roman. Learning came late to Rome, and all the Latin writers follow the plans that were laid out before them by the great masters of Greece.

They every where imitate the Greeks, and in many places translate 'em. Compare 'em together, and they will be a comment to one another: you will by this means be enabled to pass a more certain judgment upon the humour and idiom of both languages; and both the pleasure and advantage of your reading will be double.

### § 81. *The Greek and Latin Writers to be compared.*

By a careful comparison of the Greek and Latin writers, you will see how judiciously the latter imitated the former; and will yourself be qualified with greater pleasure and success, to read and imitate both. By observing what advantages Virgil has made of Homer in his *Æneid*, and of Theocritus in his *Pastorals*; how cleanly Horace has applied several places out of Anacreon, and other lyrics, to his own purpose; you will learn to collect precious stores out of the Ancients; to transfuse their spirits into your language with as little loss as possible; and to borrow with so much modesty and discretion, as to make their riches your own, without the scandal of un-

fair dealing. It will be convenient and pleasant to compare authors together, that were countrymen and fellow-citizens; as Euripides, Thucydides, Xenophon: that were contemporaries; as Theocritus and Callimachus: that writ in the same dialect; as Anacreon and Herodotus in the Ionic; Theocritus, Pindar, and Callimachus, upon Ceres and the Bath of Pallas, in the Doric: that writ upon the same subject; as Apollonius, Valerius Flaccus, and Theocritus, on the combat of Pollux and Amycus, and the death of Hylas. Sallust's polite and curious history of Cataline's conspiracy, and Tully's four glorious orations upon the same subject, are the brightest commentaries upon each other. The historian and the orator scarce disagree in one particular; and Sallust has left behind him an everlasting monument of his candour and impartiality, by owning and commending the consul's vigilance, and meritorious services; though these two great men had the misfortune to be violent enemies. He that praises and honours an adversary, shews his own generosity and justice, by proclaiming his adversary's eminent merits.

By comparing authors after this method, what seems difficult in one, will be easy in another; what one expresses short, another will enlarge upon; and if some of them do not furnish us with all the variety of the dialect and idioms of the language, the rest will supply those defects. It will likewise be necessary for the young scholar, diligently to remark and commit to memory the religious and civil customs of the Antients: 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

pression; Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἦν σπένδουμαι \*. Which is an allusion to that universal custom of the world, of pouring wine or oil on the head of the victim immediately before it was slain. The apostle's emphatical word signifies—wine is just now pouring on my head, I am just going to be sacrificed to Pagan rage and superstition. That passage of St. Paul, “For I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men †;” is all expressed in Agonistical terms, and cannot be understood without taking the allusion that it manifestly bears to the Roman gladiators, which came last upon the stage at noon, and were marked out for certain slaughter and destruction; being naked, with a sword in one hand, and tearing one another in pieces with the other; whereas those who fought the wild beasts in the morning, were allowed weapons offensive and defensive, and had a chance to come off with life. The most ancient way of giving sentence among the Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, was by black and white pebbles, called *ψῆφοι*. Those judges who put the black ones into an urn, passed sentence of condemnation upon the person tried; and those who put in the white, acquitted and saved. Hence we may learn the significancy and beauty of our Saviour's words in St. John, “To him that overcometh, I will give a white stone ‡. I, who am the only judge of the whole world, will pass the sentence of absolution upon my faithful servants, and the champions of my cross; and crown them with the inestimable rewards of immortality and glory. There are

innumerable places, both in the Sacred Classics and the others, which are not to be understood without a competent knowledge of antiquities. I call the writers of the New Testament the Sacred Classics; and shall, in a proper place, endeavour fully to prove, that they deserve the highest character for the purity of their language, as well as the vigour of their sense, against the ignorance of some, and the insolence of others, who have fallen very rudely upon them with respect to their style. Every scholar, and every Christian, is obliged, to the utmost of his abilities, to defend those venerable authors against all exceptions, that may in any respect tend to diminish their value. I cannot but be of the opinion of those gentlemen, who think there is propriety in the expression, as well as sublimity in the sentiments of the New Testament; and esteem that man as bad a critic, who undervalues its language, as he is a Christian, who denies its doctrines.

#### § 82. *On the Study of the New Testament.*

The classic scholar must by no means be so much wanting to his own duty, pleasure, and improvement, as to neglect the study of the New Testament; but must be perpetually conversant in those inestimable writings, which have all the treasures of divine wisdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The best way will be to make them the first and last of all your studies, to open and close the day with that sacred book, wherein you have a faithful and most entertaining history of that blessed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and sure directions how to qualify and intitle yourself for the great salvation purchased by Jesus.

This exercise will compose your thoughts into the sweetest serenity and cheerfulness; and

\* 2 Tim. iv. 16.

† 1 Cor. iv. 9.

‡ Rev. ii. 7.

and happily consecrate all your time and studies to God. After you have read the Greek Testament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive perusal, these following chapters :

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.—  
St. Mark 1. 13.—St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16.  
23. 24.—St. John. 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17.  
19. 20.—Acts 26. 27.—Romans 2. 8.  
12.—1 Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.—2 Cor. 4.  
6. 11.—Ephes. 4. 5. 6.—Philipp. 1. 2.  
3.—Coloss. 1. 3.—1 Thes. 2. 5.—1  
Tim. 1. 6.—2 Tim. 2. 3.—Philemon.  
—Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11. 12.—1 St. Peter all.  
—2 St. Peter all.—St. Jude.—1 St.  
John 1. 3.—Revel. 1. 18. 19. 20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangelists and apostles, comprised in a most admirable and comprehensive epitome. A true critic will discover numerous instances of every style in perfection ; every grace and ornament of speech more chaste and beautiful, than the most admired and shining passages of the secular writers.

In particular, the description of God, and the future state of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St. John, as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of a Salmoëus ; or the eternal Jehovah is superior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Testament, especially these select passages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, mysteries of wisdom, and rules of happiness, which fools and madmen stupidly neglect, or impiously scorn ; while all the best and brightest beings in the universe regard them with sacred attention, and contemplate them with

wonder and transporting delight. These studies, with a suitable Christian practice (which they so loudly call for, and so pathetically press) will raise you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes ; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world.

### § 85. *The old Critics to be studied.*

That we may still qualify ourselves the better to read and relish the Classics, we must seriously study the old Greek and Latin Critics. Of the first are Aristotle, Dionysius Longinus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus : of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quintilian. These are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true sense and sublimity ; teach them the first and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence ; and reveal all the mystery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciously discover the excellencies of other authors, they successfully shew their own ; and are glorious examples of that sublime they praise. They take off the general distastefulness of precepts ; and rules, by their dextrous management, have beauty as well as usefulness. They were, what every true critic must be, persons of great reading and happy memory, of a piercing sagacity and elegant taste. They praise without flattery or partial favour ; and censure without pride or envy. We shall still have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choicest authors in our own tongue, and some of the best writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the Ancients in view, and write with their spirit and judgment. We have a glorious list of poets, of whom I shall only mention a few, which are the chief, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton,

Waller, Denham, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Addison, Pope; who are inspired with the true spirit of their predecessors of Greece and Rome, and by whose immortal works the reputation of the English poetry is raised much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have prose writers of all professions and degrees, and upon a great variety of subjects, true admirers and great masters of the old Classics and Critics; who observe their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillotson, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I esteem them not inferior to the illustrious few I have mentioned; who are in high esteem with all readers of taste and distinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good sense and fine writing. Horace and Aristotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them, the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, Roiscommon'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 critic upon Milton's Paradise Lost, Dacier upon Aristotle's Poetics, Bossu on Epic Poetry, Boileau's Art of Poetry, and Reflections on Longinus, Dr. Felton's Dissertation on the Classics, and Mr. Trapp's Poetical Prelections. These gentlemen make a true judgment and use of the Ancients: they esteem it a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them, and make a grateful return by doing honour to their memories, and defending them against the attacks of some

over-forward wits, who furiously envy their fame, and infinitely fall short of their merit.

§ 84. *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 fop, who has a set of phrases and stories, which in a conversation or two are all run over: the man quickly impoverishes himself, and in a few hours becomes perfectly dry and insipid. But the old Classics, and their genuine followers among the moderns, are like a rich natural genius, who has an unfailing supply of good sense on all occasions; and gratifies his company with a perpetual and charming variety. *Blackwall.*

§ 85. *The Rise and Progress of Philosophical Criticism.*

Antient 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

human mind, they were prompted to inquire whence this should proceed ; for that it should happen merely from Chance, they could not well believe.

Here therefore we have the rise and origin of Criticism, which in its beginning was " a deep and philosophical search into the primary laws and elements of good writing, as far as they could be collected from the most approved performances."

In this contemplation of authors, the first critics not only attended to the powers and different species of words ; the force of numerous composition, whether in prose or verse ; the aptitude of its various kinds to different subjects ; but they farther considered that, which is the basis of all, that is to say in other words, the meaning of the sense. This led them at once into the most curious of subjects ; the nature of man in general ; the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age ; their reason and their passions ; how the one was to be persuaded, the others to be raised or calmed ; the places or repositories to which we may recur, when we want proper matter for any of these purposes. Besides all this, they studied sentiments and manners ; what constitutes a work, one ; what, a whole and parts ; what the essence of probable, and even of natural fiction, as contributing to constitute a just dramatic fable.

§ 86. PLATO, ARISTOTLE, THEOPHRASTUS, and other GREEK Authors of *Philosophical Criticism*.

Much of this kind may be found in different parts of Plato. But Aristotle, his disciple, who may be called the systematizer of his master's doctrines, has, in his two treatises

of poetry and rhetoric, with such wonderful penetration, developed every part of the subject, that he may be justly called the Father of Criticism, both from the age when he lived, and from his truly transcendent genius. The criticism, which this capital writer taught, has so intimate a correspondence and alliance with philosophy, that we can call it by no other name, than that of Philosophical Criticism.

To Aristotle succeeded his disciple Theophrastus, who followed his master's example in the study of criticism, as may be seen in the catalogue of his writings, preserved by Diogenes Laertius. But all the critical works of Theophrastus, as well as of many others, are now lost. The principal authors of the kind now remaining in Greek, are Demetrius of Phaleria, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, together with Hermogenes, Aphthonius, and a few others.

Of these the most masterly seems to be Demetrius, who was the earliest, and who appears to follow the precepts, and even the text of Aristotle, with far greater attention than any of the rest. His examples, it must be confessed, are sometimes obscure, but this we rather impute to the destructive hand of time, which has prevented us from seeing many of the original authors.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the next in order, may be said to have written with judgment upon the force of numerous composition, not to mention other tracts on the subject of oratory, and those also critical as well as historical. Longinus, who was in time far later than these, seems principally to have had in view the passions, and the imagination, in the treating of which he has acquired a just applause, and expressed himself with a dignity suitable to the subject. The rest of the Greek Critics,

though

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.

§ 87. *Philosophical Critics among the Romans.*

Among the Romans, the first critic of note was Cicero ; who, though far below Aristotle in depth of philosophy, may be said, like him, to have exceeded all his countrymen. As his celebrated treatise concerning the Orator, is written in dialogue, where the speakers introduced are the greatest men of his nation, we have incidentally an elegant sample of those manners, and that politeness, which were peculiar to the leading characters during the Roman commonwealth. There we may see the behaviour of free and accomplished men, before a bolder 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 latter 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, is that which we have denominated Criticism Philosophical,

§ 88. *Concerning the Progress of Criticism in its second Species, the Historical—GREEK and ROMAN Critics, by whom this Species of Criticism was cultivated.*

As to the Criticism already treated, we find it not confined to any one particular author, but containing general rules of art, either for judging or writing, confirmed by the example not of one author, but of many. But we know from experience, that in process of time, languages, customs, manners, laws, governments, and religions, insensibly change. The Macedonian tyranny, after the fatal battle of Chæroneæ, wrought much of this kind in Greece ; and the Roman tyranny, after the fatal battles of Pharsalia and Philippi, carried it throughout the known world. Hence therefore of things obsolete, the names became obsolete also ; and authors, who in their own age were intelligible and easy, in after days grew difficult and obscure. Here then we behold the rise of a second race of Critics, the tribe of scholiasts, commentators, and explainers.

These naturally attached themselves to particular authors. Aristarchus, Didymus, Eustathius, and many others, bestowed their labours upon Homer ; Proclus and Tzetzes upon Hesiod ; the same Proclus and Olympiodorus upon Plato ; Simplicius, Ammonius, and Philoponus, upon Aristotle ; Ulpian upon Demosthenes ; Macrobius and Asconius upon Cicero ; Calliergus upon Theocritus ; Donatus upon Terence ; Servius upon Virgil ; Acro

Acro and Porphyrio upon Horace; and so with respect to others, as well philosophers as poets and orators. To these scholiasts may be added the several composers of Lexicons; such as Hesychius, Philoxenus, Suidas, &c. also the writers upon Grammar, such as Apollonius, Priscian, Sospater, Charisius, &c. Now all these pains-taking men, considered together, may be said to have completed another species of criticism, a species which, in distinction to the former, we call Criticism Historical.

And thus things continued, though in a declining way, till, after many a severe and unsuccessful plunge, the Roman empire sunk through the west of Europe. Latin then soon lost its purity; Greek they hardly knew; Classics, and their Scholiasts, were no longer studied; and an age succeeded of legends and crusades.

§ 89. *Moderns eminent in the two Species of Criticism before mentioned, the Philosophical and the Historical—the last Sort of Critics more numerous—those, mentioned in this Section, confined to the GREEK and LATIN Languages.*

At length, after a long and barbarous period, when the shades of monkery began to retire, and the light of humanity once again to dawn, the arts also of criticism insensibly revived. 'Tis true indeed, the authors of the philosophical sort (I mean that which respects the causes and principles of good writing in general) were not many in number. However of this rank among the Italians, were Vida, and the elder Scaliger; among the French were Rapin, Bouhours, Boileau, together with Bossu, the most methodic and accurate of them all. In our own country, our nobility may be said to have distinguished them-

selves; Lord Roscommon, in his Essay upon translated Verse; the Duke of Buckingham, in his Essay on Poetry, and Lord Shaftesbury, in his treatise called Advice to an Author: to whom may be added, our late admired genius, Pope, in his truly elegant poem, the Essay upon Criticism.

The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon Painting, have, after a philosophical manner, investigated the principles of an art, which no one in practice has better verified than himself.

We have mentioned these discourses, not only from their merit, but as they incidentally teach us, that to write well upon a liberal art, we must write philosophically—that all the liberal arts in their principles are congenial—and that these principles, when traced to their common source, are found all to terminate in the first philosophy.

But to pursue our subject.—However small among moderns may be the number of these philosophical Critics, the writers of historical or explanatory criticism have been in a manner innumerable. To name, out of many, only a few—of Italy were Beroaldus, Ficinus, Victorius, and Robertellus; of the Higher and Lower Germany, were Erasmus, Sylburgius, Le Clerc, and Fabricius; of France were Lambin, Du Vall, Harduin, Capperonierius; of England were Stanley (editor of Æschylus) Gataker, Davis, Clark (editor of Homer) together with multitudes more from every region and quarter,

Thick as autumnal leaves, that strow the  
brooks  
In Vallombrosa——

But I fear I have given a strange catalogue, where we seek in vain for such illustrious personages, as Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar,



far, Attila, Tottila, Tamerlane, &c. The heroes of this work (if I may be pardoned for calling them so) have only aimed in retirement to present us with knowledge. Knowledge only was their object, not havock, nor devastation.

§ 90. *Compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, and Authors upon Grammar.*

After Commentators and Editors, we must not forget the Compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, such as Charles and Henry Stevens, Favorinus, Constantine, Budæus, Cooper, Faber, Vossius, and others. To these also we may add the authors upon Grammar; in which subject the learned Greeks, when they quitted the East, led the way, Moschopulus, Chryoloras, Lascaris, Theodore Gaza; then in Italy, Laurentius Valla; in England, Grocin and Linacer; in Spain, Sanctius; in the Low Countries, Vossius; in France, Cæsar Scaliger by his residence, though by birth an Italian, together with those able writers Mess. de Port Roial. Nor ought we to omit the writers of Philological Epistles, such as Emanuel Martin; nor the writers of Literary Catalogues (in French called Catalogues Raisonnées) such as the account of the manuscripts in the imperial library at Vienna, by Lambecius; or of the Arabic manuscripts in the Escorial library, by Michael Casiri.

§ 91. *Modern Critics of the Explanatory Kind, commenting Modern Writers—Lexicographers—Grammarians—Translators.*

Though much historical explanation has been bestowed on the ancient Classics, yet have the authors of our own country by no means been forgotten, having exercised many critics of learning and ingenuity.

Mr. Thomas Warton, (besides his fine edition of Theocritus) has given a curious history of English Poetry during the middle centuries; Mr. Tyrwhit, much accurate and diversified Erudition upon Chaucer; Mr. Upton, a learned Comment on the Fairy Queen of Spencer; Mr. Addison, many polite and elegant Spectators on the Conduct and Beauties of the Paradise Lost; Dr. Warton, an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, a work filled with speculations, in a taste perfectly pure. The lovers of literature would not forgive me, were I to omit that ornament of her sex and country, the critic and patroness of our illustrious Shakespeare, Mrs. Montagu. For the honour of Criticism not only the divines already mentioned, but others also, of rank still superior, have bestowed their labours upon our capital poets, (Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Pope,) suspending for a while their severer studies, to relax in these regions of genius and imagination.

The Dictionaries of Minshew, Skinner, Spelman, Sumner, Junius, and Johnson, are all well known, and justly esteemed. Such is the merit of the last, that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work. For grammatical knowledge we ought to mention with distinction the learned prelate, Dr. Lowth, bishop of London; whose admirable tract on the Grammar of the English language every lover of that language ought to study and understand, if he would write, or even speak it, with purity and precision.

Let my countrymen too reflect, that in studying a work upon this subject, they are not only studying a language, in which it becomes them to be knowing, but a language, which can boast of as many good books as

any among the living or modern languages of Europe. The writers, born and educated in a free country, have been left for years to their native freedom. Their pages have been never defiled with an index expurgatorius, nor their genius ever shackled with the terrors of an inquisition.

May this invaluable privilege never be impaired either by the hand of power, or by licentious abuse.

### § 92. On Translators.

Perhaps with the critics just described I ought to arrange Translators, if it be true that translation is a species of explanation, which differs no otherwise from explanatory comments, than that these attend to parts, while translation goes to the whole.

Now as Translators are infinite, and many of them (to borrow a phrase from sportsmen) unqualified persons, I shall enumerate only a few, and those, such as for their merits have been deservedly esteemed.

Of this number I may very truly reckon Meric Casaubon, the translator of Marcus Antoninus; Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus; and Mr. Sydenham, the translator of many of Plato's Dialogues. All these seem to have accurately understood the original language, from which they translated. But that is not all. The authors translated being philosophers, the translators appear to have studied the style of their philosophy, well knowing that in ancient Greece every sect of philosophy, like every science and art, had a language of its own\*.

To these may be added the respectable names of Melmoth and of Hampton, of Franklin, and of Potter; nor should I omit

a few others, whose labours have been similar, did I not recollect the trite, though elegant admonition.

—fugit irreparabile tempus,  
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.

VIRGIL

§ 93. *Rise of the third Species of Criticism, the Corrective—practised by the Antients, but much more by the Moderns; and why.*

But we are now to inquire after another species of Criticism. All antient books having been preserved by transcription, were liable, through ignorance, negligence, or fraud, to be corrupted in three different ways, that is to say, by retrenchings, by additions, and by alterations.

To remedy these evils, a third sort of criticism arose, and that was Criticism Corrective. The business of this at first was painfully to collate all the various copies of authority, and then, from amidst the variety of readings thus collected, to establish, by good reasons, either the true, or the most probable. In this sense we may call such criticism not only corrective, but authoritative.

As the number of these corruptions must needs have increased by length of time, hence it has happened that corrective criticism has become much more necessary in these latter ages, than it was in others more antient. Not but that even in antient days various readings have been noted. Of this kind there are a multitude in the text of Homer; a fact not singular, when we consider his great antiquity. In the Comments of Ammonius and Philoponus upon Aristotle, there is mention made of several in the text of that philosopher, which these his commentators compare and examine.

We find the same in Aulus Gellius, &c.

\* See Hermes, p. 269, 270.

to the Roman authors ; where it is withal remarkable, that, even in that early period, much stress is laid upon the authority of antient manuscripts, a reading in Cicero being justified from a copy made by his learned freed-man, Tiro ; and a reading in Virgil's Georgics, from a book which had once belonged to Virgil's family.

But since the revival of literature, to correct has been a business of much more latitude, having continually employed, for two centuries and a half, both the pains of the most laborious, and the wits of the most acute. Many of the learned men before enumerated were not only famous as historical critics, but as corrective also. Such were the two Scaligers (of whom one has been already mentioned, § 98.) the two Casaubons, Salmosius, the Heinsii, Grævius, the Gronovii, Burman, Kuster, Wasse, Bentley, Pearce, and Markland. In the same class, and in a rank highly eminent, I place Mr. Toupe of Cornwall, who in his Emendations upon Suidas, and his edition of Longinus, has shewn a critical acumen, and a compass of learning, that may justly arrange him with the most distinguished scholars. Nor must I forget Dr. Taylor, residentiary of St. Paul's, nor Mr. Upton, prebendary of Rochester. The former, by his edition of Demosthenes (as far as he lived to carry it,) by his *Lysias*, by his *Comment on the Marmor Sandvicense*, and other critical pieces ; the latter, by his correct and elegant edition, in Greek and Latin, of *Arrian's Epictetus* (the first of the kind that had any pretensions to be called complete), have rendered themselves, as Scholars, lasting ornaments of their country. Their two valuable men were the friends of my youth ; the companions of my social, as well as my literary hours. I admired them for their erudition ;

I loved them for their virtue ; they are now no more—

His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani  
Munere——— VIRG.

§ 94. *Criticism may have been abused—yet defended, as of the last Importance to the Cause of Literature.*

But here was the misfortune of this last species of criticism. The best of things may pass into abuse. There were numerous corruptions in many of the finest authors, which neither antient editions, nor manuscripts, could heal. What then was to be done ?—Were forms so fair to remain disfigured, and be seen for ever under such apparent blemishes ? —“ No (says a critic,) Conjecture can cure all —Conjecture, whole performances are for “ the most part more certain than any thing, “ that we can exhibit from the authority of “ manuscripts.”—We will not ask, upon this wonderful assertion, how, if so certain, can it be called conjecture ?—’Tis enough to observe (be it called as it may) that this spirit of conjecture has too often passed into an intemperate excess ; and then, whatever it may have boasted, has done more mischief by far than good. Authors have been taken in hand, like anatomical subjects, only to display the skill and abilities of the artist ; so that the end of many an edition seems often to have been no more, than to exhibit the great sagacity and erudition of an editor. The joy of the task was the honour of mending, while corruptions were sought with a more than common attention, as each of them afforded a testimony to the editor and his art.

And here I beg leave, by way of digression, to relate a short story concerning a noted empiric. “ Being once in a ball-room crowded

"with company, he was asked by a gentleman, what he thought of such a lady? "was it not pity that she squinted?—Squint!" "Sir!" replied the doctor, "I wish every lady in the room squinted; there is not a man in Europe can cure squinting but myself."—

But to return to our subject—well indeed would it be for the cause of letters, were this bold conjectural spirit confined to works of second rate, where, let it change, expunge, or add, as happens, it may be tolerably sure to leave matters as they were; or if not much better, at least not much worse. But when the divine geniuses of higher rank, whom we not only applaud, but in a manner revere, when these come to be attempted by petulant correctors, and to be made the subject of their wanton caprice, how can we but exclaim with a kind of religious abhorrence,

—procul! O! procul este profani!

These sentiments may be applied even to the celebrated Bentley. It would have become that able writer, though in literature and natural abilities among the first of his age, had he been more temperate in his criticism upon the *Paradise Lost*; had he not so repeatedly and injuriously offered violence to its author, from an affected superiority, to which he had no pretence. But the rage of conjecture seems to have seized him, as that of jealousy did Medea; a rage, which the confest himself unable to resist, although she knew the mischiefs it would prompt her to perpetrate.

And now to obviate an unmerited censure, as (if I were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuse) I would have it remembered, it is not either with criticism or critics, that I presume to find fault. The art, and its professors, while they practise it with tem-

per, I truly honour; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labours, we should be in danger of degenerating into an age of dunces.

Indeed Critics (if I may be allowed the metaphor) are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whose assistance we are introduced into some of the first and best company. Should we ever, therefore, by idle prejudices against pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to slight their art, and reject them from our favour, it is well we do not slight also those Classics, with whom criticism converses, becoming content to read them in translations, or (what is still worse) in translations of translations, or (what is worse even than that) not to read them at all. And I will be bold to assert, if that should ever happen, we shall speedily return into those days of darkness, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of antient literature.

### § 95. *The Epic Writers came first.*

It appears, that not only in Greece, but in other countries, more barbarous, the first writings were in metre, and of an Epic cast, recording wars, battles, heroes, ghosts; the marvellous always, and often the incredible. Men seemed to have thought, that the higher they soared, the more important they should appear; and that the common life, which they then lived, was a thing too contemptible to merit imitation.

Hence it followed, that it was not till this common life was rendered respectable by more refined and polished manners, that men thought it might be copied, so as to gain them applause.

Even in Greece itself, tragedy had attained its maturity many years before comedy, as

may be seen by comparing the age of Sophocles and Euripides with that of Philemon and Menander.

For ourselves, we shall find most of our first poets prone to a turgid bombast, and most of our first prosaic writers to a pedantic stiffness; which rude styles gradually improved, but reached not a classical purity sooner than Tillotson, Dryden, Addison, Shaftesbury, Prior, Pope, Atterbury, &c. &c.

§ 96. *Nothing excellent in literary Performances happens from Chance.*

As to what is asserted soon after upon the efficacy of causes in works of ingenuity and art, we think in general, that the effect must always be proportioned to its cause. It is hard for him, who reasons attentively, to refer to chance any superlative production.

Effects indeed strike us, when we are not thinking about the cause; yet may we be assured, if we reflect, that a cause there is, and that too a cause intelligent and rational. Nothing would perhaps more contribute to give us a taste truly critical, than on every occasion to investigate this cause; and to ask ourselves, upon feeling any uncommon effect, why we are thus delighted; why thus affected; why melted into pity; why made to shudder with horror?

Till this why is well answered, all is darkness, and our admiration, like that of the vulgar, founded upon ignorance.

§ 97. *The Causes or Reasons of such Excellence.*

To explain by a few examples, that are known to all, and for that reason here alleged, because they are known.

I am struck with the night-scene in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*—"the universal silence through-

"out the globe—the sweet rest of its various inhabitants, soothing their cares and for—  
"getting their labours—the unhappy Dido alone restless; restless, agitated with im—  
"petuous passions."—*Æn.* iv. 522.

I am affected with the story of Regulus, as painted by West.—"The crowd of anxious friends, persuading him not to return—his wife, fainting through sensibility and fear—Persons, the least 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 hand passes unexpectedly from loud to soft, or from soft to loud?—When the system changes from the greater third to the less; or reciprocally, when it changes from this last to the former?

All these effects have a similar, and well known cause, the amazing force which contraries acquire, either by juxtaposition, or by quick succession.

§ 98. *Why Contraries have this Effect.*

But we ask still farther, why have contraries this force?—We answer, because, of all things which differ, none differ so widely. Sound differs from darkness, but not so much as from silence; darkness differs from sound, but not so much as from light. In the same intense manner differ repose and restlessness; felicity and misery; dubious solicitude and firm resolution; the Epic and the comic; the sublime and the ludicrous.

And, why differ contraries thus widely?—Because while attributes, simply different, may co-exist in the same subject, contraries cannot co-exist, but always destroy one another. Thus the same marble may be both white and hard; but the same marble cannot

be both white and black. And hence it follows, that as their difference is more intense, so is our recognition of them more vivid, and our impressions more permanent.

This effect of contraries is evident even in objects of sense, where imagination and intellect are not in the least concerned. When we pass (for example) from a hot-house, we feel the common air more intensely cool; when we pass from a dark cavern, we feel the common light of the day more intensely glaring.

But to proceed to instances of another and a very different kind.

Few scenes are more affecting than the taking of Troy, as described in the second Æneid—"the apparition of Hector to Æneas, when asleep, announcing to him the commencement of that direful event—the distant lamentations, heard by Æneas, 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—Æneas, 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—Æneas, 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 so wicked a woman—Venus interposing, and shewing him (by removing the film from his eyes) the most sublime, though most direful, of all fights; the Gods themselves busied in Troy's destruction; Neptune at one em-

ploy, 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 inclemency, &c."

Not less solemn and awful, though less leading to pity, is the commencement of the sixth Æneid—"the Sbyl's cavern—her frantic gestures, and prophecy—the request of Æneas to descend to the shades—her answer, and information about the lots of one of his friends—the fate of poor Misenus—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 antient author to a modern, what scene more striking, than the first scene in *Hamlet*?—"The solemnity of the time, a severe and pinching night—the solemnity of the place, a platform for a guard—the guards themselves; and their 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 Salvatore Rosa is a

“ most affecting representation of various human figures, seen under different modes of horror and pity, as they contemplate a dreadful spectacle, the crucifixion above mentioned.” The Aurora of Guido on the other side is “ one of those joyous exhibitions, where nothing is seen but youth and beauty, in every attitude of elegance and grace.” The former picture in poetry would have been a deep *Penferoso*; 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 similar and congenial.

And why have concatenation and accumulation such a force?—From these most simple and obvious truths, that many things similar, when added together, will be more in quantity than any of them taken singly;—consequently, that the more things are thus added, the greater will be their effect.

We have mentioned at the same time both accumulation and concatenation; 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 § 85. 96.

#### § 99. *Advice to a Beginner in the Art of Criticism.*

If I might advise a beginner in this elegant pursuit, it should be, as far as possible, to recur for principles to the most plain and simple truths, and to extend every theorem, as he advances, to its utmost latitude, so as to make it suit, and include, the greatest number of possible cases.

I would advise him farther, to avoid subtle and far-fetched refinement, which, as it is for the most part adverse to perspicuity and truth, may serve to make an able Sophist, but never an able Critic.

A word more—I would advise a young Critic, in his contemplations, to turn his eye rather to the praise-worthy than the blameable; that is, to investigate the causes of praise, rather than the causes of blame. For though an uninformed beginner may in a single instance happen to blame properly, it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the censure cast upon the criticizing cobbler, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

#### § 100. *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

Now if we seek for this verbal quantity in Greek and Latin, we shall find that, while those two languages were in purity, their verbal quantity was in purity also. Every syllable had a measure of time, either long or short, defined with precision either by its constituent vowel, or by the relation of that vowel to other letters adjoining. Syllables thus characterized, when combined, made a foot; and feet, thus characterized, when combined, made a verse, so that, while a particular harmony existed in every part, a general harmony was diffused through the whole.

Pronunciation at this period being, like other things, perfect, accent and quantity were accurately distinguished; of which distinction, familiar then, though now obscure, we venture to suggest the following explanation. We compare quantity to musical tones differing in long and short, as, upon whatever line they stand, a semibrevis differs from a minim. We compare accent to musical tones differing in high and low, as D upon the third line differs from G upon the first, be its length the same, or be it longer or shorter.

And thus things continued for a succession of centuries, from Homer and Hesiod to Virgil and Horace, during which interval, if we add a trifle to its end, all the truly classical poets, both Greek and Latin, flourished.

Nor was prose at the same time neglected. Penetrating wits discovered this also to be capable of numerous composition, and founded their ideas upon the following reasonings.

Though they allowed, that prose should not be strictly metrical (for then it would be no longer prose, but poetry); yet at the same time they asserted, if it had no Rhythm at all, such a vague effusion would of course fatigue, and the reader would seek in vain for those re-

turning pauses, so helpful to his reading, and so grateful to his ear.

§ 101. *On other Decorations of Prose besides Prosæic Feet; as Alliteration.*

Besides the decoration of Prosæic Feet, there are other decorations, admissible into English composition, such as Alliteration, and Sentences, especially the Period.

First therefore for the first; I mean Alliteration.

Among the classics of old, there is no finer illustration of this figure, than Lucretius's description of those blest abodes, where his gods, detached from providential cares, ever lived in the fruition of divine serenity.

Apparet divum numen, sedesque quietæ,  
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila  
nimbis

Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina  
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis æther  
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

Lucret. III. 18.

The sublime and accurate Virgil did not condemn this decoration, though he used it with such pure, unaffected simplicity, that we often feel its force without contemplating the cause. Take one instance out of infinite, with which his works abound.

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam  
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque la-  
bores. Æn. XI. v. 183.

To Virgil we may add the superior authority of Homer.



Ἦτοι δὲ κακῶδην τὸ Ἀλλῶν οὐκ Ἀλᾶτῶ,  
 Ὁν θυμὸν κατέδυν, πᾶτον Ἀνδράπων Ἀλᾶίνων.  
 D. ζ. 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, ΠΑΡΗΧΗΣΙΣ.

Cicero has translated the above verses elegantly, and given us too Alliteration, though not under the same letters.

Qui miser in campis errabat solus Alæis,  
 Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.  
 Cic.

Aristotle knew this figure, and called it ΠΑΡΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΣ, a name perhaps not so precise as the other, because it rather expresses resemblance in general, than that which arises from sound in particular. His example is—  
 ΑΓΡΟΝ γὰρ ἴδασθαι, ΑΓΡΟΝ παρ' αὐτοῦ.

The Latin rhetoricians stiled it Annominatio, 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 Wisedôme,  
 —that is, God is at once both joy and wisdom.

He calls the figure by the Latin name Annominatio, and adds, “that the two nations were so attached to this verbal ornament in every high finished composition, that nothing

“ was by them esteemed elegantly delivered,  
 “ no diction considered but as rude and rustic,  
 “ if it were not first amply refined with the  
 “ polishing art of this figure.”

’Tis perhaps from this national taste of ours, that we derive many proverbial similes, which, if we except the sound, seem to have no other merit—Fine, as five pence—Round, as a Robin—&c.

Even Spenser and Shakespeare adopted the practice, but then it was in a manner suitable to such geniuses.

Spencer says—

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake  
 Could save the son of Thetis from to die;  
 But that blind bard did him immortal make  
 With verses dipt in dew of Castalie.

Shakspeare says—

Had my sweet Harry had but half their num-  
 bers,  
 This day might I, hanging on Hotspur's  
 neck,  
 Have talked, &c.

Hen. IVth, Part 1d, 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 vastness—  
 P. L. VII. 471.

From Dryden we select one example of many, for no one appears to have employed this figure more frequently, or, like Virgil, with greater simplicity and strength.

Better

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
 Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
 The wife for cure on exercise depend ;  
 God never made his work for man to mend.  
 Dryd. Fables.

Pope sings in his Dunciad—

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jab-  
 b'ring all ;  
 And noise, and Norton ; brangling, and Bre-  
 vall ;  
 Dennis, and dissonance.—

Which lines, though truly poetical and hu-  
 morous, may be suspected by some to shew  
 their art too conspicuously, and too nearly to  
 resemble that verse of old Ennius—

O! tite, tute, tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti.  
 Script. ad Herenn. l. iv. f. 18.

Gray begins a sublime Ode,  
 Ruin seize thee, ruthless king, &c.

We might quote also Alliterations from  
 prose writers, but those, we have alledged,  
 we think sufficient.

### § 102. 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 sen-  
 tences, and among sentences none so strik-  
 ing, none so pleasing as the Period. The rea-  
 son is, that, while other sentences are indefi-  
 nite, and (like a geometrical right-line) may  
 be produced indefinitely, the Period (lik-  
 e a circular line) is always circumscribed, returns,

and terminates at a given point. In other  
 words, while other sentences, by the help of  
 common copulatives, have a sort of boundless  
 effusion ; the constituent parts of a Period have  
 a sort of reflex union, in which union the sen-  
 tence is so far complete, as neither to require,  
 nor even to admit a farther extension. Readers  
 find a pleasure in this grateful circuit, which  
 leads them so agreeably to an acquisition of  
 knowledge.

The author, if he may be permitted, would  
 refer by way of illustration, to the beginnings  
 of his *Herines*, and his philosophical arrange-  
 ments, where some attempts have been made  
 in this periodical style. He would refer also  
 for much more illustrious examples, to the  
 opening of Cicero's Offices, to that of the  
 capital Oration of Demosthenes concerning the  
 Crown ; and to that of the celebrated Pane-  
 gyric, made (if he may be so called) by the  
 father of Periods, Isocrates.

Again—every compound sentence is com-  
 pounded of other sentences more simple,  
 which, compared to one another, have a cer-  
 tain proportion of length. Now it is in ge-  
 neral 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 spe-  
 cial cause, abrupt conclusions are offensive,  
 and the reader, like a traveller quietly pursu-  
 ing his journey, finds an unexpected preci-  
 pice, where he is disagreeably stoppt.

### § 103. On Monosyllables.

It has been called a fault in our language,  
 that it abounds in Monosyllables. As these,  
 in too lengthened a suite, disgrace a composi-  
 tion ; Lord Shaftesbury, (who studied purity  
 of style with great attention) limited their  
 number

number to nine, and was careful, in his Characteristics, to conform to his own law. Even in Latin too many of them were condemned by Quintilian.

Above all, care should be had, that a sentence end not with a crowd of them, those especially of the vulgar, untunable sort, such as, "to fet it up," to "get by and by at it," &c. for these disgrace a sentence that may be otherwise laudable, and are like the rabble at the close of some pompous cavalcade.

#### § 104. *Authorities alleged.*

'Twas by these, and other arts of similar sort, that authors in distant ages have cultivated their style. Looking upon knowledge (if I may be allowed the allusion) to pass into the mansions of the mind through language, they were careful (if I may pursue the metaphor) not to offend in the vestibule. They did not esteem it pardonable to despise the public ear, when they saw the love of numbers so universally diffused.

Nor were they discouraged, as if they thought their labour would be lost. In these more refined, but yet popular arts, they knew the amazing difference between the power to execute, and the power to judge;—that to execute was the joint effort of genius and of habit; a painful acquisition, only attainable by the few;—to judge, the simple effort of that plain but common sense, imparted by Providence in some degree to every one.

#### § 105. *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 poems and cretics?—To affect alliterations?—To enumerate monosyllables? &c."

If, in answer to this objector, it should be said, They ought; the permission should at least be tempered with much caution. These arts are to be so blended with a pure but common style, that the reader, as he proceeds, may only feel their latent force. If ever they become glaring, they degenerate into affectation; an extreme more disgusting, because less natural, than even the vulgar language of an unpolished clown. 'Tis in writing, as in acting—The best writers are like our late admired Garrick.—And how did that able genius employ his art?—Not by a vain ostentation of any one of its 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.

#### § 106. *When the Habit is once gained, nothing so easy as Practice.*

There is another objection still.—These speculations may be called *Minutiæ*; things partaking at best more of the elegant than of the solid; and attended with difficulties beyond the value of the labour.

To answer this, it may be observed, that when habit is once gained, nothing so easy as practice. When the ear is once habituated to these verbal rhythms, it forms them spontaneously, without attention or labour. If we call for instances, what more easy to every smith, to every carpenter, to every common mechanic, than the several energies of their proper arts? How little do even the rigid laws of verse obstruct a genius truly poetic? How little did they cramp a Milton, a Dryden, or a Pope? Cicero writes, that Antipater the Sidonian could pour forth Hexameters extempore, and that, whenever he chose to

verify, words followed him of course. We may add to Antipater the antient 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 tho' numerous composition may be a requisite, yet regularly returning rhythm is a thing we should avoid?

§ 107. *In every Whole the constituent Parts and the Facility of their Coincidence merit our Regard.*

In every whole, whether natural or artificial, the constituent parts well merit our regard, and in nothing more than in the facility of their coincidence. If we view a landscape, how pleasing the harmony between hills and woods, between rivers and lawns? If we select from this landscape a tree, how well does the trunk correspond with its branches, and the whole of its form with its beautiful verdure? If we take an animal, for example, a fine horse, what a union in his colour, his figure, and his motions? If one of human race, what more pleasingly congenial, than when virtue and genius appear to animate a graceful figure?

—pulchro veniens e corpore virtus?

The charm increases, if to a graceful figure we add a graceful elocution. Elocution too is heightened still, if it convey elegant sentiments; and these again are heightened, if clothed with graceful diction, that is, with words, which are pure, precise, and well arranged.

§ 108. *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 Phalereus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, and Quintilian.

§ 109. *Advice to Readers.*

Whoever reads a perfect or finished composition, whatever be the language, whatever the subject, should read it, even if alone, both audibly, and distinctly.

In a composition of this character, not only precise words are admitted, but words metaphorical and ornamental. And farther—as every sentence contains a latent harmony, so is that harmony derived from the rhythm of its constituent parts.

A composition then like this, should (as I said before) be read both distinctly and audibly; with due regard to stops and pauses; with occasional elevations and depressions of the voice, and whatever else constitutes just and accurate pronunciation. He, who despising, or neglecting, or knowing nothing of all this,

this, reads a work of such character, as he would read a sessions-paper, will not only miss many beauties of the style, but will probably miss (which is worse) a large proportion of the sense.

§ 110. *Every Whole should have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. The Theory exemplified in the Georgics of Virgil.*

Let us take for an example the most highly finished performance among the Romans, and that in their most polished period, I mean the *Georgics* of Virgil.

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram  
Vertere, Mæcenas, (ii) umilque adjungere  
vites

Conveniat; (iii) quæ cura boum, qui cultus habendo

Sit pecori; (iv) apibus quanta experientia  
parcis,

Hinc canere incipiam, &c.

Virg. Georg. I.

In these lines, and so on (if we consult the original) for forty-two lines inclusive, we have the beginning; which beginning includes two things, the plan, and the invocation.

In the four first verses we have the plan, which plan gradually opens and becomes the whole work, as an acorn, when developed, 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 preserves its real character by satisfying the reader, that all is complete, and that nothing is to follow. The performance is even dated. It finishes like an epistle, giving us the place and time of writing; but then giving them in such a manner, as they ought to come from Virgil.

But to open our thoughts into a farther detail.

As the poem from its very name respects various matters relative to land, (*Georgica*) and which are either immediately or mediately connected with it: among the variety of these matters the poem begins from the lowest, and thence advances gradually from higher to higher, till having reached the highest, it there properly stops.

The first book begins from the simple culture of the earth, and from its humblest progeny, corn, legumes, flowers, &c.

It is a nobler species of vegetables, which employs the second book, where we are taught the culture of trees, and, among others, of that important pair, the olive and the vine. Yet it must be remembered, that all this is nothing more than the culture of mere vegetable and inanimate nature.

It is in the third book that the poet rises to nature sensitive and animated, when he gives us precepts about cattle, horses, sheep, &c.

At length, in the fourth book, when matters draw to a conclusion, then it is he treats his subject in a moral and political way. He no longer pursues the culture of the mere

brute nature; he then describes, as he tells us,

—Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia, &c.

for such is the character of his bees, those truly social and political animals. It is here he first mentions arts, and memory, and laws, and families. It is here (their great sagacity considered) he supposes a portion imparted of a sublimer principle. It is here that every thing vegetable or merely brutal seems forgotten, while all appears at least human, and sometimes even divine.

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,

Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus  
Ætherios dixerunt: deum namque ire per omnes

Terrasque tractusque maris, &c.

Geor. IV, 219,

When the subject will not permit him to proceed farther, he suddenly conveys his reader, by the fable of Aristæus, among nymphs, heroes, demi-gods, and gods, and thus leaves him in company, supposed more than mortal.

This is not only a sublime conclusion to the fourth book, but naturally leads to the conclusion of the whole work; for he does no more after this than shortly recapitulate, and elegantly blend his recapitulating with a compliment to Augustus.

But even this is not all.

The dry, didactic character of the Georgics, made it necessary they should be enlivened by episodes and digressions. It has been the art of the poet, that these episodes and digressions should be homogeneous: that

is, should so connect with the subject, as to become, as it were, parts of it. On these principles every book has for its end, what I call an epilogue; for its beginning, an invocation; and for its middle, the several precepts relative to its subject, I mean husbandry. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end, every part itself becomes a smaller whole, though with respect to the general plan it is nothing more than a part. Thus the human arm with a view to its elbow, its hand, its fingers, &c. is as clearly a whole, as it is simply but a part with a view to the entire body.

The smaller wholes of this divine poem may merit some attention; by these I mean each particular book.

Each book has an invocation. The first invokes the sun, the moon, the various rural deities, and lastly Augustus; the second invokes Bacchus; the third Pales and Apollo; the fourth, his patron Mæcenas. I do not dwell on these invocations, much less on the parts which follow, for this in fact would be writing a comment upon the poem. But the Epilogues, besides their own intrinsic beauty, are too much to our purpose, to be pass 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 juxtaposition or succession \*." The first book ends with those portents and prodigies, both upon earth and in the heavens, which preceded the death of the dictator Cæsar. To these direful scenes the epilogue of the second book opposes the tranquillity and felicity of the ru-

\* See before, § 98.

tal life, which (as he informs us) faction and civil discord do not usually impair—

Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna—

In the ending of the third book we read of a pestilence, and of nature in devastation; in the fourth, of nature restored and, by help of the gods, replenished.

As this concluding epilogue (I mean the fable of Aristæus) occupies the most important place; so is it decorated accordingly with language, events, places, and personages.

No language was ever more polished and harmonious. The descent of Aristæus to his mother, and of Orpheus to the shades, are Events; the watery palace of the Nereids, the cavern of Proteus, and the scene of the infernal regions, are Places; Aristæus, old Proteus, Orpheus, Eurydice, Cyllene and her nymphs, are Personages; all great, all striking, all sublime.

Let us view these epilogues in the poet's order,

- I. Civil Horrors.
- II. Rural Tranquillity.
- III. Nature laid waste.
- IV. Nature restored.

Here, as we have said already, different passions are, by the subjects being alternate, alternately excited; and yet withal excited so judiciously, that, when the poem concludes, and all is at an end, the reader leaves off with tranquillity and joy.

### § III. Exemplified again in the *Menæxenus* of PLATO.

From the *Georgics* of Virgil we proceed to the *Menæxenus* of Plato; the first being the most finished form of a didactic poem, the lat-

ter, the most consummate model of a panegyric oration.

The *Menæxenus* is a funeral oration in praise of those brave Athenians, who had fallen in battle by generously asserting the cause of their country. Like the *Georgics*, and every other just composition, this oration has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is a solemn account of the deceased having received all the legitimate rights of burial, and of the propriety of doing them honour not only by deeds, but by words; that is, not only by funeral ceremonies, but by a speech, to perpetuate the memory of their magnanimity, and to recommend it to their posterity, as an object of imitation.

As the deceased were brave and gallant men, we are shewn by what means they came to possess their character, and what noble exploits they perform in consequence.

Hence the middle of the oration contains first their origin; next their education and form of government; and last of all, the consequence of such an origin and education; their heroic achievements from the earliest days to the time then present.

The middle part being thus complete, we come to the conclusion, which is perhaps the most sublime piece of oratory both for the plan and execution, which is extant of any age, or in any language.

By an awful prolepseia, the deceased are called up to address the living; the fathers, slain in battle, to exhort their living children; the children, slain in battle, to console their living fathers; and this with every idea of manly consolation, and 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.

§ 112. *The Theory of Whole and Parts, concerns small Works as well as great.*

We cannot however quit this theory concerning whole and parts, without observing, that it regards alike both small works and great; and that it descends even to an essay, to a sonnet, to an ode. These minuter efforts of genius, unless they possess (if I may be pardoned the expression) a certain character of Totality, lose a capital pleasure derived from their union; from 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 minuter totality, we may refer to nature, which art is said to imitate. Not only this universe is one stupendous whole, but such also is a tree, a shrub, a flower; such those beings, which, without the aid of glasses, even escape our perception. And so much for Totality (I venture to familiarize the term) that common and essential character to every legitimate composition.

§ 113. *On Accuracy.*

There is another character left, which, though foreign to the present purpose, I venture to mention; and that is the character of Accuracy. Every work ought to be as accurate as possible. And yet, though this apply to works of every kind, there is a difference whether the work be great or small. In greater works (such as histories, epic poems, and the like) their very magnitude excuses incidental defects, and their authors, according to Horace, may be allowed to slumber. It is otherwise in smaller works, for the very reason, that they are smaller. Such, through every part, both in sentiment and diction, should be perspicuous, pure, simple, and precise.

§ 114. *On Diction.*

As every sentiment must be express'd by words; the theory of sentiment naturally leads to that of Diction. Indeed, the connection between them is so intimate, that the same sentiment where the diction differs, is as different in appearance, as the same person, dress'd like a peasant, or dress'd like a gentleman. And hence we see, how much Diction merits a serious attention.

But this perhaps will be better understood by an example. Take then the following—“Don't let a lucky hit slip; if you do, be-like you mayn't any more get at it.” The sentiment (we must confess) is express'd clearly, but the diction surely is rather vulgar and low. Take it another way—“Opportune moments are few and fleeting; seize them with avidity, or your progression will be impeded.” Here the diction, though not low, is rather obscure. The words are unusual, pedantic, and



and affected.—But what says Shakespeare?—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows—

Here the diction is elegant, without being vulgar or affected; the words, though common, being taken under a metaphor, are so far estranged by this metaphorical use, that they acquire through the change a competent dignity, and yet, without becoming vulgar, remain intelligible and clear.

### § 115. *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 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 alleged, 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 I says he—do they fire then in platoons?—

#### § 116. *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 footmen'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 was become a perfect centaur. His honest friend knew nothing of centaurs, but being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horse.

Another extreme remains, the reverse of the too sublime, and that is, the transferring from subjects too contemptible. Such was

the case of that poet quoted by Horace, who, to describe winter, wrote—

Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuit Alpes.  
(Hor. L. II. Sat. 5.)

O'er the cold Alps Jove spits his hoary  
snow.

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate, whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the same subject, supposed winter—

To perriwig with snow the baldpate woods.

With the same class of wits we may arrange that pleasant fellow, who speaking of an old lady, whom he had affronted, gave us in one short sentence no less than three choice metaphors. I perceive (said he) her back is up;—I must curry favour—or the fat will be in the fire.

Nor can we omit that the same word, when transferred to different subjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety, or impropriety.

It is with propriety that we transfer the word, 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  
Z neither

neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor base and ridiculous.

Such is the character of many metaphors already alledged, among others that of Shakspeare's, where tides are transferred to speedy and determined conduct. Nor does his Wolfey with less propriety moralize upon his fall in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature.

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost  
And——nips his root——

In such metaphors (besides their intrinsic elegance) we may say the reader is flattered ; I mean flattered by being left to discover something for himself.

There is one observation, which will at the same time shew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men.

There are metaphors so obvious, and of course so naturalized, that ceasing to be metaphors, they become (as it were) the proper words. It is after this manner we say, a sharp fellow ; a great orator ; the foot of a mountain ; the eye of a needle ; the bed of a river ; to ruminate, to ponder, to edify, &c. &c.

These we by no means reject, and yet the metaphors we require we wish to be something more, that is, to be formed under the respectable conditions, here established.

We observe too, that a singular use may be made of metaphors, either to exalt, or to depreciate, according to the sources from

which we derive them. In ancient story, Orestes was by some called the murderer of his mother ; by others, the avenger of his father. The reasons will appear by referring to the fact. The poet Simonides was offered money to celebrate certain mules, that had won a race. The sum being pitiful, he said with disdain, he should not write upon demi-asses.—A more competent sum was offered, he then began,

Hail ! Daughters of the generous horse,  
That skim, like wind, along the course.

There are times, when, in order to exalt, we may call beggars, petitioners ; and pick-pockets, collectors ; other times, when in order to depreciate, we may call petitioners, beggars ; and collectors, pick-pockets.—But enough of this.

We say no more of metaphors, but that it is a general caution with regard to every species, not to mix them, and that more particularly, if taken from subjects which are contrary.

Such was the case of that orator, who once asserted in his oration, that—" If cold water were thrown upon a certain meat sure, it would kindle a flame, that would obscure the lustre, &c. &c."

### § 117. On Enigmas and Puns.

A word remains upon Enigmas and Puns. It shall indeed be short ; because, though they resemble the metaphor, it is as brass and copper resemble gold.

A pun seldom regards meaning, being chiefly confined to sound.

Horace gives a sad sample of this spurious wit, where (as Dryden humorously translates it) he makes Persius the buffoon exhort

exhort the patriot Brutus to kill Mr. King, that is, Rupilius Rex, because Brutus, when he slew Cæsar, had been accustomed to king-killing.

Hunc Regem occide; operum hoc mihi crede tuorum est. Horat. Stat. Lib. I. VII.

We have a worse attempt in Homer, where Ulysses makes Polypheme believe his name was *ORTIZ*, 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 *ORTIZ*, that is, by nobody.

Enigmas are of a more complicated nature, being involved either in pun, or metaphor, or sometimes in both.

Ἄνδρ' ἶδον πρὸς χαλκὸν ἐπ' ἀνέρι πολλόσσαντα.

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 antient days by a machine of brass.

In such fancies, contrary to the principles of good metaphor, and good writing, a perplexity is caused, not by accident, but by design, and the pleasure lies in the being able to resolve it.

#### § 118. Rules defended.

Having mentioned Rules, and indeed this whole theory having been little more than rules developed, we cannot but remark upon a common opinion which seems to have arisen either from prejudice, or mistake.

“Do not rules, say they, cramp genius?

“Do they not abridge it of certain privileges?”

'Tis answered, if the obeying of rules were to induce a tyranny like this; to defend them would be absurd, and against the liberty of genius. But the truth is, rules, supposing them good, like good government, take away no privileges. They do no more, than save genius from error, by shewing it, that a right to err is no privilege at all.

'Tis surely no privilege to violate in grammar the rules of syntax; in poetry, those of metre; in music, those of harmony; in logic, those of syllogism; in painting, those of perspective; in dramatic poetry, those of probable imitation.

#### § 119. The flattering Doctrine, that Genius will suffice, fallacious.

It must be confessed, 'tis a flattering doctrine, to tell a young beginner, that he has nothing more to do than to trust his own genius, and to contemn all rules, as the tyranny of pedants. The painful toils of accuracy by this expedient are eluded, for geniuses, like Milton's Harps, (Par. Lost, Book III. v. 365, 366) are supposed to be ever tuned.

But the misfortune is, that genius is something rare, nor can he who possesses it, even then, by neglecting rules, produce what is accurate. Those on the contrary, who, though they want genius, think rules worthy their attention, if they cannot become good authors, may still make tolerable critics; may be able to shew the difference between the creeping and the simple; the pert and the pleasing; the turgid and the sublime; in short, to sharpen like the whetstone, that genius in others, which nature

in her frugality has not given to themselves.

§ 120. *No Genius ever acted without Rules.*

Indeed I have never known, during a life of many years, and some small attention paid to letters, and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever cramped by rules. On the contrary, I have seen great geniuses miserably err by transgressing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who lose their way, only wander the wider on account of their own strength.

And yet 'tis somewhat singular in literary compositions, and perhaps more so in poetry than elsewhere, that many things have been done in the best and purest taste, long before rules were established, and systematized in form. This we are certain was true with respect to Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and other Greeks. In modern times it appears as true of our admired Shakspeare; for who can believe that Shakspeare studied rules, or was ever versed in critical systems?

§ 121. *There never was a Time when Rules did not exist.*

A specious objection then occurs. "If these great writers were so excellent before rules were established, or at least were known to them, what had they to direct their genius, when rules (to them at least) did not exist?"

To this question 'tis hoped the answer will not be deemed too hardy, should we assert, that there never was a time when rules did not exist; that they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and that, if at that early Greek period, systems of rules were not established, those great and

sublime authors were a rule to themselves. They may be said indeed to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature, which gave birth to the perfection of art.

The case is nearly the same with respect to our Shakspeare. There is hardly any thing we applaud, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found strictly conformable to the rules of sound and antient criticism.

That this is true with respect to his characters and his sentiment, is evident; hence, that in explaining these rules, we have so often recurred to him for illustrations.

Besides quotations already alleged, we subjoin the following as to character.

When Falstaff and his suite are so ignominiously routed, and the scuffle is by Falstaff so humorously exaggerated; what can be more natural than such a narrative to such a character, distinguished for his humour, and withal for his want of veracity and courage?

The sagacity of common poets might not perhaps have suggested so good a narrative, but it certainly would have suggested something of the kind, and 'tis in this we view the essence of dramatic character, which is, when we conjecture what any one will do or say, from what he has done or said already.

If we pass from characters (that is to say manners) to sentiment, we have already given instances, and yet we shall still give another.

When Rosincrosse and Guildenstern wait upon Hamlet, he offers them a recorder or pipe, and desires them to play—they reply, they cannot—He repeats his request—they answer, they have never learnt—He assures them nothing was so easy—they still decline.

—Tis

—'Tis then he tells them with disdain,  
 "There is much music in this little organ,  
 and yet you cannot make it speak—Do you  
 think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe?"  
 Hamlet, Act III.

This I call an elegant sample of sentiment,  
 taken under its comprehensive sense. But  
 we stop not here—We consider it as a com-  
 plete instance of Socratic reasoning, though  
 'tis probable the author knew nothing how  
 Socrates used 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, with-  
 "out having practised under the best masters  
 "—while there are those, who aspire to the  
 "governing of a state, and can think them-  
 "selves completely qualified, though it be  
 "without preparation or labour." Xenoph.  
 Mem. IV. c. 2. f. 6.

Aristotle's Illustration is similar in his rea-  
 soning against men, chosen by lot for ma-  
 gistrates. "'Tis (says he) as if wrestlers  
 were to be appointed by lot, and not those  
 that are able to wrestle: or, as if from  
 among sailors we were to chuse a pilot by  
 lot, and that the man so elected were to na-  
 vigate, and not the man who knew the  
 business." Rhetor. L. II. c. 20. p. 94. Edit.  
 Sylb.

Nothing can be more ingenious than this  
 mode of reasoning. The premises are obvi-  
 ous and undeniable; the conclusion cogent  
 and yet unexpected. It is a species of that  
 argumentation, called in dialectic *ἑπαγωγὴ*,  
 or induction.

Aristotle in his rhetoric (as above quoted)

calls such reasonings *τὰ σωκρατικά*, the Socrati-  
 ctics; in the beginning of his poetics, he  
 calls them the *σωκρατικοὶ λόγοι*, the Socratic  
 discourses; and Horace, in his art of poetry,  
 calls them the Socraticæ chartæ.

## § 122. The Connection between Rules and Genius.

If truth be always the same, no wonder  
 geniuses should coincide, and that too in  
 philosophy as well as in criticism.

We venture to add, returning to rules,  
 that if there be any things in Shakspeare ob-  
 jectionable (and who is hardy enough to deny  
 it?) the very objections, as well as the  
 beauties, are to be tried by the same rules;  
 as the same plummet alike shews, both what  
 is 'out of the perpendicular and in it, the  
 same ruler alike proves, both what is crook-  
 ed and what is straight.

We cannot admit, that geniuses, though  
 prior to systems, were prior also to rules, be-  
 cause rules from the beginning existed in  
 their own minds, and were a part of that  
 immutable truth, which is eternal and every  
 where. Aristotle, we know, did not form  
 Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; 'twas  
 Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, that  
 formed Aristotle.

And this surely should teach us to pay at-  
 tention to rules, in as much as they and ge-  
 nius are so reciprocally connected, that 'tis  
 genius which discovers rules; and then  
 rules which govern genius.

'Tis by this amicable concurrence, and  
 by this alone, that every work of art justly  
 merits admiration, and is rendered as highly  
 perfect, as by human power it can be made.

§ 123. *We ought not to be content with knowing what we like, but what is really worth liking.*

'Tis not however improbable, that some intrepid spirit may demand again, What avail these subtleties?—Without so much trouble, I can be full enough pleased—I know what I like.—We answer, And so does the carrion-crow, that feeds upon a carcase. The difficulty lies not in knowing what we like, but in knowing how to like, and what is worth liking. Till these ends are obtained, we may admire Durfey before Milton; a smocking boor of Hemskirk, before an apostle of Raphael.

Now as to the knowing, how to like, and then, what is worth liking; the first of these, being the object of critical disquisition, has been attempted to be shewn through the course of these inquiries.

As to the second, what is worth our liking, this is best known by studying the best authors, beginning from the Greeks; then passing to the Latins; nor on any account excluding those who have excelled among the moderns.

And here, if, while we 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 morsel perhaps pleases us—let us cherish it—Another morsel strikes us—let us cherish this also.—Let us thus proceed, and steadily persevere, till we find we can relish, not morsels, but wholes; and feel that, what began in fiction, terminates in reality. The film being in this manner removed, we shall discover beauties which we never imagined; and condemn for puerilities, what we once foolishly admired.

One thing however in this process is indispensably required: we are on no account to expect that fine things should descend to us; our taste, if possible, must be made ascend to them.

This is the labour, this the work; there is pleasure in the success, and praise even in the attempt.

This speculation applies not to literature only: it applies to music, to painting, and, as they are all congenial, to all the liberal arts. We should in each of them endeavour to investigate what is best, and there (if I may so express myself) there to fix our abode.

By only seeking and perusing what is truly excellent, and by contemplating always this and this alone, the mind insensibly becomes accustomed to it, and finds that in this alone it can acquiesce with content. It happens indeed here, as in a subject far more important, I mean in a moral and a virtuous conduct: If we chuse the best life, use will make it pleasant.

§ 124. *Character of the ENGLISH, the ORIENTAL, the LATIN, and the GREEK Languages.*

We Britons in our time have been remarkable borrowers, as our multifarious language may sufficiently shew. Our terms in polite literature prove, that this came from Greece; our terms in music and painting, that these came from Italy; our phrases in cookery and war, that we learnt these from the French; and our phrases in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. These many and very different sources of our language may be the cause, why it is so deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compensate the defect,

fect, that what we want in elegance, we gain in copiousness; in which last respect few languages will be found superior to our own.

Let us pass from ourselves to the nations of the East. The \* Eastern world, from the earliest days, has been at all times the seat of enormous monarchy. On its natives, fair liberty never shed its genial influence. If at any time civil discords arose among them (and arise there did innumerable) the contest was never about the form of their government; (for this was an object, of which the combatants had no conception;) it was all from the poor motive of, who should be their master; whether a Cyrus or an Artaxerxes, a Mahomet or a Multapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the consequence?—Their ideas became consonant to their servile state, and their words became consonant to their servile ideas. The great distinction, for ever in their sight, was that of tyrant and slave; the most unnatural one conceivable, and the most susceptible of pomp and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themselves, as the meanest and most abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every sentiment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus though they sometimes ascended into the great and magnificent †, they as

\* For the Barbarians, by being more slavish in their manners than the Greeks, and those of Asia than those of Europe, submit to despotic government without murmuring or discontent. Arist. Polit. III. 4.

† The truest sublime of the East may be found in the scriptures, of which perhaps the principal cause is the intrinsic greatness of the subject there treated; the creation of the universe, the dispensations of divine Providence, &c.

frequently degenerated into the tumid and bombast. The Greeks too of Asia became infected by their neighbours, who were often at times not only their neighbours, but their masters; and hence that luxuriance of the Asiatic style, unknown to the chaste eloquence and purity of Athens. But of the Greeks we forbear to speak now, as we shall speak of them more fully, when we have first considered the nature or genius of the Romans.

And what sort of people may we pronounce the Romans?—A nation engaged in wars and commotions, some foreign, some domestic, which for seven hundred years wholly engrossed their thoughts. Hence therefore their language became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expressive of things political, and well adapted to the purposes both of history and popular eloquence.—But what was their philosophy?—As a nation, it was none, if we may credit their ablest writers. And hence the unfitness of their language to this subject; a defect, which even Cicero is compelled to confess, and more fully makes appear, when he writes philosophy himself, from the number of terms which he is obliged to invent \*. Virgil

\* See Cic. de Fin. I. C. 1, 2, 3. III. C. 1, 2, 4. &c. but in particular Tusc. Disp. I. 3. where he says, "Philosophia jacuit usque ad hanc ætatem, nec ullum habuit lumen literarum Latinarum; quæ illustranda et excitanda nobis est; ut si," &c. See also Tusc. Disp. IV. 3. and Acad. I. 2. where it appears, that until Cicero applied himself to the writing of philosophy, the Romans had nothing of the kind in their language, except some mean performances of Amasianus the Epicurean, and others of the same sect. How far the Romans were indebted to Cicero for philosophy, and with



gil seems to have judged the most truly of his countrymen, when admitting their inferiority in the more elegant arts, he concludes at last with his usual majesty,

Tu

with what industry, as well as eloquence, he cultivated the subject, may be seen not only from the titles of those works that are now lost, but much more from the many noble ones still fortunately preserved.

The Epicurean poet Lucretius, who flourished nearly at the same time, seems by his silence to have overlooked the Latin writers of his own sect; deriving all his philosophy, as well as Cicero, from Grecian sources; and, like him, acknowledging the difficulty of writing philosophy in Latin, both from the poverty of the tongue, and from the novelty of the subject.

Nec me animi fallit, Graiorum obscura reperta  
Difficile inlustrare Latinis versibus esse,  
(Multa novis rebus præsertim quom sit agendum,)

Propter egestatem linguæ et rerum novitatem :  
Sed tua me virtus tamen, et sperata voluptas  
Suavis amicitia quemvis perferre laborem  
Suadet — Lucr. I. 137.

In the same age, Varro, among his numerous works, wrote some in the way of philosophy; as did the patriot Brutus, a treatise concerning virtue, much applauded by Cicero; but these works are now lost.

Soon after the writers above-mentioned came Faccius, some of whose satires and epistles may be justly ranked among the most valuable pieces of Latin philosophy, whether we consider the purity of their style, or the great address with which they treat the subject.

After Horace, though with as long an interval as from the days of Augustus to those of Nero, came the satirist Persius, the friend and disciple of the

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,  
[morem,  
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere  
Pacere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

From

the stoic Cornutus; to whose precepts, as he did honour by his virtuous life, so his works, though small, shew an early proficiency in the science of morals. Of him it may be said, that he is almost the single difficult writer among the Latin classics, whose meaning has sufficient merit to make it worth while to labour through his obscurities.

In the same degenerate and tyrannic period, lived also Seneca; whose character, both as a man and a writer, is discussed with great accuracy by the noble author of the characteristics, to whom we refer.

Under a milder dominion, that of Hadrian and the Antonines, lived Aulus Gellius, or (as some call him) Agellius, an entertaining writer in the miscellaneous way; well skilled in criticism and antiquity; who though he can hardly be entitled to the name of a philosopher, yet deserves not to pass unmentioned here, from the curious fragments of philosophy interspersed in his works.

With Aulus Gellius we range Macrobius, not because a contemporary (for he is supposed to have lived under Honorius and Theodosius) but from his near resemblance, in the character of a writer. His works, like the other's, are miscellaneous; filled with mythology and ancient literature, some philosophy being intermixed. His Commentary upon the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero, may be considered as wholly of the philosophical kind.

In the same age with Aulus Gellius, flourished Apuleius of Madaura in Africa, a Platonic writer, whose matter in general far exceeds his perplexed and affected style, too conformable to the false rhetoric of the age when he lived.

Of the same country, but of a later age, and a harsher style, was Martianus Capella, if indeed he

From considering the Romans, let us pass to the Greeks. The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their liberty, were the most heroic confederacy that ever existed. They were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest, of men. In the short space of little more than a century, they became such

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

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 *Timæus* of Plato.

The last Latin philosopher was Boethius, who was descended from some of the noblest of the Roman families, and was consul in the beginning of the sixth century. He wrote many philosophical works, the greater part in the logical way. But this ethical piece, "On the Consolation of Philosophy," and which is partly prose, and partly verse, deserves great encomiums both for the matter, and for the style; in which last he approaches the purity of a far better age than his own, and is in all respects preferable to those crabbed 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 Musonius Rufus, and the two emperors, Marcus Antoninus and Julian; but as these preferred the use of the Greek tongue to their own, they can hardly be considered among the number of Latin writers.

And so much (by way of sketch) for the Latin authors of philosophy; a small number for so vast an empire, if we consider them as all the product of near six successive centuries.

\* If we except Homer, Hesiod, and the Lyric poets, we hear of few Grecian writers before the expedition of Xerxes. After that monarch had been defeated, and the dread of the Persian power was at an end, the effulgence of Grecian genius (if I may use the expression) broke forth, and shone till the time of Alexander the Macedonian, after whom it disappeared, and never rose again. This is that golden period (spoken of above). I do not mean that Greece had not many writers of great merit subsequent to that period, and especially of the philosophic kind; but the great, the striking, the sublime (call it as you please) attained at that time to a height, to which it never could ascend in any after-age.

The same kind of fortune befel the people of Rome. When the Punic wars were ended, and Carthage their dreaded rival was no more, then (as Horace informs us) they began to cultivate the politer arts. It was soon after this, their great orators, and historians, and poets arose, and Rome, like Greece, had her golden period, which lasted to the death of Octavius Cæsar.

I call these two periods, from the two greatest geniuses that flourished in each, one the Socratic period, the other the Ciceronian.

There are still farther analogies subsisting between them. Neither period commenced, as long as solicitude for the common welfare engaged men's attentions, and such wars impended, as threatened their destruction by foreigners and barbarians. But when once these fears were over, a general security soon ensued, and instead of attending to the arts of defence and self-preservation, they began to cultivate those of elegance and pleasure. Now, as these naturally produced a kind of

wanton

Now the language of these Greeks was truly like themselves, it was conformable to their transcendent and universal genius. Where matter so abounded, words followed of course, and those exquisite in every kind, as the ideas for which they stood. And hence it followed, there was not a subject to be found, which could not with propriety be expressed in Greek.

Here were words and numbers for the humour of an Aristophanes; for the native elegance of a Philemon or Menander; for the amorous strains of a Mimnermus or Sappho; for the rural lays of a Theocritus or Bion; and for the sublime conceptions of a Sophocles or Homer. The same in prose. Here Isocrates was enabled to display his art, in all the accuracy of periods, and the nice counterpoise of diction. Here Demosthenes found

wanton insolence (not unlike the vicious temper of high fed animals) so by this the bands of union were insensibly dissolved. Hence then among the Greeks that fatal Peloponnesian war, which together with other wars, its immediate consequence, broke the confederacy of their commonwealths; wasted their strength; made them jealous of each other; and thus paved a way for the contemptible kingdom of Macedon to enslave them all, and ascend in a few years to universal monarchy.

A like luxuriance of prosperity sowed discord among the Romans; raised those unhappy contests between the Senate and the Gracchi; between Sylla and Marius; between Pompey and Cæsar; till at length, after the last struggle for liberty by those brave patriots Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and the subsequent defeat of Antony at Actium, the Romans became subjects to the dominion of a fellow-citizen.

It must indeed be confessed, that after Alexander and Octavius had established their monarchies, there were many bright geniuses, who were eminent under their government. Aristotle maintained a friendship and epistolary correspondence with

found materials for that nervous composition, that manly force of unaffected eloquence, which rushed like a torrent, too impetuous to be withstood.

Who were more different in exhibiting their philosophy, than Xenophon, Plato, and his disciple Aristotle? Different, I say, in their character of composition; for as to their philosophy itself, it was in reality the same. Aristotle, strict, methodic, and orderly; subtle in thought; sparing in ornament; with little address to the passions or imagination; but exhibiting the 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

with Alexander. In the time of the same monarch lived Theophrastus, and the cynic, Diogenes. Then also Demosthenes and Æschines spoke their two celebrated orations. So likewise in the time of Octavius, Virgil wrote his *Æneid*, and with Horace, Varius, and many other fine writers, partook of his protection and royal munificence. But then it must be remembered, that these men were bred and educated in the principles of a free government. It was hence they derived that high and manly spirit, which made them the admiration of after-ages. The successors and forms of government left by Alexander and Octavius, soon stopp'd the growth of any thing farther in the kind. So true is that noble saying of Longinus—Ορέσαι τε γὰρ ἰκανὰ τα φρονήματα τῶν μεγαλοφρονῶν ἢ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ, ἢ ἐπιελπίσαι, ἢ ἅμα διαθεῖν τὸ πρῶτον τῆς πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐχθρῆς, ἢ τῆς περὶ τὰ πρῶτα φιλοτιμίας. "It is liberty that is formed to nurse the sentiments of great geniuses; to inspire them with hope; to push forward the propensity of contest one with another, and the generous emulation of being the first in rank." De Subl. Sect. 44.

persuading 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 stagirite, how different are they likewise in character from each other?—

Plato, copious, figurative, and majestic; intermixing attimes the facetious and satiric; enriching his works with tales and fables, and the mystic theology of antient times. Xenophon, the pattern of perfect simplicity; every where smooth, harmonious, and pure; declining the figurative, the marvellous, and the mystic; ascending but rarely into the sublime; nor then so much trusting to the colours of style, as to the intrinsic dignity of the sentiment itself.

The language in the mean time, in which he and Plato wrote, appears to suit so accurately with the style of both, that when we read either of the two, we cannot help thinking, that it is he alone who has hit its character, and that it could not have appeared so elegant in any other manner.

And thus is the Greek tongue, from its propriety and universality, made for all that is great, and all that is beautiful, in every subject, and under every form of writing.

*Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundò Musa loqui.*

It were to be wished, that those amongst us, who either write or read, with a view to employ their liberal leisure (for as to such

as do either from views more sordid, we leave them like slaves, to their destined drudgery) it were to be wished, I say, that the liberal (if they have a relish for letters) would inspect the finished models of Grecian Literature; that they would not waste 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 antient learning, is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar, as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit will fit us for one, as completely as for the other. And as to those who tell us, with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is men, and not books, we must study to become knowing; this I have always remarked from repeated experience, to be the common consolation and language of dunces. They shelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whose transcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been sufficient of themselves to great and important ends. But alas;

*Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile—*

In truth, each man's understanding, when ripened and mature, is a composite of natural capacity, and of super-induced habit. Hence the greatest men will be necessarily those who possess the best capacities, cultivated with the best habits. Hence also moderate capacities,

capacities, when adorned with valuable science, will far transcend others the most acute, by nature, when either neglected, or applied to low and base purposes. And thus for the honour of culture and good learning, they are able to render a man, if he will take the pains, intrinsically more excellent than his natural superiors.

§ 125. *History of the Limits and Extent of the Middle Age.*

When the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Constantinople, then that happened, which was natural; out of one empire it became two, distinguished by the different names of the Western, and the Eastern.

The Western empire soon sunk. So early as in the 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 fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma  
recessit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a space of near a thousand

years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion past 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 Monkery and Legends; of Leonine verses, (that is, of bad Latin put into rhyme;) of projects to decide truth by plough-shares and battoons; of crusades to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes deposed, not as Cræsus was by Cyrus, but one, who had no armies, and who did not even wear a sword.

Different portions of this age have been distinguished by different descriptions: such as *Sæculum Monotheiticum*, *Sæculum Eiconasticum*, *Sæculum Obscurum*, *Sæculum Ferreum*, *Sæculum Hildibrandinum*, &c. strange names it must be confessed, some more obvious, others less so, yet none tending to furnish us with any high, or promising ideas.

And yet we must acknowledge for the honour of humanity, and of its great and divine Author, who never forsakes it, that some sparks of intellect were at all times visible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we must look for the taste and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and sciences were thus obscured, may be said to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may use the expression) like the twilight of a summer's night; that auspicious gleam between the setting and the rising sun, which,

which, though it cannot retain the lustre of the day, helps at least to save us from the totality of darkness.

§ 126. *An Account of the Destruction of the Alexandrian Library.*

"When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus said to him: 'You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort, that are found there. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing; but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me.' Amrus said to him: 'And what is it you want?' The philosophical books (replied he) preserved in the royal libraries.' 'This,' says Amrus, is a request, upon which I cannot decide. You desire a thing, where I can issue no orders, till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.'—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer was returned by Omar to the following purport: 'As to the books, of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them, what accords with the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God, all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order them therefore to be all destroyed.'

"Amrus upon this ordered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. After this manner, in the space of six months, they were all consumed."

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, "Hear what was done, and wonder."

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance.

§ 127. *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 Gymnasies; of her good and bad Fortune, &c. &c.—Manners of the present Inhabitants—Olive and Honey.*

When the Athenians had delivered themselves from the tyranny of Pisistratus, and after this had defeated the vast efforts of the Persians, and that against two successive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be considered as at the summit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without controul, the sovereignty of Greece\*.

As their taste was naturally good, arts of every kind soon rose among them, and flourished. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an ascendant; and that ascendant produced a security, which left their minds at ease, and gave

\* For these historical facts consult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian History.

A a them

them leisure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed as his architect, who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himself, and added statues and basso-relievs, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and not long after, that they saw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change, and states as well as individuals are born to decay. Jealousy and ambition insensibly fomented wars; and success in these wars, as in others, was often various. The military strength of the Athenians was first impaired by the Lacedæmonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and last of all it was wholly crushed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political Sovereignty was lost, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not sink along with it.

Just at the close of their golden days of empire, flourished Xenophon and Plato, the disciples of Socrates, and from Plato descended that race of philosophers, called the Old Academy.

Aristotle, who was Plato's disciple, may be said, not to have invented a new philosophy, but rather to have tempered the sublime and rapturous mysteries of his 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 compressed; the diffuse power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I shall mention but two sects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, so called from the Old Academy, (the name given to the school of Plato) was founded by Arcelidas, 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 Arcelidas 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, lest the trouble of it should impair their uninterrupted state of bliss. Virtue he recommended, though not for the sake of virtue;

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 persuaded, and if men cannot be persuaded, 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 person 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 colonade, distinguished from other buildings of that sort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the

Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polygnotus and Myro, two capital masters of that transcendent period. Epicurus addressed his hearers in those well known gardens, called after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of these places gave names to the doctrines, which were taught there. Plato's philosophy took its name of Academic from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word, signifying a portico.

The system indeed of Aristotle was not denominated from the place, but was called Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about, at the time, when he disserted.—The term, Epicurean Philosophy, needs no explanation.

Open air, shade, water, and pleasant walks, seem above all things to favour that exercise, the best suited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford may teach my own countrymen the truth of this assertion, and best explain how Horace lived, while the student at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

—inter silvas Academici quærere verum.

These places of public institution were called among the Greeks by the name of Gymnasia, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all those exercises, and all those arts, which tended to cultivate not only the body, but the mind. As man was a being consisting of both, the Greeks could not consider that education as complete, in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their Gymnasia, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two



statues, those of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accomplishments being patronized (as they supposed) by the God of strength, the mental accomplishments by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, scarce deserve the name upon this extensive plan, if the professors teach no more, than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horses.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accomplishment that Athens was celebrated (as we have said) during many centuries, long after her political influence was lost, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately sprung up. Athens then, though she still maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their insolence. Antipater destroyed her orators, and she was sacked by Demetrius. At length she became subject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her severest enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners) was of a purpled, intermixed with white. This circumstance could not escape the witty Athenians: they described him in a verse, and ridiculously said,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, sprinkled with meal,

The devastations and carnage which he caused soon after, gave them too much reason to repent their sarcasm.

The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey soon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them side with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæsar conquered. But Cæsar did not treat them like

Sylla. With that clemency, which made so amiable a part of his character, he dismissed them by a fine allusion to their illustrious ancestors, saying, that he 'spared the living for the sake of the dead.'

Another storm followed soon after this, the wars of Brutus and Cassius with Augustus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forsake them: they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus, and having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Masking during the interval, which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils, which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus, and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privileges; gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to shew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that

Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The sects of philosophers, which we have already described, were still existing, when St. Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar, which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts, xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the residence of philosophers, and the institution of youth: Men of rank and fortune found pleasure in a retreat which contributed so much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correspondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long 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 tho' Cicero and a multitude more of the best men perished, he had the good fortune to survive every danger. Nor did he seek a safety for himself alone; his virtue so recommended him to the leaders of every side, that he was able to save not himself alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends,

When we look to this amiable character, we may well suppose, that it was not merely for amusement that he chose to live at Athens; but rather that, by residing there, he might so far realize philosophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for ostentation.

Another person, during a better period, (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus) was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this person I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the last name from the same reasons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that vicissitudes beset both men and cities, and changes too often happen from prosperous to adverse. Such was the state of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and so on from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we learn so from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddess, it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege.

§ 128. *The Account given by SYNESIUS of ATHENS, and its subsequent History.*

Synesius, who lived in the fifth century, visited Athens, and gives in his epistles an account of his visit. Its lustre appears at that time to have been greatly diminished. Among other things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the

fect of Stoics, had by an oppressive proconsul been despoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devastation, it had been forsaken by those philosophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppressed by the crusaders, and all things in confusion, Athens was besieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montferrat, to whom it surrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was sometimes under the Venetians, sometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himself master of Constantinople. This fatal catastrophe (which happened near two thousand years after the time of Pisistratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whose despotic yoke it has continued ever since.

The city from this time has been occasionally visited, and descriptions of it published by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spon, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have published curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this island as foreigners, have been there since, and some have given (as Monfr. Le Roy) specious publications of what we are to suppose they saw. None however have equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr. Stuart, who, after having resided there between three and four years, has given us 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 antient splendor.

He has not only given us the greater out-

lines and their measures, but separate measures and drawings of the minuter decorations; so that a British artist may (if he please) follow Phidias, and build in Britain, as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon, speaking of Attica, says 'that the road near Athens was pleasing, and the very peasants polished.' Speaking of the Athenians in general, he says of them—"ils ont une politesse d'esprit naturelle, & beaucoup d'adresse dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprennent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow-traveller, says as follows, when he and his company approached Athens: "We began now to think ourselves in a more civilized country, than we had yet past: for not a shepherd, that we met, but bid us welcome, and wished us a good journey." p. 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, "This must with great truth be said of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them, what they have by nature, that is, much subtlety or wit." p. 347. And again, "The Athenians, notwithstanding the long possession that Barbarism hath had of this place, seem to be much more polished in point of manners and conversation, than any other in these parts; being civil, and of respectful behaviour to all, and highly complimentary in their discourse."—p. 356.

Stuart says of the present Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler said of their forefathers;—he found in them the same address, the same natural acuteness, though severely curbed by their despotic masters.

One custom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a species of guitar, and after a short prelude on the in-

strument, as if he were waiting for inspiration, accompanies his instrumental music with his voice, suddenly chanting some extempore verses, which seldom exceed two or three distichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has done the same, delivers it to another; and that so the lyre circulates, till it has past round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithstanding the various fortune of Athens, as a city, Attica was still famous for Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey. Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent."

§ 129. *Anecdote of the Modern GREEKS.*

I shall quit the Greeks, after I have related a short narrative; a narrative so far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not yet totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man (a little piqued at the question) "why our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy\*."

§ 130. *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, in-

\* This story was told the author, Mr. Harris, by Mr. Anson himself,

dulges himself in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is that which I call general or rather public history; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and sieges, marches and retreats, are accurately retailed; together with dates, descriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps both of chronology and geography.

In this, no doubt, there is utility; yet the sameness of the events resembles not a little the sameness of human bodies. One head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem equally to characterise an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is that which gives a sample of sentiments and manners.

If the account of these last be faithful, it cannot fail being instructive, since we view through these the interior of human nature. 'Tis by these we perceive what sort of animal man is: so that while not only Europeans are distinguished from Asiatics, but English from French, French from Italians, and (what is still more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the same time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us that a drama, where the sentiments and manners are well preserved, will please the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps, what is true in dramatic composition, is 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, tho' 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.

§ 131. *Concerning Natural Beauty; its Idea the same in all Times.*—THESSALIAN TEMPE.—*Taste of VIRGIL, and HORACE—of MILTON, in describing Paradise—exhibited of late years first in Pictures—thence transferred to ENGLISH Gardens—not wanting to the enlightened 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 relishes them both.

Now there is nothing more certain, than that the face of inanimate nature has been at all times captivating. The vulgar, indeed, look no farther than to scenes of culture, because all their views merely terminate in utility. They only remark, that 'tis fine barley; that 'tis rich clover; as an ox or an ass, if they could speak, would inform us. But the liberal have nobler views, and tho' they give to culture is 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 op-

"posite mountains, and those sides diversified by woods, precipices, rocks, and romantic caverns." Such was the scene produced by the river Peneüs, as it ran between the mountains, Olympus and Ossa, in that well known vale the Thessalian Tempe.

Virgil and Horace, the first for taste among the Romans, appear to have been enamoured with beauties of this character. Horace prayed for a villa, where there was a garden, a rivulet, and above these a little grove.

Hortus ubi, et tectis vicinis jugis aquare fons,

Et paulum silvæ super his foret.

Sat. VI. 2.

Virgil wished to enjoy rivers, and woods, and to be hid under immense shade in the cool valleys of mount Hæmus—

—O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?  
Georg. II. 486.

The great elements of this species of beauty, according to these principles, were water, wood, and uneven ground; to which may be added a fourth, that is to say, lawn. 'Tis the happy mixture of these four, that produces every scene of natural beauty, as 'tis a more mysterious mixture of other elements (perhaps as simple, and not more in number) that produces a world or universe.

Virgil and Horace having been quoted, we may quote, with equal truth, our great countryman Milton. Speaking of the flowers of Paradise, he calls them flowers,

—which not nice Art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pours forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

P. L. IV. 245.

Soon after this he subjoins—

—— this was the place  
A happy rural seat, of various view.

He explains this variety, by recounting the lawns, the flocks, the hillocks, the valleys, the grotts, the waterfalls, the lakes, &c. &c. And in another book, describing the approach of Raphael, he informs us, that this divine messenger past

—— thro' groves of myrrh,  
And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and  
balm,  
A wilderness of sweets ; for nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at  
will  
Her virgin-fancies, pouring forth more  
sweet,  
Wild above rule or art, enormous blifs.—  
P. L. IV. 292.

The painters in the preceding century seem to have felt the power of these elements, and to have transferred them into their landscapes with such amazing force, that they appear not so much to have followed, as to have emulated nature. Claude de Lorraine, the Poussins, Salvator Rosa, and a few more, may be called superior artists in this exquisite taste.

Our gardens in the mean time were tasteless and insipid. Those, who made them, thought the farther they wandered from nature, the nearer they approached the sublime. Unfortunately, where they travelled, no sublime was to be found; and the farther they went, the farther they left it behind,

But perfection, alas! was not the work of a day. Many prejudices were to be removed; many gradual ascents to be made; ascents from bad to good, and from good to better, before the delicious Amenities of a Claude or a 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 Peircefield, or a Mount Edgcomb.

Not however to forget the subject of our inquiry.—Though it was not before the present century, that we established a chaster taste; though our neighbours at this instant are but learning it from us; and though to the vulgar every where it is totally incomprehensible (be they vulgar in rank, or vulgar in capacity): yet, even in the darkest periods we have been treating, 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 Muses; there is sylvence; a praty wood; antra in vivo saxo (grottos in the living rock;) the river rolling over the stones with a praty noyse." His Latin is more elegant—"Nemusculum ibidem opacum, fontes liquidi et gemmei, prata florida, antra muscosa, rivi levis et per saxa decursus, nec non solitudo et quies Musis amississima."—Vol. iv. p. 66.

Mergilline, the villa of Sannazarius, near Naples, is thus sketched in different parts of his poems;

Excuse

Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos  
 Despicens, celsò se culmine Mergilline  
 Attollit, nautique procul venientibus offert.  
 Sannaz. De partu Virgin. I. 25.

Rupis O! sacræ, pelagique custos,  
 Villa, Nympharum custos et propinquæ  
 Doridos—

Tu mihi solos nemorum recessus  
 Das, et hærentes per opaca lauros  
 Saxa: Tu, fontes, Aganippedumque  
 Antra recludis.

Ejusd. Epigr. I. 2.

—quæque in primis mihi grata ministrat  
 Otia, Musarumque cavas per saxa latebras,  
 Mergillina; novos fundunt ubi citria flores,  
 Citria, Medorum sacros referentia lucos.

Ejusd. De partu Virgin. III. sub fin.

De Fonte Mergillino.

Est mihi rivo vitreus perenni  
 Fons, arenosum prope litus, unde  
 Sæpe ascendens sibi nauta rores  
 Haurit amicos, &c.

Ejusd. Epigr. II. 36.

It would be difficult to translate these elegant morsels—It is sufficient to express what they mean, collectively—"that the villa of Mergillina had solitary woods; had groves of laurel and citron; had grottos in the rock, with rivulets and springs; and that from its lofty situation it looked down upon the sea, and commanded an extensive prospect."

It is no wonder that such a villa should enamour such an owner. So strong was his affection for it, that when, during the subsequent wars in Italy, it was demolished by the imperial troops, this unfortunate event was supposed to have hastened his end.

Vaucluse (Vallis Clausa) 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 semi-circular ridge of them; from which incident it derives its name. One of the most stupendous of these cliffs stands in the front of the semi-circle, and has at its foot an opening into an immense cavern. Within the most retired and gloomy part of this cavern is a large oval basin, the production of nature, filled with pellucid and unfathomable water; and from this reservoir issues a river of respectable magnitude, dividing, as it runs, the meadows beneath, and winding through the precipices that impend from above."

This is an imperfect sketch of that spot, where Petrarch spent his time with so much delight, as to say that this alone was life to him, the rest but a state of punishment.

In the two preceding narratives I seem to see an anticipation of that taste for natural beauty, which now appears to flourish through Great Britain in such perfection. It is not to be doubted that the owner of Mergillina would have been charmed with Mount Edgecumbe; and the owner of Vaucluse have been delighted with Piercefield.

When we read in Xenophon, that the younger Cyrus had with his own hand planted trees for beauty, we are not surprised, though pleased with the story, as the age was polished, and Cyrus an accomplished prince. But, when we read that in the beginning of the 14th Century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, *qui a esté gardé pour sa beauté,*

*beauté*, 'which had been preserved for its beauty;' though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised, that the prince should at such a period have been so far enlightened.

§ 132. *Superior Literature and Knowledge both of the Greek and Latin Clergy, whence.—Barbarity and Ignorance of the Laity, whence.—Samples of Lay Manners, in a Story from Anna Comnena's History.—Church Authority ingeniously employed to check Barbarity—the same Authority employed for other good Purposes—to save the poor Jews—to stop Trials by Battle.—More suggested concerning Lay Manners.—Ferocity of the Northern Laymen, whence—different Causes assigned.—Inventions during the dark Ages—great, though the Inventors often unknown—Inference arising from these Inventions.*

Before I quit the Latins, I shall subjoin two or three observations on the Europeans in general.

The superior characters for literature here enumerated, whether in the Western or Eastern Christendom (for it is of Christendom only we are now speaking) were by far the greatest part of them ecclesiastics.

In this number we have selected from among the Greeks the patriarch of Constantinople, Photius; Michael Pselus; Euthathius and Eustratius, both of episcopal dignity; Placidus; Cardinal Bessarion—from among the Latins, venerable Bede; Gerbertus, afterwards Pope Sylvester 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; Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, &c.

Something has been already said concerning each of these, and other ecclesiastics. At present we shall only remark, that it was necessary, from their very profession, that they should read and write; accomplishments, at that time usually confined to themselves.

Those of the Western church were obliged to acquire some knowledge of Latin; and for Greek, to those of the Eastern church it was still (with a few corruptions) their native language.

If we add to these preparations their mode of life, which, being attended mostly with a decent competence, gave them immense leisure; it was not wonderful that, among such a multitude, the more meritorious should emerge and soar, by dint of genius, above the common herd. Similar effects proceed from similar causes. The learning of Egypt was possessed by their priests; who were likewise left from their institution to a life of leisure.

From the Laity, on the other side, who, from their mean education, wanted all these requisites, they were in fact no better than what Dryden calls them, a tribe of Issachar; a race, from their cradle bred in barbarity and ignorance.

A sample of these illustrious laymen may be found in Anna Comnena's history of her father Alexius, who was Grecian emperor in the eleventh century, when the first Crusade arrived at Constantinople. So promiscuous a rout of rude adventurers could not fail of giving umbrage to the Byzantine court, which was stately and ceremonious, and conscious withal of its internal debility.

After some altercation, the court permitted them to pass into Asia through the Imperial territories, upon their leaders taking an oath of fealty to the emperor.

What happened at the performance of this ceremonial,



ceremonial, is thus related by the fair historian above mentioned.

"All the commanders being assembled, and Godfrey of Bulloign himself among the rest, as soon as the oath was finished, one of the counts had the audaciousness to seat himself beside the emperor upon his throne. Earl Baldwin, one of their own people, approaching, took the count by the hand, made him rise from the throne, and rebuked him for his insolence.

"The count rose, but made no reply, except it was in his own unknown jargon, to mutter abuse upon the emperor.

"When all things were dispatched, the emperor sent for this man, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and of what lineage?

"—His answer was as follows—I am a genuine Frank, and in the number of their nobility. One thing I know, which is, that in a certain part of the country I came from, and in a place where three ways meet, there stands an ancient church, where every one who has a desire to engage in single combat, having put himself into fighting order, comes, and there implores the assistance of the deity, and then waits in expectation of some one that will dare attack him. On this spot I myself waited a long time, expecting and seeking some one that would arrive and fight me. But the man, that would dare this, was 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, but to keep among those who sup-

"port the centre; for I have long had knowledge of the Turkish method in their wars."

This was one of those counts, or barons, the petty tyrants of Western Europe; men who, when they were not engaged in general wars, (such as the ravaging of a neighbouring kingdom, the massacring of infidels, heretics, &c.) had no other method of filling up their leisure, than, through help of their vassals, by waging war upon one another.

And here the humanity and wisdom of the church cannot enough be admired, when by her authority (which was then mighty) she endeavoured to shorten that scene of bloodshed, which she could not totally prohibit. The truce of God (a name given it purposely to render the measure more solemn) enjoined these ferocious beings, under the terrors of excommunication, not to fight from Wednesday evening to Monday morning, out of reverence to the mysteries accomplished on the other four days; the ascension on Thursday; the crucifixion on Friday; the descent to hell on Saturday; and the resurrection on Sunday.

I hope a farther observation will be pardoned, when I add that the same humanity prevailed during the fourteenth century, and that the terrors of church power were then held forth with an intent equally laudable. A dreadful plague at that period desolated all Europe. The Germans, with no better reason than their own senseless superstition, imputed this calamity to the Jews, who then lived among them in great opulence and splendour. Many thousands of these unhappy people were inhumanly massacred, till the pope benevolently interfered, and prohibited by the severest bulls, so mad and sanguinary a proceeding.

I could

I could not omit two such salutary exertions of church power, as they both occur within the period of this inquiry. I might add a third, I mean the opposing and endeavouring to check that absurdity of all practices, the trial by battle, which Spelman expressly tells us that the church in all ages condemned.

It must be confessed, that the fact just related, concerning the unmannered count, at the court of Constantinople, is rather against the order of chronology, for it happened during the first crusades. It serves however to shew the manners of the Latin, or Western laity in the beginning of that holy war. They did not, in a succession of years, grow better, but worse.

It was a century after, that another crusade, in their march against infidels, sacked this very city; deposed the then emperor; and committed devastations, which no one would have committed but the most ignorant, as well as cruel, barbarians.

But a question here occurs, easier to propose than to answer. — “To what are we to attribute this character of ferocity, which seems to have then prevailed through the laity of Europe?”

Shall we say, it was climate, and the nature of the country? — These we must confess have, in some instances, great influence.

The Indians, seen a few years since by Mr. Byron in the southern parts of South America, were brutal and savage to an enormous excess. One of them for a trivial offence, murdered his own child (an infant) by dashing it against the rocks. — The Cyclopes, as described by Homer, were much of the same sort; each of them gave law to his own family, without regard for one another; and

besides this, they were Atheists and Man-eaters.

May we not suppose, that a stormy sea, together with a frozen, barren, and inhospitable shore, might work on the imagination of these Indians, so as, by banishing all pleasing and benign ideas, to fill them with habitual gloom, and a propensity to be cruel? — Or might not the tremendous scenes of Etna have had a like effect upon the Cyclopes, who lived amid smoke, thunderings, eruptions of fire, and earthquakes? If we may believe Fazellius, who wrote upon Sicily about two hundred years ago, the inhabitants near Etna were in his time a similar race.

If therefore these limited regions had such an effect upon their natives, may not a similar effect be presumed from the vast regions of the North? may not its cold, barren, uncomfortable climate, have made its numerous tribes equally rude and savage?

If this be not enough, we may add 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 jerfs, vassals, villains, &c.

It was not likely the ferocity of these conquerors should abate with regard to their vassals, whom, as strangers, they were more likely to suspect than to love.

It was not likely it should abate with regard to one another, when the neighbourhood of their castles, and the contiguity of their territories, must have given occasions (as we learn from history) for endless altercation. But this we leave to the learned in feudal tenures.

We shall add to the preceding remarks, one more, somewhat singular, and yet perfectly different; which is, that though the darkness in Western Europe, during the period here mentioned, was (in Scripture language) “a darkness that might be felt,” yet it is surprising that, during a period so obscure, many admirable inventions found their way into the world; I mean such as clocks, telescopes, paper, gunpowder, the mariner’s needle, printing, and a number here omitted.

It is surprising too, if we consider the importance of these arts, and their extensive utility, that it should be either unknown, or at least doubtful, by whom they were invented.

A lively fancy might almost imagine, that every art, as it was wanted, had suddenly started forth, addressing those that sought it, as Epeus did his companions—

—Coram, quem queritis, adsum. VIRG.

And yet, fancy apart, of this we may be assured, that though the particular inventors may unfortunately be forgotten, the inventions themselves are clearly referable to man; to that subtle and active principle, human wit, or ingenuity.

Let me then submit the following query—

If the human mind be as truly of divine origin, 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?

§ 133. *Opinions on Past Ages, and the Present*  
—*Conclusion arising from the Discussion of*  
*these Opinions—Conclusion of the Whole.*

And now having done with the Middle Age, we venture to say a word upon the Present.

Every past age has in its turn been a present age. This indeed is obvious, but this is not all; for every past age, when present, has been the object of abuse. Men have been represented by their contemporaries not only as bad, but degenerate; as inferior to their predecessors both in morals and bodily powers.

This is an opinion so generally received, that Virgil (in conformity to it) when he would express former times, calls them simply better, as if the term, better, implied former of course.

Hic genus antiquum Teucris, pulcherrima proles,  
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis.

Æn. vi. 648.

The same opinion is ascribed by Homer to old Nestor, when that venerable chief speaks of those heroes, whom he had known in his youth. He relates some of their names, Perithous, Dryas, Cæneus, Theseus; and some also of their exploits; as how they had extirpated the savage Centaurs—He then subjoins

—κείνοι δ’ ἄν’ ἔτις,  
Τῶν δὲ νῦν βροτῶν ἐστὶν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μάχηςλο.

Il. A. 271.

— with these no one  
Of earthly race, as men are now, could fight.

As these heroes were supposed to exceed in strength those of the Trojan war, so were the heroes of that period to exceed those that came after. Hence, from the time of the Trojan war

war to that of Homer, we learn that human strength was decreased by a complete half.

Thus the same Homer,

— — — — — ὁ δὲ χειμάδιον λάβε' χερσὶ  
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ δ' ὅσους ἄνδρες φέρουσιν,  
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσ'· ὃ δὲ μιν ῥέειά παύλα καὶ δίος.  
Il. E. 302.

Then grasp'd Tydides in his hand a stone,  
A bulk immense, which not two men could  
bear,  
As men are now, but he alone with ease  
Hurl'd it——

Virgil goes farther, and tells us, that not twelve men of his time (and those too chosen ones) could even carry the stone which Turnus flung.

Vix illud lecti his sex cervice subirent,  
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus :  
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem.  
Æn. xii. 899.

Thus human strength, which in Homer's time was lessened to half, in Virgil's time was lessened to a twelfth. If strength and bulk (as commonly happens) be proportioned, what Pygmies in stature must the men of Virgil's time have been, when their strength, as he informs us, was so far diminished? A man only eight times as strong (and not, according to the poet, twelve times) must at least have been between five and six feet higher than they were.

But we all know the privilege, claimed by poets and painters:

It is in virtue of this privilege that Horace, when he mentions the moral degeneracies of his contemporaries, asserts that "their fathers were worse than their grandfathers; that they were worse than their fathers; and that their children would be worse than they

"were;" describing no fewer, after the grand father, than three successions of degeneracy.

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.

Hor. Od. l. iii. 6.

We need only ask, were this a fact, what would the Romans have been, had they degenerated in this proportion for five or six generations more?

Yet Juvenal, subsequent to all this, supposes a similar progression; a progression in vice and infamy, which was not complete till his own times.

Then truly we learn, it could go no farther.

Nil erit ulterius, nostris quod moribus addat  
Posteritas, &c.

Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit, &c.

Sat. i. 147, &c.

But even Juvenal, it seems, was mistaken; bad as we must allow his times to have been. Several centuries after, without regard to Juvenal, the same doctrine was inculcated with greater zeal than ever.

When the Western empire began to decline, and Europe and Africa were ravaged by barbarians, the calamities then happening (and formidable they were) naturally led men, who felt them, to esteem their own age the worst.

The enemies of Christianity (for Paganism was not then extinct) absurdly turned these calamities to the discredit of the Christian religion, and said, the times were so unhappy, because the gods were dishonoured, and the ancient worship neglected. Orosius, a Christian, did not deny the melancholy facts, but, to obviate an objection so dishonourable to the true religion, he endeavours to prove from historians, both sacred and profane, that calamities

of every sort had existed in every age, as many and as great, as those that existed then.

If Orosius has reasoned right (and his work is an elaborate one) it follows, that the lamentations made then, and made ever since, are no more than natural declamations incidental to man; Declamations naturally arising, let him live at any period, from the superior efficacy of present events upon present sensations.

There is a praise belonging to the past, congenial with this censure; a praise formed from negatives, and best illustrated by examples.

Thus a declaimer might assert, (supposing he had a wish, by exalting the eleventh century, to debase the present) that "in the time of the Norman conqueror we had no routs, "no ridottos, no Newmarkets, no candidates "to bribe, no voters to be bribed, &c." and string on negatives, as long as he thought proper.

What then are we to do, when we hear such panegyric?—Are we to deny the facts?—That cannot be—are we to admit the conclusion?—That appears not quite agreeable.—No method is left but to compare evils with evils; the evils of 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 may alledge evils, by way of return, felt in those days severely, but now not felt at all.

"We may assert, we have not now, as happened then, seen our country conquered "by foreign invaders; nor our property taken "from us, and distributed among the conquerors; nor ourselves, from freemen, debased into slaves; nor our rights submitted

"to unknown laws, imported, without our "consent, from foreign countries."

Should the same reasonings be urged in favour of times, nearly as remote, and other imputations of evil be brought, which, though well known now, did not then exist; we may still retort that—"we are no longer now, as "they were then, subject to feudal oppression; nor dragged to war, as they were "then, by the petty tyrant of a neighbouring castle; nor involved in scenes of blood, "as they were then, and that for many years, "during the uninteresting disputes between a "Stephen and a Maud."

Should the same declaimer pass to a later period, and praise after the same manner the reign of Henry the Second, we have then to retort, "that we have now no Becketts." Should he proceed to Richard the First, "that "we have now no holy wars"—to John Lackland, and his son Henry, "that we have "now no barons wars"—and with regard to both of them, "that, though we enjoy at this "instant all the benefits of Magna Charta, "we have not been compelled to purchase "them at the price of our blood."

A series of convulsions brings us, in a few years more, to the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster—thence from the fall of the Lancaster family, to the calamities of the York family, and its final destruction in Richard the Third—thence to the oppressive period of his avaricious successor; and from him to the formidable reign of his relentless son, when neither the coronet, nor the mitre, nor even the crown, could protect their wearers; and when (to the amazement of posterity) those, by whom church authority was denied, and those, by whom it was maintained, were dragged together to Smithfield, and burnt at one and the same stake.

The reign of his successor was short and turbulent, and soon followed by the gloomy one of a bigotted woman.

We stop here, thinking we have instances enough. Those, who hear any portion of these past times praised for the invidious purpose above mentioned, may answer by thus retorting the calamities and crimes which existed at the time praised, but which now exist no more. A true estimate can never be formed, but in consequence of such a comparison; for if we drop the laudable, and alledge only the bad, or drop the bad, and alledge only the laudable, there is no age, whatever its real character, but may be made to pass at pleasure either for a good one, or a bad one.

If I may be permitted in this place to add an observation, it shall be an observation founded upon many years experience. I have often heard declamations against the present race of men; declamations against them, as if they were the worst of animals; treacherous, false, selfish, envious, oppressive, tyrannical, &c. &c. This (I say) I have often heard from grave declaimers, and have heard the sentiment delivered with a kind of oracular pomp.—Yet I never heard any such declaimer say (what would have been sincere at least, if it had been nothing more) “I prove my assertion by an example, where I cannot err; “I assert myself to be the wretch, I have been “just describing.”

So far from this, it would be perhaps dangerous to ask him, even in a gentle whisper—“You have been talking, with much confidence, about certain profligate beings—Are you certain, that you yourself are not one of the number?”

I hope I may be pardoned for the following anecdote, although compelled in relating it, to make myself a party.

“Sitting once in my library with a friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I read him out of a book the following passage—

“In our time it may be spoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the church is under foot; the clergy is in error; the devil reigneth, &c. &c. My friend interrupted me with a sigh, and said, Alas! how true! How just a picture of the times! —I asked him, of what times?—Of what times, replied he with emotion, can you suppose any other but the present? Were any before ever so bad, so corrupt, so &c. &c. —Forgive me (said I) for stopping you—the times, I am reading of, are older than you imagine; the sentiment was delivered above four hundred years ago; its author “Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371.”

As man is by nature a social animal, good humour seems an ingredient highly necessary to his character. It is the salt which gives a seasoning to the feast of life; and which, if it be wanting, surely renders the feast incomplete. Many causes contribute to impair this amiable quality, and nothing perhaps more, than bad opinions of mankind: Bad opinions of mankind naturally lead us to Misanthropy. If these bad opinions go farther, and are applied to the universe, then they lead to something worse, for they lead to Atheism: The melancholy and morose character being thus insensibly formed, morals and piety sink of course; for what equals have we to love, or what superior have we to revere, when we have no other objects left, than those of hatred or of terror?

It should seem then expedient, if we value our better principles, nay, if we value our own happiness, to withstand such detestable sentiments. It was the advice of a wise man—“Say not thou, What is the cause, that these

former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Eccl. vii. 10.

Things present make impressions amazingly superior to things remote; so that, in objects of every kind, we are easily mistaken as to their comparative magnitude. Upon the canvas of the same picture a near sparrow occupies the space of a distant eagle; a near mole-hill, that of a distant mountain. In the perpetration of crimes, there are few persons, I believe, who would not be more shocked at actually seeing a single man assassinated (even taking away the idea of personal danger) than they would be shocked in reading the massacre of Paris.

The wise man, just quoted, wishes to save us from these errors. He has already informed us—"The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, see, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."—He then subjoins the cause of this apparent novelty—things past, when they return, appear new, if they are forgotten; and things present will appear so, should they too be forgotten, when they return. Eccl. i. 9 ii. 16.

This forgetfulness of what is similar in events which return (for in every returning event such similarity exists) is the forgetfulness of a mind uninstructed and weak; a mind ignorant of that great, that providential circulation, which never ceases for a moment through every part of the universe.

It is not like that forgetfulness, which I once remember in a man of letters, who, when at the conclusion of a long life, he found his memory began to fail, said cheerfully—"Now I shall have a pleasure, I could not have before; that of reading my old books, and finding them all new."

There was in this consolation something philosophical and pleasing. And yet perhaps it is a higher philosophy (could we attain it) not to forget the past; but in contemplation of the past to view the future, so that we may lay on the worst prospects, with a becoming resignation, what Enes said of old to the Cumean Prophets,

— Virgin, no scenes of ill  
To me, or new, or unexpected rise;  
I've seen 'em all; have seen, and long be-  
fore

Within myself revolv'd 'em in my mind.

Æn. VI. 103, 104, 105.

In such a conduct, if well founded, there is not only fortitude, but piety: Fortitude, which never sinks, from a conscious integrity; and Piety, which never results, by referring all to the Divine Will.

§ 134. *The Character of the Man of Business often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philosopher.*

Philosophy, taking its name from the love of wisdom, and having for its end the investigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and speculation, in as much as truth of every kind is similar and congenial. Hence we find that some of the most illustrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philosophical speculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the disciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas spent his youth in the Pythagorean school; Alexander the Great had Aristotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epistles, and the philosophical works of the first, shew him sufficiently conversant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge,

even

even when surrounded with business, that he used to read philosophy in the senate-house, while the senate was assembling: and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual scene of the most important action, he found time not only to study, but to compose a Treatise upon Virtue.

When these were gone, and the worst of times succeeded, Thrasea Pætus, and Helvidius Priscus, were at the same period 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 forsake philosophy, but still persisted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments gained by stealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we descend to later ages, and search our own country, we shall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the same time conspicuous for their speculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like character will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as Ambassador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate statesman, that pattern of parsimony and political accomplishments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves, and applied his algebra

with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And so much in defence of Philosophy against those who may possibly undervalue her, because they have succeeded without her; those I mean (and it must be confessed they are many) who, having spent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themselves habits of amazing efficacy, unassisted by the helps of science and erudition. To such the retired student may appear an awkward being, because they want a just standard to measure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alleged; let them remember that these were eminent in their own way; were men of action and business; men of the world; and yet did they not disdain to cultivate philosophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the splendor of their active character.

This reasoning has a farther end. It justifies me in the address of these philosophical arrangements, as your Lordship\* has been distinguished in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Those who know the history of our foreign transactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany by negotiations of the last importance: and those, who are honoured with your nearer friendship, know that you can speculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and instruction.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining to your Lordship, to see in what manner the 'Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion for want of accurate disposition.' It may be thought also a fact worthy

\* Address to the right honourable Thomas lord Hyde, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, &c.



your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unless he drew it from remoter sources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himself its inventor and original teacher.

§ 135. *The Progressions of Art disgusting, the Completions beautiful.*

Fables relate that Venus was wedded to Vulcan, the goddess of beauty to the god of deformity. The tale, as some explain it, gives a double representation of art; Vulcan shewing us the progressions of art, and Venus the completions. The progressions, such as the hewing of stone, the grinding of colours, the fusion of metals, these all of them are laborious, and many times disgusting: the completions, such as the temple, the palace, the picture, the statue, these all of them are beauties, and justly call for admiration.

Now if logic be one of those arts, which help to improve human reason, it must necessarily be an art of the progressive character; an art which, not ending with itself, has a view to something farther. If then in the speculations upon it, it should appear dry rather than elegant, severe rather than pleasing, let it plead by way of defence, that, though its importance may be great, it partakes from its very nature (which cannot be changed) more of the deformed god, than of the beautiful goddess.

Harris.

§ 136. *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 both with that celebrated author and yourself, that our oratory is by no

means in a state of perfection; and, thought it has much strength and solidity, that it may yet be rendered far more polished and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in those countries where she flourished most, has ever been exceedingly slow. Athens had been in possession of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretensions to the persuasive arts were in any degree considerable; as the earliest orator of note among the Romans did not appear sooner than about a century before Tully.

That great master of persuasion, taking notice of this remarkable circumstance, assigns it as an evidence of the superior difficulty of his favourite art. Possibly there may be some truth in the observation: but whatever the cause be, the fact, I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances in our own country, with her sister arts; and though we have seen some excellent poets, and a few good painters, rise up amongst us, yet I know not whether our nation can supply us with a single orator of deserved eminence. One cannot but be surprised 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 antient 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

proof of the power of our language, than of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotson, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this species of eloquence to its highest perfection, seems to have had no sort of notion of rhetorical numbers : and may I venture to add, without hazarding the imputation of an affected singularity, that I think no man had ever less pretensions to genuine oratory, than this celebrated preacher ? If any thing could raise a flame of eloquence in the breast of an orator, there is no occasion, upon which one should imagine it would be more likely to break out, than in celebrating departed merit : yet the two sermons which he preached upon the death of Mr. Gouge and Dr. Whichcote, are as cold and languid performances as were ever, perhaps, produced upon such an animating subject. One cannot indeed but regret, that he, who abounds with such noble and generous sentiments, should want the art of setting them off with all the advantage they deserve ; that the sublime in morals should not be attended with a suitable elevation of language. The truth however is, his words are frequently ill-chosen, and almost always ill-placed ; his periods are both tedious and unharmonious ; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were easy to produce numberless instances in support of this assertion. Thus in his sermon preached before queen Anne, when she was princess of Denmark, he talks of squeezing a parable, thrusting religion by, driving a strict bargain with God, shaking shifts, &c. and speaking of the day of judgment, he describes the world as cracking about our ears. I cannot however but acknowledge, in justice to the oratorical character of this most valuable prelate, that there is a noble simplicity in some few of his sermons ; as his

excellent discourse on sincerity deserves to be mentioned with particular applause.

But to show his deficiency in the article I am considering at present, the following stricture will be sufficient, among many others that might be cited to the same purpose. " One " might be apt," says he, " to think at first " view, that this parable was over done, and " wanted something of a due decorum ; it " being hardly credible, that a man, after he " had been so mercifully and generously dealt " withal, as upon his humble request to have " so huge a debt so freely forgiven, should, " whilst the memory of so much mercy was " fresh upon him, even in the very next mo- " ment handle his fellow-servant, who had " made the same humble request to him which " he had done to his lord, with so much " roughness and cruelty, for so inconsiderable " a sum."

This whole period (not to mention other objections which might justly be raised against it) is unmusical throughout ; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are most miserably loose and disjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was so exquisitely refined, as not always to be satisfied even when he read Demosthenes ; how would it have been offended at the harshness and dissonance of so unharmonious a sentence ?

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater distance from that of the antients, 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 Cataline, 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 may not suspect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous composition, when you recollect the instance which Tully produces of its wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatises, that he was himself a witness of its influence as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following sentence, *patris dictum sapiens, temeritas filii comprobavit*, it was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious close. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occasion; and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with its genuine emphasis and cadence. We are certain, however, that the music of it consisted in the dichoree with which it is terminated: for Cicero himself assures us, that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed.

This art was first introduced among the Greeks by Thrasymachus, though some of the admirers of Isocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been observed by the Romans till near the times of Tully, and even then it was by no means universally received. The antient and less numerous manner of composition, had still many admirers, who were such enthusiasts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A disposition of the same kind may,

perhaps, prevent its being received with us; and while the archbishop shall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this species of eloquence. That strength of understanding likewise, and solidity of reason, which is so eminently our national characteristic, may add somewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a study of this kind; as at first glance it may seem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a sacrifice of sense to sound. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman republic, this art was so perverted from its true end, as to become the single study of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quintilian, assures us it was the ridiculous boast of certain orators in the time of the declension of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being set to music, and sung upon the stage. But it must be remembered, that the true end of this art I am recommending, is to aid, not to supersede reason; that it is so far from being necessarily effeminate, that it not only adds grace but strength to the powers of persuasion. For this purpose Tully and Quintilian, those great masters of numerous composition, have laid it down as a fixed and invariable rule, that it must never appear the effect of labour in the orator; that the tuneful flow of his periods must always seem the casual result of their disposition; and that it is the highest offence against the art, to weaken the expression, in order to give a more musical tone to the cadence. In short, that no unmeaning words are to be thrown in merely to fill

fill up the requisite measure, but that they must still rise in sense as they improve in sound.

§ 137. *Upon Grace in Writing. In a Letter.*

When I mentioned Grace as essential in constituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to have found my sentiments reflected back with a clearer light by yours; than imagined you would have called upon me to explain in form, what I only threw out by accident. To confess the truth, I know not whether, after all that can be said to illustrate this uncommon quality, it must not at last be resolved into the poet's *nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*. In cases of this kind, where language does not supply us with proper words to express the notions of one's mind, we can only convey our sentiments in figurative terms: a defect which necessarily introduces some obscurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark out with any sort of precision, that idea which I would express by the word Grace: and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly described than justly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compositions of genius, I would resemble it to that easy air, which so remarkably distinguishes certain persons of a genteel and liberal cast. It consists, not only in the particular beauty of single parts, but arises from the general symmetry and construction of the whole. An author may be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finished writers. Those several members must be so agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other; their arrangement must be so happily disposed as not to admit of the

least transposition without manifest prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction, should appear easy and natural, and seem to arise like so many spontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced, or affected in the sentiments, whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expression, is the very reverse of Grace. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet; she is regular without formality, and sprightly without being fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good writing what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only shews all the figures in their several proportions and relations, but shews them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility (to resume my former illustration) appears in the minutest action, and improves the most inconsiderable gesture; so Grace is discovered in the placing even a single word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpressible quality confined to one species of composition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble pastoral as well as to the lofty epic; from the slightest letter to the most solemn discourse.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language. At least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far, amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its highest perfection in the essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good-sense have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated,

yet

yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of all that excellent author's most elegant performances. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the Graces having searched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison.

§ 138. *Concerning the Style of HORACE, in his Moral Writings. In a Letter.*

Are you aware, how far I may mislead you, when you are willing to resign yourself to my guidance, through the regions of criticism? Remember, however, that I take the lead in these paths, not in confidence of my own superior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a request, which I never yet knew how to refuse. In short, I give you my sentiments, because it is my sentiments you require: but I give them at the same time rather as doubts than decisions.

After having thus acknowledged my insufficiency for the office you have assigned me, I will venture to confess that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far less successful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble pensée,  
Ne peut plaire à l'esprit quand l'oreille est  
blessée. BOILEAU.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the rallery, and strength in the sentiments of your friend's moral epistle, it by no means falls in with those notions I have formed to  
it, concerning the essential requisites in

compositions of this kind. He seems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he professes to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than Hyperion to a satire. His deficiency in point of verification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is sufficient to destroy the pretended resemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more absurd, than to write in poetical measure, and yet neglect harmony; as of all the kinds of false style, that which is neither prose nor verse, but I know not what inartificial combination of powerless words bordered with rhyme, is far, surely, the most insufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive (and it is an opinion in which you are not singular) that a negligence of this kind may be justified by the authority of the Roman satirist: yet surely those who entertain that notion, have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confess, his satirical composition to the inspiration of a certain muse, whom he distinguishes by the title of the *musa pedestris*: and it is this expression which seems to have misled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends she should creep: on the contrary, it may be said of the muse of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that

— grace is in all her steps.

That this was the idea which Horace himself had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epistles, but from several express declarations, which he lets fall in his progress through them. Even when he speaks of her in his greatest fits of modesty, and describes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly insists upon the ease and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly disclaims, indeed, all pretensions to the higher poetry, the *acer spiritus*  
et

*et vis*, as he calls it: he represents his style as being governed by the *tempora certa modoque*, as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predecessor Lucilius for the dissonance of his numbers; and he professes to have made the experiment, whether the same kind of moral subjects might not be treated in more soft and easy measures:

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes,  
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negârît  
Versiculos natura magis factos et euntes  
Mollius?

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is the single prerogative of poetry, which he pretends to claim to his writings of this kind: and so far is he from thinking it unessential, that he acknowledges it as the only separation which distinguishes them from prose. If that were once to be broken down, and the musical order of his words destroyed, there would not, he tells us, be the least appearance of poetry remaining:

Non

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

However, when he delivers himself in this humble strain, he is not, you will observe, sketching out a plan of this species of poetry in general: but speaking merely of his own performances in particular. His demands rise much higher, when he informs us what he expects of those, who would succeed in compositions of this moral kind. He then not only requires flowing numbers, but an expression concise and unincumbered; wit exerted with good-breeding, and managed with reserve; as upon some occasions the sentiments may be enforced with all the strength of eloquence and poetry: and though in some parts the piece may appear with a more serious and solemn

cast of colouring, yet upon the whole, he tells us, it must be lively and *riant*. This I take to be his meaning in the following passage:

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;  
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosò,  
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ;  
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus atque  
Extenuantis eas consulto.

Such, then, was the notion which Horace had of this kind of writing. And if there is any propriety in these his rules, if they are founded on the truth of taste and art; I fear the performance in question, with numberless others of the same stamp (which have not however wanted admirers) must inevitably stand condemned. The truth of it is, most of the pieces which are usually produced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace: the authors of them seem to mistake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the easy air of the friend of Mæcenas.

You will still tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himself is an unanswerable objection to the notion I have embraced; as there are numberless lines in his Satires and Epistles, where the versification is evidently neglected. But are you sure, Hortensius, that those lines which sound so unharmonious to a modern ear, had the same effect upon a Roman one? for myself, at least, I am much inclined to believe the contrary: and it seems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to censure Lucilius for the uncouthness of his numbers, should himself be notoriously guilty of the very fault against which he so strongly exclaims. Most certain it is, that the delicacy of the antients with respect to numbers, was far superior to any thing that modern taste can pretend to; and that they discovered differences

C c

which

which are to us absolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable instance: a very antient writer has observed upon the following verse in Virgil,

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.*

that if instead of *primus* we were to pronounce it *primis* (is being long, and *us* short) the entire harmony of the line would be destroyed.—But whose ear is now so exquisitely sensible, as to perceive the distinction between those two quantities? Some refinement of this kind might probably give music to those lines in Horace, which now seem so untuneable.

In subjects of this nature it is not possible, perhaps, to express one's ideas in any very precise and determinate manner. I will only therefore in general observe, with respect to the requisite style of these performances, that it consists in a natural ease of expression, an elegant familiarity of phrase, which, though formed of the most usual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy, no less striking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain lively colouring peculiar to compositions in this way, which, without being so bright and glowing as is necessary for the higher poetry, is nevertheless equally removed from whatever appears harsh and dry. But particular instances will, perhaps, better illustrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther say to explain it. There is scarce a line in the Moral Epistles of Mr. Pope, which might not be produced for this purpose. I choose 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 minister so fore;  
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time,  
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;  
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
And the sad burden of some merry song.

I will refer you to your own memory for the Latin passage, from whence Mr. Pope has taken the general hint of these verses; and content myself with adding a translation of the lines from Horace by another hand:

Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace!  
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)  
Had better take a lion by the beard;  
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,  
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

There is a strength and spirit in the former of these passages, and a flatness and languor in the latter, which cannot fail of being discovered by every reader of the least delicacy of discernment; and yet the words which compose them both are equally sounding and significant. The rules then, which I just now mentioned from Horace, will point out the real cause of the different effects which these two passages produce in our minds; as the passages themselves will serve to confirm the truth and justice of the rules. In the lines of Mr. Pope, one of the principal beauties will be found to consist in the shortness of the expression; whereas the sentiments in the other are too much incumbered with words. Thus for instance,

Peace is my dear delight,  
is pleasing, because it is concise; as  
Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace!

is,

is, in comparison of the former, the *verba las-  
fas overantia aures*. Another distinguishing  
perfection in the imitator of Horace, is that  
spirit of gaiety which he has diffused through  
these lines, not to mention those happy, though  
familiar, images of *sliding* into verse, and *hitch-  
ing* in rhyme; which can never be sufficiently  
admired. But the translator, on the contrary,  
has cast too serious an air over his numbers,  
and appears with an emotion and earnestness  
that disappoints the force of his satire:

Nay, I will be heard,

has the mien of a man in a passion; and

His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,  
though a good line in itself, is much too solemn  
and tragical for the undisturbed pleasntry of  
Hórace.

But I need not enter more minutely into an  
examination of these passages. The general  
hints I have thrown out in this letter will  
suffice to shew you wherein I imagine the true  
manner of Horace consists. And after all,  
perhaps, it can no more be explained, than ac-  
quired, by rules of art. It is what true genius  
can only execute, and just taste alone discover.

§ 139. *Concerning the Criterion of Taste. In a  
Letter.*

It is well, my friend, that the age of trans-  
formation is no more: otherwise I should  
tremble for your severe attack upon the Muses,  
and expect to see the story of your metamor-  
phosis embellish the poetical miracles of some  
modern Ovid. But it is long since the fate of  
the Píerides has gained any credit in the world,  
and you may now, in full security, condemn  
the divinities of Parnassus, and speak irreve-  
rently of the daughters of Jove himself. You  
see, nevertheless, how highly the Antients con-  
ceived 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, how-  
ever, to assert, that philosophy will confirm  
what fable has thus invented, and that the  
Muses are, in strict truth, of heavenly extrac-  
tion.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed, li-  
terally derived from the Author of all nature,  
and founded in the original frame and consti-  
tution of the human mind. Accordingly, the  
general principles of taste are common to our  
whole species, and arise from that internal sense  
of beauty which every man, in some degree at  
least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can  
be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort,  
as to be capable of contemplating the various  
objects that surround him, with one equal cold-  
ness and indifference. There are certain forms  
which must necessarily fill the soul with agree-  
able ideas; and she is instantly determined in  
her approbation of them, previous to all rea-  
sonings concerning their use and convenience.  
It is upon these general principles, that what  
is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and  
consequently is by no means so precarious and  
unsettled an idea as you choose to describe it.  
The truth is, taste is nothing more than this  
universal sense of beauty, rendered more ex-  
quisite by genius, and more correct by cultiva-  
tion: and it is from the simple and original  
ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form  
her judgment of the higher and more complex  
kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the  
imitative and oratorical arts is governed by the  
same general rules of criticism; and to prove  
the certainty of these with respect to any one of  
them, is to establish their validity with regard  
to all the rest. I will therefore consider the  
Criterion of Taste in relation only to fine writ-  
ing.



Each species of composition has its distinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compals than a letter affords, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention therefore those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition then, are so far from 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 mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built; are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise; the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish of that peculiar species. For this reason the works

of those great masters, whose performances have been long and generally admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind; and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion, to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons: it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism, that we 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

verity 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 tabature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of

this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am persuaded, the occasion of that diversity of sentences which we occasionally hear pronounced by the most improved judges on the same piece. But this only shews, that much caution is necessary to give a fine taste its full and unobscured effect; not that it is in itself uncertain and precarious.

§ 140. *Reflections upon seeing Mr. POPE's House at Binfield. In a Letter.*

Your letter found me just upon my return from an excursion into Berkshire, where I had been paying a visit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning-hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidentally passed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation, as in times to come, perhaps, it will be visited by the lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated spot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the Poet to whom I am indebted (in common with every reader of taste) for so much exquisite entertainment, spent the earliest part of his youth. I will not scruple to confess that I looked upon the scene where he planned some of those beautiful performances which first recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthusiasm; and could not but consider the ground as sacred that was impressed with the footsteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the highest honour to our age and nation.

The situation of mind in which I found myself upon this occasion, suggested to my remembrance a passage in Tully, which I thought I never so thoroughly entered into the spirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philosophical conversation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as observing the pleasing effect

which

which scenes of this nature are wont to have upon one's mind : " *Movetur enim,*" says that polite Roman, " *nescio quo pacto, locis*" *ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut*" *admiramur, adsunt vestigia.* Me quidem *ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ, non tam operibus*" *magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus*" *delectant, quam recordatione summorum vi-*" *rorum, ubi quique habitare, ubi sedere, ubi*" *disputare sit solitus."*

Thus, you see, I could defend myself by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than any thing in his works was able to raise.

It is certain that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves by the high reverence they shewed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry, that raises the possessors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyr-

na; as the citizens of Mytilene stamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invitation to spend his days at Athens, and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him, with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself,

Painting, one should imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivalling her sister art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since: for is not Milton's *Paradise Lost* more universally esteemed than Raphael's cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear, but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence that they should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way: whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common use, and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation, in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the conversation of Orontes that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which without his judicious assistance, would have

have lain concealed to me with other common observers.

§ 141. *Concerning the Use of the Antient Mythology in Modern Poetry. In a Letter,*

If there was any thing in any former letter inconsistent with that esteem which is justly due to the Antients, I desire to retract it in this; and disavow every expression which might seem to give precedence 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 preeminence. That enthusiasm which is so essential to every true artist in the poetical way, was considerably heightened and enflamed by the whole turn of their sacred doctrines; and the fancied presence of their Muses had almost as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language, as if they had been really and divinely inspired. Whilst all nature was supposed to swarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the residence of some presiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of such exalted society, and found himself transported beyond the ordinary limits of sober humanity? The mind when attended only by mere mortals of superior powers, is observed to rise in her strength; and her faculties open and enlarge themselves when she acts in the view of those, for whom she has conceived a more than common reverence. But when the force of superstition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is enflamed by devotion, poetry must shine out in all her brightest perfection and splendor.

Whatever, therefore, the philosopher might think of the religion of his country; it was the interest of the poet to be thoroughly orthodox. If he gave up his creed, he must renounce his numbers; and there could be no inspiration, where there were no muses. This is so true, that it is in compositions of the poetical kind alone that the Antients seem to have the principal advantage over the moderns: in every other species of writing one might venture perhaps to assert that these latter ages have, at least, equalled them. When I say so, I do not confine myself to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewise those of our neighbours: and with that extent the observation will possibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of history and oratory.

But whatever may with justice be determined concerning that question; it is certain, at least, that the practice of all succeeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of Paganism have many ages since been thrown down, and groves are no longer sacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are still adored in modern verse. Is not this a confession, that fancy is enlivened by superstition, and that the antient 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 superstition is no longer supported by vulgar opinion, it has lost its principal grace and effi-

cacy,

cacy, and seems to be, in general, the most cold and uninteresting method in which a poet can work up his sentiments. What, for instance, can be more unaffecting and spiritless, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth on his famous passage over the Rhine? He represents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garrison to fall out and dispute the intended passage. Accordingly they range themselves in form of battle, with the Rhine at their head, who, after some vain efforts, observing Mars and Belona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of those superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet possession of his banks. I know not how far this may be relished by critics, or justified by custom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taste, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely insipid and puerile.

I have not, however, so much of the spirit of Typhoeus 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 addresses 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 shewn to the imagination, and imme-

diately 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 authorized. Thus Spenser, in one of his pastorals, represents the god of love as flying, like a bird, from bough to bough. A shepherd, who hears a rustling among the bushes, supposes it to be some game, and accordingly discharges his bow. Cupid returns the shot, and after several arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate swain discovers whom it is he is contending with: but as he is endeavouring to make his escape, receives a desperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the subject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets; yet is extremely flat and disgusting as it is adopted by our British bard. And the reason of the difference is plain: in the former it is supported by a popular superstition; whereas no strain of imagination can give it the least air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter:

Quodcumque mihi ostendis sic, incredulus  
odi. HOW.

I must confess, at the same time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous scheme with such uncommon grace, and has paid so many genteel compliments to his mistress by the assistance of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from observing the impropriety of this machinery, by the pleasing address with which he manages it: and I never read his tender poems of this kind, without applying to him what Seneca somewhere says upon a similar occasion: *Major ille est qui judicium abstulit, 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 simile or allusion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has most happily employed them: and his application of the story of Daphne and Apollo will serve as an instance, in what manner the antient mythology may be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty.

§ 142. *On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius, with respect to his own Performances. In a Letter.*

If the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil; I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined; yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind, are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur*, is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in confor-

mity 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 cost even the most fertile genius to be delivered of just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most antient of authors, *Ob! that mine adversary had written a book!* A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty, which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection, which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imagined to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those

those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the Antients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his *Æneid*, he intended to have set apart three more for the revisal 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 assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author, who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause, which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned: "It requires the greatest 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.

#### § 143. *Reflections upon Style. In a Letter.*

The beauties of Style seem to be generally considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberless graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that strength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the noblest sentiments.

There was a time however (and it was a period of the truest refinements) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the politest accomplishments; as it was the ambition of some of the greatest names of antiquity to distinguish themselves in the improvements of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero; but the finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was desirous of adding this talent to his other most shining endowments: and we are told he studied the language of his country with much application; as we are sure he possessed it in its highest elegance. What a loss, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatise which he wrote upon this subject, is perished with many other valuable works of that age? But though we are

are deprived of the benefit of his observations, we are happily not without an instance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the best and brightest exemplar, not only of true generalship; but of fine writing. He published them, indeed, only as materials for the use of those who should be disposed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman story; yet the purity and gracefulness of his style were such, that no judicious writer durst attempt to touch the subject after him.

Having produced so illustrious an instance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered, that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary, the most legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addison, observes, in one of his essays, that "there is as much difference" between comprehending a thought clothed

"in Cicero's language and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper and the light of the sun."

It is surely then a very strange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well-written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting roses with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. A taste of this sort is indeed so far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I should rather consider it as an evidence, in some degree, of the moral rectitude of its constitution, as it is a proof of its retaining some relish at least of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to suspect that certain writers amongst us had considered all beauties of this sort, in the same gloomy view with Malbranche: or at least that they avoided every refinement in style, as unworthy a lover of truth and philosophy. Their sentiments are sunk by the lowest expressions, and seem condemned to the first curse, of creeping upon the ground all the days of their life. Others, on the contrary, mistake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raise their expressions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehensions, esteeming it (one should imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires some ingenuity to penetrate their meaning.



ing. 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.

§ 144. *On Thinking. In a Letter.*

If one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be necessary, perhaps, to consider how far it can be justly claimed by mankind in general. I am sure, at least, when I read the very uncommon sentiments of your last letter, I found their judicious author rise in my esteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more singular character in the world, than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas, which lightly skim over the mind, that can with any propriety be styled by that denomination. It is observing them separately and distinctly, and ranging them under their respective classes; it is calmly and steadily viewing our opinions on every side, and resolutely tracing them through all their consequences and connections, that constitutes the man of reflection, and distinguishes reason from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are necessarily restrained within the ordinary purpose of animal life. But even if we look up to those who move in much superior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leisure to exercise their

understandings; we shall find, that thinking is one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obstructions to check its just and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or less in the constitutions of most men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the soul unemployed: I mean pride and indolence. To descend to truth through the tedious progression of well-examined deductions, is considered as a reproach to the quickness of understanding; as it is much too laborious a method for any but those who are possessed of a vigorous and resolute activity of mind. For this reason the greater part of our species generally choose either to seize upon their conclusions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as best suiting with their vanity or their laziness. Accordingly Mr. Locke observes, that there are not so many errors and wrong opinions in the world, as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but because the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about those doctrines concerning which they raise the greatest clamour. Like the common soldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even enquiring, into the cause for which they so warmly contend.

This will account for the slow steps by which truth has advanced in the world, on one side; and for those absurd systems which, at different periods, have had an universal currency on the other. For there is a strange disposition in human nature, either blindly to tread the same paths that have been traversed by others, or to strike out into the most

most devious extravagancies : the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reason, or reason only from the wild suggestions of an heated imagination.

From the same source may be derived those divisions and animosities, which break the union both of public and private societies, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourse into dissidence and contention. For while men judge and act by such measures as have not been proved by the standard of dispassionate reason, they must equally be mistaken in their estimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps, to remark, that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of those writers who can with any justness of expression be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both antient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort, all critics, commentators, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature, that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject for the same reason such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses likewise, who have propagated the fruits of their studies, through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reason I cannot regret the loss of those

incredible numbers of compositions which some of the Antients are said to have produced :

Quale fuit Cassi rapidò ferventius amni  
Ingenium; capis quem fama est esse,  
librisque

Ambustum propriis.

HOR.

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inserted a single quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words\*, that he himself composed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca assures us, that Didymus the Grammatian wrote no less than four thousand; but Origen, it seems, was yet more prolific; and extended his performances even to six thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think! But shall I not myself, Palamedes, prove an instance that it is so, if I suspend any longer your own more important rea-

\* This passage is to be found in Aul. Gellius, who quotes it from a treatise which Varro had written concerning the wonderful effects of the number seven. But the subject of this piece cannot be more ridiculous than the style in which it appears to have been composed: for that most learned author of his times (as Cicero, if I mistake not, somewhere calls him) informed his readers in that performance, *se jam duodecimam annorum hebdomadam ingressum esse, et ad eundem diem septuaginta hebdomadas librorum conscripisse*. Aul. Gell. iii. 10.

fections, by interrupting you with such as mine?

§ 145. *Reflections on the Advantages of Conversation.*

It is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at ———; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life, which affords more real satisfaction, than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shews the strength or weakness of its opinions with greater force of conviction, than any other method we can employ.

That "it is not good for man to be alone," is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent, than the 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 opportunities of canvassing their respective systems, in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public; the observation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made (or never at least with so much justice) that "there is no opinion so absurd, but "has some philosopher or other to produce "in its support."

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage, than amidst the amicable opposition of well-regulated converse. It is probable, indeed; that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations, than they are of ours; as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now, perhaps, restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves, where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason, that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects, which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those

antient 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 Moralists; Mr. Addison's upon Antient Coins; Mr. Spence's upon the *Odyssæy*, 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 and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

*Fitzosborne.*

§ 146. *On the Great Historical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions, and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in

which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the æra 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 antient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence, the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks; this was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtù, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wisdom. 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.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and

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Spain,

Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men; he had architects, but he had no Michael Angelo nor Palladio, he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters, whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the nearest to perfection of all the four: enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy; it may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration, till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, that will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation, which that ingenious and deeply learned

nation stood in need of at that time; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia; it has even reanimated Italy, which was languishing; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned, that the French in some degree deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected; for when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western Ocean, and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated

the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police, and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that ever since the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people, whom he had begun to make happy. The cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions

and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs, changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed; the nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness. The clergy lived in disorder and ignorance, and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of painting, gun-powder, 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.*

#### § 147. *On the Constitution of ENGLAND\*.*

In every government there are three sorts of power; the legislative: the executive, in respect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the first, the prince or magistrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates those that have been already enacted. By the second, he makes peace or war, sends or receives em-

\* Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, book xi. chap. 6.

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bassies,

bassies, he establishes the public security, and provides against invasions. By the third, he punishes criminals, or determines the disputes that arise between individuals. The latter we shall call the judiciary power, and the other simply the executive power of the state.

The political liberty of the subject is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite the government be so constituted as one man need not be afraid of another.

When the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or in the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty; because apprehensions may arise, lest the same monarch or senate should enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary controul; for the judge would be then the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppressor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the same man, or the same body, whether of the nobles or of the people, to exercise those three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public resolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Most kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, because the prince who is invested with the two first powers, leaves the third to his subjects. In Turkey, where these three powers are united in the sultan's

person, the subjects groan under the weight of a most frightful oppression.

In the republics of Italy, where these three powers are united, there is less liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourse to as violent methods for its support, as even that of the Turks; witness the state inquisitors\*, 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 prega-

\* At Venice.

di, and the judiciary in the *quarantia*. But the mischief is, that these different tribunals are composed of magistrates all belonging to the same body, which constitutes almost one and the same power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a standing senate; it should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that should last only as long as necessity requires.

By this means the power of judging, a power so terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular state or profession, becomes, as it were, invisible. People have not then the judges continually present to their view; they fear the office, but not the magistrate.

In accusations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the person accused should have the privilege of chusing in some measure his judges in concurrence with the law; or at least he should have a right to except against so great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magistrates, or permanent bodies, because they are not exercised on any private subject; one being no more than the general will of the state, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to such a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in society without knowing exactly the 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 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 despotical.

As in a free state, every man who is supposed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; so the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. But since this is impossible in large states, and in small ones is subject to many inconveniencies, it is fit the people should act by their representatives, what they cannot act by themselves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and interests, than with those of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the rest of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legislature should not be chosen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every considerable place, a representative should be elected by the inhabitants.



The great advantage of representatives is their being capable of discussing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greatest inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all necessary that the representatives, who have received a general instruction from their electors, should wait to be particularly instructed in every affair, as is practised in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the speeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the assembly; and on the most urgent and pressing occasions, the springs of the nation might be 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 so mean a situation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in most of the antient republics; that the people had a right to active resolutions, such as require some execution; a thing of which they are absolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the chusing of representatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the

person they chuse is better qualified than most of his neighbours.

Neither ought the representative body to be chosen for active resolutions, for which it is not so fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to see whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themselves can properly perform.

In a state, there are always persons distinguished by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a single vote like the rest, the common liberty would be their slavery, and they would have no interest in supporting it, as most of the popular resolutions would be against them. The share they have, therefore, in the legislature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the state; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a stop to the enterprises 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 these have need of a regulating power to temper them, the part of the legislative body composed of the nobility, is extremely proper for this very purpose.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the first place, it is so in its own nature; and in the next, there must be a considerable interest to preserve its privileges; privileges

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 like-

wise put an end to liberty. For one of these two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legislative resolutions, and then the state would fall into anarchy: or that these resolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it absolute.

It would be needless for the legislative body to continue always assembled. This would be troublesome to the representatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, so as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legislative body to be always assembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceased members with new representatives; and in that case, if the legislative body was once corrupted, the evil would be past all remedy. When different legislative bodies succeed one another, the people who have a bad opinion of that which is actually sitting, may reasonably entertain some hopes of the next: but were it to be always the same body, the people, upon seeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of course they would either become desperate, or fall into a state of indolence.

The legislative body should not assemble of itself. For a body is supposed to have no will but when it is assembled: and besides, were it not to assemble unanimously, it would be impossible to determine which was really the legislative body, the part assembled, or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itself, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in case it should ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Besides, there are seasons;

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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 incroachments 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 execution has its natural limits, it is useless to confine it; besides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power, therefore, of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a stop not only to the legislation, but likewise to the execution itself; which was attended with infinite mischiefs.

But if the legislative power in a free government ought to have no right to stop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner its laws have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Cismi and the Ephori gave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the Amymones \* to an account, even after their administration †; and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

Though in general the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legislature which is composed of their own body.

It is possible that the law, which is clear-sighted in one sense, and blind in another, might in some cases be too severe. But as we have already observed, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere passive beings, in-

\* These were magistrates chosen annually by the people. See Stephen of Byzantium.

† It was lawful to accuse the Roman magistrates after the expiration of their several offices, See Dionys. Halicarn. l. 9. the affair of Genutius the tribune.

capable

capable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part therefore of the legislative body, which we have just now observed to be a necessary tribunal on another occasion, is also a necessary tribunal in this; it belongs to its supreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itself, by mitigating the sentence.

It might also happen that a subject intrusted with the administration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magistrates either could not, or would not punish. But in general the legislative power cannot judge; and much less can it be a judge in this particular case, where it represents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court shall it bring its impeachment? Must it go and abase itself before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being composed moreover of men who are chosen from the people as well as itself, will naturally be swayed by the authority of so powerful an accuser? No: in order to preserve the dignity of the people, and the security of the subject, the legislative part which represents the people, must bring in its charge before the legislative part which represents the nobility, who have neither the same interests nor the same passions.

Here is an advantage which this government has over most of the ancient republics, where there was this abuse, that the people were at the same time both judge and accuser.

The executive power, pursuant to what has been already said, ought to have a share in the legislature by the power of rejecting, otherwise it would soon be stripped of its prerogative. But should the legislative power

usurp a share of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a share in the legislature by the power of resolving, liberty would be lost. But as it is necessary he should have a share in the legislature, for the support of his own prerogative, this share must consist in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the senate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magistrates, who were entrusted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental constitution of the government we are treating of. The legislative body being composed of two parts, one checks the other, by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by the executive power, as the executive is by the legislative.

These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the 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

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 possessed of such a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itself, or of another. The same may be said if it should fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the sea and land forces with which it is to intrust the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress, it is requisite that the armies, with which it is intrusted, should consist of the people, and have the same spirit as the people, as was the case at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the persons employed in the army, should have sufficient property to answer for their conduct to their fellow-subjects, and be enlisted only for a year, as was customary at Rome: or if there should be a standing army, composed chiefly of the most despicable part of the nation, the legislative power should have a right to disband them as soon as it pleased; the soldiers should live in common with the rest of the people; and no separate camp, barracks, or fortress, should be suffered.

When once an army is established, it ought not to depend immediately on the legislative, but on the executive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its business consisting more in action than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongst mankind, they set a higher value upon courage than timoroufness, on activity

than prudence, on strength than counsel. Hence the army will ever despise a senate, and respect their own officers. They will naturally slight the orders sent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as soon as the army depends on the legislative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to some extraordinary circumstances. It is because the army has always kept divided; it is because it was composed of several bodies, that depended each on their particular province; it is because the capital towns were strong places, defended by their natural situation, and not garrisoned with regular troops. Holland, for instance, is still safer than Venice; she might drown or starve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furnishing them with necessary subsistence, this subsistence is of course precarious.

Whoever shall read the admirable treatise of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the English have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful system was invented first in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the state we are speaking of will lose its liberty, it will perish. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage perished? It will perish when the legislative power shall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my business to examine whether the English actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that it is established by their laws; and I inquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to say that this ex-

treme political liberty ought to give uneasiness to those who have only a moderate share of it. How should I have any such design, I who think that even the excess of reason is not always desirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes?

Harrington, in his *Oceana*, has also inquired into the highest point of liberty to which the constitution of a state may be carried. But of him indeed it may be said, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he busied himself in pursuit of an imaginary one, and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes.

#### § 149. *Of COLUMBUS, and the Discovery of AMERICA.*

It is to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the old world, that we are indebted for the new, if we may call the conquest of America an obligation, which proved so fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themselves.

This was doubtless the most important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto strangers to the other. Whatever had been esteemed most great or noble before, seemed absurd in this kind of new creation. We still mention with respectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the sailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raised by the Ancients to a Greek who had discovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Christopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, struck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portuguese, imagined that something greater might be done; and from

a bare inspection of the map of our world, concluded that there must be another, which might be found by sailing always west. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed superior, seeing he had to struggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulses of several princes to whom he tendered his services. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his schemes as visionary, and by that means, lost the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not listen to the proposals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himself was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confused than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people, would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand king of Arragon, and Isabella queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Granada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the

way for the greatness of Spain, which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurings and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refusals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; presently after he likewise discovered the Lucayan islands, together with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprise to see him return at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their majesties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary person sent from heaven. Every one

was vying who should be foremost in assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again, with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless, he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what he saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him; however, he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was, that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Carthage has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended

pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremberg, who, it is said, went from that city to the straits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Dutehefs of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shewn; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended, that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice, and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? Is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the

egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that; How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Most bon-mots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vesputius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage: Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vesputius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter, writing to his friends at Florence that he had discovered a new world, they believed him on his word, and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination should be made before the door of his house every three years, on the feast of All Saints. And yet, could this man be said to deserve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, sailed along the coast of Brazil, when Columbus

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had, five years before, pointed out the way to the rest of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence, a life of this Americus Vespulius, which seems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any conclusive reasoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done justice to Columbus's merit; but the writer should not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spanish, who were the first that did this justice. This writer says, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impunity the honour and success of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in saying, that it was a Genoese who first discovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purposely remark this want of equity, good breeding, and good sense, as we have too many examples of it; and I must say, that the good French writers have in general been the least guilty of this insufferable fault; and one great reason of their being so universally read throughout Europe, is their doing justice to all nations.

The inhabitants of these islands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much astonished at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ships and artillery: they at first looked upon these new visitors as monsters or gods, who had come out of the sky or the sea. These voyages, and those of the Portuguese, had now taught us how inconsiderable a spot of the globe our Europe was, and what an astonishing variety reigns in the world. Indostan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whose complexions

were yellow. In Africa and Asia, at some distance from the equator, there had been found several kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chinese still appear to differ entirely from the rest of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noses. But what is still to be remarked is, that into whatsoever regions these various races are transplanted, their complexions never change, unless they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifest proof, that there is a differential principle in each species of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are seldom known to change. Hence the 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 every where easily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thousand to one superior in numbers.

This part of America was also remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of so great use to us. Horses, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru, and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and

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was brought us from this country. Its use in dying has now made us forget the scarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was soon succeeded by that of indigo, cacao, vanilla, and those woods which serve for ornament and medicinal purposes, particularly the quinquina, or jesuits bark, which is the only specific against intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilst she had dispersed the disease it cured through all the rest of the world. This new continent likewise furnished pearls, coloured stones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at present furnishes the meanest citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleasures. The gold and silver mines, at their first discovery, were of service only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the rest of the world was impoverished by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow business, found themselves possessed of a very small quantity of specie, in comparison with the immense sums accumulated by those, who had the advantage of the first discoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and silver which was sent from America, was dispersed throughout all Europe, and by passing into a number of hands, the distribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewise increased in Europe, in proportion to the increase of specie.

To comprehend how the treasures of America passed from the possession of the Spaniards 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 mines of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, necessarily dispersed a great quantity of that specie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he sent his son Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince deposited in the Tower of London, twenty-seven large chests of silver in bars, and an hundred horse-loads of gold and silver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, cost this Philip, according to his own confession, above three thousand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and silver of Peru is distributed amongst all the people of Europe, and from thence is sent to the East-Indies, is a surprising, though well-known circumstance. By a strict law enacted by Ferdinand and Isabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spanish America, but likewise from having the least share, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to subdue all Europe; and yet Spain subsists only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furnish exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the rest of Europe sometimes send over merchandize to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or at alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themselves, who are always faithful in

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their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no security to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, supplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time consigned the gold and silver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was still more surprising. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes, called Meteors: these, armed with pistols at their belt, and a long sword, carried the bullion in parcels, properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gainer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which, nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest instance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His catholic majesty endeavoured to seize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications, not a single

Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shews, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opposition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its subjects, by the great numbers necessarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a disease, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the island of Hispaniola. Several of the companions of Christopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards spread over Europe. It is certain, that this poison, which taints the springs of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and small-pox were diseases originally endemic to the southern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human flesh, practised by some of the American savages, occasioned this disorder. There were no cannibals on the island of Hispaniola, where it was most frequent and inveterate; neither are we to suppose, with some, that it proceeded from too great an excess of sensual pleasures. Nature had never punished excesses of this kind with such disorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been passed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and shameful scourge upon the chastest union.

The great Columbus, after having built several houses on these islands, and discover-

ed the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation, unsullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hispaniola, who succeeded him, being persuaded that these provinces furnished gold, resolved to make the discovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In short, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them, or that they were apprehensive of their superior numbers; or that the rage of slaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they in the space of a few years entirely depopulated Hispaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above six hundred thousand.

Bartholomew de la Casas, bishop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witness to these desolations, relates that they hunted down the natives with dogs. These wretched savages, almost naked and without arms, were pursued like wild beasts in the forest, devoured alive by dogs, shot to death, or surprised and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from ocular testimony, that they frequently caused a number of these miserable wretches to be summoned by a priest to come in, and submit to the Christian religion, and to the king of Spain, and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injustice, they put them to death without the least remorse.—I believe that de la Casas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have said ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us shudder with horror.

It may seem surprising, that this massacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the sight, and under the admi-

nistration 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.*

§ 149. *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

posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors deviating from this course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical enquiry. They had been converted to the Christian faith, soon after they settled

in their new conquests: but they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These over curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of inquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, 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. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have

improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing, as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies, was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academic titles and honours of various kinds were invented as a recompense for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them

from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review\*, were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged spirit of inquiry which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relish for

\* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

those

those gentle virtues, which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success. *Robertson.*

§ 150. *On the Respect paid by the LACÆDEMONIANS 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 bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man skulked towards the boxes 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." *Spectator.*

§ 151. *On PÆTUS and ARRIA.*

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinnæ Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both at the same time attacked with a

dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn, with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes, and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refused: upon which she hired a small fishing-vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection, "What!" said she, shall "I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband

"band

"band murdered in thy very arms, and yet survivest him."

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then, if my life were to be taken from me, advise your daughter to die with me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long, and in as much harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My Pætus, it is not painful \*."

*Pliny.*

§ 152. *ABDOLONYMUS raised to the Government of SIDON.*

The city of Sidon having surrendered to

\* In the Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 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 Cæcinnia Pætus for Thrasea Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly, charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book iii. Ep. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. ix. and Tacitus, Lib. xvi. § 35.

Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion, being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom: but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king; informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave



leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. — At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who commanding the new-elected prince to be sent for, inquired of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I possessed little, I wanted nothing; these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon. *Quintus Curtius.*

### § 153. *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, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one

thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and, on the other, his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip, all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there, from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal, which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and from a paper which he held in his hand in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages

voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that, if during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when

"I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still 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, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son

the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing for 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 Eñtre-madura. 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

these 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.*

#### § 154. *An Account of MULY MOLUC.*

When Don Sebastian king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a dis temper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle 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

enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

*Spectator.*

§ 155. *An Account of VALENTINE and UNION.*

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincet, in colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Union a corporal, and one Valentine a private sentinel: there happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Union 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 sentinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salsine, 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 carcase, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding

in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

*Tatler.*

§ 156. *An Example of Historical Narration from SALLUST.*

The Trojans (if we may believe tradition) were the first founders of the Roman Commonwealth; who under the conduct of Æneas, having made their escape from their own ruined country, got to Italy, and there for some time lived a rambling and unsettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or restraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction, language, and customs, united into one body, in a 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, began to seek occasions of quarrelling with them. The alliances they could form were but few: for most of the neighbouring states avoided embroiling themselves on their account. The Romans seeing that they had nothing to trust to but their own conduct, found it necessary to bestir themselves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another, to face their enemies in

the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their allies, and gained friendships by often giving, and seldom demanding favours of that sort. They had, by this time, established a regular form of government, to wit, the monarchical. And a senate, consisting of men advanced in years, and grown wise by experience, though infirm of body, consulted with their kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally established for the preservation of liberty, and the advantage of the state, came to degenerate into lawless tyranny, they found it necessary to alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief magistrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of princes, and the indefeasible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty, &c.

*Sal. Bell. Catilinar.*

#### § 157. *The Story of DAMON and PYTHIAS.*

Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution.

The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running to seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind of his friend's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his friend to suffer it in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged, that they would take himself in for a third. *Val. Max. Cic.*

#### § 158. *The Story of DIONYSIUS the Tyrant.*

Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards

boards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

*Cic. Tusc. Quest.*

§ 159. *A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the

severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir begun to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground, upon which the prison stood, was consecrated, and a temple to Filial Piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner? For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not, that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

*Val. Max. Plin.*

§ 160. *The Continence of SCIPIO AFRICANUS.*

The soldiers, after the taking of new Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by in-

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quiring

quiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the meantime he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him: "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought to 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 in honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my excessive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many in Rome who resemble us; and that there are not a people in the universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend to you or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full of

joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored to them without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him; he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come among us," said he, "a young hero like the gods, who conquers all things, as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse.

*Livy.*

#### § 161. *The private Life of ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.*

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and

and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings that are to be seen only at a distance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life, with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian; "No body knew better how to mingle leisure and action, nor to use the intervals of rest from public business, with more elegance and taste. Divided between arms and books, between the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the closet; he either exercised his body in the dangers, and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences."

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, That he was never less idle, than when at leisure, nor less alone, than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shews that, even when inactive,

he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself. A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeased in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio, seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the *Adelphi*. I shall undoubtedly not advise any body, and least of all, persons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occasion, let us only consider taste in general for letters. Is there a more ingenious, a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more necessary to a military person, than that which results from reading works of wit, and from the conversation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge,



knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life: this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because, generally loving only themselves, they do not deserve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious; but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none I think comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friend-

"ship, a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect to public affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels and supports in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence, to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me. We had but one house, and one table at our common expence, the frugality of which was equally the taste of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our studies, and the attention of us both always to learn something; this was the employment of all our leisure hours, removed from the sight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and into whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves? What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him, was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me, arose from the favourable idea he had 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 Physcon then reigned ; the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor, and Greece, to inspect into the affairs of those countries, to inquire 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 persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panætius, with him, and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered ; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though, during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body. But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages ? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory.

*Rollin.*

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

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## BOOK THE THIRD.

### ORATIONS AND CHARACTERS.

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§ 1. *The Oration which was spoken by PERICLES, at the public Funeral of those ATHENIANS who had been first killed in the PELOPONNESIAN War.*

MANY of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those, who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly

gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds, which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors; it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good-will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should on this occasion bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country, they

they kept themselves always firmly settled, and through their valour, handed it down free to every since succeeding generation.—Worthy indeed of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us, their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have rose to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct we are thus aggrandized, I shall first endeavour to shew; and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; 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 soever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance,

since, whoever is able to serve his country, meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life, we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not on any account offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens, causeth the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war, we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own: for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war, as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding

notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But, when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living, we shew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is disgrace indeed. There is visibly in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs

—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action, we shew the greatest courage, and yet debate beforehand 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 miseries of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged, is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a most graceful demeanor, and a most ready habit of dispatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath rose, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world who are found

found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempts their defeat from the blush of indignation, and to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proof of this, which intitle 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 hittory with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subject, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed in their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay supe-

rior 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 effaceeth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet, not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, 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 presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly dropt: 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. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil alone that shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, repositied more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth;

and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; these, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it is truly a difficult task, to fix comfort in those breasts, which will have frequent remembrances in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves, the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend; so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst life remains; but when death stops the competition,

petition, affection will applaud without restraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition;—It is your greatest glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men as little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour; whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said, what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expence of the state\*, which hath appointed to beneficial a meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the greatest rewards are proposed for virtue, there the best of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire.

*Tbucydides.*

## § 2. HAMLET to the Players.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious

\* The law was, that they should be instructed at the public expence, and when come to age presented with a complete suit of armour, and honoured with the first seats in all public places.

periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing to be overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, (corn 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 unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Shakespeare.*

## § 3. The Character of MARIUS.

The birth of Marius was obscure, though somecall it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of that age,



the younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardiness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extraction, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory: for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself; That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table.—In the field, he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory: so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome\*. He made no

\* Arpinum was also the native city of Cicero.

figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by his 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 saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

*Middleton.*

#### § 4. ROMULUS to the People of Rome, after building the City.

If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks, have been often seen to yield no 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

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult, but I have learnt, that, of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived. *Hooke.*

### § 5. *The Character of SYLLA.*

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge

upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instructed himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn when young into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quaestor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quaestor. But whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them all by his good offices and his money; so that he soon acquired the favour of the 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 condemned by him at first as his quaestor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes, and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the

the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of *Felix* or the *Fortunate*; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government, but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a master of three most pestilent vices, 'luxury, avarice, cruelty.'" He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt, for having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

*Middleton.*

§ 6. *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 not come of my own motion to ask a

peace; I am glad that it is of you, *Scipio*, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that *Hannibal*, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me, to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination which reason can decide. But much I fear, *Scipio*, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconsistency. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same *Hannibal*, who, after my victory at *Cannæ*, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she 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

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.

#### § 7. *SCIPIO'S Answer.*

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long, possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered,

the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages 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 discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

*Hooke.*

#### § 8. *The Character of POMPEY.*

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit, which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him Great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known, in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed at three several times over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory:

and

and by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk: if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and by fomenting the disorders of the city, 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 reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views

of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp, he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged

saged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharſalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes, and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt, finished the sad catastrophe of this great man; the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom; and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety? or if he had fallen by the chance of war on the plains of Pharſalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the nobles of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories; could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban Villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the

place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 9. *Speech of CHARIDEMUS, an ATHE-  
NIAN Exile at the Court of DARIUS, on  
being asked his Opinion of the warlike  
Preparations making by that Prince against  
ALEXANDER.*

Perhaps your majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majesty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendor of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majesty's force are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men, who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majesty's troops are so vain of, I mean gold and

and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your Majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army, that has, in spite of all opposition, over-run half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produced those conquerors of the world—it is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

*Q. Curtius.*

§ 10. *The Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke

with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those, who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain, from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power; soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually on each other; with money therefore he provided soldiers; and with soldiers extorted money, and was of all men, the most rapacious in plundering

ing both friends and foes ; sparing neither prince nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome ; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he had made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him ; as if the height, to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy : for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it : and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 11. CALISTHENES'S *Reproof of CLEON'S Flattery to ALEXANDER, on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by vote.*

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed : he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praise is lasting, but what is rational : and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death : and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I with the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine ? and are you and I qualified to make gods ? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are

his subjects ? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king, than a god ; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number ; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country ; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them ?

Q. Curtius.

§ 12. *The Character of CATO.*

If we consider the character of Cato, without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man ; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty, yet falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule ; he was generally disappointed of the end, which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct, he was severe, morose, inexorable ; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion : in public affairs he was the same ; had but one rule of policy ; to adhere to what was right ; without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him ; for instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance ; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his

general



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 over-balanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life, with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.

*Middleton.*

§ 13. *BRUTUS'S Speech in Vindication of CÆSAR'S Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's; to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for

his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.——

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is inrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as, which of you shall not? With this I depart.—That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Shakespeare.*

§ 14. *A Comparison of CÆSAR with CATO.*

As to their extraction, years and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways; Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unswerving integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness: Cæsar, in a word, had

formed himself for a laborious active life ; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own ; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting ; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and above all, rigorous severity. He did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious ; but taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave ; in modesty with the modest ; in integrity with the upright ; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so ; so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

*Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 15. CAIUS MARIUS to the ROMANS, shewing the Absurdity of their hesitating 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 trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation ; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money ; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend ; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of

operations ; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad ; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself ; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me ; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the 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 !

experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue.

Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy, likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours 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 casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity: but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe, now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves, honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds, which I have received

by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs : but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour ; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood : scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces. *Salust.*

§ 16. *The Character of CATILINE.*

Lucius Catiline was defended of an illustrious family ; he was a man of great vigour both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils ; and in these, he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible : his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable : he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation ; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own ; violent in his passions ; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation, he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government ; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes ; both which evils he had heightened by the practices abovementioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice ; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Salust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 17. *Speech of TITUS QUINCTIUS to the ROMANS, when the ÆQUÍ and VOLSCI, taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their Country to the Gates of ROME.*

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised ! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such that I had no reason to preface 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, while I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our daftardly enemies thus despise? the consuls? or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only, may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice : they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes.

H h 2

While

While we will set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal Gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you shew less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourself of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the *Æsquiline* is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the Senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then at last fall out at the *Æsquiline* gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid

waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They'll give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

*Hooker.*

### § 13. *MICIPSA to JUGURTHA.*

You know, Jugurtha! that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them, what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth,

which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well-affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom, I leave you, is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases: by division a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha! who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities 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.*

§ 19. *Speech of PUBLIUS SCIPIO to the ROMAN Army, before the Battle of the TIGIN.*

Were you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time: for, what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered? But, as these troops, having been inrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a consul for your captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I, a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same, whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been, these twenty years, your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle, unless you can believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two.

thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts, and robust bodies; heroes, of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who, next to the gods have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal to deal with. But, hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come

to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men, who fought at the Ægates, 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 consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hare-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself:

nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

*Hooke.*

§ 20. *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 broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the

spoils of nations; all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle; and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? with raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I

compare



compare myself with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one, of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry: you my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom, not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge. —First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal? you are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace? You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! “Pass not the Iberus.” What next? “Touch not the Saguntines;” “Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a

“step towards that city.” Is it a small matter then that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain, and then—you will pass into Africa.—Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors. *Hooker.*

#### § 21. To Art.

O Art! thou distinguishing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate Nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Possessed of thee, the meanest genius grows deserving, and has a just demand for a portion of our esteem: devoid of thee, the brightest of our kind lie lost and useless, and are but poorly distinguished from the most despicable and base. When we inhabited forests in common with brutes, nor otherwise known from them, than by the figure of our species, thou taughtest us to assert the sovereignty of our nature, and to assume that empire, for which Providence intended us. Thousands of utilities owe their birth to thee; thousands of elegancies, pleasures and joys, without which life itself would be but an insipid possession.

Wide and extensive is the reach of thy dominion. No element is there, either so violent

lent or so subtle, so yielding or so sluggish, as, by the powers of its nature, to be superior to thy direction. Thou dreatest not the fierce impetuosity of fire, but compellest its violence to be both obedient and useful: by it thou softenest the stubborn tribe of minerals, so as to be formed and moulded into shapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin; and, previous to these and other thy works and energies, hence all those various tools and instruments, which empower thee to proceed to farther ends more excellent. Nor is the subtle air less obedient to thy power; whether thou willest it to be a minister to our pleasure or utility. At thy command, it giveth birth to sounds, which charm the soul with all the powers of harmony: under thy instruction, it moves the ships over the seas; while that yielding element, where otherwise we sink, even water itself, is by thee taught to bear us; the vast ocean to promote that intercourse of nations, which ignorance would imagine it was defined to intercept. To say how thy influence is seen on earth, would be to teach the meanest what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and pasture; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and plantations; cottages, villages, castles, towns; palaces, temples, and spacious cities.

Nor does thy empire end in subjects thus inanimate: its power also extends through the various race of animals; who either patiently submit to become thy slaves, or are sure to find thee an irresistible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horse, and the mighty elephant, are content all to receive their instructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural instincts or strength, to perform those offices which thy occasions call for. If there be found any species which are serviceable when dead,

thou suggestest the means to investigate and take them: if any be so savage as to refuse being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teachest us to scorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, pursue, and conquer.

Such, O Art! is thy amazing influence, when thou art employed only on these inferior subjects, on natures inanimate, or at best irrational: but whenever thou chusest a subject more noble, and employest thyself in cultivating the mind itself, then it is thou becomeest truly amiable and divine; the ever-flowing source of those sublimer beauties, of which no subject but mind alone is capable. Then it is thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind the admired tribe of poets and orators; the sacred train of patriots and heroes; the godlike list of philosophers and legislators; the forms of virtuous and equal polities, where private welfare is made the same with public, where crowds themselves prove disinterested, and virtue is made a national and popular characteristic.

Hail! sacred source of all these wonders! thyself instruct me to praise thee worthily; through whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do is graceless and deformed.—Venerable power! by what name shall I address thee? shall I call thee ornament of mind, or art thou more truly mind itself? it is mind thou art, most perfect mind; not rude, untaught, but fair and polished: in such thou dwellest; of such thou art the form; nor is it a thing more possible to separate thee from such, than it would be to separate thee from thy own existence.

Harris.

#### § 22. *The Character of HANNIBAL.*

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there,

There, attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them : they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other, to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprize required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it ; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage : he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refec-tion 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 a retired place of repose ; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army ; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however

balanced by great vices ; inhuman cruelty more than Carthaginian treachery ; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

§ 23. *The SCYTHIAN Ambassadors to ALEXANDER, on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time : you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia ; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But, have you considered the usual course of things ? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour ? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you ? We have never invaded Macedon : why should you attack Scythia ? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers ; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia ; you have seized Syria ; you are master of Persia ; you have subdued the Bactrians, and

and attacked India : all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct ! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety ; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you ? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars ; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve ; and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible : for what people chuse to be under foreign dominion ?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But, to conquer us, is quite another business : you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit ; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp : for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained : catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon : it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no

god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais ; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedonia. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war, are on an equal footing ; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people : there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed ; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom ; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous ; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

*Q. Curtius.*

#### § 24. *The Character of ALFRED.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and

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 all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest 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; excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

*Hume.*

§ 25. JUNIUS BRUTUS *over the dead Body of LUCRETIA, who had stabbed herself in consequence of the Rape of TARQUIN.*

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors, who have ever  
been

been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: the soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression, with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant: the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation. *Livy.*

### §. 26. *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 im-

pression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme, was the natural effect of her ill-requested love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve; and

may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary, the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore powdered 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 stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

*Robertson.*

§ 27. *Speech of ADHERBAL to the ROMAN SENATE, imploring their Assistance against JUGURTHA.*

*Fathers!*

It is known to you that King Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of arms, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, 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

and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince; the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the Senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your 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 reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must then the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havock 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 his late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge or for assistance to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? from my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has

butchered!



butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family; but as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood: but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life: so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! senators of Rome! the arbiters

of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

*Sallust.*

§ 28. *The Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

The character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers having been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong detestation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, 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 cou-

ragg

rage was heroic, and he possessed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved, being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprizes; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superior to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen: a most extraordinary virtue in one who had lived even from his earliest youth, amidst all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and the seductions of sovereign power! Had he kept his 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 insatiable avarice possessed his soul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity, some shining instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his mag-

nanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was indeed so far wise that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employ the properest means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm.

realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that during his reign, a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold, nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation, that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the 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 taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must however be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that 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 distinguish the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but still more to abhor. *Lyttelton.*

§ 29. *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 kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected, or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper less for that ? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings ? And, supposing now that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us ?

But, " we find that, upon the abolition of " the regal power, no commoner was chosen " to the consulate." And what of that ? before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no Census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud ? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention ; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years, we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but

what has been done before ? That very law forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing ? was there any such a law before the decemvirs enacted it ? and a most shameful one it is in a free estate. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility ! why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician : those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean ?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place : they might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the children will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian ? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens ; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you ? I hope you will allow that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately

lately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls,—whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but, if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more inlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage. *Hooke.*

### § 30. *The Character of Queen ELIZABETH.*

There are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there scarce is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration and the strong features of her character,

were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives and her admirers somewhat of 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, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprise from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring

neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state: her own greatness meanwhile remained 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 ascendancy over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit, is to lay aside all these considerations, and to con-

sider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

*Hume,*

§ 31. *Speech of DEMOSTHENES to the ATHENIANS, exciting them to prosecute the War against PHILIP with Vigour,*

*Athenians!*

Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there had been no occasion for the present consultation,

First then, my countrymen, let me intreat you not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising: for, as on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have indeed a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances; from which follows

follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedæmonian war was sustained, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is—to shew you that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned, and vigorously executed.

The enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly, if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be tarolled to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character and act like yourselves—it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? when irresistible necessity drives you?—What think ye of the disgraces which are already come upon you? is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or do ye wait for somewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with enquiring of one another after news as you ramble idly about the streets? what news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, “What, is Philip dead?” “No,” it is answered; “but he is very ill.” How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead; for it is not his strength that has made him what he is, but your indolence, which has of late been such that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take; whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylos, forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence; you attend him

in all his motions, as soldiers do their general : but you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being beforehand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but, in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

O shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined. For, who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him? will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it? and who will oblige him? who will restrain his fury? shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country?—In the name of all that is sacred and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish: let us do somewhat to curb this insolent tyrant of his pursuits. Let us not trifle away the time in hearing the ineffectual wranglings of orators, while the enemy is strengthening himself and we are declining, and our allies growing more and more cold to our interest, and more apprehensive of the consequences of continuing on our side.

*Demost. Orat.*

### § 32. *The Character of MARTIN LUTHER.*

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death from

feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.—As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dæmon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added with equal justice, such purity

and



and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer ; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered ; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittenberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature ; that they cannot be imputed to malevolence of corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feeble spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance ; his courage in asserting them, to rashness ; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy ; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men ; and without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against those who disappointed him in this particular, a tor-

rent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand ; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged, in part, on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with 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 authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility ; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work

which

which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit, more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers, which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without any perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he grew daily more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death, he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous, as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death; his last conversation with his friends, was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke, with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon

the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who survived him; towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

*Robertsou.*

### § 33. *Part of CICERO'S Oration against VERRES.*

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. 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 prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you

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in his favour; I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his 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 infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such that many years under the wisest and best of praetors will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has by arbitrary taxes and un-

heard-of impositions extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish: the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, “I am a citizen of Rome!” which has often in the most distant regions and among the most barbarous people been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask, now, Verres, what you have to advance,

vance 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 prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man arrested, as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Pa-  
"normus, and will attest my innocence."  
The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!"  
With these he hoped to defend himself from

violence and infamy: but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!—

O liberty!—O 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 cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled 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.*

### § 34. *The Character of EDWARD III.*

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness, the history of Edward III. and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of their nation. The ascendant which they then began to acquire over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency,

gency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government of this prince is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by the prudence and vigour of his administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blessed with in any former period, or than she experienced for many ages after. He gained the affections of the great, yet curbed their licentiousness: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it: his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed those disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the frame 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 prospect of French conquests, from the acquisition of a point, which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and his successors. The success which he met with in France, though chiefly owing to his eminent talents, was unexpected; and yet from the very nature of things, not from any unforeseen accident,

was found, even during his own life time, to have procured him no solid advantages. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, the animosity of nations is so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe, as France, is totally disregarded by us, and is never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in his domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprises, where alone he meets with opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity.

*Hume.*

§ 35. *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 rivalry 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

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 success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or 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 preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness; and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him, and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege, respected

respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-administration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself, in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly; he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The

appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he 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 less amiable rival.

### § 36. *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 of 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 a serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence, in

his own breast; he then communicated the matter to his ministers, and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged; the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution, was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his

person; he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages, who have attained the highest eminence of military glory; and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror, involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of

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these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner, naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit.

*Robertson.*

### § 37. *The Character of EPAMINONDAS.*

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honest poverty, which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was entrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenuous mind. Music,

dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises, he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and 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 distress, a boldness in enterprise, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible in war; nor was he less distinguished by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a soul capable of the most exalted and disinterested friendship. The warmth of his benevolence supplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the necessities of others, which his own circumstances could not grant them: within the narrow sphere of these, were his desires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no prospects of advantage could shake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and solely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All these illustrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in such repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally useful to his country, as in action. By him Thebes first rose to sovereign power, and with him she lost her greatness.

*Leland.*

§ 38. A

§ 33. *A Comparison of the political Principles and Conduct of CATO, ATTICUS, and CICERO.*

The three sects, which chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome, where the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero; who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue; but the different behaviour of these three, will shew by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society.

The Stoics were the bigots or enthusiasts in philosophy; who held none to be truly wise or good but themselves; placed perfect happiness in virtue, though stript of every other good; affirmed all sins to be equal, all deviations from right, equally wicked; to kill a dunghill cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent; that a wife man could never forgive; never be moved by anger, favour, or pity; never be deceived; never repent, never change his mind. With these principles, Cato entered into public life; and acted in it, as Cicero says, 'as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus.' He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim, to combat all power not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least, if he could not controul it; he knew no way to his end, but the direct; and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to rush on; and either to surmount them, or perish in the attempt; taking it for a baseness and confession of being conquered, to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age there-

fore of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power, that he could not subdue, help to hasten that ruin, which he was striving to avert: so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his old way any farther, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low; as those raised it to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state: they held pleasure to be the chief good of man; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness consequently in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life, esteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleasure, and helped to ensure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wife man, therefore had no other duty, but to provide for his own ease, to decline all struggles, to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods, by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose, in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candor, benevolence, generosity, the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never, at least, so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though

he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure, against all events, the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life. Thus, two excellent men, by their mistaken notions of virtue, drawn from the principles of their philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other, without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all.

Cicero chose the middle way between the obstinacy of Cato and the indolence of Atticus; he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him; if not, he took the next that seemed likely to bring him to the same end; and in politics as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares the statesman to the pilot, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse to the progress of his voyage; so as by changing his course and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety, though later, at his destined port. He mentions likewise an observation which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate. This was verified by all their civil dissensions from the Gracchi down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who by the splendor of their lives and actions, had acquired an

ascendant over the populace; it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst of power by voluntary grants of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate councils. He declared contention to be no longer prudent than while it either did service, or at least no hurt; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting; and nothing left but to extract some good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it if possible to the interest of the state. This was what he advised, and what he practised: and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception, on the account of that complaisance which he is supposed to have paid at different times to the several usurpers of illegal power

Middleton.

### § 39. *The Character of Lord TOWNSHEND.*

Lord Townshend, by very long experience and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of business, which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the safer side. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with invincible firmness, not to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his

wives.

Wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants; sure tests of real good-nature, for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend and a warm enemy, defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never minister had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domestic oeconomy was his only care as to money, for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the first and second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper to act a second part, after having acted a first, as he did during the reign of king George the first. He resolved therefore to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to, have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and in a few years died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts, of his character, I must declare that I owed the for-

mer to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he retired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

#### § 40. *The Character of Mr. POPE.*

Pope in conversation was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned, that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think, that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works; they speak sufficiently

sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired, as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him.

#### § 41. *Character of Lord BOLINGBROKE.*

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself, in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he, either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splen-

did eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed, reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest; and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristic ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human know-

ledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mania mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination, where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so flew in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking 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 bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature!

*Chesterfield.*

#### § 42. Character of Mr. PULTENEY.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment 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 surprizing quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most

amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business, could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business, and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature, and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition but his avarice: they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion, and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in, When the opposition

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 desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrank into insignificance and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser;

*Populus me sibilat, &c.*

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

#### § 43. *Character of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

I much question, whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves, with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abused; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial justice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind, necessary for great good or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that I believe ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with

a success

a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II. but with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations, which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them "The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself at the same time, "No faint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind, and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own.

He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and railery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers;" but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst. *Chesterfield.*

#### § 44. *Character of LORD GRANVILLE.*

Lord Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than Lord Strafford. He was neither ill-natured nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In social life he was an agreeable, good-humoured, 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 after-



wards. 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.

#### § 45. *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 enterprizing genius, but had a more mahly 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 insatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was *par negotiis neque supra*; had many domestic virtues, and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both secured him from personal and rancorous ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister.

#### § 46. *Character of RICHARD Earl of SCARBOROUGH.*

In drawing the character of Lord Scarbo-

rough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biased my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his 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 expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniencies.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing

weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous assessor, of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one, for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know), one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and as he was naturally warm, he could not even

hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow creature without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

When I confess, there is who feels for fame,  
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough  
name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so,

he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

#### § 47. *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 justice of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he discharged that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the "blood-hounds of the crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.

#### § 48. *Character of the Duke of NEWCASTLE.*

The Duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister; he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were co-temporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances, sometimes well and

sometimes

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, and 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 meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business, as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which, I think, will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to stir matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always

ran, inasmuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his celerity one should rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impatient lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so: there he made people of business wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested: very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime.

#### § 49. *Character of the Duke of Bedford.*

The Duke of Bedford was more considerable for his rank and immense fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common share of common-sense, but with a head so wrong-turned, and so invincibly obstinate, that the share of parts which he had was of little use to him, and very troublesome to others.

He was passionate, though obstinate; and, though both, was always governed by some low dependants,

dependants, who had art enough to make him believe that he governed them.

His manners and address were exceedingly illiberal; he had neither the talent nor the desire of pleasing.

In speaking in the house, he had an inelegant flow of words, but not without some reasoning, matter, and method.

He had no amiable qualities; but he had no vicious nor criminal ones: he was much below shining, but above contempt in any character.

In short, he was a duke of a respectable family, and with a very great estate. *Chesterfield.*

#### § 50. *Another Character.*

The Duke of Bedford is indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were sufficient to have supported him with meaner abilities than he possessed. The use he made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to himself, but could not be more 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. Tho' deceived, perhaps in his youth, he would not, thro' 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 plea-

tures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, 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 expence of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow in a court of justice the purchase and sale of a 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 ballotting 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.

*Junius.*

#### § 51. *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

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ablest *eleves*. 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 attaching individuals to himself. He promoted, encouraged, and practised 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 dependance. 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 press, or to yield.

A constant good-humour and seeming frankness made him a welcome companion in social life, and in all domestic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became subservient to his avarice. His early profusion and dissipation had made him feel the many inconveniences of want, and, as it often happens, carried him to the contrary and worse extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem, quocunque modo rem*, became his maxim, which he observed (I will not say 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.

### § 52. Character of Mr. PITT.

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities: in him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his 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 commission in it. Thus, unassisted 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 stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and over-bearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life; and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adopt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way: but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him\*; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which 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 preserved all his credit and

popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary resignation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

*Chesterfield.*

### § 53. *Another Character.*

Mr. Pitt had been originally designed for the army, in which he actually bore a commission; but fate reserved him for a more important station. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a seat in the house of commons, where he soon outshone all his compatriots. He displayed a surprising extent and precision of political knowledge, and irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration;

\* Hume Campbell, and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

tration : it flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition : but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country.

*Smollett.*

#### § 54. *Another Character.*

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but over-bearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him ; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse,

he came occasionally into our system, to 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 æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive 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 subtilty 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 asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

*Anonymous.*

#### § 55. *Another Character.*

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name ; a name that keeps the name of this country



country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

— Clarum et venerabile nomen  
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat  
urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him: let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims: one or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checked and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe, to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were

obliged to ask, "Sir, your name, &c." It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

In consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon: when he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified, even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed on any opinion of their own: deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every 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 most vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly

just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townsend) and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the re-producer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue.

Edm. Burke.

§ 56. *Submission; Complaint; Intreating.*

—*The Speech of SENECA the Philosopher to NERO, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince, where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers. Nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some, who do not seem

to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous, and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what," say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name, nor family, rank with those who can by the statues, which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti? Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates, and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country, at his own expence, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed: nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gar-

\* The fasti, or calendars, or if you please, almanacs of the ancients, had, as our almanac, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

dens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life: long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant, leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

*Corn. Tacit.*

§ 57. *Mr. PULTENEY's Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties: it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir, on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our

army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures: but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever 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 punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house

house of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things ; I talk of what has happened to an English house of Commons, and from an English army : not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of Parliament, will always be submissive to them : if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general ; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the Parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the case : for with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament dismissed by them was a legal Parliament ; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession, must be for continuing the army : for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were

all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors ? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right ? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers ?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction ? Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years ? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months ? How long have we already continued our army from year to year ? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke ? We are now come to the Rubicon ; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will ; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction ; and this nation, already over-burdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army ; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 58. *Sir JOHN ST. AUBIN'S Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker,

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly, the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws, which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained

that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights, which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so: for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it; for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then

then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration : and therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained : the preamble of it is extremely full and strong ; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared before enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract ; and if upon a review there shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution, which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law ; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience : the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue ; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration ; and therefore carries this most unjust impli-

cation 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 disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action ; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by lessurely 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

been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually

upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences, by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a fore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and by sending down his treasury-mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown:—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§ 59. *Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Reply.*

Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons, which induce me to be against the motion. In general I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixt government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical form of government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniencies of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniencies;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in

their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey of their neighbours: therefore in all regulations we make, with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence, till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures; by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect, that



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 exposed to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to shew them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued ; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression ; but in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power : when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction ; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country. In popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the

people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time ; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliaments were either annual or triennial : by such frequent elections, there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture, which is the beauty of our constitution : in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain, to chuse such men as would probably give up their liberties : if it were possible to influence by such means, a majority of the members of this house, to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true ; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country ; is it possible to suppose, that any of them could, by a pension, or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution ; by which the  
enjoyment,

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 case, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuse any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they chuse one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who

know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for, the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentlemen, 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 surprised to hear controverted, since

since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation, towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known, what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation, soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 60. *Lord LYTTETON'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 past 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 assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to improve 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 ignorance in human nature: not to resist 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 sacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity,

of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant, than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the 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 to justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this, would be dangerous weakness in government. It might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the Anti-Christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a character 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.

§ 61. *In Praise of Virtue.*

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind? not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed.

Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.—But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it!—There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and content yourself with every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost. *Price.*

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

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## BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, LETTERS, SENTENCES,  
WITH OTHER  
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

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### § 1. *The Story of LE FEVRE.*

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe.—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days

ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

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Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim;—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, I have a

project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.

—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and ask accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of

being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby.—He is; said the corporal.—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it.—“Your honour is good:”—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the

corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the 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 best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or



bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—

Are you sure of it? replied the curate:—

A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps, without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence,

said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just flopping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with

my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bedside,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I with, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—I with, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regi-

ment;—but finish the story thou art upon:—'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, —though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves—That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counter-scarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in

what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in the world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll

drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit* which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in,—and the *recording angel* as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the cor-

poral

poral shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, —not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, —rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, —was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered.—stopp'd—went on—throb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No. *Sterne.*

## § 2. *An Account of the Fraternity of Pretty Gentlemen.*

They do not indeed consume their hours in such points of vain speculation, wherein the pride of reason and learning has room to operate. And indeed there is something in the drudgery of masculine knowledge, by no means adapted to youths of so nice a frame, that it cannot be said, they are ever invigorated with perfect health. The enfeebled tone of their organs and spirits does therefore naturally dispose them to the softer and more

refined studies; furniture, equipage, dress, the tiring-room, and the toy-shop.—What a fund is here for study! and what a variety of easy delights! or, if the mind is bent upon manual exercise, the knotting-bag is ready at hand? and their skilful fingers play their part. Notwithstanding the ridicule which is thrown upon this part of the character, it appears to me, rather to merit our applause, than to provoke our laughter. With what satisfaction, have I beheld five or six of these elegant youths interspersed with an equal number of ladies, almost as delicate as themselves, and vying with them in their own accomplishments! roused by the ardor of emulation, they work for glory, and assert the prize of feminine merit.

With equal skill their practised fingers apply the needle, and rejoin the lace: with equal facility they convey the gliding shuttle through the opening thread, and form the various knots. Pretty innocents! how virtuously, how usefully are their hours employed. Not in the wrangling squabbles of the bar, or the unmannerly contentions of the senate; not in the robust sports of the field, or in a toilsome application to ungentleman-like science; but in the pretty fancies of dress; in criticisms upon fashions, in the artful disposition of China jars, and other foreign trinkets; in sowing, and knitting garters, in knotting of fringe, and every gentle exercise of feminine œconomy.

If from their studies we turn our attention to their conversation, we must be convinced, that in this respect likewise they are so far from meriting contempt, that nothing in the world can be more refined, or more engaging.

It is an established maxim in this school of manners, never to oppose the sentiments of the company. Every gentleman assents to

every thing that is said. Sometimes indeed, you may hear what appears at first like a difference of judgment : but have a little patience, and you will find it is only the gentle interchange of sentiments : for Sippius will go over to the opinion of Fannius, rather than be so rude to contradict him; and Fannius will allow his friend to be in the right, rather than be thought so ill-bred as to give up such a trifle as his own judgment. Whereas your unrectified spirits are eternally insisting upon the natural right of maintaining their opinions, and the liberty of speaking their minds.

The liberty of speaking your mind! a pretty assertion truly! I know not what arguments may be drawn in favour of it, from the musty precepts of antiquated sages, but I am certain, that good-breeding absolutely disallows it : neither indeed is it reconcilable with common sense and discretion; for he who disapproves my sentiments does, in effect, tell me I am a fool. Consequently, let him talk ever so well, and reason (as you call it) ever so justly, he is sure to give offence : whilst the yielding companion, the well-bred assenter, never fails to conciliate favour; for there is not a more engaging compliment to the understanding, than to sacrifice your own vanity to that of another.

A pretty gentleman therefore scarce ever dissents. He will indeed sometimes say, " Oh! pard'n me, mi dear! I ke'n't possibly be of that opinion!" but then this is only a polite artifice, that he may flatter your judgment with a finer address, when he afterwards suffers himself to be convinced by your superior reasoning. To give him his due, he has no attachment to any one opinion in the world, but that of preserving the rules of good-breeding. In all other cases,

he has an assent entirely at your service; and you cannot change sides oftener, than this most obsequious humble servant will follow you. A transgression of decorum is indeed foreshooting to his nature, that he cannot let it pass without correction; but then it is always inflicted with a gentle hand. The severest animadversion never rises beyond this :

" Oh ! fie ! ye filthy creter !"

The epithet *filthy*, as it appears upon paper, may seem somewhat coarse and unclean; but were you to hear how he liquidates the harshness of the sound, and conceals the impurity of the idea by a sweetened accent, you would grow enamoured of his address, and admire the enchanting beauties of refined elocution. " Oh ! fie ! ye filt-hy creter !" how easy, how gentle, how humane a chastisement for the highest offence !

It has been observed (but I don't remember by what author) that there are two kinds of conversation : the one, close and continued; the other, loose and unconnected. The first was practised amongst us while the enemies of elegance prevailed : but now the latter has deservedly gained the ascendant ; as it is perfectly suited to the turn and cast of our polite assemblies of every denomination \*. The gravity of dull knowledge is at last happily exploded : masculine sense and wit are rejected as obsolete and unfashionable talents ; and better supplied by the more engaging charms of the contrary qualities. Nothing is now heard, but sweet chit-chat, and tender prittle-prattle, shreds of senti-

\* Drums, kettle-drums, drum-majors, routs, hurries, riots, tumults, and helter-skelters, the several appellations by which the modern assemblies are aptly characterized and distinguished.

ments, and cuttings of sentences,—all soft and charming, elegant and polite.

By this short abstract of the prevailing turn in polite conversation, the reader sees, that the pretty gentleman must necessarily be the best company; because he will neither offend by the abominable coarseness of manly reason, nor the ungrateful poignancy of keen repartee: but though he is not such a fool, or so ill-bred as to be downright witty, he will now and then indulge himself in what he calls, "The little escapes of fancy," which I will not injure so much as to rank them under the denomination of wit. If the company happens to grow languid, Fannius has an admirable talent at reviving their spirits, by some pretty familiar remark or other; which, obvious as it is, would never have entered into the head of an unrefined mortal. On such an occasion this little wag will pat a lady over the shoulder, and tell her with the most facetious leer, "I vew me'me, you're 'immoderately entertaining."

And though this is all he says, yet there is something in the manner, in the accent, and in the—I don't know what; that the company instantly revive, and begin again to exchange their words. Nor let any man imagine that this is a trifling talent, which can raise something out of—nothing, and restore a society to cheerfulness and pleasantry; for good manners require that conversation should be kept up at any rate.

But when I told you that their raillery was the most inoffensive thing in nature, and operated so finely, that it could scarce be felt; yet as there are no general maxims but what have some exceptions, I confess that Lepidulus now and then steps beyond the rules of the community, and, like a little wasp as he is, leaves his sting in the wound he in-

flicts. A certain lady, who affects a masculine sense and spirit of jocularly, gave herself the liberty to rally the modern refinements, and in the ardor of her zeal was transported somewhat beyond the limits of decorum. Upon this, Lepidulus was so exasperated, that he could not, for the soul of him, contain any longer, but steps towards her with a nettled air, looks her full in the face, and with a rebuking countenance, mixed with fear, gave vent to his spleen. "I vew, me'me, it—it—it's not—without 'infinite pains—that you're able—to make 'yureself less am'able."

This cutting reproach, just and reasonable as it was, would hardly have passed uncensured by the fraternity, had it not been excused by the high provocation, which occasioned it.

The other day, when the whole body was assembled, they had the patience to persevere that abominable farce now under my correction. "It is the most astonishing thing in nature," cries Tenellus, "that so low a performance 'should meet wi' such pop'ler applause!"—"O lard! Oh lard! as I hope for mircy," replies Lepidulus, "there's re'lly now no—'thing at all surprizing in the case; for 'pop'ler fame is nothing but air; and air (as you scholars tells us) nat'rally presses 'into—a vac'uum. He—he—he—he!"

Though this was a keen conceit, yet as it reflected honour on the community, it was so highly relished, that they had certainly broke out into a loud laughter, were it not that such bursts of mirth are looked upon as the marks of savage manners. A governed smile, or so—they judge to be not at all ungraceful. Nay, an half-laugh, upon a very extraordinary occasion, is not esteemed a departure from decorum. But then, the utmost

utmost caution imaginable is taken, that it proceed no farther. And it is pleasant enough, to see the little difficulties they struggle with, in suppressing the inclination. The tickling sense of the home-felt conceit, put the risible features into motion; but then it is instantly checked by the quick impulse of fine sensation. The one prompts to give full vent to the rising joy; the other bids—*forbear*. It is this pretty altercation, which produces that tempered laugh, which plays with such a grace on the countenance of a pretty gentleman.

By what I have already advanced, the reader may probably perceive, that their language and diction has the most essential requisite of style, and that the sound always echoes to the sense. But since this part of the character has been a subject of our mimic's raillery, I shall produce such instances, as will incontestably demonstrate the truth of my assertion.

Some time ago, four or five of these elegant youths were invited to dine at lady Betty ——'s. The first dish that was served up happened to be a leg of lamb and spinage; at the sight of which Fannius instantly fainted away.

"Oh lard!" says Timidulus, "fetch some draps." "Take away the dish," cried Molliculo, "perhaps he has some tipathy to lamb." "No, no," replies Tenellus, "he has evermore his hysterics at this time of the year.—Let him alone, for hev'ns sake! don't croud about'm;—he'll come to himself presently."—"Fetch a little peppermint-water," says Cottilus, "it is——"

By this time Fannius, finding his spirits return, gently lifted up his head,—and after half a dozen sighs—"Heigh! hoh! Where am

"I?—Well—I protest—I am quite ashamed to—to——But—do you know, whenever I see a leg of lamb and spinage, it is so like—that it puts me in mind of—[*Here he burst out into a flood of tears*]—It puts me in mind of my dear,—dear bitch Chloe—sunning herself upon a grafs-plot!"—"What a dull creter was I," replied the lady, "that I could not think of this! but upon my veracity! I never heard a syllable that Chloe was——. It was sure the most engaging company! and had the softest coat! well it was an infinitely pretty creter!"

"Oh dear Me'me!" replied Fannius—"not a word more, I entreat you.—Your favour is an antidote against all misfortunes." Upon this he dried up his tears; the company sat down again, and all was well. I have given this narrative not only as a beautiful specimen of their language, but as an exemplary instance of great humanity of temper.

Nor are they less excellent in what is commonly called the epistolary style, but more properly missive conversation: the reader will be fully convinced of this, if he gives his attention to the following specimens.

#### A C A R D.

"Lord Molliculo's compliments to Sir Roley Tenellus—hopes did not ketch cold last night when he went from th' oppera—shall be proud of his company at cards nex Wen'sday fennit,—to meet Lady Betty, and begs will not fail."

When the sentiments are committed to paper, the diction rises to an higher pitch, preserving at the same time, a great degree of the kindred form.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Thomas Lepidulus, to Narcissus Shadow, Esq.

"Mi dere Nessy,

"I expected yu wud ha' retorted upon that brootal monstir, who atak'd yu last nite at Lady Betty's.—Yu certinly had it in yure pour;—but upon matuer deliberation, I vew, I think yu was in the right to turn it off, and treat the reech wi' good manners. Yu fine geniusses who 'clypsles every body, certainly for that reason ows every body inf'nite civility. Pour pufs is better this morning—fever pretty much abated. Pray, mi dere, how is yure cold? I tho't you was vastly hoarse last nite. Better not stir abroad—weather's extremely piercing. I hate this detestable climate, as much as—yu will supply the rest—

"Adieu, dere Nessy,

"Yours infinitely,

"T. Lepidulus."

Narcissus read this letter to his valet; and having talked the subject over with him, not perhaps to borrow any of the fellow's sentiments, but to give rise to some in himself, wrote the following answer—

"I protest to you, my dear Leppy, I was several times upon the point of breaking out with the sharpness of rebuke. Was there ever such a nauseous creter?—to confess the truth,—I shud certainly have been severe upon him, but that—it is much more becoming a gentleman, not to say any thing subject to inconvenient interpretations. The fellow is—what you call sprightly—but has not the least tincture of delicacy about him. Pray, have you seen the new play? I shen't be easy till I have yure opinion.

"My suspicions are confirmed. Amoriculus (wud you believe it?) the abominable man is, bona-fide, become a parent."  
"Adieu, deery! love me as I do you—  
"and more—if you can.

"Yours for ever,

"N. Shadow."

"P. S. Half hour past 2, going to dress."

And what now have the sons of Momus to object against the style of a pretty gentleman? here is every requisite in fine writing: here is brevity, softness, propriety, and ease. Happily freed from the shackles of connecting and restraining rules, the diction roves and wanders, now here, now there; and with a wondrous facility, glides so imperceptibly from one flower to another, that the most subtle penetrator would be at a loss to find, where *this* ends, and where *that* begins. Some negligences there are indeed; but they are such as must be allowed the truest ornaments of speech.—Let any man examine the letters I have here faithfully transcribed, and tell me whether he does not admire the little carelessnesses which are beautifully interperfered in these pretty compositions. If these are faults, it must be owned that they are truly charming: one cannot but delight in the lovely errors, and say of this style, what Quintilian did of Seneca's,

Abundat dulcibus vitiiis.

It is a common observation, that nothing has spoiled more authors than the affected imitation of another man's diction. Every one has some natural bent, something peculiar in his genius, which if he does not follow, he will never be able to speak or write with



with any success. The pretty gentleman carefully avoids this error, and follows his natural genius. He neither writes like Addison, nor talks like C——: but nobly disdains all servile imitation. His language is original: it is his own: and I defy the snarling critic to produce any thing like it. I speak only of the style; for I will not deny, that sometimes he will condescend to steal an hint from another, as may be seen in the specimens I have given. But how does he steal it? no otherwise than like those, who (as Garth says of Dryden) steal beggars children, only to cloath them the better.

Another object of this mimic's raillery is, that sweet placability of temper, which obliges a refined gentleman to put up even repeated injuries and affronts, rather than avenge them by the usual method of demanding satisfaction.

I am not apprehensive that this part of his character is less defensible than the rest. I could produce some tolerable arguments against duelling, drawn from certain principles, which were once looked upon to be the rules of human conduct. I could easily prove, that the single combat is derived from Gothic manners, and is absolutely inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. But such reasonings as these are neither so well adapted to the times, nor so pertinent to the cause I have undertaken. Waving then this kind of defence, upon this single argument I lay my whole stress—"The pretty gentleman will not fight,—because—he is not able."

And can any man produce a better reason for not doing a thing, than to make it manifest—that he cannot?

Behold that tender frame! those trembling knees! those feeble joints! observe that fine

complexion! examine that smooth, that velvety skin! view that pallor which spreads itself over his countenance! hark, with that feminine softness his accents steal their way through his half-opened lips! feel that soft palm! those slender fingers, accustomed only to handle silks and ribbons, the easy piercing needle, or soft-gliding shuttle; but unpractised in the rough exercise of warlike weapons! mark all these, and a thousand other gentle, imbecillities, and then tell me, impartial reader, whether such a being is formed for battle?—you cannot think it: you will not say it. I will therefore venture to affirm, that he is so far from deserving contempt and ridicule, when he declines the combat, that he merits our esteem and applause. He therefore who is so base as to affront, or send a challenge to such a person, is an arrant coward. For would a man of honour draw his sword upon a lady? and to say the truth, the pretty gentleman is certainly formed in a different mould from that of common men, and tempered with a purer flame. The whole system is of a finer turn, and superior accuracy of fabric, inasmuch that it looks as if nature had been in doubt, to which sex she should assign him.

Now this contexture of his organs, and the tone of his spirits approaching so very near that of the fair, has rendered him liable to the same gentle impressions, and alarms of fear. Does Cælia set up a scream at the apprehension of the least danger? Delicatus is as easily intimidated, and screams with as pretty an accent. Do the weakness of Lady Betty's nerves subject her to fits and swooning? Tenellus likewise has his hysterics, and dies away with as soft a grace. It is to attain these and such like accomplishments, that they make frequent visits to the

the ladies; though some slanderous persons would make us believe, that they have another motive, and intimate I know not what vicious designs, that are too indecent even to be mentioned. But I can assure the world there is not the least foundation for the base suggestion. This attendance, I know, takes its rise from causes, with which the appetite for that sex has no manner of connexion. So pure are their morals! so inviolable their modesty! Amazing continence! and yet our wonder is lessened, when we consider what methods they pursue to fence against the allurements of female charms. They are certainly the most sober and temperate beings that ever existed. It is an inviolable maxim with them, to refrain from every indulgence, which is apt to irritate the blood, and excite the pruriency of desire.

Old English roast-beef is, indeed, properly adapted to old English manners; since, as all physicians observe, the quality of our food communicates itself to the mind. Therefore at the table of a pretty gentleman, you never see the flesh of a full-grown animal. Chickens of a week old, veal sweet-breads, or a leg of lamb, and now and then pig-petits, are their highest indulgence. But the usual food is cheese cakes, white-pot, tanzey, and flummery. And can it be thought that this abtemperous restriction is a proper subject of raillery, when a certain celebrated writer, amidst the praises he bestows on his noble patron, mentions this as his finishing excellence; "That he lived upon 'panada and water-gruel\*.'" I mention this, because it is the observation of one who never shewed any favour to modern eloquence.

\* Middleton's Life of Cicero. Dedication.

As to wine, it is absolutely their aversion. And indeed, so delicate is their frame, that even the moderate indulgences of the fair would ill-agree with these more tender males. "The first glass," said a pretty French author, "I may drink for myself; a second 'for my friend; but if a third, it is for 'my enemy.'" Our youths seldom go so far as a second; and whenever that happens, 'tis sure to be followed with bitter reflections. "What do you think?" (said Umratilus to Lord Molly) "I was the most 'abominable rake last night! do you know, 'I drank two glasses of claret after my 'flummery?'"

"Oh fie! you naughty child! what a 'paw trick was that? as I hope for mercy, 'you deserve to be soundly wh—t, so you 'do."

Two glasses only! no more! and yet merited such a rigorous animadversion. But, perhaps, even that small quantity might be too much for the infantine constitution; to which nature points out a more suitable liquor, of a soft and delicious kind, emulged from the salutiferous cow, or the thin juices of the gentle ass; the temperament of whose fluids is productive of a correspondent temperament in the person, who accustoms himself to these assimilating draughts.

I have already detained the reader so long, that I shall not trespass upon his patience, by giving a detail of the numerous artifices which are exhibited in the important hours that are employed in decorating their persons. Were you to behold Narcissus at his toilet, how would you be charmed with the order and disposition! Did you view this lovely youth whilst he takes his exterior form into a most exact adjustment, you must stand amazed at all the pretty wonders of his art.

What pains! what care! what study! what address! to arch that eye-brow! to soften that hand, and to curl those lovely locks! whilst all the graces attend as invisible hand-maids, to finish the work of elegance. And when the busy scene is over, and he is decorated in every minute circumstance with the most perfect concinnity; behold, with what a soft air and sweet complacency he presents himself to view; and like Horace's Barine coming from her toilet,

—— enitefcit  
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodit  
Publica cura.

Thus have I presented to the reader's view, an enumeration of the several qualities which constitute

#### A PRETTY GENTLEMAN:

From whence it is easy to collect the true notion of genuine elegance; which, without any apprehension of being disproved, I do not hesitate to define thus:—

“Elegance is the absence or debilitation  
“of masculine strength and vigor,—or  
“rather, the happy metamorphosis,—or,  
“the gentleman turned lady; that is, female softness adopted into the breast of a  
“male, discovering itself by outward signs  
“and tokens in feminine expressions, accent, voice, air, gesture, and looks; or,  
“as the French more clearly define it, a *je ne sai quoi*.”

And now I appeal to the judgment of the impartial, whether this be a character which deserves that contempt and ridicule some rude and undisciplined spirits have endeavoured to throw upon it? it is impossible that any serious person can entertain such a thought.

I call therefore upon the wisdom of the nation: I call upon the lords, knights, bishops, now assembled in parliament, to interpose in this important cause, this truly national concern.

The question is, Whether we shall become more than men, that is, pretty gentlemen; or worse than brutes, *i. e.* masculine, robust creatures with unsoftened manners. The latter will infallibly be the case, if an effectual stop be not put to that licentious raiillery, which would laugh out of countenance the generous endeavours of a race of virtuous youths, to polish our asperity, mollify us into gentle obsequiousness, and give us a true relish of all the dulcet elegancies of life; I will speak without reserve: should not the theatres be absolutely demolished? we have already in vain tried the lenient measures of restriction. Why then should we not now have recourse to the last remedy, and cut down the tree which, after all our pruning and culture, still continues to produce poisonous fruit?

The indulgent reader, I dare say, will approve the method I prescribe; but perhaps so many difficulties may arise to his imagination, that he will conclude it impracticable.

Difficulties there are, no doubt; but one there is, which, if he can surmount, I myself will undertake to remove all the rest.

Here lies the grand impediment! how can we expect the favour of the learned, or the protection of the state, to cherish and support this refinement, when its most inveterate enemy is the very man, who has always been the standard of taste with the former; and is now raised to a post, which gives him such an happy influence in the latter? unhappy indeed for the sons of elegance! for what

what can the most sanguine expect from one, who has made it the business of his life to bring into repute the false refinements of ancient Greece and Rome? will a person of his masculine talents become the patron of soft and dulcified elegance? will he give up that attic wit, which has gained him such high applause, and made him the delight of a misjudging world, to cultivate qualities, in which he is not formed to excel?

What then remains, but that the sons of elegance wait with patience (for they are too gentle to use any violent methods) till the kind fates shall remove this implacable adversary out of the world. And then, my foreboding heart assures me, true politeness will thrive and prosper, and spread her sweet mollifying influences over the land, till nothing shall be heard of or seen, but softness and complaisance, prettiness and elegance, infantine prattle, lullaby conversation, and gentle love; and every well-educated male among us shall become

Mollis & parum vir;  
that is,

A PRETTY GENTLEMAN.

### § 3. YORICK'S Death.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius slept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. —I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears

trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke, —I hope not, Yorick, said he.——Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand,——and that was all,——but it cut Eugenius to his heart.——Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,——my dear lad, be comforted,——let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;——who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?——Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,——I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,——and that I may live to see it.——I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his nightcap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.——I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandsoinely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon” “be suffered to rain down from heaven as” “thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.”——Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;——yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;——and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as

Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him;—a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by his grave,—not a passenger goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

*Sterne.*

§ 4. *The Story of ALCANDER and SEPTIMIUS.*  
*Taken from a Byzantine Historian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause

of their patient's disorder was love: and Alexander 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 Alexander 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 an unexpected change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alexander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, 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 even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alexander, with some other compa-

nions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alexander arrived, Septimius late administering justice in the Forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his stony couch, more ease

ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sudden rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor,

and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

### § 5. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sou, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but

but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a fast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing

upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, 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 open'd to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd 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 livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

*Sterne.*

### § 6. On Delicacy.

As Sophronius is an early riser, he was amusing himself in the library, before Philocles was yet stirring. But his friend, perceiving it now day, soon followed him thither, being unwilling to lose any opportunity of enjoying a conversation, in which he found himself often instructed, and always entertained.

How happy (said Philocles entering the room) how happy would it be for the fashionable world, were they as well acquainted “with this sweet hour of prime,” as you, Sophronius, are, who seldom suffer the sun to rise upon you in bed!

Rather, replied Sophronius, how much happier would it be for the world in general, would certain active spirits be persuaded to slumber life away! since they wake but to pursue their ambition, or vent their impertinences, and rise only to embroil or mislead mankind.

Undoubtedly, said Philocles, if many of those, whose actions fill our histories, or whose speculations swell our libraries, had passed their whole lives in profound sleep; the world would have been obliged to them for their repose, but can now only lament that they were ever awake.

I was reading the other day (continued he) a treatise upon bees: the ingenious author, speaking of the dormant state of insects, mentions an experiment he has made, of extending that period of their existence far beyond its usual

duration, even to some years. If this philosopher could so improve his experiment, as to make it applicable to his own species, might not the discovery be turned to very singular advantage?

For my own part, returned Sophronius, were I master of such a secret, I would rather apply it to the mistaken speculatist, than the fallibly ambitious. The sons of turbulence can only affect their unfortunate contemporaries; and the mischief they do generally ends with their lives. But the puzzlers and perverters of truth and science are pernicious, perhaps, to several generations, and disturb the repose of the world many ages after they themselves are removed out of it. The first essay I would make of my soporific art in the literary world, should be upon the critics, a tribe of mortals in the republic of letters, more subversive of its peace and interest, than——

Hold, good Sophronius! I doubt, your censure is now growing too general. Some low and petulant spirits, I confess, have brought a reproach upon the name of critic; but the art in itself certainly deserves esteem. No man can possess that talent in its true extent, or exercise it to full advantage, without being master of something more valuable than Aristotle or Longinus can teach him. He must have a certain quick feeling of delicacy in arts and manners; which no rules will ever be able to impart, where nature has denied.

Hardly, Philocles, will you be able to bring me over to more favourable sentiments of this critic science, by making Delicacy a necessary ingredient. For by all that I could ever discover of the true essence of that quality, as it is applied either to the operations of art, or the conduct of manners, it owes its whole existence entirely to fancy; and when I hear a man recommended as a critic of great delicacy, I immediately

mediately conclude him a person of high enthusiasm.

Do you really think then, Sophronius, that Delicacy, whether considered as a faculty of the mind, or as an effect of art, is nothing more than the raptures of warm imagination, entirely unsupported by any principles of reason?

I will not venture to pronounce, answered Sophronius, of the clearness of other men's ideas; and, perhaps, the nice refiners in taste and genius may have conceptions to which common language cannot supply adequate terms. But of this I am sure: whenever they talk upon the subject, either they resolve Delicacy into a certain *Je ne sçai quoi*, or else explain it in so vague and unprecise a manner, as to leave the matter absolutely undetermined, to a mind that cannot embrace any principle but what it clearly apprehends.

However loosely, replied Philocles, this term may have been used heretofore in our language; or how much soever it is sometimes depreciated by a mistaken application both in writings and conversation; yet with the most approved authors amongst us, it seems now to have obtained a determinate meaning, and is always mentioned by them as an high quality, and the finishing excellence of composition and manners.

As no man, Philocles, is more clear in his conceptions than yourself, possibly I may receive that satisfaction from you, which I have in vain sought for elsewhere: tell me then, I intreat you, wherein this quality, according to your notion, consists.

Delicacy, replied Philocles, is good sense, but good sense refined; which produces an inviolable attachment to decorum and sanctity, as well as elegance of manners; with a clear discernment and warm sensibility of whatever

is pure, regular, and polite; and, at the same time, an abhorrence of whatever is gross, rustic, or impure, of unnatural, effeminate, and over-wrought ornaments of every kind. It is, in short, the graceful and the beautiful, added to the just and the good.

According to this account, said Sophronius, Delicacy seems to be exactly the same thing that urbanity was among the Romans.

When that illustrious people, answered Philocles, had spread their military fame over the world, and subdued all the nations around, they then turned their attention to the embellishments of life. Their success was equal to the vigour of their attempts; and they soon learned to polish their language, refine their pronunciation, cultivate humanity, and adorn their manners. A Lælius and a Scipio arose, and transplanted liberal wit from Greece; which afterwards grew and prospered, with a bloom and vigour scarce inferior to what it drew from its native soil.

Rome was now become the seat of elegance, as well as empire; nor were her eagles more dreaded than her refinement was admired. The attainment of these accomplishments, they styled urbanity; as they were the peculiar characteristics of the distinguished inhabitants of this imperial city.

This I take to be the genuine acceptance of that word amongst the ancient Romans: it seems to have been confined to the qualities I have mentioned, and never applied to the fine arts, as Delicacy is with us, and therefore differs from it only as a part from the whole.

To admit, for the present, said Sophronius, that all those ideas are justly comprehended under the word Delicacy, which you have collected in your description—yet by what criterion is this property in any subject to be tried? In this operation of the faculties, which we call

call reasoning, the mind examines the objects as they stand in reality; and for our direction, there is always a standard in the nature of things. But is this the case with regard to what connoisseurs call amiable or delicate? beauty and pleasure are nothing but an agreement between the object and the faculty. What then can determine a man's approbation or dislike in these points, but the peculiar cast of his mind?

Though it should not be possible, answered Philocles, precisely to fix the criterion you are enquiring after; yet would it not necessarily follow, that there is absolutely no such thing. Several instances might be mentioned, wherein the mind has undoubtedly a certain fixed rule by which it judges; when, nevertheless, it is not able to explain positively, in what the rule consists.

Will not a true judge in painting, who has been long conversant among the noble remains of that charming art, be able to distinguish a copy from an original? And would not you, Sophronius, venture to give your testimony, in a court of justice, to your friend's hand-writing? and yet, were you, or the connoisseur I just now mentioned, to be asked by what criterion you were able to determine so assuredly in the respective cases before you? neither of you, most certainly, would be capable of ascertaining, to the satisfaction of the enquirer, that standard in your mind, by which you formed your several judgments.

But the standard, by which we are to be guided in the affair of Delicacy, is no doubtful or chimerical notion; it has a real and sure foundation.

Nature has implanted in us an internal sense, which gives us a just perception of the relation between our faculties of apprehending, and the objects presented to them. We are framed in

such a manner, that some actions, ideas, or forms, which occur to us, as necessarily excite satisfaction and delight, as others create distaste and aversion. When we look upon a beautiful picture, the mind immediately recurs to nature; and finding a certain agreement between its own ideas of beauty, and the representation which stands before us, it instantly acknowledges the similar graces, and recognizes the true and proper standard.

The criterion, then, of Delicacy in any action or composition, is the sure feeling and consciousness of its conformity to a like natural sensation within us, operating necessarily on the mind, the very instant that the kindred forms or ideas are exhibited to us. This sense and taste of beauty may, indeed, like all our other faculties, be greatly improved by discipline and exercise; as on the contrary, for want of them, it may be much impaired. But still it is evident, that this discerning power is born with us, and is as certain a principle as any belonging to our nature: for do we not see, that even infants are delighted with the first view of a round ball, and prefer it to a less regular figure? the untaught mind discovers a sympathy between the ideas and objects, and easily distinguishes the fair and shapely from the irregular and deformed.

Hardly, said Sophronius, can this internal sense be looked upon as a sure criterion; since men's notions are so widely different, that what raises the idea of beauty in one, may have a contrary effect upon another.

This kind of objection, returned Philocles, may be urged with equal force, against the evidence even of mathematical demonstration. Though the philosopher has evinced the truth of a proposition by the most infallible deductions of reasoning; yet there may be some particular minds which, either through a weakness of

their faculties, or the intervention of wrong ideas, cannot feel the force of his conclusions. But this, you know, is no argument against the truth and certainty of the reasoning: the demonstration is no less clear, though not apprehended by every individual. It is the very fame in our present enquiry: it cannot, with any shew of reason, be inferred, that there is no such thing as beauty, or no criterion to ascertain it, because some particular minds do not feel the one, or apprehend the other. If a dispute arises, we appeal to nature and the common feelings of mankind, and do not hesitate to affirm, that what appears beautiful to one, will generally do so to another; if his faculties are right, and his attention fair and impartial.

Who ever denied the beauty of the *Venus de Medici*? or does any man say, there is not a distinguished delicacy in the works of those inimitable artists, Raphael and Guido? some connoisseurs may, it is true, give the preference to the former, and some perhaps be more charmed with the latter; or they may differ in the degree of merit to be ascribed to this or that particular performance; but still they all agree that grace and elegance are the characteristics of both these masters. This is a point which never has been, and never will be contested. And whence can this universal consent arise, but from something certain and uniform in nature? from whence, but that inward sense common to mankind, which operates with the same efficacy upon the generality of the species?

Nor is this true, with respect to the imitative arts only; but it is equally applicable to every object that presents itself to us.—

Look yonder! (said he, pointing to a view of the Thames) what a beautiful prospect lies before you! behold the gentle glidings of that

lovely river! see how he winds his full stream in pleasing meanders, steering his majestic course through verdant meads, and distributing wealth and pleasure as he flows along! observe the numerous villas which adorn his banks, and are adorned by him!—All that have ever beheld this scene of delight, agree in admiring its charms, and acknowledge that the delicate ideas here raised in their minds, are perfectly correspondent to their natural sense of loveliness and grace.

Nature then is the standard and ascertainment of Delicacy: to her tribunal the defenders of beauty make their appeal; to her sentence they finally submit their cause.

The great masters of criticism have, indeed, upon very just grounds, been esteemed by all improved nations as proper regulators of taste; and therefore a deference is due to their known rules and established measures: but this deference is not founded on the authority of their names, but on the justness of their observations and reasonings: and on this account they have ever been looked upon as infallible guides, to prevent the mind from deviating out of the plain paths of nature.

Granting, returned Sophronius, that you have pointed out a proper standard for the trial of beauty in the imitative arts; will the same rule serve for the delicacy of good-breeding? This seems to depend entirely upon prevailing customs, which are of so unsettled a nature, that they are ever varying with the complexion of times and climates. What is looked upon as polite in one age or country is, you are sensible, esteemed the reverse in another. How then can there be any settled principle, to direct our judgment concerning a thing so vague and inconstant?

That part of good manners, replied Philocles, to which you here allude, relates only, I suppose,

suppose, to certain forms and ceremonies; and, as far as these are absolutely indifferent in themselves, and have no other value but what they derive from the fashionable world; to that standard alone (wavering and uncertain as it is) we must be content to refer ourselves in this case. But yet surely there are many exterior observances and forms of behaviour, in which we may clearly discover a comeliness or inelegance, that arises manifestly from a conformity or unsuitableness to the nature of things, to common sense, and an inbred feeling of decorum. If this were otherwise, on what principle do we claim a right to draw comparisons between the politeness of different countries, and give the usages and customs of one the preference to those of another?

But however this may be, yet the more essential points of delicacy in manners are clearly ascertained by our internal sense, and are therefore invariably the same in every age and every climate.

Suppose a man, for instance, to be solicited by his friend to do him a good office, or lend him assistance in distress: after great importunity he yields to his entreaties, but with such a sullen air, and reluctant countenance, as must offend even the receiver—who would not feel the odiousness of granting a request with such circumstances of indecency?—Suppose another man conferring a favour with such a pleasing cheerfulness and humane address, as makes the giver appear to be the person obliged—in this case, it is impossible for any, but the most brutal and degenerate, not to be sensible of the comeliness of such a demeanour, and applaud this amiable manner of heightening the value of a generous action.

In such points of behaviour, then, as these, which are the most material parts of good-breeding, we have the same rule to form our

judgments as in the imitative arts: they depend not on the caprice of fashion, or the varying complexion of times and climates, but are founded on that internal sense of decorum, that universal humanity, common and natural to all mankind; which is the ground of our love and hatred, the guide of our approbation and dislike.

If we proceed farther, and extend our enquiries to things of higher importance, to the noblest and most essential beauty, the purity of a moral conduct.

The culture of the mind, interrupted Sophronius, which leads a man to see and feel the comeliness of virtue, has undoubtedly a sure foundation, and an infallible standard in nature. And as this kind of refinement is of the highest concern to us, it must be allowed to have a just claim to our best attention and regard. But here, Philocles, I must stop: any thing beyond this seems to me a misfortune rather than an happiness.

It has been justly observed, that men of a delicate frame are too sensibly affected with the accidents of life: upon any prosperous event, their spirits are apt to be elevated beyond all bounds; and in adversity, their grief pierces so deep into the tender frame, that it becomes insupportable. It is possible, perhaps, that in some instances they may have more lively enjoyments than men of a coarser mould; but then they have also more pungent sorrows. Occurrences which would have no effect upon a stronger mind, afflict them to the last degree; the most trivial disappointment, the omission of a ceremony, a careless word or gesture, nay even a look, will discompose their temper, and cast an heavy gloom on their minds.

This observation, returned Philocles, is founded on a mistaken notion of the true character of Delicacy. If fine sensations are not supported

supported with strong sense, they dwindle into effeminacy: nor had ever any man an elegant taste, who had not also a sound understanding. There is, indeed, in a delicate frame a certain degree of softness; but then it is only just as much as suffices to prevent the inconveniences that attend upon the rough and boisterous passions. Something, it must be owned, there is in it, not unlike a feminine tenderness; but no more than serves to render the mind susceptible of the fine impressions of beauty, and give amiableness to that masculine strength, on which a delicate taste so much depends, that it cannot possibly subsist without it. To be able to form a right judgment of arts and manners, to see and feel their symmetry and proportion, there are, you must be sensible, so many views to be taken in, and such variety of circumstances to be compared, that it is impossible any one can arrive at true refinement; who has not strong natural abilities. There may, it is true, be good sense where the exquisiteness of taste is wanting; but there can be no exquisite taste without good sense.

That frame of mind, therefore, which you represent as labouring under all the inconveniences of nice and tender sensations, I can by no means allow to have any fair pretensions to the character of genuine Delicacy, which is never attended with those consequences that flow from an imbecillity of passions.

Were I to allow this, returned Sophronius, yet Delicacy, according to your own idea of it, is certainly liable to many unhappy consequences: let me mention one, which, I think, should very much abate a man's ardour of obtaining this quality. As it has such an "inviolable attachment to every thing that is elegant and polite, and such an abhorrence of inelegance and coarseness," it must necessarily deprive a man of that great satisfaction in

life, the frequency of social enjoyment. Seldom will he be able to find company adapted to his taste; his expectations run high, and the fund to supply them is extreme scanty. How few are there who ever aim at such refinement! how much fewer who attain it! the generality of men must therefore be disagreeable and irksome to him; and he will very rarely meet with one, from whose society he can receive any tolerable degree of entertainment.

What then has he gained by this fastidious niceness? he has refined himself into a disinclination to be pleased with the intercourses of almost all around him, and the ordinary satisfactions of his being. Forsaking, therefore, his own kind, he resolves, in a fit of spleen, to sequester himself from the world, as being too delicate to live amongst such uncultivated mortals. But in vain does he seek redress from solitude: for, by this estrangement from human commerce, he contracts by degrees such an inveterate peevishness and severity as embitters his whole life, and ends, perhaps, at last in a settled misanthropy.

This, Philocles, may prove, and I doubt not has often proved, the consequence of cultivating such a Delicacy of sentiment.

And is this a desirable state? is it any symptom of a sound habit? on the contrary, are not these the sad indications of a vitiated and diseased constitution of mind?

How different is the state of that man who is not over-nice and curious in his demands of social intercourse! as he has not raised his ideas of human nature to an immoderate height, he is content to take mankind as he finds them, with allowances to their foibles and imperfections: and, as he has not refined his sensations into an inaptitude of being pleased, he can scarce converse with any of his fellow-creatures, without some degree of entertainment.

That refinement, then, which robs a man of these ordinary satisfactions, is surely rather to be avoided than pursued: and a temper even the most insensible to every beauty and grace, is far preferable to a disposition so hard to be pleased, and which can be so seldom gratified.

If this Delicacy of taste, replied Philocles, narrows the circle of our friendships, it certainly renders them more perfect. An indifference to the company and conversation of the many, will add strength and duration to our particular attachments. It is very true, a man of an unrefined frame, how strong soever his sense may be, is not nice and exact in selecting his acquaintance: almost any are sufficient to answer his demands; such a man has not sensations fine enough to make an election, and has therefore no friends, because he has no Delicacy. But is that a desirable state of mind which excludes one of the greatest ornaments and joys of human life? it must be owned, that he who has digested his observations on mankind, and formed his mind to an excellence and elegance of sentiment, cannot take any great delight in mixt and undistinguished company; and will therefore be inclined to limit his friendships and acquaintance. But his affections, being thus circumscribed within narrow bounds, will consequently rise to an higher pitch, than if they were more diffused; this is so far from lessening, that it increases, the ardour of our enjoyments: and, if it diminish the number, it heightens the value of our friendships.

I will not deny, that the cultivation of refined sentiment may give a man a disrelish to the general turn of conversation: whenever, therefore, he cannot find such society as is adapted to his disposition, why should he be censured for stepping aside from the beaten

track of life, to indulge in separate thought, and the calm delights of self-enjoyment? This surely is a measure rather to be applauded than condemned; and what every sensible man would pursue in such a case: for,

— Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings;

Which, in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired\*.

Let him not remain too long sequestered, but return in proper time to mix again with the world, and his conduct can neither be deemed inconsistent with social affection, nor have any ill effect upon his temper. If indeed he extend his love of retirement so far, as absolutely to exclude himself from society, I cannot undertake his vindication. He is gone beyond the point of perfection, and is therefore indelicate.

Sophrionus attended very earnestly to these observations of his friend, and seemed, by his countenance, to be almost convinced in this point.

After a pause—Suppose, said he, I should allow your reasonings to be just in this particular; and that the Delicacy of taste in the choice of friends may, perhaps, be an happiness rather than a misfortune; yet I am still doubtful whether this quality in general be a necessary attainment: for, after all that you have said, or can possibly urge farther on this subject, I am persuaded, that good sense, a right mind, and generous affection, have such a native comeliness, that they stand in need of

no adventitious ornaments, but, like diamonds, appear to full advantage, when plain set.

The diamond, returned Philocles, was polished before it was set; and whatever value it might have in its rough state, it had certainly no beauty, till it came from the hands of the judicious artist. Thus it is with sense and virtue: they are jewels indeed, even when rough and unadorned: but surely their merit is more attractive, and they command a much higher estimation, when they are set off with suitable embellishments.

Hence it was that Socrates, the wisest and best of all the Grecian sages, tempered the harshness of precepts with an air of pleasantry; well knowing, that to please, was the surest way to persuade. He therefore stript philosophy of her uncouth attire, and gave her a more graceful mien.

Our chief business in life is indeed to form just sentiments, in order to produce a just conduct. Yet something still is wanting; some additional grace, to make truth and virtue operate with full success, both with respect to ourselves and our fellow-creatures. They may, it is true, procure us the esteem, but will not be able to gain us the love of mankind, without an happiness of manner.

It is with great justice Sophronius sets so high a value on the generous affections; but, valuable as they undoubtedly are, yet, if they be not accompanied with a certain grace, they will neither have the merit nor efficacy of benevolence attended by Delicacy.

It is your humour to run down everything that tends to refinement. Yet, from many instances, you must allow me to say, that you are not, in reality, so great an enemy to it as you affect to appear. No man confers a favour with a better grace. Extend your refinement farther, and you will find it no less

useful in the momentous affairs of life. Truth and virtue are, in these cases, what foundation and strength are to an edifice: they give solidity and support. But, if symmetry, proportion, and suitable decorations be not added, you cannot boast of a complete structure.

In every view, Sophronius, it is evident, I think, that the refinements and elegancies of life not only render men more agreeable and amiable to one another, but are also conducive to the greatest and highest purposes. For this reason, perhaps, the author of our frame has made us susceptible of the pleasures of imagination, that we might be the more readily gained over to the interests of virtue, when we thus find that the way to her lies through the paths of pleasure.

This seems to be the excellent design, and this is ever found to be the constant effect, of genuine Delicacy. When it conspires with virtue, its influence is as surely felt, as its loveliness is readily acknowledged: like mingled streams, they become more forcible by being united.

Thus it is, that these mutual friends confirm and strengthen each other's interest. Delicacy allures men to virtue; and virtue ascertains and supports Delicacy. The connexion between them is strong; the harmony perfect; and the effects answerable.

But do we not see many, returned Sophronius, distinguished for the elegance of their taste, both in arts and manners, who, at the same time, are insensible of moral beauty, and utter strangers to the sensations of inward harmony and proportion?

It is no uncommon thing, answered Philocles, for men to live at variance with themselves, and in contradiction to their own principles. This must be the case of those who

cultivate



cultivate the exterior embellishments of life, whilst their minds lie waste and neglected : for what is that principle, on which they ground their entertainment and pleasure of refined taste, but a sense of symmetry, order, and proportion in nature ? They cannot, then, but be sensible, that there is such a thing as beauty in the mind, as well as in the outward forms ; and the latter, however valuable in itself, yet, when compared with the former, is but of a subordinate and lower degree. It is possible that the elegance of their fancy in the inferior kind may have engrossed their attention, and made them overlook the superior worth of the other ; especially where some unsubsided passions concur to help on the mistake ; or the force of inveterate habit has taught them to stop at the low attainment of subaltern beauty. But when fancy is satiated, and reason has leisure to operate, they must, in the philosophic hour, perceive the absurdity of admiring exterior symmetry, without recurring to the interior, the more essential beauty. Whilst, therefore, they act in opposition to these suggestions of the mind, they must unavoidably be unhappy.

Your observation, said Sophronius, brings to my mind an assertion, which I find maintained by many of the celebrated ancients and moderns ; “ That the high and genuine taste “ (as they call it) of the polite arts never “ sided in the breast of an immoral man.” They imagined it impossible for one, who was impure in his actions, to be refined in his sensations : since, in their estimation, the same faculties and dispositions which would lead a man to discern and relish the charms of arts, would necessarily incline him to taste and admire the delights of a regular conduct ; betwixt which, they thought, there was an inseparable connexion. But this is one of the

fanciful maxims of enthusiastic genius ; and instances might be produced, which incontrovertibly demonstrate the falshood of the assertion.

When you consider, replied Philocles, what a strong disposition there is in mankind, to vilify those, whose extraordinary talents lift them up to the notice and admiration of the world, you will be very tender in giving a decisive sentence in the case. But if we take the objection in its strongest light, will a few instances of deviation overthrow a general maxim ? Still it may be true, that the study of the fine arts naturally leads to the love of virtue. When a man has given himself up to these engaging speculations, they take such full possession of the heart, that he is not at leisure to lend an ear to the calls of ambition, or the demands of inordinate self-passions ; and as these grand inciters of vice are thus happily silenced, he is more likely to hearken to the suggestions of virtue, and incline more readily to every duty of benevolence and social regard.

Upon the whole, from the best and coolest judgment I have been able to make, I cannot but be of opinion, it very rarely happens, that a man of a true refined taste in arts and literature is not, at least, an honest man. He may now and then, perhaps, be betrayed into some little slips and mistakes in his conduct ; but these unwarinesses do not darken the whole character, nor give any just grounds to fix upon him the imputation of immorality. “ Such small stains and blemishes (as the imitable Mr. Addison observes) die away, “ and disappear, amidst the brightness which “ surrounds him.”

But the bell has rung for breakfast.—Come, good Sophronius,—the ladies will grow impatient.

§ 7. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then he suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march he was stopt by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in

various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and 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 sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a restless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand—he

applied his shoulder to it and forced it open—he quitted it and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large staircase, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another staircase, 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 staircase. A dead cold hand met his left hand and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The staircase grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature

of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into

a sudden trance, and on recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ *Aikin's Miscel.*

### § 8. On Human Grandeur.

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face, and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When

we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such exclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the 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, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam." "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand,

hand, resembles a woman of sense ; her admirers must play no tricks ; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. " Fox take these fools," he would say, " how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor !"

We have seen those virtues, which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor ; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those, vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment ; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop ; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixosou. The bookseller assured him

he had never heard the book mentioned before. " Alas !" cries our traveller, " to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China !"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays ; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole ; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail ; the rhymist, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts ; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. " Where was there ever so much merit seen ! no times so important as our own ! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause !" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aply 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 beraised 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.*

§ 9. *A Dialogue between Mr. ADDISON and Dr. SWIFT.*

*Dr. Swift.* Surely, Addison, fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

*Addison.* I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

*Swift.* Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

*Addison.* You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

*Swift.* Aye; so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

*Addison.* I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

*Swift.* Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the

lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

*Addison.* You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as Lord Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? pray let me ask you one question between you and me: if you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

*Swift.* Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

*Addison.* I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest; so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! a question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which

which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

*Mercury.* Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them; they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man.—*Mr. Addison,* I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

*Swift.* Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

*Addison.* I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

*Mercury.* Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—*Sir Roger de Coverley, Will*

Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in showing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.—He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

*Swift.* Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

*Mercury.* Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his.

his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner:—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swollen too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that, with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu: I must now return to my business above. *Dialogues of the Dead.*

### § 10. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city,

lulled my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent, and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish,



bish, continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of antient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were

all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in excentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their

fight

sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprize, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened

by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddesses seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain! —but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! while the goddesses was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape.

I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation. *Aikin's Miscel.*

§ 11. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wife are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of de-

caying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuse," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve,

"relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with encreasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He

professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on! if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

*Goldsmith.*

### § 12. *The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow-ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket.

thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of a russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-ax; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded, instantly closed; and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute, to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost-exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by misshapen pebbles; who losest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so con-

"temptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandise, and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry. Pay then the homage due from sloth and obscurity to grandeur and utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet, in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise, less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute, will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which 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

" painter think the lustre of my stream greatly  
 " improved by glittering through them. The  
 " pebbles which diversify my bottom, and  
 " make these rippings 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 musick that resounds  
 " from your stately 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 litted  
 " above the vallies, roll on, a useless burden  
 " to the fields, and only subservient to the  
 " drudgery of bearing temporary merchan-  
 " dises, my stream will bestow unvarying  
 " fertility on the meadows, during the sum-  
 " mers of future ages. Yet I scorn to sub-  
 " mit my honours to the decision of those,  
 " whose hearts are shut up to taste and senti-  
 " ment: let me appeal to nobler judges.  
 " The philosopher and poet, by whose la-  
 " bours the human mind is elevated and re-  
 " fined, and opened to pleasures beyond the  
 " conception of vulgar souls, will acknow-  
 " ledge that the elegant deities who preside  
 " over simple and natural beauty, have in-  
 " spired them with their charming and in-  
 " structive ideas. The sweetest and most ma-  
 " jestic 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 vallies, are  
 " sunk in oblivion, the gently-winding Min-  
 " cius still retains his tranquil honours. And  
 " when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost  
 " and forgotten; when the flood of com-  
 " merce, which now supplies thy urn, is

" turned into another course, and has left thy  
 " channel dry and desolate, the softly-flowing  
 " Avon shall still murmur in song, and his  
 " banks receive the homage of all who are  
 " beloved by Phœbus and the Muses."

*Aikin's Miscel.*

### § 13. *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 dis-  
 tress; and have, at once, the comfort of ad-  
 miration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing  
 misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole  
 world is looking on: men in such circum-  
 stances 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 peasant or courtier, he  
 deserves admiration, and should be held up for  
 our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the  
 great are magnified into calamities! while  
 tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the  
 strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor  
 are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the  
 lower ranks of people undergo more real hard-  
 ships in one day than those of a more exalted  
 station suffer in their whole lives. It is incon-  
 ceivable what difficulties the meanest of our  
 common sailors and soldiers endure without

murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their interpidity. Every day is to them a day of mercy, and yet they entertain their hard fate without re-pining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed 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 giving 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 misfortune, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my

"limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shrophire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare

" a hare crossing the path just before me ;  
 " and I believe the devil put it in my head  
 " to fling my stick at it :—well, what will  
 " you have on't ? I killed the hare, and was  
 " bringing it away, when the justice himself  
 " met me : he called me a poacher and a vill-  
 " lain ; and collaring me, desired I would  
 " give an account of myself ; I fell upon  
 " my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and  
 " began to give a full account of all that I  
 " knew of my breed, seed, and generation ;  
 " but, though I gave a very true account,  
 " the justice said I could give no account,  
 " so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty  
 " of being poor, and sent up to London to  
 " Newgate, in order to be transported as a  
 " vagabond.

" People may say this and that of being  
 " in jail ; but, for my part, I found 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 prison, after  
 " five months, put on board a ship, and sent  
 " off, with two hundred more, to the plan-  
 " tations. We had but an indifferent pas-  
 " sage, for, being all confined in the hold,  
 " more than a hundred of our people died  
 " for want of sweet air ; and those that re-  
 " mained 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 letters, I was obliged to  
 " work among the negroes ; and I served  
 " out my time, as in duty bound to do.

" When my time was expired, I worked  
 " my passage home, and glad I was to see  
 " Old England again, because I loved my  
 " country. I was afraid, however, that I

" should be indicted for a vagabond once  
 " more, so did not much care to go down  
 " into the country, but kept about the town,  
 " and did little jobs when I could get  
 " them.

" I was very happy in this manner for  
 " some time, till one evening, coming home  
 " from work, two men knocked me down,  
 " and then desired me to stand. They be-  
 " longed to a press-gang : I was carried be-  
 " fore 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  
 " list for a soldier : I chose the latter ; and,  
 " in this post of a gentleman, I served two  
 " campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles  
 " of Val and Fontenoy, and received but  
 " one wound, through the breast here ; but  
 " the doctor of our regiment soon made me  
 " well again.--

" When the peace came on I was dis-  
 " charged ; and, as I could not work, be-  
 " cause my wound was sometimes trouble-  
 " some, I listed for a land-man in the East-  
 " India company's service. I have fought  
 " the French in six pitched battles ; and I  
 " verily believe, that, if I could read or  
 " write, our captain would have made me  
 " a corporal. But it was not my good for-  
 " tune to have any promotion, for I soon  
 " fell sick, and so got leave to return home  
 " again with forty pounds in my pocket.  
 " This was at the beginning of the present  
 " war, and I hoped to be set on shore and  
 " to have the pleasure of spending my mo-  
 " ney ; but the government wanted men,  
 " and so I was pressed for a sailor before  
 " ever I could set foot on shore.

" The boatwain found me, as he said, an  
 " obstinate fellow : he swore he knew that I  
 " understood my business well, but that I



"shammed Abraham, to be idle ; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-busines, and he beat me, without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every-beating ; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Breit, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand ; ' Jack,' says he to me, ' will you knock out the French centry's brains ? ' I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. ' Then follow me,' says he, ' and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchman. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time ; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while

"we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind ; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Breit ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places : I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance : one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza !"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it. *Goldsmith.*

#### § 14. A Dialogue between ULYSSES and CIRCE, in CIRCE's Island.

*Circe.* You will go then, Ulysses ; but why will you go ? I desire you to speak the thoughts of your heart. Speak without reserve.—What carries you from me ?

*Ulysses.* Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country.

country. It is a tenderness which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

*Circe.* This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind : but what do you fear ? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

*Ulysses.* It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the fondness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, *Circe*, are above those vulgar sensations.

*Circe.* I understand your caution ; it belongs to your character : and, therefore, to take all diffidence from you, I swear by *Styx*, I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you say, though it should offend me ever so much, but will send you away with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now, truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren island of *Ithaca*, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights ?

*Ulysses.* The pleasures of virtue ; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing : my mind is in a palsy ; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action again, that I may employ those talents and virtues, which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me : they are the exercise of my soul ; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of *Troy*, rather than those vacant groves ; there I could reap the bright harvest of glory ; here I am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go : I meet it under the gloom of every shade ; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides

me from your arms. O goddess ! unless you have power to lay that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

*Circe.* May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure ?

*Ulysses.* No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the muses : I am deprived of that sacred society here. The muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many beasts (and the worst beasts I know are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me ?

*Circe.* There is something in this ; but this is not all ; you suppress the strongest reason that draws you to *Ithaca*. There is another image, besides that of your former self, which appears to you in all parts of this island, which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms : it is *Penelope*, *Ulysses*, I know it is.—Do not pretend to deny it : you sigh for her in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth : several years have past since her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now ?

*Ulysses.* You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I inquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to *Troy*. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since

that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget her who cannot forget me; who has nothing so dear to her as my remembrance?

*Circe.* Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as she pleases. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face. —If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of womankind.

*Ulysses.* O cruel goddess! 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 amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe, I own, (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love 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 lessons of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral instructions, the sublime truths of nature, she gave them back to me softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them! my feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant arts, to relieve the necessities of the sick and the aged; to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to assist their petitions; to mediate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown! And shall I banish myself for ever from such a 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.* Begone—do not imagine I ask you to stay. The daughter of the Sun is not so mean-spirited, as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and despise you. That which you seem to value so much I have no notion of. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than for a great man.

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. Begone, I say; quit my sight.

*Ulysses.* Great goddess, I obey—but remember your oath.—

### § 15. *A Tale.*

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and *Astrea* with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by *Hope*, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of *Areadia*, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse *Sorrow*, 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 cypress and worm-

wood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her *Pity*. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of *Helicon*, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. *Pity* was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her

her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

*Aikin's Miscel.*

§ 16. *Scene between Colonel RIVERS and Sir HARRY; in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuses to give his Daughter to Sir HARRY.*

Sir Har. Colonel, your most obedient : I am come upon the old business ; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir !

Riv. No, Sir : I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir ?

Sir Har. I do ; but what then ? Engagements of this kind, you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney ?

Sir Har. I do —But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you ; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine : therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word ? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate

the sanctity of my word ; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal.

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel. I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world ; and as you have not yet signed——

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness ! and so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word ! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour : they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments ; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well ! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour ; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel ! is the offer of my alliance an insult ? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich ; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think 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 son-in-law ; for a union of interest

I look

I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 17. *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, waggers, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity, either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent, and led captain. It gives your interiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is *bad* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as dis-

sent from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, viliify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve, a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment 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 whistling 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.

R r I have

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the *το πρεπον*, or decorum, even though affected and put on!

*Lord Chesterfield.*

§ 18. *Sprightly Conversation between Lady TOWNLY and Lady GRACE, on the Behaviour of Wives.*

*Lady T.* Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

*Lady G.* I thought my lord had been with you.

*Lady T.* Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a flutter here——

*Lady G.* Bless me! for what?

*Lady T.* Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning——We have been charming company.

*Lady G.* I am mighty glad of it: sure it must be a vast happiness, when man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

*Lady T.* Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

*Lady G.* Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so,

they must often be in wait of something to talk upon.

*Lady T.* Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imaginations of others.——Why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

*Lady G.* Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

*Lady T.* Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête-à-tête* meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room.——At last, stretching himself and yawning——My dear, says he——aw——you came home very late last night——'Twas but just turned of two, says I——I was in bed——aw——by eleven, says he——So you are every night, says I——Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late——How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?——upon which we entered into a conversation: and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

*Lady G.* But, pray, in such sort of family dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time) doesn't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

*Lady T.* Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

*Lady G.* Well—certainly you have the most elegant taste—

*Lady T.* Tho', to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that, I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

*Lady G.* Oh! have a care of that.

*Lady T.* Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for it.

*Lady G.* How so?

*Lady T.* Why, when my good lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

*Lady G.* How do you mean?

*Lady T.* He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

*Lady G.* Why that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

*Lady T.* Nay, but to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

*Lady G.* Why—if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

*Lady T.* Oh, you wicked thing! how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do, with my soul, love almost every thing he hates. I doat upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and, at an opera—I expire. Then, I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

*Lady G.* Oh, never! I don't think it fits well upon women; there's something to masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

*Lady T.* That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to expels it.

*Lady G.* Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

*Lady T.* Why upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

*Lady G.* Well—and is it not enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

*Lady T.* Oh, yes: I have forsworn it.

*Lady G.* Seriously?

*Lady T.* Solemnly, a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

*Lady G.* And how can you answer that?

*Lady T.* My dear, what we say when we are losers, we look upon to be no more

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binding



binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

*Lady G.* Why, I confess, my nature and my education do in a good degree incline me that way.

*Lady T.* Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose?

*Lady G.* I can't tell but I may.

*Lady T.* And won't you live in town?

*Lady G.* Half the year, I should like it very well.

*Lady T.* My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

*Lady G.* Why not?

*Lady T.* Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

*Lady G.* So I would—t'other half year.

*Lady T.* And, pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

*Lady G.* A scheme that I think might very well content us.

*Lady T.* Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

*Lady G.* Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards—soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

*Lady T.* Well, my dear, thou art an asto-

nishing creature! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years—Under a great tree!—ha! ha! ha!—But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one.

*Lady G.* You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

*Lady T.* Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it.

*Lady G.* Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess: though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

*Lady T.* Ay, now for it—

*Lady G.* I would every day be as clean as a bride.

*Lady T.* Why, the men say that's a great step to be made one—Well, now you are dress'd, pray let's see to what purpose?

*Lady G.* I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.—I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly; nay, play at quadrille—soberly. I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then to an opera; but I would not expire there—for fear I should never go again: and, lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

*Lady T.* Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

*Lady G.* Why, don't you think, with the farther

farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, (not to say a word of devotion) the four-and-twenty hours might toll over in a tolerable manner?

*Lady T.* Tolerable!—deplorable. Why, child, all you propose, is but to endure life: now, I want—to enjoy it.

### § 19. 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 persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by shewing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects, that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain

as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always favours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarity in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions, and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that “what is one man's meat is another man's poison.” If any body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, *aye*, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words, carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obliged* not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to

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pronounce

pronounce properly ; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handiness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company ; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness ; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion, are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head ; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks ; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company, like a criminal in a court of justice ; his very air condemns him ; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company ; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

## § 20. Surly Behaviour of Sir JOHN BRUTE to his Lady.

*Sir John* solus.

What cloying meat is love, when matrimony's the sauce to it!—Two years marriage

has debauched my five senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste, methinks, has wife in't. Sure there's a secret curse entailed upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her—and that's fighting. Would my courage come up to a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, tho' even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

*Enter Lady Brute.*

*Lady Brute.* Do you dine at home to-day, Sir John ?

*Sir John.* Why, do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself ?

*Lady Brute.* I thought there was no harm in asking you.

*Sir John.* If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justified in most things they say or do.

*Lady Brute.* I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

*Sir John.* Sorrow for things past, is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

*Lady Brute.* My enquiry was only that I might have provided what you liked.

*Sir John.* Six to four you had been in the wrong there again : for what I liked yesterday, I don't like to-day ; and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

*Lady Brute.* But if I had asked you what you liked—

*Sir John.* Why, then there would be more asking about it than the thing is worth.

*Lady Brute.* I wish I did but know how I might please you.

*Sir John.* Aye; but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

*Lady Brute.* Whate'er my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

*Sir John.* If women were to have their wills, the world would be finely govern'd.

*Lady Brute.* What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? it once was otherwise: you married me for love.

*Sir John.* And you me for money: so you have your reward, and I have mine.

*Lady Brute.* What is it that disturbs you?

*Sir John.* A parson.

*Lady Brute.* Why, what has he done to you?

*Sir John.* He has—married me.

#### § 21. On Good Breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement, and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce

good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of *Aristides*, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general, I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one fees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the world-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point

to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness; it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your

share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you, to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, 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 be-

bitudes, 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.*

§ 22. *A Dialogue betwixt MERCURY, an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage.*

*Duellist.* Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

*Savage.* Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of your's in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name

is The bloody bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

*Duellist.* Bloody bear, I respect you; and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

*Savage.* Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

*Duellist.* Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him: I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park: the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest wordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of repentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

*Savage.*

*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 cradle?

*Savage.* I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

*Mercury.* By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee.—Swim now if thou canst.

*Savage.* This is a very potent enchanter.—Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

*Mercury.* I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you; otherwise worse will befall you.

*Duellist.* Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

*Savage.* I know thou art a scoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

*Mercury.* Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

*Savage.* I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

*Duellist.* Sir I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

*Savage.* Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well served. My wife was the best cook for dressing of man's flesh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

*Duellist.* I danced very finely.

*Savage.* I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

*Duellist.* Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

*Mercury.* You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

*Duellist.* I sung very agreeably.

*Savage.* Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-whoop. I challenge you to sing.—The fellow is mute.—*Mercury*, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

*Duellist.* The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. Oh, what a disgrace to the family of the Puffwells! this, indeed is damnation.

*Mercury.* Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? the custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his mercile's bosom.

*Savage.* If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick on 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.*

### § 23. BAYES's Rules for Composition.

*Smith.* How, Sir, helps for wit!

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

*Smith.* What are those rules, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

*Smith.* Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse, put it into prose.

*Smith.* Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

*Bayes.* By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

*Smith.* Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

*Bayes.* Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book, Pray, observe.

*Smith.* I hear you, Sir: go on.

*Bayes.* As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

*Smith.* But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore



by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

*Bayes.* No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

*Smith.* But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

*Smith.* What rule can that be, I wonder!

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

*Smith.* Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask how do you do when you write?

*Smith.* Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

*Bayes.* Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

*Smith.* I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

*Bayes.* Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

*Smith.* Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you now what I do;

—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine—you must purge the belly.

*Smith.* By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

*Smith.* In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

*Bayes.* May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Ex-perto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

*Smith.* Why so, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkiest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

#### § 24. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer

fer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness, will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit, at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would

with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general 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 give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

#### § 25. *A Dialogue between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger.*

*Pliny the Elder.* The account that you give me nephew of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth

shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured with sulphureous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be insensible of it is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is ridiculous falseness. 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 præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did

as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house, I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole Bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting, at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the galleys were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones and burnt and broken pyrites began to fall on our heads: and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountain had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inner recess of the Bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that

had now been impelled to that side of the Bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan, the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

*Pliny the Younger.* I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is

not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to 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 sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

*Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 26. *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;

S f s

pretty

pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

*Aim.* O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

*Bon.* O, Sir—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

*Aim.* I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale: I think I'll taste that.

*Bon.* Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

*Aim.* You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

*Bon.* As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale!—Here, Tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

*Aim.* At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

*Bon.* Not in my life, Sir: I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon 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 usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

*Aim.* Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

*Bon.* My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

*Bon.* Odds my life, Sir, we'll drink her health; [*Drinks*]—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

*Aim.* Has the lady any children?

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

*Aim.* What sort of 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.*

*Aim.* A sportsman, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

*Aim.* A fine sportsman, truly!—and married you say?

*Bon.* Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir. —But he's a lay landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

*Aim.* You're very happy, Mr. Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

*Bon.* A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

*Aim.* O, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

*Bon.* So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] —I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 27. *Endeavour to please, and you can scarcely fail to please.*

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one, Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree: constantly shew a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a

most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or done. Oh! but you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say, perhaps, that the company was so silly that it did not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence, and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lasses himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends, instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleness

of manner, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness, upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking, what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour

is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home, let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good nature and good breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas, well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance: a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue,

subdue, or, at least, to check it: when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is, in that sect, a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

§ 28. *A Dialogue between M. Apicius and Darteneuf.*

*Darteneuf.* Alas! poor Apicius—I pity thee much for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good dishes have I eat in England that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

*Apicius.* Keep your pity for yourself.—How many good dishes have I eat in Rome, the knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotatum, which consisted of three sorts of fish for which you have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxo, and the murænas.

*Darteneuf.* I thought the muræna had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn.

*Apicius.* No:—the muræna was a salt-water fish, and kept in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

*Darteneuf.* Why then I dare say our lam-

preys 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 Hellespont to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oysters?

*Apicius.* Nay—I am sure you cannot blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I failed to the coast of Afric, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned again without deigning to land.

*Darteneuf.* There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

*Apicius.* I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

*Darteneuf.* A sum of fourscore thousand pounds



pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expence.

*Apicius.* Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died I had spent in my kitchen 807,291. 13s. 4d.

*Darteneuf.* I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

*Apicius.* Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 16141. 11s. 8d.

*Darteneuf.* Would I had supped with him there! but is there no blunder in these calculations?

*Apicius.* Ask your learned men that.—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that these feasts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his house-keeping. What will you say when I tell you that the player *Æsopus* had one dish that cost him 6000 sesteritia, that is 4843l. 10s. English.

*Darteneuf.* What will I say! why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

*Apicius.* Well you might, well you might.—You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

*Darteneuf.* Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or

of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

*Apicius.* Aye, there you touch me.—I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in eating and drinking within one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his royal magnificence.

*Darteneuf.* These indeed were great princes. But what affects me most is the dish of that player, that d——d fellow *Æsopus*. I cannot bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish he paid so much for consist?

*Apicius.* Chiefly of singing birds. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

*Darteneuf.* Of singing birds! choak him—I never eat but one, which I stole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy *Æsopus*; for the singing bird which I eat was no better in its taste than a fat lark or thrush; it was not so good as a wheatear or becafigue; and therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and foolish expence. It was like that of the son of *Æsopus*, who dissolved pearls in vinegar, and drunk them at supper. I will be d——d if a haunch of venison and my favourite ham pye were not much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. I do not find that you had ever any good soups, without which no man of taste can possibly dine.

The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better than the wing of one of our 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 essence of hams is a much better sauce than any that ever was used by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the composition of which exceeds all description. Had yours been as good, you could not have 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 shews you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table I could mind nothing else: I neither heard, saw, nor spoke: I only smelt and tasted. But the worst of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret, or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or

Tokay. You boasted much of your Faler- num; but I have tasted the Lachrymæ Christi, and other wines that grow upon the same coast, not one of which would I drink above a glass or two of, if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines and mixed water with them, which shews that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

*Apicius.* I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from some English with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of a liquor called punch.

*Darteneuf.* Aye—to have died without tasting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum punch and arrack punch; it is hard to say which is best; but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

*Apicius.* The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirst. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

*Darteneuf.* Why, from the East and West-Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the dispute. Your trade to the East-Indies was very far short of what we carry on, and the West-Indies were not discovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and despair.

*Apicius.* I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage it is to you, that all

all your sweatmeats, 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 eat till he fell asleep in his chair, and that the food was so wholesome he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration, and hurt his digestion.

*Darteneuf.* Alas ! how imperfect is human 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 eat dainties which I never tasted, so the next will eat some unknown to the present. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We must both be philosophers. We must be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better if they fall to their share. Consider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our stomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives,—but see, who comes hither ? I think it is Mercury.

*Mercury.* Gentlemen, I must tell you that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse, a privilege which we deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient and the other in modern times, that had more pleasure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

*Apicius.* One of these, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West-Indies.

*Mercury.* No ; one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonished ; but what I tell you is truth. The soldier never eat 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

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 eat much more ravenously, and consequently with a great deal more relish and pleasure, than you did your tripotanium or your ham pyc. Your stomachs were always so overcharged, that I question if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things insipid. I tell you therefore again, that the soldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

*Dartenesf.* This is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong system, and never had any true notions of pleasure.

*Apicius.* It is a sad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

*Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 29. *Scene between IAGO and CASSIO, in which CASSIO regrets his Folly in getting drunk.*

*Iago.* What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

*Casf.* Pait all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, Heav'n forbid!

*Casf.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation—

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to re-

cover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

*Casf.* I will rather sue to be despis'd.—Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourtie fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

*Casf.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Casf.* 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, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Casf.* It has pleased the devil Drunkenness, to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not be'fallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Casf.* I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unbleis'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it! And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Casf.* I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!  
*Iago.*

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Caf.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Caf.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

*Caf.* Good night, honest Iago.

§ 30. *A Dialogue between MERCURY and a modern fine Lady.*

*Mrs. Modish.* Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now; I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

*Mercury.* I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pais the Styx.

*Mrs. Modish.* I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card-affemblies 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 detestable 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. Modish.* Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

*Mercury.* If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

*Mrs. Modish.* I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor

tor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits. My husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton*\*.

*Mercury.* *Bon ton!* what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

*Mrs. Modib.* 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. Modib.* 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

\* *Du bon ton*, is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

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. Modib.* As to my daughters' education I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

*Mercury.* So their religion, sentiments, and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Mimos is a poor old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Mimos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

#### *Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 31. *Scene between LOVEGOLD a Miser, and LAPPET the Maid, in which she endeavours, but in vain, to wring Money out of him.*

*Love.* All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe—Is it you, Lappet?

*Lap.* I should rather ask if it be you, Sir: why, you look so young and vigorous—

*Love:* Do I, do I?

*Lap.* Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir: you never look'd half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty that are older than you are.

*Love.* That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

*Lap.* Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

*Love.* Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mention'd any thing about what her mother can give her? For, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

*Lap.* Sir, why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pound a-year as ever was told.

*Love.* How! a thousand pound a-year!

*Lap.* Yes, Sir. There's, in the first place, the article of a table: she has a very little stomach; she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then, as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French-cook upon her account. As for sweet-meats, she mortally hates them: so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once. You'll have no need of a confectioner, who wou'd be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item,* For cloaths, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for three birthnight-suits a-year saved,

which are the least a town-lady wou'd expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them, wou'd amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year. Now, let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which, if we add two hundred pound on the table account, two hundred pound in cloaths, and one hundred pound in jewels—there is, Sir, your thousand pound a-year in hard money.

*Love.* Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confess'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in them.

*Lap.* How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

*Love.* This is downright rillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to.—But there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company; it would ill agree with a person of my temper, to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

*Lap.* Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of; she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young. She insists on sixty at least. She says that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

*Love.* This humour is a little strange, methinks.

*Lap.* She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagined. She has in her chamber several pictures;

tures ; but what do you think they are ? none of your sinock'd-face young fellows, your Adonis's, your Paris's, and your Apollo's : no, Sir ; you see nothing there, but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Neitor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

*Love.* Admirable ! this is more than I could have hoped ; to say the truth, had I been a woman, I shou'd never have loved young fellows.

*Lap.* I believe you : pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with, your young fellows ! pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers !

*Love.* And do you really think me pretty tolerable.

*Lap.* Tolerable ! you are ravishing : if your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable ! Turn about a little, if you please—there, what can be more charming ? Let me see you walk—there's a person for you, tall, straight, free, and degagée ; why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

*Love.* Not many, hem, hem, not many, I thank heaven ; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that teizes me sometimes.

*Lap.* Ah, Sir, that's nothing ; your catarrh fits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

*Love.* But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person ?

*Lap.* She has a particular pleasure in talking of it ; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward, on all such occasions, to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

*Love.* You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

*Lap.* But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask

of you ;—I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money, [*He looks gravely.*] and you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me—you can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleased.*] Ah ! how you will delight her, how your venerable mein will charm her ! She will never be able to withstand you—but indeed, Sir, this law-suit will be a terrible consequence to me : [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent—Ah ! Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you. [*He resumes his gaiety.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities ! In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have work'd up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

*Love.* Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part, and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

*Lap.* I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir ; [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

*Love.* Farewell, I'll go and finish my dispatches.

*Lap.* I assure you, Sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

*Love.* I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

*Lap.* I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forc'd by the last extremity.

*Love.* I expect the taylor about turning my coat : don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, and with new buttons, for a wedding-fun ?

*Lap.* For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour ; I shall be undone, indeed, Sir.



Sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pound, Sir,—

*Love.* I think I hear the taylor's voice.

*Lap.* If it were but five pound, Sir; but three pound, Sir; nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

*Love.* I must go, I can't stay; hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you, indeed, I am very much oblig'd to you.

[*Exit.*]

*Lap.* Go to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are. Ramlie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for, though I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

### § 32. *Pliny to Paternus.*

The sickness which has run through my family, and carried off several of my domestics, some of them too in the prime of their years, has deeply afflicted me. I have two consolations, however, which, though they are not equal to so considerable a grief, still they are consolations: one is, that I have always very readily manumitted my slaves, their death does not altogether seem immature, if they lived long enough to receive their freedoms; the other, that I have allowed them to make a kind of a will\*, which I observe as religiously as if they were legally entitled to that privilege. I receive and obey their last requests as so many authoritative commands, suffering them to dispose of their effects to whom they please; with this single restriction, that they leave them to some in my family, which, to persons in their stations, is to be esteemed as a sort of commonwealth. But though I endeavour to acquiesce

\* A slave could acquire no property, and consequently was incapable by law of making a will.

under these reflections, yet the same tenderness which led me to shew them these indulgences, still breaks out and overpowers my strongest resolutions. However, I would not wish to be insensible to these soft impressions of humanity; though the generality of the world, I know, look upon losses of this kind in no other view, than as a diminution of their property; and fancy, by cherishing such an unfeeling temper, they discover a superior fortitude and good sense. Their wisdom and magnanimity I shall not dispute, but manly I am sure they are not; for it is the very criterion of true manhood to feel those impressions of sorrow which it endeavours to resist, and to admit not to be above the want of consolation. But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this subject, though not so long as I would. There is a certain pleasure in giving vent to one's grief; especially when we pour out our sorrows in the bosom of a friend, who will approve, at least pardon, our tears. Farewell.

*Melmoth.*

### § 33. *Scene between the Jews SHYLOCK and TUBAL; in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter JESSICA, and the Misfortunes of ANTONIO.*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in France! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats

ducats in her coffin. No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loſt upon loſt! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge; no ill-luck ſtirring but what lights on my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* Hath an Argonic caſt away, coming from Tripoliſ.

*Shy.* Thank God! thank God! is it true, is it true?

*Tub.* I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

*Tub.* Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourſcore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again: fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore 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 ſhew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, Tubal; it was my ruby, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true; go ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal,

and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal.

### § 35. PLINY TO TACITUS.

Your requeſt, that I would ſend you an account of my uncle's death, in order to tranſmit a more exact relation of it to poſterity, deſerves my acknowledgments; for if this accident ſhall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well aſſured, will be rendered for ever illuſtrious. And notwithstanding he periſhed by a miſfortune, which, as it involved at the ſame time a moſt beautiful country in ruins, and deſtroyed ſo many populous cities, ſeems to promiſe him an everlaſting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himſelf compoſed many and laſting works, yet I am perſuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I eſteem thoſe to be, whom Providence has diſtinguiſhed with the abilities either of doing ſuch actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are bleſſed with both theſe uncommon talents: in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your hiſtory will evidently prove, may juſtly be ranked. It is with extreme willingneſs, therefore, I execute your commands; and ſhould indeed have claimed the taſk if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Miſenum. On the 24th of Auguſt, about one in the afternoon, my mother deſired him to obſerve a cloud which appeared of a very unuſual ſize and ſhape. He had juſt returned from taking the benefit of the ſun; and after bathing himſelf in cold water, and taking a ſlight reſt, was retired to his ſtudy; he immediately aroſe and went out upon an emi-

T t 3 nence,

nence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued; but it was found afterwards to ascend from mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner: it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him: I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind; he ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting, not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger,

and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so high the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae (now called Castel é Mar di Stabia, in the Gulf of Naples) separated by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable however for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to sooth the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was

only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and allies, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins: and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day every where else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; which however was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when im-

mediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I were at Milenum.—But as this has no connection with your history; so your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose: for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell. *Melmoth.*

§ 36. *Humorous Scene between Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF, in which the Prince detects FALSTAFF's monstrous Lies.*

*P. Henry.* Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll few nether locks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me

a cup

a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, than am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old. Heaven help the while! a bad world! I say—A plague of all cowards! I say still.

*P. Henry.* How now, Woolfsack! what matter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

*P. Henry.* Why, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me that.

*P. Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

*P. Henry.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st 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 poor four of us.

*P. Henry.* What! a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue if I were not at halfsword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have elaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

*P. Henry.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

*P. Henry.* Pray heav'n, you have not murdered some of them!

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st 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 there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*P. Henry.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

*P. Henry.* So, two more, already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Henry.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

*Fal.* But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.)

*P. Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene greasy tallow-catch—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*P. Henry.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion?—no. Were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

*P. Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,

you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

*P. Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.—Points and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Fal.* Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you; and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Henry.* Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

§ 37. *PLINY to CORNELIUS TACITUS.*

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in [my former broke off:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell\*.

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him till it was time to bathe; after which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us, as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by

my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security: nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with greater warmth and earnestness: "If your brother and your uncle," said he, "is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too, but if he perished, it was his desire no doubt, that you might both survive him: why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we

said,

\* Virg. Pitt's Translation.

said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as indeed, it entirely hid the island of \* Caprea, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which as I was young I might easily do: as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on: she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal

night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes, (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter: for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down heightening their own and their friends calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts

\* An island near Naples, now called Capri.



of leaving the place, till we should receive some account from my uncle.

And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewell. *Melmoth.*

§ 38. *Scene in which MOODY gives MANLY an Account of the Journey to LONDON.*

*Manly.* Honest John!—

*Moody.* Measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Measter?

*Manly.* I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family are well.

*Moody.* Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; tho' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

*Manly.* What has been the matter, John?

*Moody.* Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

*Manly.* Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

*Moody.* Why, i'the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

*Manly.* And when do you expect them here, John?

*Moody.* Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th'awld weazle-belly horse tired; and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and

there we lost four hours 'fore we could set 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 a'one were as much as fill'd 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 'squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

*Manly.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Moody.* Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be farnished upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheefe, and cold boiled beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

*Manly.* Ay, and well out on't again, John.

*Moody.* Measter! you're a wise mon; and for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sm' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnee, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, fowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries Miss! Scream.

go the maids! and bawl just as tho' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

*Manly.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Moody.* But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

*Manly.* Well, honest John—

*Moody.* Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bleis and preserve you.

§ 39. *From Mr. GAY to Mr. F.*

*Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.*

The only news that you can expect from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old authors, of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undetaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two, much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech tree. John Hewit was a well-set man of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction. If she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the

cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a pice of green silk for her straw hat, and the pety on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that he had any other views than the lawful possession of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but tell the next week that they were to wait to be happy: perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding-cloaths, and John was tuning several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for her wedding day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard a loud crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called for one another throughout the field: no aniver being returned to those who called to our lovers, they slept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a sincke, and spied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black; but not the least sign of life was

found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard.

#### § 40. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit, which I am not sure that I wish you, unless you have at the same time at least an equal portion of judgement to keep it in good order, wear it like your sword, 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, unless in themselves:—a man must have a good share of wit himself, to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itself in satire, it is a most malignant distemper: wit it is true, may be shewn in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of shewing it.

Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire; which, though it fall on no particular person in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next; and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours; the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must shew, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Content yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long-run are ever sure to please every body who has either: if wit comes into the

bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear, this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be beloved. These are substantial every day's wear; whereas wit is a holiday-suit, which people put on chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful 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 insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow that there is a sort of raillery which may not only be inoffensive, but even flattering; as when, by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character, nor the lady's beauty, be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape

is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals; called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately; and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed, even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with sound good sense, and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both.

#### § 41. *Egotism to be avoided.*

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself, unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise? No; the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company; who do not know what to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No;

vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but, at least as much, as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever that says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which

U n 2 necessarily

necessarily reduces them to this dilemma : If they really mean what they say, they are brutes ; and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men : carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right ; for this is true spirit.

Observe the *à-propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and at the same time, great civility and decency : but too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity ; too little implies an uncivil 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 benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass generally

for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him : A plowman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance ; but it was not for the sake of dancing ; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and the mind ; but it is not to be extinguished by art ; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease to be agreeable ; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful if you wore the cloaths of another man much slenderer or taller than yourself ? Certainly not : it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who despairs of pleasing will never please ; a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb ; but the man who hopes, and endeavours to please, will most infallibly please.

*Cheshamfield.*

#### § 42. *The Story of the Eremit.*

A certain Eremit having conceived great jealousies touching the due administration of Divine Providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was resolved to leave his cell and travel abroad, and

see with his own eyes how things went in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, but a young man overtook him and joined company with him, and insinuated himself so far into the Eremit's affection, that he thought himself very happy in that he had got so agreeable a companion; wherefore, resolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the same house. Some few days travels had overpast before the Eremit took notice of any thing remarkable; but at last he observed that his fellow traveller, with whom he had contracted so intimate a friendship, in an house where they were extraordinary well treated, stole away a gilt cup from the gentleman of the house, and carried it away with him. The Eremit was very much astonished with what he saw done by so fair and agreeable a person as he conceived him to be; but thought not yet fit to speak to him, or seem to take notice of it. And therefore they travel fairly on together as aforesaid, until night forced them to seek lodging. But they light upon such an house as had a very inhospitable owner, who shut them out into the outward court, and exposed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy; but the Eremit's fellow-traveller unexpectedly compensated his host's ill entertainment with no meaner a reward than the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thrusting it in at the window when they departed. This the Eremit thought was very pretty, and that it was not covetousness, but humour, that made him take it away from its first owner. The next night, where they lodged they were treated again with a great deal of kindness and civility; but the Eremit observed with horror that his fellow-traveller, for an ill requital, strangled privately a young child of

their so courteous host in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the poor Eremit very much; but in sadness and patience forbearing to speak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they were more made of than any where hitherto; and because the way they were to travel the next morning was not so easy to find, the master of the house commanded one of his servants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were passing over a stone bridge, the Eremit's fellow-traveller caught suddenly betwixt the legs, and pitched him headlong from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremit could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for these barbarous actions, and renounced all friendship with him, and would travel with him no longer, nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the Eremit, and putting off his mortal disguise, appeared, as he was, in the form and lustre of an angel of God, and told him that he was sent to ease his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the Divine Providence; in which, said he, nothing can occur more perplexing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at, since we two travelled together. But yet I will demonstrate to you, said he, that all I have done is very just and right: for as for that first man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compensation indeed of his hospitality, that cup being so forcible an occasion of the good man's dis-tempering himself, and of hazarding his health and life, which would be a great loss to his poor neighbours, he being of so good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harsh and inhospitable

man that used us so ill, not as a booty to him, but as a plague and scourge to him, and for an ease to his oppressed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diseases, and death itself; for I knew very well that there was that enchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil person, whose child I strangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God: but if that child had lived, whereas this gentleman hitherto had been piously, charitably, and devoutly given, his mind, I saw, would have unavoidably sunk into the love of the world out of love to his child, he having had none before, and doting so hugely on it; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the soul of the father might live for ever. And for this last fact, which you so much abhor, it was the most faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had used us so humanely and kindly as that gentleman did; for this man, who, by the appointment of his master, was so officious to us as to shew us the way, intended this very night ensuing to let a company of rogues into his master's house, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having said thus, he vanished. But the poor Eremitic, transported with joy and amazement, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any farther anxiety touching the ways of his providence; and thus returned with cheerfulness to his forsaken cell, and spent the residue of his days there in piety and peace. *Dr. More.*

§ 43. *Narration of a real Fact, containing a very remarkable Instance of the Power of Conscience.*

A jeweller, a man of good character and of considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known: there he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and, in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise, by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, until at length he was chosen chief magistrate.

In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge; until

one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Mean while he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind, his colour changed often; at length he rose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a master who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask he had wore. "But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt beset me in all their horror, the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow-criminal, until I had first impanelled and accused myself. Nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an

"awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me, in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide; therefore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor." We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges: however they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.—An exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion, and the tremendous justice of Providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after such a long concealment!

*Fordyce's Dialogues.*

§ 44. *Extract from Lord BOLINGBROKE'S Letters.*

*My Lord,*

1736.

You have engaged me on a subject which interrupts the series of those letters I was writing to you; but it is one which, I confess, I have very much at heart. I shall therefore explain myself fully, nor blush to reason on principles that are out of fashion among men who intend nothing by serving the public, but to feed their avarice, their vanity, and their luxury, without the sense of any duty they owe to God or man.

It seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral system of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however sufficient, upon the whole, to constitute a state easy and happy, or at the worst tolerable; I

say,



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 ethereal spirit than is given in the ordinary course of his providence to the sons of men. These are they who engross almost the whole reason of the species, who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve, who are designed to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue and the truest piety; and they deserve to have their festivals kept, instead of that pack of anchorites and enthusiasts, with whose names the Calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great, and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of Providence, and disturb in some sort the system of Infinite Wisdom. To misapply these talents is the most dissuad, and therefore the greatest of crimes in its nature and consequences; but to keep them unexerted 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 Alcinoüs, the fruits of the earth. *Nos numerus sumus & fruges consumere nati.* When they have trod this insipid round a certain number of years, and left others to do the same after them, they have lived; and if they have performed, in some tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again, my Lord, nay, look into

your own breast, and you will find that there are superior spirits, men who shew even from their infancy, though it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, that they were born for something more, and better. These are the men to whom the part I mentioned is assigned; their talents denote their general designation, and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the course of things, or that are presented to them by any circumstances of rank and situation in the society to which they belong, denote the particular vocation which it is not lawful for them to resist, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of such men as these is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that pass between their coming into the world and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three or five acts, the part may be long; and he who sustains it through the whole, may be said to die in the fulness of years; whilst he who declines it sooner, may be said not to live out half his days.

§45. *A Letter from Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.*

Once more I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you

you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worthy your care. What is every year of a wife man's life, but a censure or criticism on the past? the whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above the mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it: to shine abroad to heaven, ought to be the business and glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Repentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the

noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you; but take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness.

Yours, &c.

The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris on the 15th of February, 1732.

### *Sentences from Dr. Watts.*

#### *§ 46. Against indulging the Angry Passions.*

Take care of giving up the reins entirely to an angry passion, though it pretend sin for its object, lest it run to an ungovernable excess. It is St. Paul's counsel, "Be angry, and sin not." *Ephes. iv. 26.* so hard it is to be angry upon any account without sinning. It was a happy comparison (whosoever first invented it) that the passions of our Saviour were like pure water in a clear glass, shake it never so much, and it is pure still; there was no defilement in his holy soul by the warmest agitation of all those powers of his

his animal nature; but ours are like water with mud at the bottom, and we can scarce shake the glass with the gentlest motion, but the mud arises, and diffuses itself abroad, polluting both the water and the vessel. Our irascible passions can scarce be indulged a moment, but they are ready to defile the whole man.

Where the mere appearance of an angry passion will attain the same end, I would not choose to give myself the trouble and inquietude of feeling a real one. Why should I suffer my blood and spirits to rise into disorder, if the picture of anger in my countenance, and the sound of it imitated in my voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the vice I would forbid? If I am but wise enough to raise the appearance of repentment, I need not be at the pains to throw myself into this uneasy ferment. Is it not better for me, as a man and a Christian, to maintain a calm, sedate aversion to sin, and express my dislike of it, sometimes at least, rather by a counterfeit than real anger? If hypocrisy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this case to dissemble. *Miscel. Thoughts.*

#### § 47. *Directions concerning our Ideas.*

Furnish yourselves with a rich variety of ideas; acquaint yourselves with things ancient and modern; things natural, civil, and religious; things domestic and national; things of your native land, and of foreign countries; things present, past, and future; and, above all, be well acquainted with God and yourselves; learn animal nature, and the workings of your own spirits. Such a general acquaintance with things will be of very great advantage.

#### § 48. *Superficial Observers.*

There are some persons that never arrive at

any deep, solid, or valuable knowledge, in any science, or any business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things, in a curious or wandering search of infinite variety; ever hearing, reading, or asking after something new, but impatient of any labour to lay up and preserve the ideas they have gained: their souls may be compared to a looking-glass, that wheresoever you turn it, it receives the images of all objects, but retains none.

#### § 49. *Reading.*

If the books which you read are your own, mark with a pen, or a pencil, the most considerable things in them which you desire to remember. Thus you may read that book the second time over with half the trouble, by your eye running over the paragraphs which your pencil has noted. It is but a very weak objection against this practice, to say, *I shall spoil my book*; for I persuade myself, that you did not buy it as a bookseller, to sell it again for gain, but as a scholar, to improve your mind by it; and if the mind be improved, your advantage is abundant, though your book yields less money to your executors. This advice of writing, marking, and reviewing your remarks, refers chiefly to those occasional notions you meet with either in reading or in conversation; but when you are directly or professedly pursuing any subject of knowledge in a good system, in your younger years, the system itself is your common-place book, and must be entirely reviewed. The same may be said concerning any treatise which closely, succinctly, and accurately handles any particular theme.

*Logica*

#### § 50. *To subdue Pride.*

Consider what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again.

again; nor shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave; no, nor from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures; and as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering circumstances. None of your vain distinctions in this life shall attend you to the judgment-seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and Pride will wither, and hang down its head.

*Duties of the Passions.*

### § 51. *Grace at Meals.*

The conversation turned upon the subject of saying grace before and after meat. When several of the company had given their thoughts, Serenus acknowledged it was not necessary to offer a solemn and particular petition to Heaven on the occasion of every bit of bread that we tasted, or when we drink a glass of wine with a friend; nor was it expected we should make a social prayer when persons, each for themselves, took a slight repast in a running manner; either the general morning devotion is supposed sufficient to recommend such transient actions and occurrences to the divine blessing, or a sudden secret wish, sent up to heaven in silence, might answer such a purpose in the Christian life; but when a whole family sit down together to make a regular and stated meal, it was his opinion, that the great God should be solemnly acknowledged as the giver of all the good things we enjoy; and the practice of our Saviour and St. Paul had set us an illustrious example.

### § 52. *The Church-yard.*

What a multitude of beings, noble creatures, are here reduced to dust! God has broken his own best workmanship to pieces,

and demolished by thousands the finest earthly structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this town for many successive centuries; it had its commission from God, and it has devoured multitudes of men.

Go to the church-yard, then, O sinful and thoughtless mortal; go learn from every tombstone, and every rising hillock, that "The wages of sin is death." Learn in silence, among the dead, that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living; nor let thy heart be ever at rest, till thou art acquainted with Jesus, "who is the resurrection and the life."

### § 53. *A Thought on Death.*

Death, to a good man, is but passing thro' a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O, may the rays and splendors of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam, as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through!

### § 54. *Human Excellencies and Defects.*

There is nothing on earth excellent on all sides; there must be something wanting in the best of creatures, to shew how far they are from perfection. God has wisely ordained it, that excellencies and defects should be mingled amongst men; advantage and disadvantage are thrown into the balance; the one is set over-against the other, that no man might be supremely exalted, and none utterly contemptible.

### § 55. *Self-love.*

Youth is wild and licentious. In those years, we persuade ourselves that we are only making a just use of liberty. In that scene

of folly we are light and vain, and set no bounds to the frolick humour; yet we fancy it is merely an innocent gaiety of heart, which belongs to the springs of nature, and the blooming hours of life. In the age of manhood, a rugged or a haughty temper is angry or quarrellome; the fretful and the peevish in elder years, if not before, are ever kindling into passion and resentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful conduct a mere necessary reproof of the indignities which were offered them by the world. Self-love is fruitful of fine names for its own iniquities. Others are sordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uncompassionate and cruel to the miserable; and yet they take this vile practice to be only a just exercise of frugality, and a dutiful care of their own household. Thus, every vice that belongs to us, is construed into a virtue; and if there are any shadows or appearances of virtue upon us, these poor appearances and shadows are magnified and realized into the divine qualities of an angel. We, who pass these just censures on the follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same things in ourselves, by the influence of the same native principle of flattery and self-fondness.

*Miscel. Thoughts.*

### § 56. Substance of Natural Religion.

Doubtless man must know and believe, in the first place, that there is a God, and that this God is but one; for God is too jealous of his honour and dignity, and too much concerned in this important point, to lavish out happiness, and his heavenly favours, on any person who makes other gods to become his rivals; or who exalts a creature, or a mere chimera, into the throne of God. He must believe, also, that God is a Being of

perfect wisdom, power, and goodness, and that he is the righteous Governor of the world.

Man must also know, that he himself is a creature of God, furnished with a faculty of understanding to perceive the general difference between good and evil, in the most important instances of it; and endowed with a will, which is a power to chuse or to refuse the evil or the good; that he is obliged to exert these powers or faculties in a right manner, both towards God, and towards himself, as well as his neighbour: I don't insist upon it, but he must know these propositions explicitly, and in a philosophical manner; but he must have some sort of consciousness of his own natural powers, to know and distinguish, to chuse or to refuse good or evil, and must be sensible of his obligations to inquire and practice what is good, and to avoid what is evil.

As for the duties that relate to God, man is obliged to worship him with reverence, to honour him in his heart and life, on account of his wisdom and power manifested in the world; to fear his majesty, to love him, and hope in his goodness, to give him thanks for what instances of it he partakes of, to seek to him for what blessings he wants, and to carry it toward him as his Maker, his Lord, and his Governor.

He must know also, that since God is a "righteous governor," if he does not make good men happy in this world, and the wicked miserable, then there must be another world, wherein he will appoint some happiness for the good, and misery for the wicked; or in general, that he will some time or other distribute rewards and punishments to all persons, according to their behaviour: for this has a very considerable influence into all holiness

holiness of life, and every part of morality, which will hardly be practised without these motives.

As for the duties which relate to other men, every man must know and believe, that as he is placed here amongst a multitude of fellow-creatures of his own species or kind, he is bound to practise truth or veracity, justice and goodness toward them, according to the several relations in which they may stand, as a father, brother, son, husband, neighbour, subject, master, servant, buyer, seller, &c.

And with regard to himself, he is bound to exercise sobriety and temperance, and to maintain a due government over his appetites and passions, that they run not into excess and extravagance.

And finally, since every man will frequently find himself coming short of his duty to God and man, and betrayed into sin by the strength of his temptations, his appetites and passions, in the various occurrences of life, he must repent of his sins, be sincerely sorry for what he has done amiss, humbly ask forgiveness of God, and endeavour to serve and please him in all things for the time to come, and he must exercise a hope or trust in the mercy of God, that upon repentance and new obedience, God will forgive sinners, and take them again into his favour.

*Strength and Weakness of Hum. Reason.*

### § 57. *The Man of Humility.*

Eudoxus is a gentleman of exalted virtue and untainted reputation, every soul that knows him speaks well of him; he is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his nation, that he must flee his country if he would avoid praises. So sensible is he of the secret pride that has tainted human nature, that he holds himself in perpetual danger, and main-

tains an everlasting watch. He behaves now with the same modesty as when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the acclamations of the world with such an humble mien, and with such an indifference of spirit that is truly admirable and divine. It is a lovely pattern; but the imitation is not easy. —I took the freedom one day to ask him, how he acquired this wondrous humility, or whether he was born with no pride about him? “Ah, no (said he with a sacred sigh) “I feel the working poison, but I keep my “antidote at hand; when my friends tell “me of many good qualities and talents, I “have learnt from St. Paul to say, What “have I that I have not received? my own “consciousness of many follies and sins constrains me to add, What have I that I have “not misimproved? And then reason and “religion join together to suppress my vanity, and teach me the proper language of “a creature and a sinner; What then have “I to glory in?”

*Miscel. Thoughts.*

### § 58. *Of the Government of our Thoughts.*

There are some thoughts that rise and intrude upon us while we shun them; there are others that fly from us, when we would hold and fix them.—If the ideas which you would willingly make the matter of your present meditation are ready to fly from you, you must be obstinate in the pursuit of them by an habit of fixed meditation; you must keep your soul to the work, when it is ready to start aside every moment, unless you will abandon yourself to be a slave to every wild imagination. It is a common, but it is a very unhappy and a shameful thing, that every trifle that comes across the senses or fancy should divert us; that a buzzing fly should tease our spirits, and scatter our best

ideas : but we must learn to be deaf to, and regardless of other things, besides that which we make the present subject of our meditation : and in order to help a wandering and fickle humour, it is proper to have a book or paper in our hands, which has some proper hints of the subject that we design to pursue. We must be resolute and laborious, and sometimes conflict with ourselves, if we would be wise and learned.

Yet I would not be too severe in this rule. It must be confessed, there are seasons when the mind, or rather the brain, is over tired or jaded with study and thinking ; or upon some other accounts animal nature may be languid or cloudy, and unfit to assist the spirit in meditation ; at such seasons (provided that they return not too often) it is better sometimes to yield to the present indisposition. Then you may think it proper to give yourself up to some hours of leisure and recreation, or useful idleness ; or if not, then turn your thoughts to some other alluring subject, and pore no longer upon the first, till some brighter or more favourable moments arise. A student shall do more in one hour, when all things concur to invite him to any special study, than in four hours, at a dull and improper season.

### § 59. *Of the Arrangement of our Ideas.*

As a trader who never places his goods in his shop or warehouse in a regular order, nor keeps the accounts of his buying and selling, paying and receiving, in a just method, is in the utmost danger of plunging all his affairs into confusion and ruin ; so a student who is in search of truth, or an author or teacher who communicates knowledge to others, will very much obstruct his design, and confound his own mind, or the minds of his hearers,

unless he range his ideas in just order. If we would therefore become successful learners or teachers, we must not conceive things in a confused heap, but dispose our ideas in some certain method, which may be most easy and useful both for the understanding and memory.

### § 60. *Erroneous Judgment.*

Where there is wealth, equipage, and splendor, we are ready to call that man happy ; but we see not the vexing disquietudes of his soul : and when we spy a person in ragged garments, we form a detestable opinion of him too suddenly : we can hardly think him either happy or wise, our judgment is so biased by outward and sensible things. It was through the power of this prejudice that the Jews rejected our blessed Saviour ; they could not suffer themselves to believe that the man who appeared as the son of a carpenter was also the Son of God. And because St. Paul was of little stature, a mean presence, and his voice contemptible, some of the Corinthians were tempted to doubt whether he was inspired or no. This prejudice is cured by a longer acquaintance with the world, and a just observation that things are sometimes better and sometimes worse than they appear to be. We ought therefore to restrain our excessive forwardness to form our opinion of persons or things before we have opportunity to search into them more perfectly.

There is scarce any thing in the world of nature or art, in the world of morality or religion, that is perfectly uniform. There is a mixture of wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, good and evil, both in men and things. We should remember that some persons have great wit and little judgment ; others are judicious, but not witty : some are good-humoured

moured without compliment; others have all the formality of complaisance, but no good-humour. We ought to know that one man may be vicious and learned, while another has virtue without learning; that many a man thinks admirably well, who has a poor utterance; while others have a charming manner of speech, but their thoughts are trifling and impertinent. Some are good neighbours; and courteous and charitable towards men, who have no piety towards God; others are truly religious, but of morose natural tempers. Some excellent sayings are found in very silly books, and some silly things appear in books of value. We should neither praise nor dispraise by wholesale, but separate the good from the evil, and judge of them apart: the accuracy of a good judgment consists in making such distinctions. *Logic.*

#### § 61. *The Blessings resulting from Prayer.*

There is such a thing as converse with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleasure of a pious soul; without it we are no Christians; and he that practises it most, is the best follower of Christ; for our Lord spent much time in converse with his heavenly Father. This is balm that eases the most raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conscience comes to the mercy-seat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the spirit, broken with sorrows, and almost fainting to death, draws near to the Almighty Physician, and is healed and refreshed. The mercy-seat in heaven is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth; this is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptations and hardships in the way to the

promised land. "It is good to draw near to "God." *Psal. lxxiii. 28. Sermons.*

#### § 62. *Lesson of Humility.*

Think what a numberless variety of questions and difficulties there are belonging to that particular science, in which you have made the greatest progress, and how few of them there are in which you have arrived at a final and undoubted certainty; excepting only those questions in which the pure and simple mathematics, whose theorems are demonstrable and leave scarce any doubt; and yet even in the pursuit of some few of these, mankind have been strangely bewildered.

Spend a few thoughts sometimes on the puzzling enquiries concerning vacuums and atoms, the doctrine of infinites, indivisibles, and incommensurables in geometry, wherein there appear some insolvable difficulties: do this on purpose to give you a more sensible impression of the poverty of your understanding, and the imperfection of your knowledge. This will teach you what a vain thing it is to fancy that you know all things, and will instruct you to think modestly of your present attainments, when every dust of the earth, and every inch of empty space surmounts your understanding, and triumphs over your presumption. Arithmo had been bred up to accounts all his life, and thought himself a complete master of numbers. But when he was pushed hard to give the square root of the number 2, he tried at it, and laboured long in millesimal fractions, till he confessed there was no end of the enquiry; and yet he learnt so much modesty by this perplexing question, that he was afraid to say, "It was an impossible thing." 'Tis some good degree of improvement when we are afraid to be positive.



Read the accounts of those vast treasures of knowledge which some of the dead have possessed, and some of the living do possess. Read and be astonished at the almost incredible advances which have been made in science. Acquaint yourselves with some persons of great learning, that by converse among them, and comparing yourselves with them, you may acquire a mean opinion of your own attainments, and may thereby be animated with new zeal, to equal them as far as possible, or to exceed: thus let your diligence be quickened by a generous and laudable emulation,

#### § 63. *Dogmatism censured.*

Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatical spirit: fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner, till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence; till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds of assurance, be not too early, nor too frequent, in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.

A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbours. Every one of his opinions appears to him written as it were with sun-beams, and he grows angry that his neighbour does not see it in the same light. He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understandings, because they do not believe what he does.

#### § 64. *Meditation.*

Meditation; or study, includes all those ex-

ercises of the mind whereby we render all the former methods useful for our increase in true knowledge and wisdom. It is by Meditation we come to confirm our memory of things that pass through our thoughts in the occurrences of life, in our own experiences, and in the observation we make: it is by meditation that we draw various inferences, and establish in our minds general principles of knowledge; it is by meditation that we compare the various ideas which we derive from our senses, or from the operation of our souls, and join them in propositions; it is by meditation that we fix in our memory whatsoever we learn, and form our own judgment of the truth or falshood, the strength or weakness of what others speak or write. It is meditation, or study, that draws out long chains of argument, and searches and finds deep and difficult truths, which before lay concealed in darkness.

#### § 65. *Observation,*

It is owing to observation that our mind is furnished with the first simple and complex ideas. It is this lays the ground-work and foundation of all knowledge, and makes us capable of using any of the other methods for improving the mind: for if we did not attain a variety of sensible and intellectual ideas, by the sensation of outward objects; by the consciousness of our own appetites and passions, pleasures and pains; and by inward experience of the actings of our own spirits, it would be impossible either for men or books to teach us any thing. It is observation that must give us our first ideas of things, as it includes in it sense and consciousness.

All our knowledge derived from observation, whether it be of single ideas, or of propositions, is knowledge gotten at first hand.

Hereby

Hereby we see and know things as they are, or as they appear to us ; we take the impressions of them on our minds from the original objects themselves, which give a clearer and stronger conception of things. These ideas are more lively, and the propositions (at least in many cases) are much more evident : whereas what knowledge we derive from lectures, reading, and conversation, is but the copy of other men's ideas ; that is, the picture of a picture ; and it is one remove further from the original.

Another advantage of observation is, that we may gain knowledge all the day long, and every moment of our lives, and every moment of our existence we may be adding something to our intellectual treasures thereby, except only while we are asleep ; and even then the remembrance of our dreamings will teach us some truths, and lay a foundation for a better acquaintance with human nature, both in the powers and in the frailties of it.

#### § 66. *Advantages of Reading.*

By reading, we acquaint ourselves in a very extensive manner with the affairs, actions, and thoughts of the living and the dead, in the most remote nations, and in the most distant ages ; and that with as much ease as though they lived in our own age and nation. By reading of books we may learn something from all parts of mankind ; whereas by observation we learn all from ourselves, and only what comes within our own direct cognizance : by conversation we can only enjoy the assistance of a very few persons, viz. those who are near us, and live at the same time that we do ; that is, our neighbours and contemporaries. But our knowledge is still much more narrowed than if

we confine ourselves merely to our own solitary reasonings without much observation or reading : for then all our improvement must arise only from our own inward powers and meditations.

#### § 67. *Reading and Conversation contrasted.*

By reading, we learn not only the actions and the sentiments of distant nations and ages, but we transfer to ourselves the knowledge and improvements of the most learned men, and the wisest and the best of mankind, when or wheresoever they lived : for though many books have been written by weak and injudicious persons, yet the most of those books which have obtained great reputation in the world, are the products of great and wise men in their several ages and nations : whereas we can obtain the conversation and instruction of those only who are within the reach of our dwelling, or our acquaintance, whether they are wise or unwise ; and sometimes that narrow sphere scarce affords any person of great eminence in wisdom or learning, unless our instructor happen to have this character. And as for our own studies and meditations, even when we arrive at some good degrees of learning, our advantage for further improvement in knowledge by them is still far more contracted than what we may derive from reading.

When we read good authors, we learn the best, the most laboured and most refined sentiments even of those wise and learned men ; for they have studied hard, and committed to writing their maturest thoughts, and the result of their long study and experience : whereas by conversation, and in some lecture, we obtain many times only the present thoughts of our tutors or friends, which

(though they may be bright and useful) yet, at first, perhaps, may be sudden and indigested, and are mere hints, which have risen to no maturity.

'Tis another advantage of reading, that we may review what we have read; we may consult the page again and again, and meditate on it, at successive seasons, in our sereneest and retired hours, having the book always at hand: but what we obtain by conversation and in lectures, is oftentimes lost again as soon as the company breaks up, or at least when the day vanishes; unless we happen to have the talent of a good memory, or quickly retire and mark down what remarkable we have found in those discourses. And for the same reason, and for want of retiring and writing, many a learned man has lost several useful meditations of his own, and could never recall them again.

### § 68. *Verbal Instruction.*

There is something more sprightly, more delightful, and entertaining, in the living discourse of a wise, a learned, and well-qualified teacher, than there is in the silent and sedentary practice of reading. The very turn of voice, the good pronunciation, and the polite and alluring manner which some teachers have attained, will engage the attention, keep the soul fixed, and convey and insinuate into the mind, the ideas of things in a more lively and forcible way, than the mere reading of books in the silence and retirement of the closet.

### § 69. *Conversation.*

When we converse familiarly with a learned friend, we have his own help at hand to explain to us every word and sentiment that seems obscure in his discourse, and to inform

us of his whole meaning; so that we are in much less danger of mistaking his sense: whereas in books, whatsoever is really obscure, may also abide always obscure without remedy, since the author is not at hand, that we may inquire his sense.

If we mistake the meaning of our friend in conversation, we are quickly set right again; but in reading we many times go on in the same mistake, and are not capable of recovering ourselves from it. Thence it comes to pass that we have so many contests in all ages about the meaning of ancient authors, and especially sacred writers. Happy should we be, could we but converse with Moses, Isaiah, and St. Paul, and consult the prophets and apostles, when we meet with a difficult text! But that glorious conversation is reserved for the ages of future blessedness.

Conversation calls out into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasures of knowledge with which reading, observation, and study had before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse, the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only to himself.

In free and friendly conversation, our intellectual powers are more animated, and our spirits act with a superior vigour in the quest and pursuit of unknown truths. There is a sharpness and sagacity of thought that attends conversation, beyond what we find whilst we are shut up reading and musing in our retirements. Our souls may be serene in solitude, but not sparkling, though perhaps

we are employed in reading the works of the brightest writers. Often has it happened in free discourse, that new thoughts are strangely struck out, and the seeds of truth sparkle and blaze through the company, which in calm and silent reading would never have been excited. By conversation, you will both give and receive this benefit; as flints, when put into motion and striking against each other, produce living fire on both sides, which would never have risen from the same hard materials in a state of rest.

Ingenious conversation, amongst ingenious and learned men, we have a great advantage of proposing our own opinions, and of bringing our own sentiments to the test, and learning in a more compendious way what the world will judge of them, how mankind will receive them, what objections may be raised against them, what defects there are in our scheme, and how to correct our own mistakes; which advantages are not so easily obtained by our own private meditations: for the pleasure we take in our own notions, and the passion of self-love, as well as the narrowness of our own views, tempt us to pass too favourable an opinion on our own schemes; whereas the variety of genius in our several associates, will give happy notices how our opinion will stand in the view of mankind.

It is also another considerable advantage of conversation, that it furnishes the student with the knowledge of men and the affairs of life, as reading furnishes him with book-learning. A man who dwells all his days among books may have amassed together a vast heap of notions; but he may be a mere scholar, which is a contemptible sort of character in the world. A hermit who has been shut up in his cell in a college, has contracted a sort of mould and rust upon his soul, and

all his airs of behaviour have a certain awkwardness in them: but these awkward airs are worn off by degrees in company; the rust and the mould are filed and brushed off by polite conversation. The scholar now becomes a citizen or a gentleman, a neighbour and a friend; he learns how to dress his sentiments in the fairest colours, as well as to set them in the fairest light. Thus he brings out his notions with honour, he makes some use of them in the world, and improves the theory by practice. *Improv. of the Mind.*

#### § 70. *Hatred reprov'd, and Love of our Fellow-Creatures recommended.*

Consider whether the persons you hate are good or not. If they are good and pious, your hatred has a double guilt in it, since you are bound to love them both as men and christians. Will you hate those whom God loves? Will you hate those who have the image of Christ, and in whom the Spirit of God inhabits? If they have any blameable qualities in them, let your charity cover those faults and follies: let your thoughts rather dwell upon their virtues, and their sacred relation to God. This will have a happy influence to turn your hatred into love. Think of them as members of Christ, and you cannot hate them if you are of that blessed body.

If they are persons who neglect religion, and have not the fear of God, yet they may have some good qualities in them, some moral or social virtues, or some natural excellencies, which may merit your esteem, and invite your love: at least these agreeable qualities may diminish your aversion, and abate your hatred. I confess it is the nature of malice and envy, to overlook all that is good and amiable in a person, and to remark

only what is evil and hateful : but this is not the spirit and temper of a christian, nor of Jesus Christ our master. There was a young man who loved his riches so well, that he refused to become a disciple : yet our blessed Lord saw some good qualities in him : " he looked upon him, and loved him," Mark x. 21.

But if the persons whom you hate, have nothing good in them that you can find, then they ought to be pitied rather than to be hated : they are not worthy of your envy, nor do they need the punishment of your malice in this world, who expose themselves to the wrath and vengeance of God in the world to come.

Will you say, they are so impious before God, and so injurious to men, that they deserve to be hated ? But consider, if you were but punished in every respect as you deserve, both for your offences against God and man, what would become of you ? Pity them therefore as you hope for pity. Imitate the goodness of " your heavenly Father, who makes his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, on the just and on the unjust." This is the rule of Christ.

*Of the Passions.*

#### § 71. *Profitable Method of Reading recommended.*

Books of importance of any kind, and especially compleat treatises on any subject, should be first read in a more general and cursory manner, to learn a little what the treatise promises, and what you may expect from the writer's manner and skill. And for this end I would advise always, that the preface be read, and a survey taken of the table of contents, if there be one, before this first survey of the book. By this means you will not only be better fitted to give the book

the first reading, but you will be much assisted in your second perusal of it, which should be done with greater attention and deliberation; and you will learn with more ease and readiness what the author pretends to teach. In your reading, mark what is new or unknown to you before, and review those chapters, pages, or paragraphs. Unless a reader has an uncommon and most retentive memory, I may venture to affirm, that there is scarce any book or chapter worth reading once, that is not worthy a second perusal. At least take a careful review of all the lines or paragraphs which you marked, and make a recollection of the sections which you thought truly valuable.

There is another reason also why I would chuse to take a superficial and cursory survey of a book, before I sit down to read it, and dwell upon it with studious attention; and that is, that there may be several difficulties in it which we cannot easily understand and conquer at the first reading, for want of a fuller comprehension of the author's whole scheme. And therefore in such treatises we should not stay till we master every difficulty at the first perusal; for perhaps many of these would appear to be solved when we have proceeded farther in that book, or would vanish of themselves upon a second reading.

What we cannot reach and penetrate at first may be noted down as a matter of after-consideration and enquiry, if the pages that follow do not happen to strike a compleat light upon those which went before.

#### § 72. *Benefit of conversing with Men of various Countries, and of different Parties, Opinions, and Practices.*

Confine not yourself always to one sort of company, or to persons of the same party or opinion,

opinion, either in matters of learning, religion, or the civil life, lest if you should happen to be nursed up or educated in early mistake, you should be confirmed and established in the same mistake, by conversing only with persons of the same sentiments. A free and general conversation with men of various countries, and of different parties, opinions, and practices (so far as may be done safely) is of excellent use to undeceive us in many wrong judgments which we may have framed, and to lead us into juster thoughts. It is said, when the king of Siam, near China, first conversed with some European merchants, who sought the favour of trading on his coast, he enquired of them some of the common appearances of summer and winter in their country; and when they told him of water growing so hard in their rivers; that men and horses, and laden carriages, passed over it, and that rain sometimes fell down as white and light as feathers, and sometimes almost as hard as stones, he could not believe a syllable they said; for ice, snow and hail, were names and things utterly unknown to him, and to his subjects in that hot climate: he therefore renounced all traffic with such shameful liars, and would not suffer them to trade with his people. See here the natural effects of gross ignorance!

Conversation with foreigners on various occasions has a happy influence to enlarge our minds, and to let them free from many errors and gross prejudices we are ready to imbibe concerning them.

§ 73. *To render Conversation instructive.*

To make conversation more valuable and useful, whether it be in a designed or accidental visit, among persons of the same or different sexes, after the necessary salutations

are finished, and the stream of common talk begins to hesitate, or runs flat and low, let some one person take a book which may be agreeable to the whole company, and by common consent let him read in it ten lines, or a paragraph or two, or a few pages, till some word or sentence gives occasion for any of the company to offer a thought or two relating to that subject: interruption of the reader should be no blame, for conversation is the business; whether it be to confirm what the author says, or to improve it, to enlarge upon it, or to correct it, to object against it, or to ask any question that is a-kin to it; and let every one that please add their opinion, and promote the conversation. When the discourse sinks again, or diverts to trifles, let him that reads pursue the page, and read on further paragraphs or pages, till some occasion is given by a word or a sentence for a new discourse to be started, and that with the utmost ease and freedom. Such a method as this would prevent the hours of a visit from running all to waste; and by this means, even among scholars, they will seldom find occasion for that too just and bitter reflection, "I have lost my time in the company of the learned."

By such practice as this is, young ladies may very honourably and agreeably improve their hours; while one applies herself to reading, the others employ their attention, even among the various artifices of the needle; but let all of them make their occasional remarks or enquiries. This will guard a good deal of that precious time from modest trifling impertinence or scandal, which might otherwise afford matter for painful repentance.

Observe this rule in general; whensoever it lies in your power to lead the conversation,

tion, let it be directed to some profitable point of knowledge or practice, so far as may be done with decency; and let not the discourse and the hours be suffered to run loose without aim or design: and when a subject is started, pass not hastily to another, before you have brought the present theme of discourse to some tolerable issue, or a joint consent to drop it.

#### § 74. *Disputation.*

Great care must be taken lest your debates break in upon your passions, and awaken them to take part in the controversy. When the opponent pushes hard, and gives just and mortal wounds to our own opinion, our passions are very apt to feel the strokes, and to rise in resentment and defence. *Self* is so mingled with the sentiments which we have chosen, and has such a tender feeling of all the opposition which is made to them, that personal brawls are very ready to come in as seconds to succeed and finish the dispute of opinions. Then noise and clamour and folly appear in all their shapes, and chase reason and truth out of sight.

#### § 75. *Of fixing the Attention.*

A student should labour by all proper methods to acquire a steady fixation of thought. Attention is a very necessary thing in order to improve our minds. The evidence of truth does not always appear immediately, nor strike the soul at first sight. It is by long attention and inspection that we arrive at evidence, and it is for want of it we judge falsely of many things. We make haste to judge and determine upon a slight and sudden view, we confirm our guesses which arise from a glance, we pass a judgment while we have but a confused or

obscure perception, and thus plunge ourselves into mistakes. This is like a man, who walking in a mist, or being at a great distance from any visible object, (suppose a tree, a man, a horse, or a church) judges much amiss of the figure and situation and colours of it, and sometimes takes one for the other; whereas if he would but withhold his judgment till he come nearer to it, or stay till clearer light comes, and then would fix his eyes longer upon it, he would secure himself from those mistakes.

Mathematical studies have a strange influence towards fixing the attention of the mind, and giving a steadiness to a wandering disposition, because they deal much in lines, figures, and numbers, which affect and please the sense and imagination. Histories have a strong tendency the same way; for they engage the soul by a variety of sensible occurrences; when it hath begun, it knows not how to leave off; it longs to know the final event, through a natural curiosity that belongs to mankind. Voyages and travels, and accounts of strange countries and strange appearances, will assist in this work. This sort of study detains the mind by the perpetual occurrence and expectation of something new, and that which may gratefully strike the imagination.

#### § 76. *Of Science.*

The best way to learn any science is to begin with a regular system, or a short and plain scheme of that science, well drawn up into a narrow compass, omitting the deep or more abstruse parts of it, and that also under the conduct and instruction of some skilful teacher. Systems are necessary to give an entire and comprehensive view of the several parts of any science, which may have a mu-

taal influence toward the explication or proof of each other : whereas if a man deals always and only in essays, and discourses on particular parts of a science, he will never obtain a distinct and just idea of the whole, and may perhaps omit some important part of it, after seven years reading of such occasional discourses. For this reason, young students should apply themselves to their systems much more than pamphlets. That man is never fit to judge of particular subjects relating to any science, who has never taken a survey of the whole.

It is the remark of an ingenious writer, should a barbarous Indian, who had never seen a palace or a ship, view their separate and disjointed parts, and observe the pillars, doors, windows, cornices, and turrets of the one, or the prow and stern, the ribs and masts, the ropes and shrouds, the sails and tackle of the other, he would be able to form but a very lame and dark idea of either of those excellent and useful inventions. In like manner, those who contemplate only the fragments or pieces broken off from any science, dispersed in short unconnected discourses, and do not discern their relation to each other, and how they may be adapted, and by their union procure the delightful symmetry of a regular scheme, can never survey an entire body of truth, but must always view it as deformed and distempered ; while their ideas, which must be ever indistinct and often repugnant, will lie in the brain unsorted, and thrown together without order, or coherence ; such is the knowledge of those men who live upon the scraps of science.

*Improv. of the Mind.*

### § 77. *Rule for the Improvement of the reasoning Faculties.*

Accustom yourselves to clear and distinct ideas, to evident propositions, to strong and convincing arguments. converse much with those men, and those books, and those parts of learning, where you meet with the greatest clearness of thought and force of reasoning. The mathematical sciences, and particularly arithmetic, geometry, and mechanics, abound with these advantages : and if there were nothing valuable in them for the uses of human life, yet the very speculative parts of this sort of learning are well worth our study : for by perpetual examples they teach us to conceive with clearness, to connect our ideas and propositions in a train of dependence, to reason with strength and demonstration, and to distinguish between truth and falsehood. Something of these sciences should be studied by every man who pretends to learning, and that, as Mr. Locke expresses it, “ not so much to make us mathematicians, as to make us reasonable creatures.”

We should gain such a familiarity with evidence of perception and force of reasoning, and get such a habit of discerning clear truths, that the mind may be soon offended with obscurity and confusion : then we shall, as it were, naturally and with ease restrain our minds from rash judgment, before we attain just evidence of the proposition which is offered to us ; and we shall with the same ease, and, as it were, naturally seize and embrace every truth that is proposed with just evidence.

This habit of conceiving clearly, of judging justly, and of reasoning well, is not to be attained merely by the happiness of constitution,



situation, the brightness of genius, the best natural parts, or the best collection of logical precepts : it is custom and practice that must form this habit. We must apply ourselves to it till we perform all this readily, and without reflecting on rules. A coherent thinker, and a strict reasoner, is not to be made at once by a set of rules, any more than a good painter or musician may be formed extempore by an excellent lecture on music or painting. It is of infinite importance therefore in our younger years to be taught both the value and the practice of conceiving clearly and reasoning right : for when we are grown up to the middle of life, or past it, it is no wonder we should not learn good reasoning, any more than that an ignorant clown should not be able to learn fine language, dancing, or courtly behaviour, when his rustic airs have grown up with him till the age of forty.

For want of this care, some persons of rank and education dwell all their days among obscure ideas ; they conceive and judge always in confusion ; they take weak arguments for demonstration ; they are led away with the disguises and shadows of truth. Now if such persons happen to have a bright imagination, a volubility of speech, and copiousness of language, they not only impose many errors upon their own understandings, but they stamp the image of their own mistakes upon their neighbours also, and spread their errors abroad.

#### § 78. *Advice on the Subject of Argument.*

Be not so solicitous about the number as the weight of your arguments, especially in proving any proposition that admits of natural certainty, or of complete demonstration. Many times we do injury to a cause by

dwelling upon trifling arguments. We amuse our hearers with uncertainties, by multiplying the number of feeble reasonings, before we mention those which are more substantial, conclusive, and convincing. And too often we yield up our own assent to mere probable arguments, where certain proofs may be obtained.

Labour, in all your arguings, to enlighten the understanding, as well as to conquer and captivate the judgment. Argue in such a manner as may give a natural, distinct, and solid knowledge of things to your hearers, as well as to force their assent by a mere proof of the question.

#### § 79. *Entrance upon the World.*

Curino was a young man brought up to a reputable trade : the term of his apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the world with safety, and pursue business with innocence and success. Among his near kindred, Serenus was one, a gentleman of considerable character in the sacred profession ; and after he had consulted with his father, who was a merchant of great esteem and experience, he also thought fit to seek a word of advice from the divine. Serenus had such a respect for his young kinsman, that he set his thought at work on this subject, and with some tender expressions, which melted the youth into tears, he put into his hand a paper of his best counsels. Curino entered upon business, pursued his employment with uncommon advantage, and, under the blessing of Heaven, advanced himself to a considerable estate. He lived with honour in the world, and gave a lustre to the religion which he professed ; and after a long life of piety and usefulness, he died with a sacred composure of soul, under the

the influences of the Christian hope. Some of his neighbours wondered at his felicity in this world, joined with so much innocence, and such severe virtue; but after his death this paper was found in his closet, which was drawn up by his kinsman in holy orders, and was supposed to have a large share in procuring his happiness.

§ 80. *Advice to a young Man.*

I. I presume you desire to be happy here and hereafter; you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of Heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who chuse to turn heathens in the midst of Great Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of Christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace!

II. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon religion as your best business. Your bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of Psalms:

David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs: Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles; you will find the best of rules and the best of examples there, and these more immediately suited to the Christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions: as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits; as a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them."

V. While you make the precepts of scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the promises of scripture as the springs of your encouragement; all divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God; consult him in every thing that concerns you; view him as the author of all your blessings, and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a man; an

indigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a Christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus; but never think you know Christ or yourself as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, *John* xiv. 6. "No man cometh to the Father but by me."

VIII. Make prayer a pleasure, and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness: beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray: diligence and dependance must be united in the practice of every Christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that the hand of the diligent, and the blessing of the Lord, join together to make us rich, *Prov.* x. 4. 22: rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard where-soever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within,

have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. Honour, profit, and pleasure, have been sometimes called the world's Trinity, they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them therefore and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of Heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it: it is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasure, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Remember also the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulges himself in "wine and oil," that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, "shall not be rich." It is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when "men become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is St. Peter's caveat to the Christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible: if but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easily there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that under any scruple, doubt or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will

not be a sufficient answer or apology to the great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind. It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teasing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without; possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let "repentance towards God, and "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises which make a Christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere Christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. Farewel.

Phronimus, a considerable East-land merchant, happened upon a copy of these advices

about the time when he permitted his son to commence a partnership with him in his trade; he transcribed them with his own hand, and made a present of them to the youth, together with the articles of partnership. Here, young man, said he, is a paper of more worth than these articles. Read it over once a month, till it is wrought in your very soil and temper. Walk by these rules, and I can trust my estate in your hands. Copy out these counsels in your life; and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

*Miscel. Thoughts.*

### § 81. *Curiosity to be encouraged in young Persons.*

Curiosity is a useful spring of knowledge: it should be encouraged in children, and awakened by frequent and familiar methods of talking with them: it should be indulged in youth, but not without a prudent moderation. In those who have too much, it should be limited by a wise and gentle restraint or delay, lest by wandering after every thing, they learn nothing to perfection. In those who have too little, it should be excited, lest they grow stupid, narrow-spirited, self-satisfied, and never attain a treasure of ideas; or an aptitude of understanding.

### § 82. *Gentleness of Address successful in convincing our Opponents.*

The softest and gentlest address to the erroneous, is the best way to convince them of their mistake. Sometimes 'tis necessary to represent to your opponent, that he is not far off from the truth, and that you would fain draw him a little nearer to it; commend and establish whatever he says that is just and true, as our blessed Saviour treated the young scribe, when he answered well concerning the two great commandments: "Thou art not far,"

says our Lord; "from the kingdom of heaven," *Mark* xii. 34. Imitate the mildness and conduct of the blessed Jesus.

Come as near to your opponent as you can in all your propositions, and yield to him as much as you dare, in a consistence with truth and justice.

'Tis a very great and fatal mistake in persons who attempt to convince or reconcile others to their party, when they make the difference appear as wide as possible: this is shocking to any person who is to be convinced; he will choose rather to keep and maintain his own opinions, if he cannot come into yours without renouncing and abandoning every thing that he believed before. Human nature must be flattered a little as well as reasoned with, that so the argument may be able to come at his understanding, which otherwise will be thrust off at a distance. If you charge a man with nonsense and absurdities, with heresy and self-contradiction, you take a very wrong step towards convincing him.

Remember that error is not to be rooted out of the mind of man by reproaches and railings, by flashes of wit and biting jests, by loud exclamations or sharp ridicule: long declamations and triumph over our neighbour's mistake, will not prove the way to convince him; these are signs either of a bad cause, or of want of arguments or capacity for the defence of a good one.

§ 83. *Ancient roughness and modern refinement of Language contrasted and censured.*

Some of our fathers neglected politeness perhaps too much, and indulged a coarseness of style, and a rough or awkward pronunciation; but we have such a value for elegance, and so nice a taste for what we call polite, that we dare not spoil the cadence of a period to

quote a text of scripture in it, nor disturb the harmony of our sentences, to number or to name the heads of our discourse. And for this reason, I have heard it hinted, that the name of Christ has been banished out of polite sermons, because it is a monosyllable of so many consonants, and so harsh a sound.

§ 84. *Religious and moral Reflections on the practice of Gaming.*

Many young gentlemen have been there bubbled and cheated of large sums of money, which were given them by their parents to support them honourably in their stations. In such sort of shops young ladies are tempted to squander away too large a share of their yearly allowance, if not of the provision which their parents have made for their whole lives. It is a fatal snare to both sexes: if they win they are allured still onward, while, according to their language, luck runs on their side: if they lose they are tempted to another and another cast of the die, and enticed on still to fresh games, by a delusive hope, that fortune will turn, and they shall recover all that they have lost. In the midst of these scenes their passions rise shamefully, a greedy desire of gain makes them warm and eager, and new losses plunge them sometimes into vexation and fury, till the soul is quite beaten off from its guard, and virtue and reason have no manner of command over them.

My worthy friend Mr. Neal, in his Reformation Sermon, has taken occasion not only to inform us that "merchants and tradesmen mix themselves at these tables with men of desperate fortunes, and throw the dice for their estates;" but in a very decent and soft manner of address, has enquired, "Whether public gaming in virtuous ladies is not a little out of character? Whether it does not

"not draw them into mixed company, and  
 "give them an air of boldness, which is  
 "perfectly inconsistent with that modesty  
 "which is the ornament of the fair sex?  
 "Whether it does not engage them in an  
 "habit of idleness, and of keeping ill hours?  
 "Whether their passions are not sometimes  
 "disordered? And whether the losses they  
 "sustain have not a tendency to breed ill  
 "blood in their families, and between their  
 "nearest relations? It has been often observed,  
 "that gaming in a lady has usually been at-  
 "tended with the loss of reputation, and some-  
 "times of that which is still more valuable, her  
 "virtue and honour."—Thus far proceeds  
 this useful Sermon.

Now, if these be the dismal and frequent  
 consequences of the gaming-table, the loss of  
 a little money is one of the least injuries you  
 sustain by it. But what if you should still  
 come off gainers? Is this the way that God  
 has taught or allowed us to procure the neces-  
 sary comforts of life? Is this a sort of labour  
 or traffic on which you can ask the blessing of  
 Heaven? Can you lift up your face to God,  
 and pray that he would succeed the task of the  
 die, the drawing of the lot, or the dealing  
 out of the cards, so as to encrease your gain,  
 while it is the very sense and language of the  
 prayer, that your neighbour may sustain so  
 much loss? This is a sad and guilty circum-  
 stance which belongs to gaming, that one can  
 gain nothing but what another loses; and  
 consequently we cannot ask a blessing upon  
 ourselves, but at the same time we pray for a  
 blast upon our neighbour.

Will you hope to excuse it by saying, that  
 my neighbour consents to this blast or this loss,  
 by entering into the game, and there is no  
 injury where there is consent?

I answer, that though he consents to lose

conditionally, and upon a venturesome hope of  
 gain, yet he is not willing to sustain the loss  
 absolutely; but when either chance, or his  
 neighbour's skill in the game has determined  
 against him, then he is constrained to lose, and  
 does it unwillingly; so that he still sustains it  
 as a loss, or misfortune, or evil. Now, if  
 you ask a blessing from Heaven on this way  
 of your getting money, you ask rather abso-  
 lutely that your neighbour may sustain a loss,  
 without any regard to the condition of his  
 hope of gain. Your wish and prayer is di-  
 rectly that you may get, and he may lose:  
 you cannot wish this good to yourself but you  
 wish the contrary evil to him: and therefore I  
 think gaming for gain cannot be consistent  
 with the laws of Christ, which certainly for-  
 bid us to wish evil to our neighbour.

And if you cannot so much as in thought  
 ask God's blessing on this, as you certainly  
 may on such recreations as have an evident  
 tendency innocently to exercise the body and  
 relax the mind, it seems your conscience se-  
 cretly condemns it, and there is an additional  
 proof of its being evil to you.

All the justest writers of morality, and the  
 best casuists, have generally, if not univer-  
 sally, determined against these methods of  
 gain. Whatsoever game may be indulged as  
 lawful, it is still as a recreation, and not as a  
 calling or business of life: and therefore no  
 larger sums ought to be risked or ventured  
 in this manner, than what may be lawfully  
 laid out by any persons for their present re-  
 creation, according to their different circum-  
 stances in the world.

Besides all this, think of the loss of time,  
 and the waste of life that is continually made  
 by some who frequent these gaming-places.  
 Think how it calls away many a youth from  
 their proper business, and stamps them to

throw away what is not their own, and to risk the substance, as well as the displeasure of their parents, or of their master, at all the uncertain hazards of a dice-box.

### § 85. *On public Dancing Assemblies.*

It is acknowledged to be proper and needful that young people should be indulged in some recreations, agreeable to their age, and suitable to the condition in which Providence has placed them. But I would ask, Whether the great and only valuable end of recreation is to be expected from these midnight-assemblies, namely, "to relieve us from the fatigues of life, and to exhilarate the spirits, so as thereby to fit us for the duties of life and religion?" Now are these the proper means to fit us for the duties of either kind? Perhaps it will be said, that dancing, which is practiced in those assemblies, is an exercise conducive to health, and therefore a means of fitting us for the duties of life: but may not the unseasonableness of the midnight-hour prevent and over-balance the benefit, that might otherwise be supposed to arise from the exercise? Is it likely that natural health should be promoted, or preserved, by changing the seasons and order of nature, and by allotting those hours to exercise, which God and nature have ordained to rest? Is the returning home, after five or six hours dancing, through the cold and damp of the midnight-air, a proper means of preserving health? or rather, is it not more likely to impair and destroy it? Have not these fatal effects been too often felt? Have there not been sacrifices of human life offered to this midnight idol? Have there been no fair young martyrs to this unseasonable folly? Are there not some of its slaves who are become feeble, labouring under sore diseases, and some of them fallen asleep in death?

Have not their music and their dancing, instead of natural rest in their beds, brought them down to a long silence in the grave, and an untimely rest in a bed of dust? Those amiable pieces of human nature, who were lately the joy and hope of their too indulgent parents, are now the bitterness of their hearts; and those very exercises from whence they hoped the continuance of their joy, as the supposed means of confirming their children's health, are become an everlasting spring of their mourning.

And as those midnight recreations are badly suited to fit us for the duties of the civil life; so they are worse suited to fit us for, or rather, they are more apparently opposite to, the duties of religion. The religion of the closet is neglected, the beautiful regularity and order of the family is broken; and when the night has been turned into day, a good part of the next day is turned into night, while the duties of the morning, both to God and man, are unperformed. Those who have frequented these assemblies know all this, and are my witnesses to the truth of it. Nay the very practice itself, at those unseasonable hours, tells all the world how much they prefer these dangerous amusements to the worship of God in the evening and in the morning, and to all the conveniences and decorum of family government. Besides, if I speak to Christians, have you not found that the indulgence to this sort of diversions, which are usually practiced in those unseasonable assemblies, leads the mind away insensibly from God and religion, gives a vanity to the spirit, and greatly abates the spiritual and heavenly temper which should belong to Christians? Hath it not taken away the favour of godliness and tincture of piety from some younger minds? And do elder Christians never suffer by it? Let it be further considered,

considered, what sort of company you mingle with in those midnight assemblies. Are they most frequented by the wise and pious, or by the more vain and vicious part of mankind? Do they tend to fill your mind with the most improving notions, and your ears and your lips with the most proper conversation? Do you that frequent them never find your piety in danger there? Does strict religion and prayer relish so well with you after those gawdy nights of mirth and folly? And do you then, when you join in those assemblies, practise the commands of God, to abstain from all appearance of evil, and to shun the paths of temptation? Can you pray for a blessing on your attendance on these midnight meetings? Or can you hope to run into the midst of those sparks and living coals and yet not be burned, nor so much as have your garments singed? Are not parents very generally sensible that there are dangerous inns to youth in those gay diversions? And therefore the mother will go along with her young offspring to take care of them, and to watch over them; and perhaps there is scarcely any place or time which more wants the watchful eye of a superior. But here let me ask, is this all the reason why the mother attends those scenes of vanity? Has she no selfish for them herself? Has she no gay humours of her own to be gratified, which she disguises and covers with the pretence of a parental solicitude for the virtue and honour of her offspring? Are there no mothers who freely lead their children into those perilous places, where soul and body are in danger, and are really their tempters, under a colour of being their guardians?

You will plead, perhaps, that some of these things are proper for the improvement of young people in good breeding and politeness. They

must be brought into company, to see the world, and to learn how to behave with becoming decency. Well, suppose these assemblies to be academies of politeness, and that young people attend there upon lectures of good breeding; is there no other time to fit as midnight, to polish the youth of both sexes, and to breed them well? May not an hour or two be appointed at more proper seasons, by select companies, for mutual conversation, and innocent delight? Can there be no genteel recreations enjoyed, no lessons of behaviour taught by day-light? Can no method of improvement in good breeding be contrived and appointed, which shall be more secure from temptations and inconveniencies? Are there none which are more harmless, more innocent, of better reputation among persons of strict piety, and which make less inroad on the duties of life, both solitary and social, civil and religious.

It is the duty of parents who would give their children a good education, to see to it, that children, in their younger years, do not indulge such recreations as may spoil all the good effects of the pious instructions, the prayers, and cares of their parents. Otherwise, if you encourage them in such recreations, you are building up those vanities of mind, and those vicious inclinations with one hand, which you labour to prevent or destroy with the other.

*Posthumous Works.*

#### § 86. *Charitable Judgment of our Fellow Creatures recommended.*

Let us take a survey of the world, and see what a mixture there is of amiable and hateful qualities among the children of men: there is beauty and comeliness; there is vigour and vivacity; there is good humour and compassion; there is wit, and judgment, and industry,



try, even amongst those that are profligate and abandoned to many vices. There is sobriety, and love, and honesty, and justice, and decency, amongst men that "know not God," and believe not the gospel of our Lord "Jesus." There are very few of the sons and daughters of Adam, but are possessed of something good and agreeable, either by nature or acquirement; therefore when there is a necessary occasion to mention the vices of any man, I should not speak evil of him in the gross, nor heap reproaches on him by wholesale. It is very disingenuous to talk scandal in superlatives, as though every man who was a sinner was a perfect villain, the very worst of men, all over hateful and abominable.

How sharply should our own thoughts reprove us, when we give our pride and malice a loose to ravage over all the characters of our neighbours, and deny all that is good concerning them, because they have something in them that is criminal and worthy of blame! Thus our judgment is abused by our passions; and sometimes this folly reigns in us to such a degree, that we can hardly allow a man to be wise or ingenuous, to have a grain of good sense or good-humour, that is not of our profession, or our party, in matters of church or state. Let us look back upon our conduct, and blush to think that we should indulge such prejudices, such sinful partiality.

I will not therefore say within myself concerning any man, "I hate him utterly, and abhor him in all respects, because he has not true holiness;" but I will look upon him, and consider whether there may not be some accompaniment in him; some moral virtue, some valuable talent, some natural or acquired excellency; and I will not neglect to pay due esteem to every deserving quality,

wheresoever I find it. It is a piece of honour due to God our Creator, to observe the various signatures of his wisdom that he has impressed upon his creatures, and the overflowing treasures of his goodness, which he has distributed among the works of his hands.

Thus I may very justly love a man, for whom, in the vulgar sense, I have no charity, that is, such a one as I believe to be in a state of sin and death, and have no present hope of his salvation. How could holy parents fulfil their duties of affection to their wicked children? Or pious children pay due respect to sinful parents? How could a believer fulfil the law of love to an unbelieving brother, or a dearer relative, if we ought to admit of no love to persons that are in a state of enmity to God?

*Sermons.*

#### § 87. *Ancient and Modern Education contrasted.*

So weak and unhappy is human nature, that it is ever ready to run into extremes; and when we would recover ourselves from an excess on the right hand, we know not where to stop, till we are got to an excess on the left. Instances of this kind are innumerable in all the affairs of human life; but it is hardly more remarkable in any thing, than in the strict and severe education of our fathers a century ago, and in the most profuse and unlimited liberty that is indulged to children in our age.

In those days the sons were bred up to learning by terrible discipline: every Greek and Latin author they conversed with, was attended with one or many new scourges, to drive them into acquaintance with him; and not the least misdemeanor in life could escape the lash: as though the father would prove his daily "love to his son" by never sparing "his rod," *Prov. xiii. 24.* Now a day's young

young master must be treated with a foolish fondness, till he is grown to the size of man; and let his faults be never so heinous, and his obstinacy never so great, yet the preceptor must not let him hear the name of the rod, lest the child should be frightened or hurt; the advice of the wisest of men is utterly forgotten, when he tells us, that due, "correction shall drive out" the folly that is bound up in the heart of a "child," *Prov. xxii. 15.* Or else they boldly reverse his divine counsel, *Prov. xiii. 24.* as though they would make the rule of their practice a direct contradiction to the words of Solomon, namely, that "he that spareth" the rod loveth his son, but he that hateth "him, chastens him betimes."

In that day many children were kept in a most servile subjection, and not suffered to sit down, or to speak, in the presence of their father, till they were come to the age of one-and-twenty. The least degree of freedom was esteemed a bold presumption, and incurred a sharp reproof: now they are made familiar companions to their parents, almost from the very nursery; and therefore they will hardly bear a check or rebuke at their hand.

In the beginning of the last century, and so onward to the middle of it, the children were usually obliged to believe what their parents and their masters taught them, whether they were principles of science, or articles of faith and practice: they were tied down almost to every punctilio, as though it were necessary to salvation; they were not suffered to examine or enquire whether their teachers were in the right, and scarce knew upon what grounds they were to assent to the things that were taught them; for it was a maxim of all teachers, that the learner must believe: *Dilectum oportet credere.* Then *an ipse dixit*, or, Aristotle said so, was a sufficient proof of any proposition in the colleges;

and for a man of five-and-twenty to be a Christian and a protestant, a dissenter or a churchman, it was almost reason enough to say that his father was so. But in this century, when the doctrine of a just and reasonable liberty is better known, too many of the present youth break all the bonds of nature and duty, and run to the wildest degrees of looseness, both in belief and practice. They slight the religion which their parents have taught them, that they may appear to have chosen a religion for themselves: and when they have made a creed or belief of their own, or rather borrowed some scraps of infidelity from their vain companions and equals, they find pretences enough to cast off all other creeds at once, as well as the counsels and customs of their religious predecessors.

"The practices of our fathers (say they) were precise and foolish, and shall be no rule for our conduct; the articles of their faith were absurd and mysterious, but we will believe nothing of mystery, lest our faith should be as ridiculous as theirs." In their young years, and before their reason is half grown, they pretend to examine the sublimest doctrines of Christianity; and a raw and half-witted boy shall commence an infidel, because he cannot comprehend some of the glorious truths of the gospel, and laughs at his elders and his ancestors for believing what they could not comprehend.

The child now-a-days forgets that his parent is obliged by all the laws of God and nature, to train him up in his own religion, till he is come to the proper age of discretion to judge for himself; he forgets, or he will not know, that the parent is intrusted with the care of the souls of his young offspring by the very laws of nature, as well as by the revealed covenants of innocence and of grace. The

son now-a-days forgets the obligations he is under to honour and obey the persons that gave him birth; he pays no regard to the doctrines which led on his ancestors to the love of God and man; whereas doctrines that have such influence, claim at least some degrees of attention, and especially from a son who has been trained up in them, and beheld the effect of them in the piety of his parents; nor will the very light of nature suffer him to depart from them, but upon the clearest judgment of his own mature reason, a thorough and impartial search into the subject, the loud inward dictates of his conscience, and the full evidence of his parents' mistake.

So wanton and licentious a spirit has possessed some of the youth of the nation, that they never think they have freed themselves from the prejudices of their education, till they have thrown off almost all the yokes of restraint that are laid upon them by God or man. Some take a petulant pride in laying aside the holy scriptures, for the same reason that Timothy was advised to "continue in them," and that is, because "they have learned and known them from their childhood," 2 Tim. iii. 15. And some, perhaps, have been laughed out of their Christianity, lest it should be said, their mothers and their nurses had made them Christians.

Hitherto the sons were scarce suffered to be absent from home an hour without express leave, till they were arrived at the age of man, nor daughters till they were married; now both sexes take an unbounded licence of roving where they please, and from a dozen years old, they forget to ask leave to wander or to visit where their fancies lead them: at first the parent gives a loose and winks at it, and then the child claims it as his due for ever.

In short, the last age taught mankind to believe that they were mere children, and treated them as such, till they were near thirty years old; but the present gives them leave to fancy themselves complete men and women at twelve or fifteen; and they accordingly judge and manage for themselves entirely, and too often despise all advice of their elders.

Now, though it be sufficiently evident that both these are extremes of liberty or restraint, yet if we judge by the reason of things, or by experience and success, surely the ancient education is to be preferred before the present, and of the two should rather be chosen.

### § 88. *Extremes of Liberty and Restraint to be avoided in the Education of Youth.*

But after all, is there no medium between these two extremes, excess of confinement, and excess of liberty? May not young understandings be allowed to shoot and spread themselves a little, without growing rank and rampant? May not children be kept in due and gentle subjection to their parents, without putting yokes of bondage upon them? Is there no reasonable restraint of the wild opinions and violent inclinations of youth, without making chains for the understanding, and throwing fetters on the soul? May not the young gentleman begin to act like a man, without forgetting that he is a son? And maintain the full liberty of his own judgment, without insolence and contempt of the opinions of his elders? May not he who is bred up a protestant and a Christian, judge freely for himself, without the prejudices of his education, and yet continue a Christian and a protestant still? Is it not possible for the parent to indulge, and the child to enjoy a just liberty, and

and yet neither encourage nor praise a wilful licentiousness ?

Yes, surely ; and there have been happy instances in the last age, and there are some in this, both of parents and children, that have learned to tread this middle path, and found wisdom and virtue in it, piety and peace. Agathus has bred his son up under such discipline as renders them both proper examples to the world.

*Posthumous Works.*

### § 89. *The inestimable Value of Time.*

Every hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to save a soul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own souls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every passing moment, for they are given to secure your immortal interest, and save a soul from everlasting misery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moses, the man of God, upon a meditation of the shortness of life, *Psal.* xc. 12. " So teach us to number our days as to apply our hearts to wisdom," i. e. So teach us to consider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wise in preparing for the end of them.

It is a matter of vast importance to be ever ready for the end of time ; ready to hear this awful sentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that " time shall be no longer." The terrors or the comforts of a dying bed depend upon it : the solemn and decisive voice of judgment depends upon it : the joys and the sorrows of a long eternity depend upon it : go now, careless sinner, and in the view of such things as these, go and trifle away time as you have done before ; time, that invaluable treasure : go, and venture the loss of your souls, and the hopes of heaven and your eternal happiness, in wasting away

the remnant of hours or moments of life : but remember the awful voice of the angel is hastening towards you, and the sound is just breaking upon you, that " time shall be no longer."

### § 90. *The Church-Yard.*

What a number of hillocks of death appear all round us ! What are the tomb-stones, but memorials of the inhabitants of that town, to inform us of the period of all their lives, and to point out the day when it was said to each of them, " Your time shall be no longer." O, may I readily learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too ; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me in some unknown spot of ground, it shall cover this flesh and these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the sight of man, till the heavens shall be no more !

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, upon a plain funeral-stone, without ornament, and below envy : there shall my tomb stand among the rest, as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature and the end of time. It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear : one or another of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there to learn the silent lecture of mortality from my grave-stone, which my lips are now preaching aloud to the world : and if love and sorrows should reach so far, perhaps, while his soul is melting in his eye-lids, and his voice scarce finds an utterance, he will point with his finger, and shew his companion the month and the day of my decease. O, that solemn, that awful day, which shall finish my appointed time on earth,

and put a final period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and pen!

Think, O my soul, that while friends or strangers are engaged on that spot, and reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well-improved, or suffering the longer sorrows which shall attend the abuse of it, in an unknown world of happiness or misery.

### § 91. *The Danger of late Repentance.*

It is a wise and just observation among Christians, though it is a very common one, that the scriptures give us one instance of a penitent saved in his dying hour, and that is the thief upon the cross, that so none might utterly despair; but there is but one such instance given, that none might presume. The work of repentance is too difficult, and too important a thing, to be left to the languors of a dying bed, and the tumults and flutterings of thought, which attend such a late conviction. There can be hardly any effectual proofs given of the sincerity of such repentings: and I am verily persuaded there are few of them sincere, for we have often found these violent emotions of conscience vanish again, if the sinner has happened to recover his health: they seem to be merely the wild perplexities and struggles of nature, averse to misery, rather than averse to sin: their renouncing their former lusts, on the very borders of hell and destruction, is more like the vehement efforts of a drowning creature, constrained to let go a most beloved object, and taking eager hold of any plank for safety, rather than the calm and reasonable, and voluntary designs of a mariner, who forsakes his early joys, ventures himself in a ship that

is offered him, and sets sail for the heavenly country. I never will pronounce such efforts and endeavours desperate, lest I limit the grace of God, which is unbounded; but I can give very little encouragement for hope to an hour or two, of this vehement and tumultuous penitence, on the very brink of damnation. "Judas repented," but his agonies of soul hurried him to hasten his own death, "that he might go to his own place;" and there is abundance of such kind of repenting in every corner of hell; that is a deep and dreadful pit, whence there is no redemption, though there are millions of such sort of penitents; it is a strong and dark prison, where no beam of comfort ever shines, where bitter anguish and mourning for sins past, is no evangelical repentance, but everlasting and hopeless sorrow.

### § 92. *Vanity inscribed on all Things.*

Time, like a long flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is for ever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things with it which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence, to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life, to all the works of the hands of men, with all the glories and excellencies of animal nature, and all that is made of flesh and blood. Let us not doat upon any thing here below, for Heaven hath inscribed vanity upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree of Heaven shall be utter'd, and Providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, "It's time shall be no longer."

What is that stately building, that princely palace, which now entertains and amuses our sight with ranks of marble columns, and wide spreading arches, that gay edifice which en-

riches our imagination with a thousand royal ornaments, and a profusion of costly and glittering furniture? Time and all its circling hours with a swift wing are brushing it away; decay steals upon it insensibly; and a few years hence it shall lie in mouldering ruin and desolation. Unhappy possessor, if he has no better inheritance!

What are those fine and elegant gardens, those delightful walks, those gentle ascents, and soft declining slopes, which raise and sink the eye by turns to a thousand vegetable pleasures? how lovely are those sweet borders, and those growing varieties of bloom and fruit, which recall lost paradise to mind! those living parterres which regale the sense with vital fragrantcy, and make glad the sight by their refreshing verdure and intermingled flowery beauties! the scythe of time is passing over them all; they wither, they die away, they drop and vanish into dust; their duration is short; a few months deface all their yearly glories, and within a few years, perhaps all these rising terras-walks, these gentle verging declivities, shall lose all order and elegance, and become a rugged heap of ruins; those well-distinguished borders and parterres shall be levelled in confusion, and thrown into common earth again, for the ox and the ass to graze upon them. Unhappy man, who possesses this agreeable spot of ground, if he has no paradise more durable than this!

And no wonder that these labours of the hands of men should perish, when even the works of God are perishable.

What are these visible heavens, these lower skies, and this globe of earth! they are indeed the glorious workmanship of the Almighty; but they are waxing old, and waiting their period too, when the angel shall pronounce upon them that "time shall be no more."

The heavens "shall be folded up as a vesture, the elements of the lower world shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all the works thereof, shall be burnt up with fire." May the unruinable world be but my portion, and the heaven of heavens my inheritance, which is built for an eternal mansion for the sons of God: these buildings shall outlive time and nature, and exist through unknown ages of felicity!

What have we mortals to be proud of in our present state, when every human glory is so fugitive and fading? Let the brightest and the best of us say to ourselves, that we are but dust and vanity.

Is my body formed upon a graceful model? are my limbs well turned, and my complexion better-coloured than my neighbours? beauty even in perfection is of shortest date; a few years will inform me that its bloom vanishes, its flower withers, its lustre grows dim, its duration shall be no longer; and if life be prolonged, yet the pride and glory of it is for ever lost in age and wrinkles. Or perhaps our vanity meets a speedier fate; death and the grave with a sovereign and irresistible command, summon the brightest as well as the coarsest pieces of human nature, to lie down early in their cold embraces; and at last they must all mix together among worms and corruption. Æsop the deformed, and Helena the fair, are lost and undistinguished in common earth. Nature in its gayest bloom is but a painted vanity.

Are my nerves well strung and vigorous? is my activity and strength far superior to my neighbours in the days of youth? but youth hath its appointed limit; age steals upon it, unstrings the nerves, and makes the force of nature languish into infirmity and feebleness. Sampson and Goliath would have lost their

boasted advantages of stature and their brawny limbs in the course of half a century, though the one had escaped the sling of David, and the other the vengeance of his own hands in the ruin of Dagon's temple. Man, in his best estate, is a flying shadow and vanity.

Even those nobler powers of human life, which seem to have something angelical in them, I mean the powers of wit and fancy, gay imagination and capacious memory, they are all subject to the same laws of decay and death. What though they can raise and animate beautiful scenes in a moment, and, in imitation of creating power, can spread bright appearances and new worlds before the senses and the souls of their friends ! what though they can entertain the better part of mankind, the refined and polite world, with high delight and rapture ! these scenes of rapturous delight grow flat and old by a frequent review, and the very powers that raised them grow feeble apace.

What though they can give immortal applause and fame to their possessors ! it is but the immortality of an empty name, a mere succession of the breath of men ; and it is a short fort of immortality too, which must die and perish when this world perishes ; a poor shadow of duration indeed, while the real period of these powers is hastening every day ; they languish and die as fast as animal nature, which has a large share in them, makes haste to its decay ; and the time of their exercise shall shortly be no more.

In vain the aged poet or the painter would call up the muse and genius of their youth, and summon all the arts of their imagination, to spread and dress out some visionary scene : in vain the elegant orator would recall the bold and motherly figures, and all those flowery images which gave ardour, grace, and dignity to his younger compositions, and charmed every

ear : they are gone, they are fled beyond the reach of their owner's call : their time is past, they are vanished and lost beyond all hope of recovery.

The God of nature has pronounced an unpassable period upon all the powers and pleasures and glories of this mortal state. Let us then be afraid to make any of them our boast or our happiness ; but point our affections to those diviner objects whose nature is everlasting ; let us seek those religious attainments, and those new-created powers of a sanctified mind, concerning which it shall never be pronounced, that their " time shall be no longer."

O may every one of us be humbly content, at the call of Heaven, to part with all that is pleasing or magnificent here on earth ! let us resign even these agreeable talents when the God of nature demands ; and when the hour arrives, that shall close our eyes to all visible things, and lay our fleshly structure in the dust, let us yield up our whole selves to the hands of our Creator, who shall reserve our spirits with himself ; and while we cheerfully give up all that was mortal to the grave, we may lie down full of the joyful hope of a rising immortality ! New and unknown powers and glories, brighter flames of imagination, richer scenes of wit and fancy, and diviner talents are preparing for us when we shall awake from the dust ; and the mind itself shall have all its faculties in a sublime state of improvement. These shall make us equal, if not superior, to angels ; for we are nearer allied to the Son of God than they are, and therefore we shall be made more like him.

*Posthumous Works.*

### § 93. Degeneracy of Human Nature.

Let us further suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble,

and unhappy race of beings; that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, that this whole world is a fallen, sinful, and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor: the overspreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and misery, that covers the face of the earth, gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falsehood, wretchedly bribed and biased by prejudices, and daily overpowered by some corrupt appetites or passions, and our wills led astray to chuse evil instead of good. The best of us sometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own reason and consciences suggest to us. "There is none 'righteous' perfectly; 'no, not one.' Nor is there one person upon earth free from troubles and difficulties, and pains and sorrows, such as testify some resentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diseases, pains, and sorrows begin; and it is very remarkably evident in some families, that these pains and diseases are propagated to the offspring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents: and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular distempers, are conveyed from parents to children sometimes through several generations. The best of us are not free from irregular propensities and passions, even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our sins break out, and continue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful, and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger. - *Strength and Weakness of Hum. Reason.*

#### § 94. *The Rake reformed in the House of Mourning.*

Florino was young and idle; he gave himself up to all the diversions of the town, and roved wild among the pleasures of sense; nor did he confine himself within the limits of virtue, or withhold his heart from any forbidden joy. Often hath he been heard to ridicule marriage, and affirm that no man can mourn heartily for a dead wife, for then he hath leave by the law to chuse a new companion, to riot in all the gayer scenes of a new courtship, and perhaps to advance his fortune too.

When he heard of the death of Serena, "Well," said he, "I will go visit my friend Lucius, and rally him a little on this occasion." He went the next day in all the wantonness of his heart to fulfil his design, inhuman and barbarous as it was, and to sport with solemn sorrow. But when Lucius appeared, the man of gaiety was strangely surprised, he saw such a sincere and inimitable distress sitting on his countenance, and discovering itself in every air and action, that he dropt his cruel purpose, his soul began to melt, and he assumed the comforter.

Florino's methods of consolation were all drawn from two topics; some from fate and necessity, advising an heroic indolence about unavoidable events, which are past and cannot be reveried; and some were derived from the various amusements of life, which call the soul abroad, and divide and scatter the thoughts, and suffer not the mind to attend to its inward anguish. "Come, Lucius," said he, "come, smooth your brows a little, and brighten up for an hour or two: come along with me to a concert this evening, where you shall hear some of the best pieces of music



"that were ever composed, and performed by  
 "some of the best hands that ever touched an  
 "instrument. To-morrow I will wait on you  
 "to the play, or, if you please, to the new  
 "opera, where the scenes are so surprising and  
 "so gay, they would almost tempt an old hermit  
 "from his beloved cell, and call back his years  
 "to three-and-twenty. Come, my friend, what  
 "have the living to do with the dead? do but  
 "forget your grievances a little, and they will  
 "die too: come, shake off the spleen, divert  
 "your heart with the entertainments of wit  
 "and melody, and call away your fancy from  
 "these gloomy and useless contemplations."  
 Thus he ran on in his own way of talking,  
 and opened to his mourning friend the best  
 springs of comfort that he was acquainted  
 with.

Lucius endured this prattle as long as he  
 was able to endure it, but it had no manner of  
 influence to staunch the bleeding wound, or to  
 abate his smarting sorrows. His pain waxed  
 more intense by such sort of applications, and  
 the grief soon grew too unruly to contain it-  
 self.

Lucius then asked leave to retire a little:  
 Florino followed him softly at a distance, to  
 the door of his closet; where indeed he observ-  
 ed not any of the rules of civility or just de-  
 cency, but placed himself near enough to listen  
 how the passion took its vent: and there he  
 heard the distressed Lucius mourning over Se-  
 rena's death in such language as this:

What did Florino talk about? necessity and  
 fate? Alas, this is my misery, that so painful  
 an event cannot be reversed, that the Divine  
 will has made it fate, and there is a necessity  
 of my enduring it.

Plays, and music, and operas! what poor  
 trifles are these to give ease to a wounded  
 heart! to a heart that has lost its choicest half!

a heart that lies bleeding in deep anguish un-  
 der such a keen parting stroke, and the long,  
 long absence of my Serena! she is gone!—The  
 desire of my eyes and the delight of my soul is  
 gone.—The first of earthly comforts, and the  
 best of mortal blessings.—She is gone, and she  
 has taken with her all that was pleasant, all  
 that could brighten the gloomy hours of life,  
 that could soften the cares and relieve the bur-  
 dens of it. She is gone, and the best portion  
 and joy of my life is departed. Will she never  
 return, never come back, and bless my eyes  
 again? No; never, never.—She will no more  
 come back to visit this wretched world, and to  
 dry these weeping eyes. That best portion of  
 my life, that dearest blessing is gone, and will  
 return no more. Sorrows in long succession  
 await me while I live: all my future days are  
 marked out for grief and darkness.

Let the man who feels no inward pain at  
 the loss of such a partner, dress his dwelling in  
 black shades and dismal formalities; let him  
 draw the curtains of darkness around him, and  
 teach his chambers a fashionable mourning;  
 but real anguish of heart needs none of these  
 modish and dissembled sorrows: my soul is  
 hung round with dark images in all her apart-  
 ments, and every scene is sincere lamentation  
 and death.

I thought once I had some pretences to the  
 courage of a man; but this is a season of un-  
 tried distress. I now shudder at a thought, I  
 start at shadows, my spirits are sunk, and hor-  
 ror has taken hold of me. I feel passions in  
 me that were unknown before: love has its  
 own proper grief, and its peculiar anguish:  
 mourning love has those agonies and those  
 sinkings of spirit which are known only to be-  
 reaved and virtuous lovers.

I talk alone like a ghost in musing silence,  
 till the gathering sorrow grows too big for the  
 heart,

heart, and bursts out into weak and unmanly wallings. Strange and overwhelming stroke indeed! It has melted all the man within me down to softness; my nature is gone back to childhood again: I would maintain the dignity of my age and my sex, but these eyes rebel and betray me; the eyelids are full, they overflow; the drops of love and grief trickle down my cheeks, and plow the furrows of age there before their time.

How often in a day are these sluices opened afresh! The sight of every friend that knew her calls up my weakness, and betrays my frailty. I am quite ashamed of myself. What shall I do? Is there nothing of manhood left about my heart? I will resist the passion, I will struggle with nature, I will grow indolent, and forbid my tears. Alas, poor feeble wretch that I am! In vain I struggle; in vain I resist: the assumed indolence vanishes; the real passion works within, it swells and bears down all before it: the torrent rises and prevails hourly, and nature will have its way. Even the Son of God when he became man, was found weeping at the tomb of a darling friend.—Lazarus died, and Jesus wept.

O my soul, what shall I do to relieve this heart-ache? How shall I cure this painful sensibility? Is there no opiate will reach it? Whither shall I go to leave my sorrows behind me? I wander from one room to another, and wherever I go I still seem to seek her, but I miss her still. My imagination flutters me with her lovely image, and tempts me to doubt, Is she dead indeed? My fond imagination would fain forget her death-bed, and impose upon my hope that I shall find her somewhere. I visit her apartment; I steal into her closet: in days past when I have missed her in the parlour, how often have I found the dear creature in that beloved corner of the house,

that sweet place of divine retirement and converse with heaven? But even that closet is empty now. I go thither, and I retire in disappointment and confusion.

Methinks I should meet her in some of her walks, in some of her family cares, or her innocent amusements: I should see her face, methinks; I should hear her voice, and exchange a tender word or two—Ah foolish roivings of a distressed and disquieted fancy! Every room is empty and silent; closet, parlours, chambers, all empty, all silent; and that very silence and emptiness proclaim my sorrows: even emptiness and deep silence join to confess the painful loss.

Shall I try then to put her quite out of my thoughts, since she will come no more within the reach of my senses? Shall I loosen the fair picture, and drop it from my heart, since the fairer original is for ever gone? Go, then, fair picture, go from my bosom, and appear to my soul no more. Hard word! but it must be done: go, depart thou dearest form; thou most lovely of images, go from my heart; thy presence is now too painful in that tender part of me. O unhappy word! Thy presence painful! A diabolical change indeed! When thou wert wont to arise and shew thyself there, graces and joys were wont to arise and shew themselves: graces and joys went always with her: nor did her image ever appear without them, till that dark and bitter day that spread the veil of death over her: but her image drest in that gloomy veil hath lost all the attendant joys and graces. Let her picture vanish from my soul then, since it has lost those endearing attendants: let it vanish away into forgetfulness, for death hath robbed it of every grace and every joy.

Yet stay a little there, tempting image; let me once more survey thee: stay a little moment

ment, and let me take one last glance, one solemn farewell. Is there not something in the resemblance of her too lovely still to have it quite banished from my heart? Can I set my soul at work to try to forget her? Can I deal so unkindly with one who would never have forgotten me? Can my soul live without her image on it? Is it not stamped there too deep ever to be effaced?

Methinks I feel all my heart-strings wrapt around her, and grow so fast to that dear picture in my fancy, they seem to be rooted there. To be divided from it is to die. Why should I then pursue so vain and fruitless an attempt? What! forget myself! forget my life! No; it cannot be; nor can I bear to think of such a rude and cruel treatment of an image so much deserving and so much beloved. Neither passion nor reason permits me to forget her, nor is it within my power. She is present almost to all my thoughts: she is with me in all my motions; grief has arrows with her name upon them, that stick as fast and as deep as those of love; they cleave to my vitals where-soever I go, but with a quicker sensation and a keener pain. Alas! it is love and grief together that have shot all their arrows into my heart, and filled every vein with acute anguish and long distress.

Whither then shall I fly to find solace and ease? I cannot depart from myself: I cannot abandon these tender and smarting sensations. Shall I quit the house and all the apartments of it which renew her dear memory? Shall I rove in these open fields which lie near my dwelling, and spread wide their pleasing verdure? Shall I give my soul a loose to all nature that smiles around me? or shall I confine my daily walk to this shady and delightful garden? Oh, no; neither of these will relieve my anguish. Serena has too often blessed me

with her company both in this garden and in these fields: her very name seems written on every tree: I shall think of her, and fancy I see her in every step I take. Here she press the grass with her feet; here she gathered violets and roses, and refreshing herbs, and gave the lovely collection of sweetness into my hand. But alas, the sweetest violet and the fairest rose is fallen, is withered, and is no more. Farewel then, ye fields and gardens, with all your varieties of green and flowery joys! Ye are all a desert, a barren wilderness, since Serena has for ever left you, and will be seen there no more.

But can friends do nothing to comfort a mourner? Come, my wife friends, surround me, and divert my cares with your agreeable conversation. Can books afford no relief? Come, my books, ye volumes of knowledge, ye labours of the learned dead; come, fill up my hours with some soothing amusement. I call my better friends about me; I fly to the heroes and the philosophers of ancient ages to employ my soul among them. But alas! neither learning nor books amuse me; nor green and smiling prospects of nature delight me; nor conversation with my wisest and best friends can entertain me, in these dark and melancholy hours. Solitude, solitude in some unseen corner, some lonely grotto, overgrown with shades, this is my dearest choice; let me dwell in my beloved solitude where none shall come near me; midnight and solitude are the most pleasing things to a man who is weary of day-light, and of all the scenes of this visible and busy world. I would eat and drink and dwell alone, though this lonesome humour soothes and gratifies the painful passion, and gives me up to the tyranny of my sharpest sorrows. Strange mixture that I am made of! I mourn and grieve even to death, and yet

yet I seem fond of nothing but grief and mourning.

Woe is me! Is there nothing on earth can divert, nothing relieve me? Then let my thoughts ascend to paradise and heaven, there I shall find her better part, and grief must not enter there. From this hour take a new turn, O my soul, and never think of Serena but as shining and rejoicing among the spirits of the blest, and in the presence of her God. Rise often in holy meditation to the celestial world, and betake thyself to more intense piety. Devotion has wings that will bear thee high above the tumults and passions of lower life: devotion will direct and speed thy flight to a country of brighter scenes.

Shake off this earthliness of mind, this dust of mortality that hangs about thee; rise upward often in an hour, and dwell much in those regions whither thy devout partner is gone: thy better half is safely arrived there, and that world knows nothing but joy, and love.

She is gone; the prophets and the apostles, and the best of departed souls, have marked out her way to heaven: bear witness ye apostles and holy prophets, ye best of departed souls bear witness, that I am seeking to follow her in the appointed moment. Let the wheels of nature and time roll on apace in their destined way. Let suns and moons arise and set apace, and light a lonesome traveller onward to his home. Blessed Jesus! be thou my living leader! Virtue, and the track of Serena's feet be my daily and delightful path. The track leads upward to the regions of love and joy. How can I dare to wander from the path of virtue lest I lose that beloved track? Remember, O my soul, her footsteps are found in no other road.

If my love to virtue should ever fail me,

the steps of my Serena would mark out my way, and help to secure me from wandering. O may the kind influences of Heaven descend from above, and establish and guard my pious resolutions! May the divine powers of religion be my continual strength, and the hope of eternal things my never-failing support, till I am dismissed from this prison of the flesh, and called to ascend to the spirits of the just made perfect, till I bid adieu to all that is not immortal, and go dwell with my God and my adored Saviour; there shall I find my lost Serena again, and there with her the unutterable joys of paradise!

Here Lucius threw himself on the couch, and lay silent in profound meditation.

When Florino had heard all this mournful rhapsody, he retired and stole away in secret, for he was now utterly ashamed of his first barbarous design: He felt a sort of strange sympathy of sorrow, such as he never knew before, and with it some sparks of virtue began to kindle in his bosom. As he mused, the fire burnt within, and at last it made its way to his lips and vented itself. "Well," said he, "I have learnt two excellent lessons to-day, and I hope I shall never forget them. There must be some vast and unknown pleasure in a virtuous love, beyond all the madness of wild and transient amours; otherwise the loss of the object could never have wrought such deep and unfeigned woe in a soul so firm and manly as that of Lucius. I begin now to believe what Milton sung, though I always read the lines before as mere poetry and fable.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source Of human offspring, sole propriety In Paradise, of all things common else: By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men

Among

Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known:  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.  
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual amours, mixt dance, or wanton mase  
 Or midnight ball, &c.

"Blessed poet, that could so happily unite  
 "love and virtue, and draw so beautiful a  
 "scene of real felicity, which till this day I  
 "always thought was merely romantic and  
 "visionary! Lucius has taught me to under-  
 "stand these lines, for he has felt them; and  
 "methinks while I repeat them now I feel a  
 "strange new sensation. I am convinced the  
 "blind poet saw deeper into nature and truth  
 "than I could have imagined. There is,  
 "there is such thing as a union of virtuous  
 "souls, where happiness is only found. I  
 "find some glimmerings of sacred light ris-  
 "ing upon me, some unknown pantings  
 "within after such a partner and such a  
 "life.

"Nor is the other lesson which I have learnt  
 "at all inferior to this, but in truth it is of  
 "higher and more durable importance. I  
 "confess, since I was nineteen years old I  
 "never thought virtue and religion had been  
 "good for any thing, but to tie up children  
 "from mischief, and frighten fools: but  
 "now I find by the conduct of my friend  
 "Lucius, that as the sweetest and sincerest  
 "joys of life are derived from virtue, so the  
 "most distressing sorrows may find a just re-  
 "lief in religion and sincere piety. Hear  
 "me, thou Almighty Maker of my frame,  
 "pity and assist a trembling wanderer, and O

"may thy hand stamp these lessons upon my  
 "soul in everlasting characters!"

*Watts.*

### § 95. *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of in-  
 juries;—not from want of courage,—where  
 just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I  
 know no man under whose arm I would sooner  
 have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from  
 any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellec-  
 tual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid na-  
 ture,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed  
 up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby  
 had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—  
 Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an over-  
 grown one which had buzzed about his nose,  
 and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—  
 and which, after infinite attempts, he had  
 caught at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not  
 hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from  
 his chair, and going across the room, with  
 the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of  
 thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the fish,  
 and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it  
 escape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why  
 should I hurt thee?—This world surely is  
 wide enough to hold both thee and me.

•• This is to serve for parents and gover-  
 nors instead of a whole volume upon the  
 subject.

*Stearns.*

### § 96. *Indolence.*

Inconsistent soul that man is!—languish-  
 ing under wounds which he has the power to  
 heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his  
 knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of  
 God to him—(instead of pouring in oil)  
 serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to  
 multiply his pain, and render him more me-  
 lancholy

lancholy and uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life known, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever?

*Sterns.*

### § 97. *Consolation.*

Before an affliction is digested,—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late;—there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

*Sterns.*

### § 98. *The Starling.*

—Beslrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them—"Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over;

and looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it; with the same lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the Starling—"I can't get out, "I can't get out," said the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life; where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot

thy showy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled—Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

### § 99. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupings in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and

I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

### § 100. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

—Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father,—What do'st 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.

### § 101. *Health.*

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlarge'st the soul, —and

—and oppose 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.

*Sterne.*

### § 102. Detached Sentences.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

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 preludes and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs fatality.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it

serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By other's 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.

*Cotton*



Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No 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 rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

To err is human, to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present: It is no part of wisdom, to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning; he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The 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 neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to afflictation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every 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

high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his

lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things: for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

For sake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be, he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be, he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother: how

canst thou recompense them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

The latter part of a wife 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.

Oeconomy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, I am inclined to think so and so, not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The

honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones: the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition, and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he

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has

has been in the wrong ; which is but saying, 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 injured by slanderers : as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball ; whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute ; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty ; a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none ; it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth—There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination ; and this through

a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit ?

What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God !

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions : I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ; And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great,  
As when a giant dies.

### § 103. *Examples of Antithesis.*

The manner of speaking is as important as the matter. *Chesterfield.*

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness ; intemperance, by enervating the mind and body, ends generally in misery. *Art of Thinking.*

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A wise man is provided for occurrences of any kind. The good he manages; the bad he vanquishes: in prosperity, he betrays no presumption; in adversity, he feels no despondency.

*Seneca.*

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 former as something that is offensive to the Divine Being; the one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden.

*Guardian.*

Where opportunities of exercise are wanting, temperance may in a great measure supply its place. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance cures it.

*Spectator.*

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.

*Spett.*

Two principles in human nature reign, Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain: Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call; Each works its end, to move or govern all.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause  
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"  
And makes what happiness we justly call  
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n,  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble bursts, and now a world.

*Pope.*

Good name in man and woman  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis some-  
thing, nothing; [thousands;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare.*

In point of sermons, 'tis confess  
Our English clergy make the best;  
But this appears, we must confess,  
Not from the pulpit, but the press.  
They manage, with disjointed skill,  
The matter well, the manner ill;

And, what seems paradox at first,  
They make the best, and preach the worst.  
*Dr. Byram.*

### §. 104. *Examples of Enumeration.*

There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator, as in the choice of his words.

*Rochevoucault.*

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play-season returns, when, for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards; and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper.

*Guardian.*

I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner, as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with: this description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle, and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

*Spektor.*

The subject of a discourse being opened, explained, and confirmed; that is to say, the speaker having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, he must proceed to complete his conquest over the passions; such as imagination, admiration, surprise, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger. Now he must

begin to exert himself: here it is that a fine genius may display itself, in the use of amplification, enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament that can render a discourse entertaining, winning, striking, and enforcing.

*Baillie.*

Nothing is so uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humour, passion, or interest; hates me, because he has injured me; and speaks ill of me, because he hates me,

*Art of Thinking.*

Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

*Abp. Tillotson.*

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end; the minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.

*Spektor.*

No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend: it eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

*Spektor.*

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

*Tatler.*

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation,

versation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and oeconomy of the world. *Guardian.*

### § 105. *Examples of Suspension.*

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. *Blair.*

When a man has got such a great and exalted soul, as that he can look upon life and death, riches and poverty, with indifference; and closely adheres to honesty, in whatever shape she presents herself; then it is that virtue appears with such a brightness, as that all the world must admire her beauties. *Cicero.*

If a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, and, by sending down his treasury-mandates, should procure a spurious representative 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; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul (the last

fatal compliment they can pay to the crown)—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation—the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them. *Sir John St. Aubin.*

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

To hear a judicious and elegant discourse from the pulpit, which would in print make a noble figure, murdered by him who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a tone between singing and saying, or with a nod of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unannounced monotony in which he was used to repeat *Qua genus* at school; what can be imagined more lamentable? yet what more common! *Burgh.*

### § 106. *Examples of Parenthesis.*

If envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c.) I presume the self-love common to human nature would generally make them prefer their own condition. *Shenstone.*



The opera (in which action is joined with music, in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave (with all due submission to the taste of the great) to consider as a forced conjunction of two things which nature does not allow to go together.

*Burgh.*

When Socrates' fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and (whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophising upon some useful subject) he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another.

*Spectator.*

#### § 107. *Examples of Interrogation.*

He that boasteth of his ancestors, confesseth he hath no virtue of his own. No other person hath lived for our honour, nor ought that to be reputed ours which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man that his parents had good eyes? does he see one what the better?

*Charron.*

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 inquiries? *Spectator.*

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine; or nakedness, or peril, or sword? nay: in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

*St. Paul.*

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the bar, of appearing upon the stage, or in the pulpit; does it follow, that he need bestow no pains in learning to speak properly his native language? will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of verses, a passage of a book or news-paper? must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants? —Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life. The limbs are parts of the body much less noble than the tongue, yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his son taught to use them properly; which is very commendable: and is there no attention to be paid to the use of the tongue, the glory of man?

*Burgh.*

#### § 108. *Examples of Climax.*

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

*Cowley.*

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions,

Sons, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because this is empire. *Tillotson.*

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;  
The centre mov'd, a circle trait succeeds;  
Another still, and still another spreads;  
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,  
His country next, and next all human race.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
But where the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed : *[Tweed ;*

Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the  
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows  
where. *Pope.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
At fifty, chides his infamous delay ;  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves and re-resolves—then dies the same !  
*Young.*

No, not an oath : if that the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
So let high-flighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery : but if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,

What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,  
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word

And will not palter ? and what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
*Jul. Caesar.*

§ 109. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, intitled, "Poor Richard improved." Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been 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 of merchants goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times ; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, ' Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times ? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country ? how shall we be ever able to pay them ? What would you advise us to ? '— Father Abraham stood up, and replied, ' If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short ; " for a word to the wise is enough," as Poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows \* :

' Friends,

\* 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

\* Friends, says he, the taxes are, indeed, very heavy ; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them ; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly ; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us ; “ God helps them that help themselves,” as Poor Richard says.

I. ‘ It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service : but idleness taxes many of us much more ; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. “ Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright,” as Poor Richard says.—“ But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,” as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep ! forgetting that “ The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,” as Poor Richard says.

“ If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,” as Poor Richard says, “ the greatest prodigality ;” since,

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 Englishman, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the other side of the water ?

as he elsewhere tells us, “ Lost time is never found again ; and what we call time enough always proves little enough !” Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose ; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. “ Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy ; and, he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night ; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee ; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,” as Poor Richard says.

‘ So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times ? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. “ Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains ; then help hands, for I have no lands,” or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. “ He that hath a trade, hath an estate ; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,” as poor Richard says ; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

—If we are industrious we shall never starve ; for, “ at the working man’s house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.” Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for “ Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.” What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, “ Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.” Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. “ One to-day is worth two to-morrows,”

rows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mitens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. 'But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,  
Nor yet an oft-removed family, [be."

That throve so well as those that settled  
'And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

'And again, "The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;" and again; "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;" and again, "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like,—serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. 'So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,  
Since women for tea forsook spinning  
and knitting,  
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

' Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families ; for

" Women and wine, game and deceit,  
Make the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, " What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, 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 expenses ; " A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says ; and again, " Who dainties love, shall beggars prove ;" and moreover, " Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods ; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost ; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, " Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." And again, " At a great pennyworth pause a while : " he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real ; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, " Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, " It is foolish to lay out

money in a purchase of repentance ;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families ; " Silks and fattens, scarlet and vests, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life ; they can scarcely be called the conveniences ; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them ?—By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing ; in which case it appears plainly, that " A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of ; they think " It is day, and will never be night ;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding ; but " Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says ; and then, " When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. " If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some ; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says ; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

" Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse ;  
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, " Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy."

When

When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it:" And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt;—Pride 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 risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, "The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."—What would you think of that prince, or of that government,

who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in goal for life; or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want save while you may,

No morning-sun lasts a whole day."

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and, "It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says: So, "Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,

'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain. of

bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. ' This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom ; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things ; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven ; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

' And now to conclude, " Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that ; for, it is true, " We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct : " However, remember this, " They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped ; " and farther, that " If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon ; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else ; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious, that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me ; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it ; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

## § 110. On Cruelty to inferior Animals.

Man is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united : as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors ; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependent on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependent 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 this authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses ! no small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals ; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows ; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe ; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as

little

little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped, to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed, and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us, who injure our properties, or an-

nny 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 preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compassion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: but, if there are any whose tastes are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to partake of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as demons in human shapes, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.



So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should persecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation so frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power: all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in 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 extirpate it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the

utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful peasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expence to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end, but to multiply the objects of their persecution.

What name should we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind? whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? yet, if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman. *Jennys.*

§ III. *A concluding Section on the Duties of School Boys, from the pious and judicious ROLLIN.*

Quintilian says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them, to love those who teach them, as they love the sciences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and respect suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars.

Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their

exactness and severity displease sometimes, at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them. Thus we see that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quintilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," says he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a sense of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exercise, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will serve instead of a spur. We need not fear that such a scholar will ever give himself up to fullness." *Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit oburgatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc desiderium 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, mien, and faults

faults of others ; and he presently gives an admirable reason for it : “ A child,” says he, “ cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unless he be good and virtuous ; otherwise, I should rather choose to have him dull and heavy than of a bad disposition.” *Non dabit spem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi studio petet, ut rideatur.* Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingeniosus : alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi esse ingenii, quam mali.

He displays to us all these talents in the eldest of his two children, whose character he draws, and whose death he laments in so eloquent and pathetic a strain, in the beautiful preface to his sixth book. I shall beg leave to insert here a small extract of it, which will not be useless to the boys, as they will find it a model which suits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger son, who died at five years old, and described the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettiness of his expressions, the vivacity of his understanding, which began to shine through the veil of childhood ; “ I had still left me,” says he, “ my son Quintilian, in whom I placed all my pleasure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him : for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only blossoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of disappointment.—I have much experience ; but I never saw in any child, I do not say only so many excellent dispositions for the sciences ; nor so much taste, as his matters know, but so much probity, sweetness, goodness, 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 surprizing facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

“ But all this was no more than hopes. I set a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his resolution, the courage with which he bore up against fear and pain ; for, how were his physicians astonished at his patience under a distemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himself, and bad me not to weep for him ! and delirious as he sometimes was at his last moments, his tongue ran of nothing else but learning and the sciences : O vain and deceitful hopes ! &c.”

Are there many boys amongst us, of whom we can truly say so much to their advantage, as Quintilian says here of his son ? What a shame would it be for them, if born and brought up in a Christian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children ! I make no scruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, respect for their masters, or rather a degree of affection, and the source of an eternal gratitude ; zeal for study, and a wonderful thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity ; an admirable fund of probity, goodness, gentleness, civility, and liberality ; as also patience, courage, and greatness of soul in the course of a long sickness. What then was wanting to all these virtues ?—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and must be in a manner the soul of them, and constitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety ; the saving knowledge of a Mediator ; a sincere desire of pleasing God, and referring all our actions to him.





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