





90372

90537

ADDISON'S PAPERS

IN THE

TATLER, SPECTATOR,

AND

GUARDIAN:

WITH SELECT ESSAYS FROM THE

FREEHOLDER,

AND HIS TREATISE OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

*TICKELL'S LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,*

AND EXTRACTS FROM

DR. JOHNSTON'S REMARKS ON HIS PROSE WRITINGS,

WITH NOTES.

*IN FOUR VOLUMES.*

VOL. IV.

---

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR W. CREECH AND J. SIBBALD.

M.DCC. XC.



THE

QUARTER

IN THE

CHRISTIAN

THE



THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

190  
85  
88

ADDISON'S

P A P E R S

IN THE

S P E C T A T O R.

---

Saturday, October 25, 1712\*.

---

*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,  
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 728.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.

DRYDEN.

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

VOL. IV.

A

IF

\* No. 519.

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

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

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is

no more of the one than what is necessary for the exigence of the other.

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

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter: to mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the senses which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted,

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

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the Power which produced him.

“ That



“ That there should be more species of intelligent  
“ creatures above us than there are of sensible and  
“ material below us, is probable to me from hence ;  
“ that in all the visible corporeal world we see no  
“ chafms or no gaps. All quite down from us,  
“ the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series  
“ of things, that in each remove differ very little  
“ one from the other. There are fishes that have  
“ wings, and are not strangers to the airy region :  
“ and there are some birds that are inhabitants of  
“ the water, whose blood is as cold as fishes, and  
“ their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are  
“ allowed them on fish days. There are animals so  
“ near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they  
“ are in the middle between both. Amphibious a-  
“ nimals link the terrestrial and aquatic together.  
“ Seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have  
“ the warm blood and entrails of a hog ; not to men-  
“ tion what is confidently reported of mermaids or  
“ sea-men. There are some brutes that seem to have  
“ as much knowledge and reason as some that are  
“ called men ; and the animal and vegetable king-  
“ doms are so nearly joined, that if you will take  
“ the lowest of one, and the highest of the other,  
“ there will scarce be perceived any great difference  
“ between them : and so on until we come to the  
“ lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter,  
“ we shall find every where that the several species  
“ are linked together, and differ but in almost insen-  
“ sible degrees. And when we consider the infinite  
“ power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason  
“ to think that it is suitable to the magnificent har-  
“ mony of the universe, and the great design and  
“ infinite goodness of the architect, that the species  
“ of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend  
“ upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as  
“ we see they gradually descend from us downward :  
“ which, if it be probable, we have reason then to  
“ be persuaded that there are far more species of  
“ creatures above us than there are beneath ; we  
“ being

“ being in degrees of perfection much more remote  
 “ from the infinite being of God, than we are from  
 “ the lowest state of being, and that which approaches  
 “ nearest to nothing: And yet of all those distinct  
 “ species we have no clear distinct ideas.”

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

---

Thursday, October 30, 1712\*.

---

————— *Nunc augur Apollo,  
 Nunc Lycia sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso  
 Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.  
 Scilicet is superis labor*————

VIRG. Æn. iv. 376.

Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god;  
 Now Hermes is employed from Jove's abode,  
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state  
 Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery  
 of any rising genius among my countrymen.  
 For this reason I have read over with great pleasure

\* No. 523.

the

the late miscellany published by Mr Pope; in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published "On the Prospect of Peace," and which I hope will meet with such a reward from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature, he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon Venus or Helen than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of Apollo, or a description of Polypheme. At other times, when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school, it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of pagan theology, and we may be allowed to enliven a theme or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our Jupiters and Junos.

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock heroic poems, the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable, but graceful, because

cause it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the pastorals of Mr. Philips. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fawns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a christian author to write in the pagan creed, to make Prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the Marthal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of Bacchus or Apollo, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd practice, I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that spectatorial authority with which I stand invested.

“ **W**HEREAS the time of a general peace is  
 “ in all appearance drawing near, being in-  
 “ formed that there are several ingenious persons  
 “ who intend to shew their talents on so happy an  
 “ occasion, and being willing as much as in me lies  
 “ to

“ to prevent that effusion of nonsense which we have  
“ good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly re-  
“ quire every person who shall write on this subject  
“ to remember that he is a Christian, and not to  
“ sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to  
“ it, I do expect of him, in the first place, to make  
“ his own poem, without depending upon Phœbus  
“ for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any  
“ one of the Muses by name. I do likewise posi-  
“ tively forbid the sending of Mercury with any par-  
“ ticular message or dispatch relating to the peace;  
“ and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon  
“ her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in  
“ this great work. I do further declare, that I shall  
“ not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the  
“ deaths of the several thousands who have been  
“ slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such  
“ deaths may be very well accounted for by the  
“ Christian system of powder and ball. I do there-  
“ fore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of  
“ man’s life upon any pretence whatever, unless it  
“ be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I  
“ have good reason to fear that Neptune will have a  
“ great deal of business on his hands in several poems  
“ which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I  
“ do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done  
“ in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion;  
“ and that even here he be not permitted to enter  
“ but with great caution and circumspection. I de-  
“ sire that the same rule may be extended to his  
“ whole fraternity of heathen gods; it being my de-  
“ sign to condemn every poem to the flames in which  
“ Jupiter thunders or exercises any other act of au-  
“ thority which does not belong to him. In short,  
“ I expect that no pagan agent shall be introduced,  
“ or any fact related which a man cannot give cre-  
“ dit to with a good conscience. Provided always  
“ that nothing herein contained shall extend or be  
“ construed to extend to several of the female poets  
“ in this nation, who shall still be left in full posses-  
“ sion

“ fion of their gods and goddeſſes, in the ſame man-  
 “ ner as if this paper had never been written.”

Thursday, November 6, 1712 \*.

*Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.*

HOR. Ars. Poet. 92.

Let every thing have its due place.

ROSCOMMON.

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

The moſt minute pocket author hath beneath him the writer of all pamphlets, or works that are only ſtitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of ſingle ſheets, and of that fraternity who publiſh their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the

\* No. 529.

precedency

precedency among the individuals in this latter class of writers is yet settled.

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

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

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above 'squires: This last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural 'squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to "The present state of England," and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not

due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

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

I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before comic writers. Those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former; but Mr. Dryden, and many others, would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By



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

---

Friday, November 7, 1712\*.

---

*Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub juga abenea  
Sævo mitterre cum joco.*

HOR. Od. xxxiii. l. i. ver. 10.

Thus Venus sports: The rich, the base,  
Unlike in fortune and in face,  
To disagreeing love provokes;  
When cruelly jocose  
She ties the fatal noose,  
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

CREECH.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not sooner or later pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr Congreve's "Old Bachelor" is set forth to us with much wit and humour as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters

\* No. 530.

which

which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid; but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed Dear Spec, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into My worthy friend, and subscribed himself in the latter end at full length William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, who made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

“ My worthy Friend,

“ **I** QUESTION not but you and the rest of my  
 “ acquaintance wonder that I, who have lived  
 “ in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty  
 “ years together, should all on a sudden grow fond  
 “ of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward  
 “ run away as he did, without making up his ac-  
 “ counts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-  
 “ coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate,  
 “ I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live  
 “ and die upon it. I am every day abroad among  
 “ my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter  
 “ with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and pur-  
 “ ling streams. The simplicity of manners which I  
 “ have

“ have heard you so often speak of, and which ap-  
“ pears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully.  
“ As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and  
“ by your means the whole club, that I have lately  
“ married one of my tenant’s daughters. She is  
“ born of honest parents; and though she has no  
“ portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The na-  
“ tural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour,  
“ the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected  
“ turn of her shape and person, shot me through and  
“ through every time I saw her, and did more exe-  
“ cution upon me in program, than the greatest  
“ beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade.  
“ In short, she is such an one as promises me a good  
“ heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot  
“ leave to my children what are falsely called the  
“ gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to  
“ convey to them the more real and valuable gifts  
“ of birth, strong bodies and healthy constitutions.  
“ As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that  
“ I know them. I have had my share in their graces;  
“ but no more of that. It shall be my business here-  
“ after to live the life of an honest man, and to act as  
“ becomes the master of a family. I question not but  
“ I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and  
“ be treated to the tune of *The Marriage-hater*  
“ *matched*; but I am prepared for it. I have been  
“ as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly,  
“ I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering  
“ coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my post of  
“ an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a  
“ certain stiffness in my limbs which entirely de-  
“ stroyed that jauntiness of air I was once master of.  
“ Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I  
“ have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years.  
“ Since my retirement into the country will make a  
“ vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill  
“ up my place with my dear friend Tom Dapper-  
“ wit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the  
“ town. For my own part, as I have said before,  
“ I shall

“ I shall endeavour to live hereafter fuitable to a  
 “ man in my station, as a prudent head of a family,  
 “ a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so  
 “ happen), and as

“ Your most sincere friend

“ and humble servant,

“ WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.”

Saturday, November 8, 1712\*.

*Qui mare & terras variisque mundum*

*Temperat horis :*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,*

*Nec viget quiquam simile aut secundum.*

HOR. Od. l. i. xii. ver. 15.

Who guides below, and rules above,  
 The great Disposer, and the mighty King :  
 Than he none greater, like him none,  
 That can be, is, or was ;  
 Supreme he singly fills the throne.

CREECH.

**S**IMONIDES being asked by Dionysius the tyrant what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days ; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth ; and that he lost himself in the thought instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this : That he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature ; and since we have no no-

\* No. 531.

tion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each of these perfections; and what is a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge; the Divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfections in one being, we form our idea of the Great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose out of his Essay on Human Understanding, "If we examine the idea we have of the Incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way; and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection; *v. g.* having, from what we experiment in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without: when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so, putting them together, make our complex idea of God."

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection besides those which are lodged in an human soul; but it is impossible that we should have the ideas of any kinds of perfection except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which

is not marked out in an human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent philosophers, have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the Great Author of Nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degree, to speak according to our methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. There is no end of his greatness: The most exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it; none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible, and very great, and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: For even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be; for we have seen but a few of his works.

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely

initely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate ourselves before him in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would in a particular manner banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced. "He had  
" the profoundest veneration for the great God of  
" heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any  
" person. The very name of God was never men-  
" tioned by him without a pause, and a visible stop  
" in his discourse; in which, one that knew him  
" most particularly above twenty years, has told me

“ that he was so exact, that he does not remember  
 “ to have observed him once to fail in it.”

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases, and works of humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

---

*Thursday, November 13, 1712 \*.*

---

*Spem longam refecet*——

HOR. Od. xi. l. i. ver. 7.

Cut short vain hope.

**M**Y four hundred and seventy-first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which

\* No. 535.

we



we reach after. Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration in one or all these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector, are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good which lies  
within

within their reach for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often infuaries men into beggary, ruin and dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he will reflect on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind as a near relation to the Persian Glassman.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchants an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones.

" When

“ When I have got together as much wealth as I  
“ can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest  
“ house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs,  
“ and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself,  
“ and make a noise in the world. I will not, however,  
“ stop there; but still continue in my traffic  
“ until I have got together a hundred thousand  
“ drachmas. When I have thus made myself master  
“ of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally  
“ set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand  
“ the grand visier’s daughter in marriage, after having  
“ represented to that minister the information  
“ which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion,  
“ and other high qualities which his daughter possesses.  
“ I will let him know at the same time that it is my  
“ intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces  
“ of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have  
“ married the grand visier’s daughter, I will buy her  
“ ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the best that  
“ can be got for money. I must afterwards make my  
“ father-in-law a visit, with a great train and  
“ equipage: and when I am placed at his right hand,  
“ which he will do of course, if it be only to honour  
“ his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces  
“ of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to  
“ his great surprise, will present him with another  
“ purse of the same value, with some short speech;  
“ as, ‘ Sir, you see I am a man of my word:  
“ I always give more than I promise.’

“ When I have brought the princess to my house,  
“ I shall take particular care to breed her in a  
“ due respect for me, before I give the reins to  
“ love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine  
“ her to her own apartment, make her a short  
“ visit, and talk but little to her. Her woman  
“ will represent to me, that she is  
“ inconsolable by reason of my unkindness,  
“ and beg me with tears to care for her, and  
“ let her sit down by me; but I shall still  
“ remain inexorable, and will turn my back  
“ upon her all the

“ the first night. Her mother will then come and  
 “ bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a so-  
 “ fa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will  
 “ fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive  
 “ her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint in  
 “ her a thorough veneration for my person, draw  
 “ up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot,  
 “ in such a manner that she shall fall down several  
 “ paces from the sofa.”

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: So that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

---

Friday, November 12, 1712\*.

---

*O! vera Phrygia, neque enim Phryges!*

VIRG. *Æn.* ix. ver. 617.

O! less than women, in the shapes of men!

DRYDEN.

AS I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing about eighteen years of age stepped out of her coach, and brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the farther end of his counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller, that I was the man

\* No. 536.

of

of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a courtesy. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter subscribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure if any of my male readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

London, Nov. 1712.

“ YOU are always ready to receive any useful  
 “ hint or proposal; and such I believe you  
 “ will think one that may put you in a way to em-  
 “ ploy the most idle part of the kingdom; I mean  
 “ that part of mankind who are known by the name  
 “ of the women’s men or beaus, &c. Mr. Spectator;  
 “ you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not  
 “ made for any manly employments; and for want  
 “ of business, are often as much in the vapours as the  
 “ ladies. Now, what I propose is this, that since  
 “ knotting is again in fashion, which has been found  
 “ a very pretty amusement, that you would recom-  
 “ mend it to these gentlemen as something that may  
 “ make them useful to the ladies they admire. And  
 “ since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other  
 “ diversion; for it may be done in the play-house, in  
 “ their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short, in all  
 “ places where they come for the sake of the ladies  
 “ (except at church, be pleased to forbid it there to pre-

" vent mistakes); it will be easily complied with.  
 " It is besides an employment that allows, as we see  
 " by the fair sex, of many graces which will make  
 " the beaux more readily come into it; it shews a  
 " white hand and a diamond-ring to great advantage;  
 " it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed  
 " as before; as also the thoughts and the tongue.  
 " In short, it seems in every respect so proper that  
 " it is needless to urge it farther, by speaking of the  
 " satisfaction these male-knotters will find, when  
 " they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn  
 " by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was  
 " done. Truly, Mr. Spectator, I cannot but be  
 " pleased I have hit upon something that these gen-  
 " tlemen are capable of; for it is sad so considerable  
 " a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers)  
 " should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble  
 " you farther at this time, but only to say, that I  
 " am always your reader, and generally your ad-  
 " mirer. C B."

" P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to  
 " work the better; there being at this time several  
 " fine fringes, that stay only for more hands."

I shall, in the next place, present my reader with  
 the description of a set of men who are common  
 enough in the world, though I do not remember that  
 I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn  
 in the following letter.

" MR. SPECTATOR,  
 " SINCE you have lately, to so good purpose,  
 " enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped  
 " you will discourage every practice that rather pro-  
 " ceeds from a regard to interest than to happiness.  
 " Now, you cannot but observe that most of our  
 " fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction  
 " of the graver sort, to retain in their service, by  
 " some small encouragement, as great a number as  
 " they

“ they can of supernumerary and insignificant fel-  
 “ lows, which they use like whifflers, and common-  
 “ ly call *Shoeing Horns*. These are never designed  
 “ to know the length of the foot; but only when a  
 “ good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the  
 “ point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave lady,  
 “ Madam Matchwell, that it is absolutely convenient  
 “ for every prudent family to have several of these  
 “ implements about the house, to clap on as occa-  
 “ sion serves; and that every spark ought to produce  
 “ a certificate of his being a *Shoeing Horn*, before  
 “ he be admitted as a *Shoe*. A certain lady, whom  
 “ I could name if it was necessary, has at present  
 “ more *Shoeing Horns* of all sizes, countries and  
 “ colours, in her service, than ever she had new  
 “ *Shoes* in her life. I have known a woman make  
 “ use of a *Shoeing Horn* for several years; and find-  
 “ ing him unsuccessful in that function, convert him  
 “ at length into a *Shoe*. I am mistaken if your  
 “ friend Mr. William Honeycomb was not a cast  
 “ *Shoeing Horn* before his late marriage. As for  
 “ myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have  
 “ been an arrant *Shoeing Horn* for above these twenty  
 “ years. I served my first mistress in that capacity  
 “ above five of the number before she was shod. I  
 “ confess, though she had many who made their  
 “ application to her, I always thought myself the  
 “ best *Shoe* in her shop; and it was not until a  
 “ month before her marriage, that I discovered what  
 “ I was. This had like to have broke my heart,  
 “ and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the  
 “ next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind  
 “ usage from her, that I began to look upon my-  
 “ self as no more than her *Shoeing Horn*. Upon  
 “ which my dear, who was a coquette in her na-  
 “ ture, told me, I was hypochondriacal; and that I  
 “ might as well look upon myself to be an egg or  
 “ a pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave  
 “ me to know that I was not mistaken in myself.  
 “ It would be tedious to recount to you the life of

“ an unfortunate Shoeing Horn ; or I might enter-  
 “ tain you with a very long and melancholy rela-  
 “ tion of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think,  
 “ Sir, it would very well become a man in your  
 “ post, to determine in what cases a woman may be  
 “ allowed with honour to make use of a Shoeing  
 “ Horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this  
 “ side five-and-twenty, or a widow who has not been  
 “ three years in that state, may be granted such a  
 “ privilege, with other difficulties which will na-  
 “ turally occur to you upon that subject.

“ I am, SIR,

“ with the most profound veneration,

“ Yours, &c.”

Monday, November 17, 1712\*.

— Ultra  
 Finem tendere opus.

HOR. Sat. i. l. 2. ver. 1.

To launch beyond all bounds.

**S**URPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces, but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of a laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine feat in haste: he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity; but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

\* No. 538.

However,



However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprize, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may seem to move out of the common road, and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should have ever met with.

I have been led into this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of Antipathies was a proper field wherein such false surprizes might expatiate; and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them in a learned manner offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluvia of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to eels; thence to parsnips; and so from one aversion to another, until we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility among us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation

tion of this nature, began then to ingross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it; another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance. As I was going through a street of London, where I never had been until then, I felt a general damp and faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprise gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on. Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had an opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own, that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring-cast; and at last my friend of the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally take to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is

no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves: and if the authority of a character, or a caution against danger, make us suppress our opinions; yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them; and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment: and indeed (if we should even go no farther) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with. But silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprize, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair gray in a night, when the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another, taking the hint from hence, began upon his own knowledge to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable

he

he could ever have met with them : and as he still grounded these upon different causes for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him ; but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity ; and with the known old story in his head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair gray, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame which we fondly take to increase our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to shew us to ourselves. He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscious shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself ; the laugh of the company runs against you ; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence ; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story, you become a frequent diversion for the public.

“ Mr SPECTATOR,

“ **T**HE other day, walking in Pancras church-yard, I thought of your paper wherein you mention epitaphs, and am of opinion this has a thought in it worth being communicated to your readers.

“ Here

" Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath  
 " Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.  
 " Hence did she go, just as she did begin  
 " Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.  
 " Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,  
 " Is the next blessing to a life well spent.  
     " I am, SIR,  
     " Your humble servant."

Friday, November 21, 1712\*.

*Et sibi præferri se gaudet*—

OVID. Met. l. ii. ver. 430.

—————He heard,  
 Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.

ADDISON.

**W**HEN I have been present in assemblies where  
 my Paper has been talked of, I have been  
 very well pleas'd to hear those who would detract  
 from the author of it observe, that the letters which  
 are sent to the Spectator are as good if not better  
 than any of his works. Upon this occasion many  
 letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some  
 think the Spectator writ to himself, and which others  
 commend because they fancy he received them from  
 his correspondents. Such are those from the valetu-  
 dinarian; the inspector of the sign-posts; the master  
 of the fan exercise; with that of the hooped petti-  
 coat; that of Nicholas Hart the annual sleeper; that  
 from Sir John Envill; that upon the London cries;  
 with multitudes of the same nature. As I love no-  
 thing more than to mortify the ill-natured; that I  
 may do it effectually, I must acquaint them they  
 have very often praised me when they did not design

VOL. IV.

E

it 3

\* No. 542.

it; and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flower-pots in the playhouse, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a letter, for the following reasons: First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another before they own it themselves: Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose author is known and certain: Thirdly, because it gave an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the person of the Spectator: Fourthly, because the dignity spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from myself those severe ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters: And lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who would needs have it that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once  
in

in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge: But had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point; in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falshood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a Paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects; and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my conduct pa-

tronised by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of truth, wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this Paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS this morning in a company of your  
 “ well-wishers, when we read over with great  
 “ satisfaction Tully’s observations on action adapted  
 “ to the British Theatre: though, by the way, we  
 “ were very sorry to find that you have disposed  
 “ of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger  
 “ is dead, and the worthy clergyman dying. Cap-  
 “ tain Sentry has taken possession of a good estate:  
 “ Will Honeycomb has married a farmer’s daugh-  
 “ ter; and the Templar withdraws himself into the  
 “ business of his own profession. What will all  
 “ this end in? We are afraid it portends no good  
 “ to the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day  
 “ for the election of new members, we are under  
 “ the apprehension of losing the British Spectator.  
 “ I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address  
 “ you on this subject; and question not, if you do  
 “ not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will  
 “ receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to  
 “ continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out  
 “ of



“ of this perplexity ; and among the multitudes of  
 “ your readers you will particularly oblige  
 “ Your most sincere friend and servant,  
 “ PHILO-SPEC.”

---

7

---

Saturday, November 22, 1712\*.

---

—*Facies non omnibus una,  
 Nec diversa tamen*—

OVID. Met. l. ii. ver. 13.

Similar, though not the same—

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

\* No. 543.

the

the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprize and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

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

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

But to return to our speculations on anatomy, I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never  
acts

acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes; each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion-kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetition among several species, that differ very little from one another in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large copied out in the several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence; as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descents, which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther. Every living creature considered in itself, has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal;

mal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison of this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an All-wise Contriver; as those more numerous copyings which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred millions of dice should be casually thrown an hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires  
a degree

a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblance to each other, and those particular distinctions which were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power and goodness in the formation of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem intituled *Creation*, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

Thursday, November 27, 1712\*.

*Si vulnus tibi, monstrata radice vel herba,  
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba  
Proficiente nihil curarier—*

HOR. l. 2. Ep. ii. ver. 149.

Suppose you had an wound, and one had shew'd  
An herb, which you apply'd, but found no good;  
Would you be fond of this, increase your pain,  
And use the fruitless remedy again?

CREECH.

**I**T is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and together with his friends has celebrated some of my speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame

in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much had I suppressed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

“ SIR,

“ I AM often in a private assembly of wits of both  
 “ sexes, where we generally descant upon your  
 “ speculations, or upon the subjects on which you  
 “ have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of  
 “ those two volumes which you have lately publish-  
 “ ed. Some were commending one of your papers,  
 “ and some another; and there was scarce a single  
 “ person in the company that had not a favourite  
 “ speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learn-  
 “ ing told us, he thought it would not be amiss, if  
 “ we paid the Spectator the same compliment that  
 “ is often made in our public prints to Sir Wil-  
 “ liam Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moor the apothecary,  
 “ and other eminent physicians, where it is  
 “ usual for the patients to publish the cures which  
 “ have been made upon them, and the several dis-  
 “ tempers under which they laboured. The propo-  
 “ sals took; and the lady where we visited having  
 “ the two last volumes in large paper interleaved  
 “ for her own private use, ordered them to be  
 “ brought down and laid in the window; whither  
 “ every one in the company retired, and writ down  
 “ a particular advertisement in the stile and phrase  
 “ of the like ingenious compositions which we fre-  
 “ quently meet with at the end of our newspapers.  
 “ When we had finished our work, we read them  
 “ with a great deal of mirth at the fire-side, and  
 “ agreed, *nemine contradicente*, to get them transcrib-  
 “ ed and sent to the Spectator. The gentleman who  
 “ made the proposal entered the following advertise-  
 “ ment before the title page; after which the rest  
 “ succeeded in order.

Remedium

“ *Remedium efficax & universum*; or an effectual  
 “ remedy adapted to all capacities; shewing how any  
 “ person may cure himself of ill-nature, pride, party-  
 “ spleen, or any other distemper incident to the hu-  
 “ man system, with an easy way to know when the  
 “ infection is upon him. The panacea is as inno-  
 “ cent as bread, agreeable to the taste, and requires  
 “ no confinement. It has not its equal in the uni-  
 “ verse; as abundance of the nobility and gentry  
 “ throughout the kingdom have experienced.

“ N. B. No family ought to be without it.”

*Over the two Spectators on Jealousy, being the two first  
 in the third volume.*

“ I William Crazy, aged threescore and seven,  
 “ having for several years been afflicted with uneasy  
 “ doubts, fears, and vapours, occasioned by the youth  
 “ and beauty of Mary my wife, aged twenty-five,  
 “ do hereby, for the benefit of the public, give no-  
 “ tice, that I have found great relief from the two  
 “ following doses, having taken them two mornings  
 “ together with a dish of chocolate. Witness my  
 “ hand,” &c.

*For the benefit of the Poor.*

“ In charity to such as are troubled with the dis-  
 “ ease of levee-hunting, and are forced to seek their  
 “ bread every morning at the chamber-doors of great  
 “ men, I A. B. do testify, that for many years past  
 “ I laboured under this fashionable distemper, but  
 “ was cured of it by a remedy which I bought of  
 “ Mrs. Baldwin, contained in a half sheet of paper,  
 “ marked No. 193, where any one may be provided  
 “ with the same remedy at the price of a single  
 “ penny.”

“ An infallible cure for *Hypocondriac Melancholy*,  
 “ No. 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239.  
 “ 245. 247. 251.

“ *Probatum est.*

CHARLES EASY.”

F 2

“ I Christopher

“ I Christopher Query, having been troubled with  
 “ a certain distemper in my tongue, which shewed  
 “ itself in impertinent and superfluous interrogato-  
 “ ries, have not asked one unnecessary question since  
 “ my perusal of the prescription marked No. 228.”

“ The *Britannic Beautifier*; being an essay on Mo-  
 “ desty, No. 231, which gives such a delightful  
 “ blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are  
 “ white or pale, that it is not to be distinguished  
 “ from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to  
 “ be artificial by the nearest friend; is nothing of  
 “ paint, nor in the least hurtful. It renders the face  
 “ delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubbed  
 “ off; and cannot be paralleled by either wash, pow-  
 “ der, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best beau-  
 “ tifier in the world.

“ MARTHA GLOWORM.”

“ I Samuel Self, of the parish of St. James’s, hav-  
 “ ing a constitution which naturally abounds with  
 “ acids, made use of a paper of directions marked  
 “ No. 177, recommending a healthful exercise called  
 “ *Good-nature*, and have found it a most excellent  
 “ sweetener of the blood.”

“ Whereas I Elizabeth Rainbow was troubled with  
 “ that distemper in my head which about a year ago  
 “ was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and disco-  
 “ vered itself in the colour of their hoods, having  
 “ made use of the doctor’s cephalic tincture, which  
 “ he exhibited to the Public in one of his last year’s  
 “ Papers, I recovered in a very few days.”

“ I George Gloom, having for a long time been  
 “ troubled with the spleen, and being advised by my  
 “ friends to put myself into a course of STEELE, did  
 “ for that end make use of remedies conveyed to me  
 “ several mornings in short letters from the hand  
 “ of the invisible doctor. They were marked at the  
 “ bottom Nathaniel Henrooft, Alice Threadneedle,  
 “ Rebecca Nettletop, Tom Loveless, Mary Mean-  
 “ well,



“well, Thomas Smoky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustic Sprightly, &c. which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find myself cheerful, lightsome, and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same distemper.”

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third volume, reserving the fourth for another opportunity.

---

Saturday, November 29, 1712\*.

---

*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,  
Laudo tamen—*

Juv. Sat. iii. ver. i.

Tho' griev'd at the departure of my friend,  
His purpose of retiring I commend.

I BELIEVE most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our happiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase, he called

ed in all his money. But what was the event of it? Why, in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of such natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. Now, says he, you must know my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surpris'd, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I must suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands.

“ Good Mr. SPECTATOR,  
 “ **N**otwithstanding my friends at the club have  
 “ always rallied me when I have talked of  
 “ retiring from business, and repeated to me one of  
 “ my

“ my own sayings, *That a merchant has never enough*  
“ *until he has got a little more*; I can now inform you,  
“ that there is one in the world who thinks he has  
“ enough, and is determined to pass the remainder  
“ of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You  
“ know me so well, that I need not tell you I mean,  
“ by the enjoyments of my possessions, the making  
“ of them useful to the public. As the greatest  
“ part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady  
“ and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating  
“ in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial  
“ acres and tenements. I have removed it from the  
“ uncertainty of stocks, winds and waves, and disposed  
“ of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me  
“ great opportunity of being charitable in any way;  
“ that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work,  
“ and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of  
“ their own industry. My gardens, my fishponds,  
“ my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my several  
“ hospitals, or rather workhouses, in which I propose  
“ to maintain a great many indigent persons, who  
“ are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got  
“ a fine spread of improvable lands, and in my own  
“ thoughts am already ploughing up some of them,  
“ fencing others; planting woods, and draining  
“ marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the  
“ surface of this island, I am resolved to make it  
“ as beautiful a spot as any in her Majesty’s  
“ dominions; at least there is not an inch of it  
“ which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage,  
“ and do its utmost for its owner. As in my  
“ mercantile employment I so disposed of my  
“ affairs, that from whatever corner of the compass  
“ the wind blew, it was bringing home one or  
“ other of my ships; I hope, as a husbandman,  
“ to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain,  
“ or a glimpse of sun-shine, shall fall upon  
“ my estate without bettering some part of it,  
“ and contributing to the products of the  
“ season. You know it has been hitherto  
“ my opinion of life, that it is thrown  
“ away

“ away when it is not some way useful to others.  
 “ But when I am riding out by myself in the fresh  
 “ air on the open heath that lies by my house, I  
 “ find several other thoughts growing up in me. I  
 “ am now of opinion that a man of my age may  
 “ find business enough on himself, by setting his  
 “ mind in order, preparing it for another world, and  
 “ reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must  
 “ therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual  
 “ methods of charity of which I have before spoken,  
 “ I am at this very instant finding out a convenient  
 “ place where I may build an alms-house, which I  
 “ intend to endow very handsomely for a dozen su-  
 “ perannuated husbandmen. It will be a great plea-  
 “ sure to me to say my prayers twice a day with  
 “ men of my own years, who all of them, as well  
 “ as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how  
 “ they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I  
 “ remember an excellent saying that I learned at  
 “ school, *finis coronat opus*. You know best whether  
 “ it be in Virgil or in Horace: it is my business to  
 “ apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take  
 “ the country air with me sometimes, you shall find  
 “ an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every  
 “ day entertained with beef or mutton of my own  
 “ feeding; fish out of my own ponds; and fruit out  
 “ of my own gardens. You shall have free egress  
 “ and regress about my house, without having any  
 “ questions asked you; and in a word, such a hearty  
 “ welcome as you may expect from

“ Your most sincere friend

“ and humble servant,

“ ANDREW FREEPORT.”

The club, of which I am a member, being entire-  
 ly dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week  
 upon a project relating to the institution of a new  
 one.

---

Monday, December 1, 1712\*.

---

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor biatu?*

HOR. AIS Poet. ver. 138.

In what will all this ostentation end?

ROSCOMMON.

SINCE the late dissolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are many persons who, by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to tap upon the first information he received of Sir Roger's death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of Will Honeycomb. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. Honeycomb did not take sufficient care of their interest in the club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen, who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one-and-twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir Andrew Freeport, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain Sentry's place; and as many from a coffee-house in Paul's church-yard of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy

VOL. IV.

G

friend

\* No. 550.

friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours, which on such an occasion will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows:

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day; at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I may have reason to hope that the club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air, and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of Spectator, will be apt to call me the King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project: It is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions in the conversations which I have related beyond a yes or no. By this means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now,

Now, in order to diversify my character, and to shew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said club, to have my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from Great Britain, they will inform the world, that the Spectator's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next. I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at the end of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

---

Friday, June 18, 1714\*.

---

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina passus,  
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat ;  
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,  
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga  
Arduus ad solem, & linguis micat ore trifulcis*

VIRG. Æn. ii. ver. 471.

“ So shines, renew’d in youth, the crested snake,  
“ Who slept the winter in a thorny brake :  
“ And casting off his slough, when spring returns,  
“ Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns :  
“ Restor’d with pois’nous herbs, his ardent sides  
“ Reflect the sun, and rais’d on spires he rides ;  
“ High o’er the grass hissing he rolls along,  
“ And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.”

DRYDEN.

UPON laying down the office of Spectator, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past ; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, until I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative but unworthy member ; and shall here give an account of this surprizing change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which

\* No. 556.

happened



happened to the son of Cræsus, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech, consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion made my face ache on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used for some time to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation; and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffeehouses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements;

provements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a tory at Button's, and a whig at Child's; a friend to the Englishman, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though in reality I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

————— *Nil fuit unquam*  
*Tam dispar sibi* —————

HOR. Sat. iii. l. i. ver. 18.

“ Nothing was ever so unlike itself.”

My old acquaintance scarce know me: nay, I was asked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman who used to come to that coffeehouse? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes in the university know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance; having talked above a twelvemonth, not so much for the benefit of my hearers as of myself.

But

But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged for the future to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this Paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction; that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue; nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of whigs or tories, but of wise and good men; and I could heartily wish there were no faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that on the contrary it shall be the chief tendency of my Papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with

an eye to these principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Englishman, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: until which time I must intreat the courteous reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way.

Monday, June 21, 1714\*.

*Quippe domum timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues.*

VIRG. *Æn.* i. ver. 665.

He fears th' ambitious race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

“**T**HERE is nothing,” says Plato, “so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth.” For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons: upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom

\* No. 557.

he

he had produced; but the Prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation that great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great British preacher\*. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

“ The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature and honesty of disposition which always urges true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

“ The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man who lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before

VOL. IV.

H

“ he

\* Archbishop Tillotson, Vol. II. Sermon I. p. 7. fol. edit.

“ he could bring himself with a good countenance  
 “ and a good conscience to converse with men upon  
 “ equal terms and in their own way.”

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in king Charles the Second's reign by the ambassador of Bantam a little after his arrival in England.

“ Master,

“ **T**HE people where I now am have tongues  
 “ further from their hearts than from London  
 “ to Bantam; and thou knowest the inhabitants of  
 “ one of these places do not know what is done in  
 “ the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, ‘ That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival.’ \* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, ‘ He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.’ Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed and bid another do it. I lodged the first week at the house of one who desired me ‘ to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.’ Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me fall-  
 “ ing

“ing to work but he sent word to desire me to give  
“over, for that he would have no such doings in his  
“house. I had not been long in this nation before I  
“was told by one for whom I had asked a certain  
“favour from the chief of the king’s servants, whom  
“they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had eter-  
“nally obliged him. I was so surpris’d at his gra-  
“titude, that I could not forbear saying, What ser-  
“vice is there which one man can do for another that  
“can oblige him to all eternity! However, I only  
“asked him for my reward, that he would lend me  
“his eldest daughter during my stay in this country;  
“but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as  
“the rest of his countrymen.

“At my first going to court, one of the great men  
“almost put me out of countenance by asking ten  
“thousand pardons of me for only treading by acci-  
“dent upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a  
“compliment; for when they are civil to a great  
“man they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst  
“order any of thy officers of state to receive a  
“hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how  
“I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since  
“there is so little credit to be given to them. When  
“I go to see the king’s scribe, I am generally told  
“that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him  
“go into his house almost the very moment before.  
“Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are phy-  
“sicians; for the first question they always ask me  
“is, how I do: I have this question put to me above  
“a hundred times a-day. Nay, they are not only  
“thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a  
“more solemn manner with a full glass in their  
“hands every time I sit with them at table, though  
“at the same time they would persuade me to drink  
“their liquors in such quantities as I have found by  
“experience will make me sick. They often pretend  
“to pray for thy health also in the same manner;  
“but I have more reason to expect it from the good-  
“ness of thy constitution than the sincerity of their

“wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this  
 “double-tongued race of men, and live to lay him-  
 “self once more at thy feet in the royal city of  
 “Bantam.”

Wednesday, June 23, 1714\*.

*Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem  
 Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa  
 Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes?  
 O fortunati mercatores! gravis annis  
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.  
 Contra mercator, navem jactantibus austris,  
 Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur: hora  
 Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria lata.  
 Agricola laudat juris legumque peritus,  
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.  
 Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,  
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.  
 Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem  
 Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi  
 Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego, dicat,  
 Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,  
 Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,  
 Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja!  
 Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.*  
 HOR. Sat. i. l. i. ver. i.

Whence is't, Mæcenas, that so few approve  
 The state they're plac'd in, and incline to rove;  
 Whether against their will by fate impos'd,  
 Or by consent and prudent choice espous'd?  
 Happy the merchant! the old soldier cries,  
 Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprize.  
 The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane  
 Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,  
 Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign:

\* No. 558.

}  
 There



There an engagement soon decides your doom,  
 Bravely to die, or come victorious home.  
 The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,  
 When at the dawn the clients break his rest.  
 The farmer, having put in bail t'appear,  
 And forc'd to town, cries, they are happiest there:  
 With thousands more of this inconstant race,  
 Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.  
 Not to detain you longer, pray attend  
 The issue of all this; should Jove descend  
 And grant to every man his rash demand,  
 To run his lengths with a neglectful hand;  
 First, grant the harras'd warrior a release,  
 Bid him to trade and try the faithless seas,  
 To purchase treasure and declining ease: }  
 Next, call the pleader from his learned strife  
 To the calm blessings of a country life:  
 And, with these separate demands dismiss  
 Each suppliant to enjoy the promised bliss;  
 Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,  
 Tho' proffer'd to be happy from above.

HORNECK.

**I**T is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all  
 the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a  
 public stock in order to be equally distributed among  
 the whole species, those who now think themselves  
 the most unhappy would prefer the share they are  
 already possessed of, before that which would fall to  
 them by such a division. Horace has carried this  
 thought a great deal farther in the motto of my Pa-  
 per, which implies, that the hardships or misfor-  
 tunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of  
 any other person would be, in case we could change  
 conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and  
 seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep;  
 when on a sudden methought there was a proclama-  
 tion made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring  
 in his griefs and calamities, and throw them toge-  
 ther

ther in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which upon examining I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their head and marched away as heavy loaded as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of  
a tawny

a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surpris'd to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he dispos'd of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was call'd the Spleen. But what most of all surpris'd me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonish'd, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle, I found, that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the Phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what pass'd, approach'd towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when on a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appear'd to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happen'd very luckily, that one who stood  
by

by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next Paper.

---

Friday, June 25, 1714\*.

---

*Quid cause est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas  
Iratas buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac  
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?*

HOR. Sat. i. l. i. ver. 20.

Were it not just that Jove, provok'd to heat,  
Should drive these triflers from the hallow'd feat,  
And unrelenting stand when they intreat?

HORNECK.

**I**N my last Paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and survey'd the several materials of which it was compos'd, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued

\* No. 559.

out

out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to change his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth in less than a quarter of an hour pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead; but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: But on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that

all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself; insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph; for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward on his own supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity; and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

---

Wednesday, June 30, 1714\*.

---

—————*Paulatim abolere Sichaum*  
*Incipit, & vivo tentat praeverttere amore*  
*Fampridem refides animos defuetaque corda.*  
 VIRG. ÆN. i. ver. 724.

“ But he—————  
 “ Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,  
 “ And moulds her heart a-new, and blots her for-  
 “ mer care.  
 “ The dead is to the living love resign’d,  
 “ And all Æneas enters in her mind.”

DRYDEN.

“ SIR,  
 “ I AM a tall broad-shouldered impudent black  
 “ fellow, and as I thought, every way qualified  
 “ for a rich widow: but after having tried my for-  
 “ tune for above three years together, I have not  
 “ been able to get one single relic in the mind. My  
 “ first attacks were generally successful; but always  
 “ broke off as soon as they came to the word settle-  
 “ ment. Though I have not improved my fortune  
 “ this way, I have my experience, and have learnt  
 “ several secrets which may be of use to those un-  
 “ happy gentlemen who are commonly distinguish-  
 “ ed by the name of widow-hunters, and who do  
 “ not know that this tribe of women are, generally  
 “ speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves.  
 “ I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of  
 “ a certain female cabal of this order, who call them-  
 “ selves the Widow-club. This club consists of nine  
 “ experienced dames who take their places once a-  
 “ week round a large oval table.  
 “ I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed  
 “ of six husbands, and is now determined to take a  
 “ \* No. 561. seventh;



“ seventh; being of opinion that there is as much  
 “ virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a  
 “ seventh son. Her comrades are as follow:

“ II. Mrs. Snapp, who has four jointures by four  
 “ different bed-fellows of four different shires. She  
 “ is at present upon the point of marriage with a  
 “ Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of  
 “ extending her possessions through all the counties  
 “ in England on this side the Trent.

“ III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and  
 “ a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of  
 “ sixty. Upon her making her report to the club  
 “ after a week’s cohabitation, she is still allowed to  
 “ sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at  
 “ the board.

“ IV. The widow Quick married within a fort-  
 “ night after the death of her last husband. Her  
 “ weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good  
 “ as new.

“ V. Lady Catharine Swallow. She was a widow  
 “ at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband  
 “ and two coachmen.

“ VI. The Lady Waddle. She was married in  
 “ the 15th year of her age, to Sir Simon Waddle,  
 “ knight, aged threescore and twelve, by whom she  
 “ had twins nine months after his decease. In the  
 “ 55th year of her age she was married to James  
 “ Spindle, Esq. a youth of one-and-twenty, who  
 “ did not out-live his honey moon.

“ VII. Deborah Conquest. The case of this lady  
 “ is something particular. She is the relict of Sir  
 “ Sampson Conquest, sometime justice of the Quorum.  
 “ Sir Sampson was seven feet high, and two feet in  
 “ breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other.  
 “ He had married three wives, who all of them died  
 “ in child-bed. This terrified the whole sex, who  
 “ none of them durst venture on Sir Sampson. At  
 “ length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave  
 “ so good an account of him, that in three years  
 “ time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his  
 his

“ his length upon the ground. This exploit has  
 “ gained her so great a reputation in the club, that  
 “ they have added Sir Sampson’s three victories to  
 “ hers, and give her the merit of a fourth widow-  
 “ hood ; and she takes her place accordingly.

“ VIII. The widow Wildfire, relict of Mr. John  
 “ Wildfire fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a  
 “ fix-bar gate. She took his death so much to heart,  
 “ that it was thought it would have put an end to  
 “ her life, had she not diverted her sorrows by re-  
 “ ceiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neigh-  
 “ bourhood, who made love to her in the second  
 “ month of her widowhood. This gentleman was  
 “ discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young  
 “ Templar, who had the possession of her for six  
 “ weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken  
 “ officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gen-  
 “ tleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived  
 “ a favourite as his predecessors, but had the plea-  
 “ sure to see himself succeeded by a long series of  
 “ lovers, who followed the widow Wildfire to the  
 “ 37th year of her age, at which time there ensued  
 “ a cessation of ten years, when John Felt ha-  
 “ berdasher, took it in his head to be in love with  
 “ her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry  
 “ her off.

“ IX. The last is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke  
 “ her first husband’s heart before she was sixteen ;  
 “ at which time she was entered of the club, but  
 “ soon after left it upon account of a second, whom  
 “ she made so quick a dispatch of, that she returned  
 “ to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young  
 “ matron is looked upon as the most rising member  
 “ of the society, and will probably be in the pre-  
 “ sident’s chair before she dies.

“ These ladies upon their first institution re-  
 “ solved to give the pictures of their deceased hus-  
 “ bands to the club-room ; but two of them bring-  
 “ ing in their dead at full length, they covered all  
 “ the walls. Upon which they came to a second re-  
 solution,

“ solution, that every matron should give her own  
“ picture, and set it round with her husband’s in  
“ miniature.

“ As they have most of them the misfortune to  
“ be troubled with the colic, they have a noble cel-  
“ lar of cordials and strong waters. When they  
“ grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate  
“ their former partners with a tear. But ask them  
“ which of their husbands they condole, they are not  
“ able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do  
“ not weep so much for the loss of a husband as for  
“ the want of one.

“ The principal rule by which the whole society  
“ are to govern themselves is this, to cry up the  
“ pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in or-  
“ der to deter the rest of their sex from marriage,  
“ and ingross the whole male world to themselves.

“ They are obliged when any one makes love to  
“ a member of the society, to communicate his name ;  
“ at which time the whole assembly sit upon his re-  
“ putation, person, fortune and good humour: and  
“ if they find him qualified for a sister of the club,  
“ they lay their heads together how to make him  
“ sure. By this means they are acquainted with all  
“ the widow-hunters about town, who often afford  
“ them great diversion. There is an honest Irish  
“ gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this  
“ society, but at different times has made love to  
“ the whole club.

“ Their conversation often turns upon their former  
“ husbands; and it is very diverting to hear them  
“ relate their several arts and stratagems with which  
“ they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or  
“ wheedled the good-natured man, till at last, to use  
“ the club phrase, ‘ They sent him out of the house  
“ with his heels foremost.’

“ The politics which are most cultivated by this  
“ society of She-Machiavels relate chiefly to these  
“ two points how to treat a lover, and how to ma-  
“ nage a husband. As for the first set of artifices,  
“ they

“ they are too numerous to come within the compass of your Paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

“ The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity or any other virtue of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinheret the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection until he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.

“ After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

“ Your humble servant, &c.”

Friday, July 2, 1714\*.

—*Presens, absens ut fies.*

TER. EUN. ACT. 1. SC. 2.

Be present as if absent.

“ IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself,” says Cowley; “ it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader’s ears to hear any thing of praise from him.” Let the tenor of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a

\* No. 562.

blunder

blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is observed of Tully in particular, that his works run very much in the first person, and that he takes all occasions of doing himself justice. "Does he think," says Brutus, "that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting Cæsar to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of March, as he is of the Nones of December?" I need not acquaint my learned reader, that in the Ides of March Brutus destroyed Cæsar; and that Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Cataline in the Calends of December. How shocking soever this great man's talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character, and illustrate several passages in the history of his life: besides that there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmity of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The gentlemen of Port-Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in France, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as rising from vain-glory and self-conceit. To shew their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an egotism; a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Wolfey, *Ego & Rex meus*, "I and my king;" as perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world, was Montaigne the author of the celebrated essays. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works; and after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to

the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an essay promises perhaps a discourse upon Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne than of either of them. The young Scaliger, who seems to have been no great friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words: *La Grande saidaise de Montaigne, qui a écrit qu'il aimoit mieux la vin blanc.—Que diable a-ton à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il aime?* “For my part,” says Montaigne, “I am a great lover of your white wines.”—“What the devil signifies it to the public,” says Scaliger, “whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines.”

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists for whom I always had a mortal aversion; I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern prefaces favour very strongly of the egotism: Every insignificant author fancies it of importance to the world to know that he writ his book in the country; that he did it to pass away some of his idle hours; that it was published at the importunity of his friends; or that his natural temper, studies or conversations directed him to the choice of his subject.

———— *Id populus curat scilicet.*

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public; but I would advise every other writer never to speak of himself,

himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character; though I am sensible this rule will be of little use in the world, because there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person.

I shall close this paper with a remark upon such as are egotists in conversation. These are generally the vain or shallow part of mankind, people being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of egotists which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them: I mean those empty conceited fellows who repeat as sayings of their own, or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would always be laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us, that as he and Jack such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of Terence, *Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions; and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation; and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

---

Friday, July 9, 1714\*.

---

*Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.*  
VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 221.

For God the whole created mass inspires;  
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depths, he  
throws  
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.  
DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The Galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection; "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which  
\* No. 565. " thou



“ thou hast ordained ; what is man that thou art  
“ mindful of him, and the son of man that thou  
“ regardest him !” In the same manner, when I  
considered that infinite host of stars, or to speak more  
philosophically, of suns, which were then shining  
upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or  
worlds which were moving round their respective  
suns ; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed an-  
other heaven of suns and worlds rising still above  
this which we discovered, and these still enlightened  
by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are  
planted at so great a distance, that they may appear  
to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us ;  
in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not  
but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I  
myself bore amidst the immensity of God’s works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the  
creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that  
move about him, utterly extinguished and annihila-  
ted, they would not be missed more than a grain  
of sand upon the sea shore. The space they possess  
is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole,  
that it would scarce make a blank in the creation.  
The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that  
could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass  
from one end of the creation to the other ; as it is  
possible there may be such a sense in ourselves here-  
after, or in creatures which are at present more ex-  
alted 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 rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, until 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

of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider in the first place that he is omnipresent; and in the second that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

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 *sensoriala*, 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

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. "O that I knew where I might find him!" says Job. "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation 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 an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

---

Wednesday, July 14, 1712\*.

---

— *Iuceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.* — VIRG. *Æn.* vi. ver. 493.

— The weak voice deceives their gasping throats. — DRYDEN.

I HAVE received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my Paper a general run, I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader generally casts his eye upon a new book; and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great satisfaction. An M and an h, a T and an r, with a short line between them, has sold many insipid pamphlets. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well-written &c——'s.

A sprinkling of the word *faction*, *Frenchman*, *papist*, *plunderer*, and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention *scribbler*, *liar*, *rogue*, *rascal*, *knave* and *villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an *innuendo* to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to a peruser of those mysterious works that he is able to decipher them without help, and by the

VOL. IV. L strength

\* No. 567.

strength of his own natural parts to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T—m Br—wn, of facetious memory; who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a Paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire, and if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

“ If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Englishman ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me who hears me name \*\*\*, with his first friend and favourite \*\*\*, not to mention \*\*\* nor \*\*\*. These people may cry ch—rch, ch—rch, as long as they please; but, to make use of a homely proverb, ‘The proof of the p—dd—ng is in the eating.’ This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate, (and we have Monsieur Z——n’s word for it) our posterity would be in a sweet p—ckle. Must the British nation suffer, forsooth, because my Lady Q—p—t—s has been obliged? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ——? I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man though he were  
“ a B——y

“ a B——y or a T——t. Nay I would not stick  
 “ to call so wretched a politician, a traitor, an ene-  
 “ my to his country, and a bl-nd-rb-fs, &c. &c.”

The remaining part of this poetical treatise, which is written after the manner of the celebrated authors in Great-Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas; and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers, it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state tracts; and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writers of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this modern race of Syncopists, and thoroughly content my English reader, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it.

---

Friday, July 16, 1714\*.

---

————— *Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*

MART. Epig. i. 39.

Reciting makes it thine.

I WAS yesterday in a coffeehouse not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax-candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a

man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon by brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being entrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, "The Spectator," says I, "is very witty to-day;" upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before, "Ay," says he, "more witty than wife I am afraid." His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: "This fellow," says he, "cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?" I fixed my eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks. "Asterisks," says he, "do you call them? they are all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines; ch-ch and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him." Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither; "for," says he, "you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding." "A fig for his dash," says the angry politician. "In his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet pickle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length if he means honestly?" "I have read over the whole passage," says I; "but  
" I look



" I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to  
 " be the most dangerous part, and as full of infinua-  
 " tion as it can hold. But who," says I, " is my  
 " Lady Q-p-t-s?" " Aye, answer that if you can,  
 " Sir," says the furious statesman to the poor whig  
 that sat over against him. But without giving him  
 time to reply, " I do assure you," says he, " were  
 " I my Lady Q-p-t-s, I would sue him for *scandalum*  
 " *magnatum*. What is the world come to! Must  
 " every body be allowed to—" He had by this  
 time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips,  
 when we expected the last word of his sentence, put  
 us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled  
 with so much rage and trepidation, that he had al-  
 most stifled the whole company. After a short pause,  
 I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too  
 far in writing so many letters of the Lady Q-p-t-s's  
 name; but " however," says I, " he has made a  
 " little amends for it in his next sentence, where he  
 " leaves a blank space without so much as a conso-  
 " nant to direct us. I mean," says I, " after those  
 " words; ' The fleet that used to be the terror of  
 " the ocean should be wind-bound for the sake of  
 " a ——— ;' after which ensues a chasm that in my  
 " opinion looks modest enough." " Sir," says my  
 antagonist, " you may easily know his meaning by  
 " his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you  
 " call it, for an hole to creep out at; but I believe  
 " it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to  
 " see the great officers of state, the B-y's and T-t's  
 " treated after so scurrilous a manner?" " I can't  
 " for my life," says I, " imagine who they are the  
 " Spectator means." " No!" says he, " your hum-  
 " ble servant, Sir!" Upon which he flung himself  
 back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and  
 smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left  
 hand, who I found was his great admirer. The whig  
 however had begun to conceive a good-will towards  
 me, and seeing my pipe out, very generously offered  
 me the use of his box; but I declined it with great  
 civility,

civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffeehouse, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the over-wise, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious age which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly signatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatist fellow in the country, who, upon reading over "The whole Duty of Man," had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the squire and the whole parish. The minister of the place having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man set his people right, by shewing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was written against all the sinners in England.

---

Monday, July 19, 1714\*.

---

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis  
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,  
An sit amicitia dignus* —————

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 434.

“ Wife were the kings, who never chose a friend,  
“ Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,  
“ And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.”

ROSCOMMON.

NO vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis being invited to a drinking-match at Corinth, demanded the prize very humourously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward: on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnell the West-Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogheads of October, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glasses of champagne; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular

\* No. 569.

as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonofus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man by the strength of reason may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, "Put less water in your wine," says the philosopher, "and you will quickly make her so." Wine heightens indifference into love,  
love

love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It oftens turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin: It gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity insupportable; and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours; but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, *Qui ebrium ludificat, ledit absentem*: "He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments; as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future Paper.

---

Friday, July 23, 1714\*.

---

— *Cælum quid querimus ultra?*

LUC.

“What seek we beyond heaven?”

**A**S the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

“SIR,

“**I**N your paper of Friday the 9th instant, 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 wherein 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.

\* No. 571.

“Secondly,

“ 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 re-  
“ ceives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from  
“ this his presence ! Every particle of matter is ac-  
“ tuated by this almighty being which passes through  
“ it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and pla-  
“ nets move and gravitate by virtue of this great  
“ principle within them. All the dead parts of na-  
“ ture are invigorated by the presence of their cre-  
“ ator, and made capable of exerting their respective  
“ qualities. The several instincts in the brute crea-  
“ tion do likewise operate and work towards the  
“ several ends which are agreeable to them by this  
“ divine energy. Man only, who does not co-oper-  
“ ate with this holy spirit, and is unattentive to his  
“ presence, receives none of those advantages from  
“ it which are perfective of his nature, and necessary  
“ to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and  
“ in him, and every where about him, but of no  
“ advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man  
“ without religion, as if there were no God in the  
“ world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite be-  
“ ing 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 consol-  
“ ations 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 hap-  
“ piness or misery. For in this sense, he may cast  
“ us away from his presence, and take his holy spi-  
“ rit 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 de-  
 “ plorable condition of an intellectual being who  
 “ feels no other effects from his maker’s presence  
 “ but such as proceed from divine wrath and indig-  
 “ nation.

“ We may assure ourselves, that the great author  
 “ of nature will not always be as one who is indif-  
 “ ferent 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 hea-  
 “ ven ; but the inhabitants of the former behold  
 “ him only in wrath, and shrink within the flames  
 “ to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the  
 “ power of imagination to conceive the fearful ef-  
 “ fects 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 outcast from his presence ;  
 “ that is, from the comforts of it ; or of feeling it  
 “ only in its terrors ? How pathetic is that expo-  
 “ sition of Job, when for the trial of his patience  
 “ he was made to look upon himself in this deplora-  
 “ ble condition ! ‘ Why hast thou set me as a mark  
 “ against thee, so that I am become a burden to my-  
 “ self ?’—But thirdly, How happy is the condition of  
 “ that intellectual being who is sensible of his mak-  
 “ er’s presence from the secret effects of his mercy  
 “ and loving-kindness.

“ The



“ 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 that the  
“ spirit of God is present with us, by the effects  
“ which he produces in us. Our outward senses are  
“ too gross to apprehend him : we may, however,  
“ taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence  
“ upon our minds ; by those virtuous thoughts  
“ which he awakens in us ; by those secret comforts  
“ and refreshments which he conveys into our souls ;  
“ and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfac-  
“ tions which are perpetually springing up and dif-  
“ fusing 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 understand-  
“ ing, rectify its will, purify its passions, and en-  
“ liven all the powers of man. How happy there-  
“ fore 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 con-  
“ tempt, he attends to that being who whispers bet-  
“ ter things within his soul, and whom he looks  
“ upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter up  
“ of

“ of his head. In his deepest solitude and retire-  
 “ ment 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 disso-  
 “ lution 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  
 “ 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 na-  
 “ ture could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a  
 “ very remarkable passage among his epistles: *Sacer*  
 “ *ineſt in nobis ſpiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos &*  
 “ *obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita*  
 “ *& 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 re-  
 “ velation: ‘ 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.’”

---

Friday, July 30, 1714\*.

---

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
 Recte beatum; rectius occupat  
 Nomen beati, qui deorum  
 Muneribus sapienter uti,  
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*

HOR. Od. ix. l. 4. ver. 45.

Believe not those that lands possess,  
 And shining heaps of usefess ore,  
 The only lords of happiness;  
 But rather those that know  
 For what kind fates bestow,  
 And have the art to use the store:  
 That have the generous skill to bear  
 The hated weight of poverty.

CREECH.

I WAS once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about "the great secret." As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are over-run with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it was capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on

for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together in the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but Content.

— This virtue does indeed produce in some measure all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the inquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining and ingratitude towards that being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants: and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess, and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one  
who

who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes always within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live at best in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting; because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is continually playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one who can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, "Luxury is artificial poverty." I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluons and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, "That no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are

sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortunes which he suffers and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the main-mast, told the standers-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one," says he, "has his calamity; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers; when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there never was any system besides that of Christianity which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe; and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These and the like considerations

siderations rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable; but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters as Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: "It is for that very reason," said the emperor, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

Monday, August 2, 1714\*.

—*Nec morti esse locum*—

VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 226.

No room is left for death.

DRYDEN.

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

\* No. 575.

N 2

and

and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this; in which of these two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which 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 he not think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would he not think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would he not 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 learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that  
the



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 until 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 until the whole mass of sand was thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together

together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it: The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this; whether we will choose 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 would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

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

---

Wednesday, August 4, 1714\*.

---

*Nitor in adversum ; nec me, qui cætera, vincit  
Impetus ; & rapido contrarius evehor orbi.*

OID. Met. l. ii. ver. 72.

“ I steer against their motions ; nor am I  
“ Borne back by all the current of the sky.”

ADDISON.

**I** Remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow ; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half-a-dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty, and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short ; after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniencies as the desire of not appearing singular ; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality and honour. In these cases we ought to consider that it is not custom but

\* No. 576.

duty

duty which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery; in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments; or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance, as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion and example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend

tend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher; and would rather be thought a malecontent than drink the king's health when he was not dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half-an-hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them, for the benefit of his lungs: to which end he generally took them out of Homer; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead. "The ambitious and the covetous," says he, "are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much

“ as those who are shut up in dark rooms ; but they  
 “ have the good luck to have numbers on their side ;  
 “ whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a  
 “ lunatic, is a frenzy *hors d'œuvre* ;” that is, in  
 other words, something which is singular in its  
 kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a mul-  
 titude.

The subject of this Essay was occasioned by a let-  
 ter which I received not long since, and which, for  
 want of room at present, I shall insert in my next  
 Paper.

---

Wednesday, August 11, 1714\*.

---

——— *Odora canum vis.*

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. ver. 132.

“ Sagacious hounds.”

**I**N the reign of king Charles the First, the com-  
 pany of stationers, into whose hands the print-  
 ing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very  
 remarkable erratum or blunder in one of the editions :  
 for instead of “ Thou shalt not commit adultery,”  
 they printed off several thousand copies with “ Thou  
 “ shalt commit adultery.” Archbishop Laud, to pu-  
 nish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon  
 that company in the Star-Chamber.

By the practice of the world which prevails in this  
 degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young  
 profligates of both sexes are possessed of this spuri-  
 ous edition of the Bible, and observe the command-  
 ment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the first ages of the church were ex-  
 communicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives  
 for bearing a part in christian assemblies, notwith-  
 \* No. 579. standing

standing they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens, which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my Papers when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity; though by reason of some modern phrases, and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon Mount *Ætna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the historians, that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such who were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master *Vulcan*; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them until they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

“ These dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his sister  
 “ *Diana*, the goddess of hunting and of chastity,  
 “ having bred them out of some of her hounds, in  
 “ which she had observed this natural instinct and  
 “ sagacity. It is thought she did it in spite to  
 “ *Venus*, who, upon her return home, always found  
 “ her husband in a good or bad humour according  
 “ to the reception which she met with from his dogs.  
 “ They lived in the temple several years, but were  
 “ such snappish curs that they frightened away most  
 “ of the votaries. The women of *Sicily* made a

“ solemn deputation to the priest; by which they  
 “ acquainted him, that they would not come up to  
 “ the temple with their annual offerings unless he  
 “ muzzled his mastiffs; and at last compromised the  
 “ matter with him, that the offering should always  
 “ be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were  
 “ none of them above seven years old. It was won-  
 “ derful, says the author, to see how different the  
 “ treatment was which the dogs gave to these little  
 “ misses from that which they had shewn to their  
 “ mothers. It is said that a prince of Syracuse,  
 “ having married a young lady, and being naturally  
 “ of a jealous temper, made such an interest with  
 “ the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp  
 “ from them of this curious breed. The young  
 “ puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at  
 “ first, insomuch that she solicited her husband to  
 “ send him away; but the good man cut her short  
 “ with the old Sicilian proverb, ‘ Love me, love my  
 “ dog.’ From which time she lived very peaceably  
 “ with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were  
 “ very much annoyed with him, and several of very  
 “ good reputation refused to come to court until he  
 “ was discarded. There were indeed some of them  
 “ that defied his sagacity; but it was observed,  
 “ though he did not actually bite them, he would  
 “ growl at them most confoundedly. To return to  
 “ the dogs of the temple; after they had lived here  
 “ in great repute for several years, it so happened,  
 “ that as one of the priests, who had been making a  
 “ charitable visit to a widow who lived on the pro-  
 “ montory of Lilybeum, returned home pretty late  
 “ in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much  
 “ fury, that they would have worried him if his  
 “ brethren had not come to his assistance; upon  
 “ which, says my author, the dogs were all of them  
 “ hanged, as having lost their original instinct.”

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing that  
 we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain,  
 which would certainly do justice, I should say ho-  
 nour,



nour, to the ladies of our country, and shew the world the difference between pagan women and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

Friday, August 13, 1714\*.

— *Si verbo audacia detur,  
Non metuum magni dixisse palatia cœli.*

OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 175.

“ This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,  
“ I’ll call the palace of the Deity.”

DRYDEN.

“ SIR,

“ I Considered in my two last letters that awful  
“ and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or om-  
“ nipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn  
“ that he is equally present in all places throughout the  
“ whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is  
“ so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the  
“ writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might  
“ shew at large, were it not already done by other  
“ hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially  
“ present through all the immensity of space, there  
“ is one part of it in which he discovers himself in  
“ a most transcendent and visible glory. This is  
“ that place which is marked out in scripture under  
“ the different appellations of ‘ Paradise, the Third  
“ Heaven, the Throne of God, and the Habitation  
“ of his Glory.’ It is here where the glorified body  
“ of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial  
“ hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels,  
“ are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat  
“ of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praise.  
“ This is that presence of God which some of the  
“ No. 580. “ divines

“ divines call his glorious, and others his majestic  
 “ presence. He is indeed as essentially present in  
 “ all other places as in this; but it is here where he  
 “ resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst  
 “ of all those splendours which can affect the imagi-  
 “ nation of created beings.

“ It is very remarkable that this opinion of God  
 “ Almighty’s presence in Heaven, whether discover-  
 “ ed by the light of nature, or by a general tradition  
 “ from our first parents, prevails among all the na-  
 “ tions of the world, whatsoever different notions  
 “ they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into  
 “ Homer, the most ancient of the Greek writers, you  
 “ see the Supreme Power seated in the heavens, and  
 “ encompassed with inferior deities; among whom  
 “ the Muses are represented as singing incessantly  
 “ about his throne. Who does not here see the main  
 “ strokes and outlines of this great truth we are  
 “ speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out  
 “ in many other heathen authors, though at the same  
 “ time, like several other revealed truths, dashed  
 “ and adulterated with a mixture of fables and hu-  
 “ man inventions. But to pass over the notions of  
 “ the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened  
 “ parts of the Pagan world, we find there is scarce a  
 “ people among the late discovered nations who are  
 “ not trained up in an opinion, that Heaven is the  
 “ habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

“ As in Solomon’s temple there was the *Sanctum*  
 “ *Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared a-  
 “ mong the figures of the cherubim, and into which  
 “ none but the high-priest himself was permitted to  
 “ enter, after having made an atonement for the sins  
 “ of the people: so if we consider the whole creation  
 “ as one great temple, there is in it this holy of ho-  
 “ lies, into which the high-priest of our salvation en-  
 “ tered, and took his place among angels and arch-  
 “ angels, after having made a propitiation for the sins  
 “ of mankind.

“ With

“ With how much skill must the throne of God  
“ be erected ! with what glorious designs is that ha-  
“ bitation beautified, which is contrived and built  
“ by him who inspired Hiram with wisdom ! how  
“ great must be the majesty of that place, where the  
“ whole art of creation has been employed, and where  
“ God has chosen to shew himself in the most magni-  
“ ficent manner ! What must be the architecture of  
“ infinite power under the direction of infinite wis-  
“ dom ? A spirit cannot but be transported after an  
“ ineffable manner with the sight of those objects  
“ which were made to affect him by that Being who  
“ knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to  
“ please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and  
“ faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God  
“ we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy  
“ writ : ‘ Behold even to the moon, and it shineth  
“ not ; yea the stars are not pure in his sight.’ The  
“ light of the sun, and all the glories of the world  
“ in which we live, are but as weak and sickly  
“ glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in compa-  
“ rison of those splendors which encompass the throne  
“ of God.

“ As the glory of this place is transcendent be-  
“ yond imagination, so probably is the extent of it.  
“ There is light behind light, and glory within glo-  
“ ry. How far that space may reach, in which God  
“ thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly  
“ conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be in-  
“ definite : and though not immeasurable in itself,  
“ it may be so with regard to any created eye or ima-  
“ gination. If he has made these lower regions of  
“ matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for  
“ the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how  
“ great may we suppose the courts of his house to  
“ be, where he makes his residence in a more espe-  
“ cial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of  
“ his glory, among an innumerable company of an-  
“ gels and spirits of just men made perfect ?

“ This

" This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be  
 " raised too high, when we think on a place where  
 " omnipotence and omniscience have so signally ex-  
 " erted themselves, because that they are able to pro-  
 " duce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than  
 " what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible  
 " but at the consummation of all things, these out-  
 " ward apartments of nature, which are now suited  
 " to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken  
 " in and added to that glorious place of which I am  
 " here speaking; and by that means made a proper  
 " habitation for beings who are exempt from morta-  
 " lity, and cleared of their imperfections: for so  
 " the Scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of  
 " new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth  
 " righteousness.

" I have only considered this glorious place with  
 " regard to the sight and imagination, though it is  
 " highly probable that our other senses may here  
 " likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There  
 " is nothing which more ravishes and transports the  
 " soul than harmony; and we have great reason to  
 " believe, from the descriptions of this place in holy  
 " scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of  
 " it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully  
 " affected with those strains of music which human  
 " art is capable of producing, how much more will  
 " it be raised and elevated by those in which is ex-  
 " erted the whole power of harmony? The senses  
 " are faculties of the human soul, though they can-  
 " not be employed during this our vital union with-  
 " out proper instruments in the body. Why there-  
 " fore should we exclude the satisfaction of these  
 " faculties, which we find by experience are inlets  
 " of great pleasure to the soul, from among those  
 " entertainments which are to make up our happi-  
 " ness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our  
 " hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those  
 " objects which are most agreeable to them, and  
 " which they cannot meet with in those lower re-  
 " gions

“gions of nature: ‘Objects which neither eye hath  
 “seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart  
 “of man to conceive! ‘I knew a man in Christ,’  
 “says St. Paul, speaking of himself, ‘above four-  
 “teen years, (whether in the body I cannot tell, or  
 “whether out of the body I cannot tell: God  
 “knoweth); such a one caught up to the third hea-  
 “ven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the  
 “body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth),  
 “how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard  
 “unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a  
 “man to utter.’ By this is meant, that what he  
 “heard was so infinitely different from any thing  
 “which he had heard in this world, that it was im-  
 “possible to express it in such words as might con-  
 “vey a notion of it to his hearers.

“It is very natural for us to take delight in en-  
 “quiries concerning any foreign country, where we  
 “are some time or other to make our abode; and  
 “as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious  
 “place, it is both a laudable and useful curiosity,  
 “to get what informations we can of it, whilst we  
 “make use of revelation for our guide. When  
 “these everlasting doors shall be open to us, we  
 “may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this  
 “place will infinitely transcend our present hopes  
 “and expectations; and that the glorious appearance  
 “of the throne of God will rise infinitely beyond  
 “whatever we are able to conceive of it. We  
 “might here entertain ourselves with many other  
 “speculations on this subject, from those several  
 “hints which we find of it in the holy scripture; as,  
 “whether there may not be different mansions and  
 “apartments of glory to beings of different natures;  
 “whether, as they excel one another in perfection, they  
 “are not admitted nearer to the throne of the al-  
 “mighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his  
 “presence; whether there are not solemn times and  
 “occasions, when all the multitude of heaven cele-  
 “brate the presence of their Maker in more extraor-

“ dinary forms of praise and adoration ; as Adam,  
“ though he had continued in a state of innocence,  
“ would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept  
“ holy the Sabbath day in a more particular man-  
“ ner than any other of the seven. These and the  
“ like speculations we may very innocently in-  
“ dulse, so long as we make use of them to inspire  
“ us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this  
“ delightful world.

“ I have in this, and in two foregoing letters,  
“ treated on the most serious subjects that can em-  
“ ploy the mind of man, the omnipresence of the  
“ Deity ; a subject which, if possible, should never  
“ depart from our meditations. We have consider-  
“ ed the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as  
“ he dwells among his works, as he is present to  
“ the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in  
“ a more glorious manner among the regions of the  
“ blessed. Such a consideration should be kept awake  
“ in us at all times, and in all places, and possess  
“ our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence.  
“ It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and  
“ perceptions, and become one with the consciof-  
“ nefs of our own being. It is not to be reflected  
“ on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to  
“ sink us into the lowest prostration before him  
“ who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and  
“ holy.”

---

Wednesday, August 18, 1714\*.

---

— Tenet insanabilis multos  
Scribendi cacochætes —

JUV. Sat. vii. ver. 51.

The curse of writing is an endless itch.

CH. DRYDEN.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensary. Juvenal, in the motto of my paper, terms it a *cacochætes*; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English, "The itch of writing." This *cacochætes* is as epidemical as the small-pox; there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is however this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady; and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed like the biting of a tarantula, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there

is no other way of recovering him effectually but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

But to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive and more incurable than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these authors which we find at the reading of all others; namely, that we are sure, if we have but patience, we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired an humorous saying of Diogenes, who, reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, "Courage, lads, I see land." On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers I am now speaking of is never at an end. One day makes work for another. We do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise, intituled, "William Ramsay's Vindication of Astrology." This profound author, among many other mystical passages, has the following one: "The absence of the sun is not the cause of night; forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day: but there are tenebrificous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth as the sun does light."

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrificous stars  
of



of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it; till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them; and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

---

Friday, August 20, 1714\*.

---

*Ipsè thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,  
Tecla serat late circum, cui talia cura:  
Ipsè labore manum duro terat; ipse feraces  
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres*

VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 112.

With his own hands the guardian of the bees  
For slips of pines may search the mountain trees;  
And with wild thyme and fav'ry plant the plain,  
Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain;  
And deck with fruitful trees the field around,  
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

DRYDEN.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an

\* No. 583.

application

application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their busy hours apply themselves wholly to the chase, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath; "I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself and beneficial to the public than that of planting. I could mention a nobleman, whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him which shew he has been there. He never hired a house in his life without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: It gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to the utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them; insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know, when a man talks of posterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish; "We are always doing," says he, "something for posterity; but I would fain see posterity do something for us."

But I think men are inexcusable who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants

scendents easy or rich by so inconsiderable an expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine when any useful country neighbour dies, that "you may trace him;" which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarcely forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shewn, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man; besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil and Horace, the  
greatest

greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood, might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular in order to introduce in my next paper a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

Monday, August 23, 1714\*.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori,  
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.*

VIRG. Ecl. x. ver. 42.

Come see what pleasures in our plains abound:  
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:  
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.

DRYDEN.

**H**ILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful; and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which

VOL. IV.

Q

is

\* No. 584.

is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the antediluvian women the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies; but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to  
her

her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement. His mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods and forests, intermixed with walks and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Salum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes, that gave a manificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appear in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy.

SHALUM Master of Mount Tirzah, to HILPA Mistress of the Vallies.

“ In the 778 year of the creation.  
 “ **W**HAT have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved! and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah! that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries: It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.”

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antedeluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.



---

Wednesday, August 25, 1714\*.

---

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera janciant  
Intonsi montes : ipsa jam carmina rupes,  
Ipsa sonant arbusla.——*

VIRG. Eccl. v. ver. 63.

The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice ;  
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

DRYDEN,

The Sequel of the Story of SHALUM and HILPA.

**T**HE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner :

HILPA Mistress of the Vallies, to SHALUM Master of Mount Tirza.

In the 789th year of the Creation.

“ **W**HAT have I to do with thee, O Shalum ?  
“ Thou praisest Hilpa’s beauty ; but art thou  
“ not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her  
“ meadows ? Art thou not more affected with the  
“ prospect of her green vallies, than thou wouldst  
“ be with the sight of her person ? The lowings of  
“ my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a  
“ pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly  
“ in thy ears. What though I am delighted with  
“ the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of  
“ perfumes which flow from the top of Tirza ; are  
“ these like the riches of the valley ?

“ I know thee, O Shalum ; thou art more wise  
“ and happy than any of the sons of men : Thy  
“ dwellings are among the cedars ; thou searchest

No. 585.

“ out

“ out the diversity of soils ; thou understandest the  
 “ influences of the stars, and markest the change of  
 “ seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes  
 “ of such a one ? Disquiet me not, O Shalum ; let  
 “ me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly posses-  
 “ sions that are fallen to my lot. Win me not by  
 “ thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and  
 “ multiply ; mayst thou add wood to wood, and  
 “ shade to shade ; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy  
 “ thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.”

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills, to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tons of milk ; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds ; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood-lands ; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the vallies when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years ; nay there were some that were leased out for three lives :

so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out, for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was forely displeas'd with Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach; insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn: but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renew'd his addresses to her, who during his long silence is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determin'd her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolv'd to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchas'd these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appear'd so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refus'd him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he rais'd a most prodigious pile of cedar

dar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reach'd above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spike-nard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offer'd in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and fill'd the whole country with incense and perfume.

Monday, September 6, 1714\*.

——— *Affiduo labuntur tempora motu  
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,  
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,  
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem;  
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur,  
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;  
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.*  
OVID. Met. l. xv. ver. 179.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,  
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.  
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;  
The flying hour is ever on her way:  
And as the fountains still supply their store,  
The wave behind impels the wave before.  
Thus in successive course the minutes run,  
And urge their predecessor minutes on.  
Still moving, ever new: for former things  
Are laid aside like abdicated kings;  
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,  
And innovates some act, till then unknown."

DRYDEN.

THE following discourse comes from the same hand with the essays upon infinitude.

\* No. 590.

“ WE

“ WE consider infinite space as an expansion  
 “ without a circumference: we consider  
 “ eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has  
 “ neither a beginning nor an end. In our specula-  
 “ tions of infinite space, we consider that particular  
 “ place in which we exist as a kind of centre to the  
 “ whole expansion. In our speculations of eter-  
 “ nity, we consider the time which is present to us  
 “ as the middle, which divides the whole line into  
 “ two equal parts. For this reason, many witty  
 “ authors compare the present time to an isthmus or  
 “ narrow neck of land that rises in the midst of an  
 “ ocean immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

“ Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally  
 “ throws eternity under two divisions, which we  
 “ may call in English that eternity which is past,  
 “ and that eternity which is to come. The learn-  
 “ ed terms of *Æternitas a parte ante*, and *Æternitas*  
 “ *a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader,  
 “ but can have no other idea affixed to them than  
 “ what is conveyed to us by those words, an eter-  
 “ nity that is past, and an eternity that is to come.  
 “ Each of these extremities is bounded at the one  
 “ extreme; or, in other words, the former has an  
 “ end, and the latter a beginning.

“ Let us first of all consider that eternity which  
 “ is past, reserving that which is to come for the  
 “ subject of another Paper. The nature of this  
 “ eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of  
 “ man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has  
 “ been, but at the same time can frame no idea of  
 “ it but what is big with absurdity and contradic-  
 “ tion. We can have no other conception of any  
 “ duration which is past than that all of it was once  
 “ present; and whatever was once present is at some  
 “ certain distance from us; and whatever is at any  
 “ certain distance from us, be the distance ever so  
 “ remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of  
 “ any duration being past, implies that it was once

“ present, for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be founded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

“ If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves and all other created beings do exist; which is, a successive duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties; but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, “ that

“ that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

“ It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind; to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

“ Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

“ First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for, if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

“ Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

“ Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

“ Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great author of nature, ‘ the Ancient of Days,’ who being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

“ I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God’s existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite dura-

“ tion in every moment ; that eternity is with him  
 “ a *punctum stans*, a fixed point ; or, which is as  
 “ good sense, an infinite instant ; that nothing with  
 “ reference to his existence is either past or to come :  
 “ to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his  
 “ description of heaven.

“ Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
 “ But an eternal now does always last.”

“ For my own part, I look upon these propo-  
 “ tions as words that have no ideas annexed to them ;  
 “ and think men had better own their ignorance,  
 “ than advance doctrines by which they mean no-  
 “ thing, and which indeed are self-contradictory.  
 “ We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions,  
 “ when we meditate on him who is environed with  
 “ so much glory and perfection, who is the source  
 “ of being, the fountain of all that existence which  
 “ we and his whole creation derive from him. Let  
 “ us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge,  
 “ that as some being must necessarily have existed  
 “ from eternity, so this being does exist after an in-  
 “ comprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a  
 “ being to have existed from eternity after our man-  
 “ ner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms  
 “ these natural dictates of reason in the accounts  
 “ which it gives us of the divine existence, where it  
 “ tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and  
 “ for ever ; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the  
 “ beginning and the ending ; that a thousand years  
 “ are with him as one day, and one day as a thou-  
 “ sand years ; by which, and the like expressions, we  
 “ are taught, that his existence with relation to time  
 “ or duration is infinitely different from the exist-  
 “ ence of any of his creatures, and consequently that  
 “ it is impossible for us to frame any adequate con-  
 “ ceptions of it.

“ In the first revelation which he makes of his  
 “ own being, he entitles himself, ‘ I am that I am ;’  
 “ and



“ and when Moses desires to know what name he  
 “ shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids  
 “ him say that ‘ I am hath sent you.’ Our great  
 “ Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a  
 “ manner exclude every thing else from a real exist-  
 “ ence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures,  
 “ as the only being which truly and really exists.  
 “ The ancient platonic notion, which was drawn from  
 “ speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with  
 “ this revelation which God has made of himself.  
 “ There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists,  
 “ whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past,  
 “ present, and to come. Such a sitting and succes-  
 “ sive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and  
 “ something which is like it, than existence itself.  
 “ He only properly exists whose existence is entirely  
 “ present; that is, in other words, who exists in the  
 “ most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we  
 “ have no idea of.

“ I shall conclude this speculation with one useful  
 “ inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate our-  
 “ selves and fall down before our Maker, when we  
 “ consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which  
 “ contrived this existence for finite natures? What  
 “ must be the overflowings of that good will which  
 “ prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings  
 “ in whom it is not necessary! especially when we  
 “ consider that he himself was before in the com-  
 “ plete possession of existence and of happiness, and  
 “ in the full enjoyment of eternity? What man can  
 “ think of himself as called out and separated from  
 “ nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reason-  
 “ able and a happy creature; in short, of being taken  
 “ in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner  
 “ in eternity, without being swallowed up in won-  
 “ der, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought  
 “ too big for the mind of man, and rather to be en-  
 “ tertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the  
 “ silence of his soul, than to be expressed by words.  
 “ The Supreme Being has not given us powers or  
 “ faculties

“ faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such un-  
 “ utterable goodness.

“ It is however some comfort to us, that we shall  
 “ be always doing what we shall be never able to  
 “ do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will  
 “ however be the work of an eternity.”

Friday, September 10, 1714\*.

— *Studium sine divite vena.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 409.

“ Art without a vein.”

ROSCOMMON.

**I** Look upon the play-house as a world within it-  
 self. They have lately furnished the middle re-  
 gion of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give  
 the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there  
 last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder,  
 which is much more deep and sonorous than any  
 hitherto made use of. They have a Salmeoneus be-  
 hind the scenes who plays it off with great success.  
 Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than  
 heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed,  
 and more voluminous; not to mention a violent  
 storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for  
 the Tempest. They are also provided with above a  
 dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed,  
 are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially  
 cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Rymer's Edgar  
 is to fall in snow at the next acting of King Lear, in  
 order to heighten, or rather to alleviate the distress  
 of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of  
 decoration to a piece which that great critic has  
 written against.

\* No. 592.

I do

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics; since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were "not to please." Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself; if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days; and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune that some who set up for professed critics among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us, make it their business to

to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause; to decry imaginary blemishes; and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason that, in the heathen mythology, Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of Darkness and Sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, first, there is sometimes a greater judgment shewn in deviating from the rules of art than in adhering to them; and 2dly, that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shewn their judgment in this particular, and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations

viations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians called the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time:

*Quorum emulari exoptat negligentiam  
Potius quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.*

Whose negligence he would rather imitate than those men's obscure diligence.

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play as Doctor South tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakespeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not any one of them violated? Shakespeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring; which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

---

Friday, September 24, 1714\*.

---

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter  
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum  
Protuleratque pedem : stibat contrarius alter ?*

JUV. Sat. x. ver. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of fages praise,  
Who the same end pursued by several ways ?  
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woeful times ;  
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.

DRYDEN.

**M**ANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme ; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastical levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions ; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt

to bear a natural averſion and antipathy to one another.

What is more uſual than to hear men of ſerious tempers and aſtere morals enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the ſpecies ; while they look with a kind of horror upon ſuch pomps and diverſions as are innocent in themſelves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much ?

I could not but ſmile upon reading a paſſage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life ; wherein he repreſents it as a great bleſſing, that in his youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a place at court.

It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a paſs to his ſoul for any temptation that aſſaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the reſiſtance of virtue. For which reaſon, a renowned ſtateman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this word of advice in his mouth, " Be ſerious."

An eminent Italian author of this caſt of mind, ſpeaking of the great advantage of a ſerious and compoſed temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his poſſeſſion ; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houſes and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular deſcription of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumſtances, which diſpoſed the perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary ; inſomuch that no man was ever obſerved to laugh all his life after who had once made his entry into this cave. It was uſual in thoſe times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloomineſs in his

features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, were a man's temper at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy, nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor at the same time as if there were no men in it.

---

Wednesday, September 29, 1714\*.

---

——— *Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. ver. 641.

Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.  
DRYDEN.

I HAVE always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world: For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines

\* No. 600.



trines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person, who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Africa. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceeds from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points; it has, I say, its foundation in truth; as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness; that in this  
state

state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes; and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection on human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This, I think highly probable from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see and hear, love and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endued with in this life; it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The  
memory

memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endued with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man; and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul while any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endued with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endued with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to  
be

be the happiness of the whole man, who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of, and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known. The raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars are marked in divine revelation as the several ingredients of our happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications,

which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

ADDISON'S

P A P E R S

IN THE

G U A R D I A N.

---

Thursday, May 28, 1713\*.

---

—————*Ne forte pudori*

*Sit tibi musa lyrae solers, & cantor Apollo.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 66.

Blush not to patronise the muse's skill.

IT has been remarked by curious observers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirit that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics; the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation, by celebrating several jockeys in the Olympic games; the last has signalized himself on the same occasion, by the ode that begins with—"To horse, brave boys; to Newmarket; to

No. 67.

T 2

"horse."

“horfe.” My reader will by this time know that the two poets I have mentioned are Pindar and Mr. D’Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having many years together endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges, who have perused his last song on the “Moderate Man,” do not discover any decay in his parts; but think it deserves a place among the finest of those works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in King Charles II.’s reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men who of late years had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the play-house, and desired them, that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in Shakespeare’s phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantries and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act “The plotting sisters,” (a very taking play of my old friend’s composing), on the 15th of next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. D’Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it.

I must



I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my Lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember King Charles II. leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by "Joy to great Cæsar," which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carero more than once in short satyrical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the Court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a Lord Mayor's feast; not to mention his little ode upon "Stool-Ball," with many other of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-house. "Pretty Peg of Windsor," "Gillian of Croydon," with "Dolly and Molly," and "Tommy and Johnny," with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, intituled, "Pills to purge melancholly," would make a good benefit-night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and

conversations, from the beginning of King Charles II.'s reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfev.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit, that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. May flies come in late this season, or I myself should before now have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, and good natured man.

---

Tuesday, June 2, 1713\*.

---

*Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculetis:  
Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.*

HOR. Od. 22. l. 1. ver. 43.

No beast of more portentous size  
In the Hercinian forest lies;  
Nor fiercer, in Numidia bred,  
With Carthage were in triumph led.

ROSCOMMON.

**I** QUESTION not but my country-customers will be surpris'd to hear me complain, that this town is of late years very much infested with lions; and will perhaps look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk our streets in broad daylight, beating about from coffeehouse to coffeehouse, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one who is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him; I design this whole paper as an essay upon the political lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation; but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the Doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous

manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose surname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head till he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers, and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully; but that in my opinion seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again when

when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh (who professed himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, "Pox take this Walsingham; he baffles every body; he won't so much as let a man hate him in private." True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself: He had lions rampant, whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant, who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance; and all this within four-and-twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleafantest life in the world; for by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: All this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the taylor in Shafespeare's *Pyramus and Thisbe*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of

factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion or master-spy hath several jack-calls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house; and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight than those that cut off heads, hang, draw and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose; he quits the chace, and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey except the hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of news-mongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the post-man, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment? There is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

---

Wednesday, July 1, 1713\*.

---

*Cuncti adsint, meritaque expectent premia palma.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 5. ver. 70.

Let all be present at the games prepar'd;  
And joyful victors meet the just reward.

DRYDEN.

**T**HERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recom-

pense of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Conte, till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his Emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the Emperor confers on him after his death; and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money, like our shillings or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole

Roman



Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often recoined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above mentioned to men of the greatest genius as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her Majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above mentioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it; for I do not question but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

“ THE English have not been so careful as other  
 “ polite nations to preserve the memory of  
 “ their great actions and events on medals. Their  
 “ subjects are few, their mottos and devices mean,  
 “ and the coins themselves not numerous enough to  
 “ spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

“ The French have outdone us in these particulars; and, by the establishment of a society for  
 “ the invention of proper inscriptions and designs,  
 “ have

“ have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

“ They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly medals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no-where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

“ The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

“ Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph; but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

“ The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

“ Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

“ It is therefore proposed,

“ I. That the English farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

“ II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her Majesty's reign.

“ III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions and devices.

“ IV. That no subject, inscription or device be stamped without the approbation of this society;

“ nor,

“ nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority  
 “ of privy council.

“ By this means medals that are at present only a  
 “ dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in  
 “ the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same  
 “ time perpetuate the glories of her Majesty’s reign,  
 “ reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep  
 “ alive in the people a gratitude for public services,  
 “ and excite the emulation of posterity. To these  
 “ generous purposes nothing can so much contribute  
 “ as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted  
 “ authority, of necessary use and observation, not  
 “ perishable by time, nor confined to any certain  
 “ place; properties not to be found in books, sta-  
 “ tues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments  
 “ of illustrious actions.”

Thursday, July 2, 1713\*.

— — *Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.*

JUV. Sat. viii. ver. 97.

’Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

STEPNEY.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS left a thousand pounds by an uncle;  
 “ and being a man, to my thinking, very likely  
 “ to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of  
 “ making my fortune any other way, and without  
 “ loss of time made my application to one who had  
 “ buried her husband about a week before. By the  
 “ help of some of her she-friends, who were my re-  
 “ lations, I got into her company, when she would  
 “ see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is  
 “ a little rivelled spindle-shanked gentleman, and  
 “ married to boot; so that I had no reason to fear

\* No. 97.

“ him

“ him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in con-  
“ versation within my hearing, that she thought a  
“ pale complexion the most agreeable either in man  
“ or woman. Now, you must know, Sir, my face  
“ is as white as chalk. This gave me some encou-  
“ ragement; so that, to mend the matter, I bought  
“ a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas,  
“ and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the  
“ next day. She then let drop some expressions a-  
“ bout an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the  
“ hint and bought one, being unwilling to omit any  
“ thing that might make me desirable in her eyes.  
“ I was betrayed after the same manner into a  
“ brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver-  
“ fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether  
“ out of fickleness or a design upon me I can't tell;  
“ but I found by her discourse that what she liked  
“ one day she disliked another: so that in six months  
“ space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen  
“ times. As I told you before, I took her hints at  
“ a distance; for I could never find an opportunity  
“ of talking with her directly to the point. All this  
“ time, however, I was allowed the utmost fami-  
“ liarities with her lap-dog, and have played with  
“ it above an hour together without receiving the  
“ least reprimand; and had many other marks of  
“ favour shewn me which I thought amounted to a  
“ promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she re-  
“ ceived it from my hands with great civility. If  
“ she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have  
“ filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and  
“ have afterwards received a dish of it from her own  
“ hands. Now, Sir, do you judge, if after such en-  
“ couragements she was not obliged to marry me.  
“ I forgot to tell you, that I kept a chair by the  
“ week on purpose to carry me thither and back  
“ again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in  
“ the space of about a twelvemonth I have run out  
“ of my whole thousand pound upon her, having  
“ laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in  
“ which

“ which I was resolv'd to receive her final answer,  
 “ which amounted to this, that she was engag'd to  
 “ another; that she never dream'd I had any such  
 “ thing in my head as marriage; and that she  
 “ thought I had frequented her house only because  
 “ I lov'd to be in company with my relations. This,  
 “ you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool; and so  
 “ I told her: but the worst of it is, that I have spent  
 “ my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I  
 “ desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibit-  
 “ ing the several particulars which I have here related  
 “ to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court  
 “ of justice. Your advice in this particular will  
 “ very much oblige

“ Your most humble admirer,

“ SIMON SOFTLY.”

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself  
 under a necessity of discussing two nice points. First  
 of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts  
 to an encouragement; and secondly, What it is that  
 amounts to a promise. Each of which subjects requires  
 more time to examine than I am at present master of.  
 Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider  
 whether he has any counsel that will undertake his  
 cause *in forma pauperis*; he having unluckily disabled  
 himself, by his own account of the matter, from  
 prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer, however, to Mr. Softly's request, I shall  
 acquaint him with a method made use of by a young  
 fellow in King Charles II.'s reign, whom I shall here  
 call Silvio, who had long made love, with much artifice  
 and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall  
 conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much  
 more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding  
 a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolv'd  
 to make a saving bargain of it, and since he could not  
 get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at  
 least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this, he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularized in it the several expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that upon the perusal of the bill she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas; by the right application of which the lover in less than a year got a woman of a greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

- Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs;
- Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking-trumpet;
- Gilt paper in letters and billet-doux, with perfumed wax;
- A ream of sonnets and love-verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplett, at a crown a-sheet;
- To Zelinda, two sticks of May cherries;
- Last summer, at several times, a bushel of peaches;
- Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions;
- The first, who stood centry near her door;
- The second, who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up;
- The third, who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her;
- Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May;
- Five conjurors kept in pay all last winter;
- Spy money to John Trot her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion;
- A new Conningmark blade to fight Ned Courtall;
- To Zelinda's woman, Mrs. Abigail, an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money;
- Secret-service money to Betty at the ring;
- Ditto, to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker;
- Loss of time.

---

Friday, July 3, 1713\*.

---

*In sese redit.*—————

VIRG. Georg. 4. ver. 444.

He resumes himself.

**T**HE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers, was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory; a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together; for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts and held his tongue with great applause for two years together.

I Nestor Ironside have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors: For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice; though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing; some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the

kingdom: But I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me of a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master, she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabout the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaff, or an Ironside, there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My Paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses his bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a sanction from the public. *Provoco ad populum*, "I appeal to the people," was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any disputes with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author, to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should on this occasion make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The



The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. "I laugh at every one," said an old Cynic, "who laughs at me." "Do you so," replied the philosopher; "then let me tell you, you "live the merriest life of any man in Athens."

It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of founding the public before he launches into it. For this reason, I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors; and question not but some who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy, (though I hope this will not be often), he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn in to tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian. I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now, I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a lion's head, in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents; it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows, I shall digest for the use of  
the

the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workmen being resolv'd to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent-garden, who is directed to shew the way to the lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

Saturday, July 4, 1713\*.

*Iustum et tenacem propositi virum,  
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
 Non vultus instantis tyranni  
 Mente quatit solida; neque Auster  
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adria,  
 Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:  
 Si fractus illibatur orbis,  
 Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

HOR. Ode 3. l. 3. ver. 1.

PARAPHRASED.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,  
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
 Their senseless clamours, and tumultous cries:  
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,  
 And with superior greatness smiles.

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

\* No. 99.

Should

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

ANON.

**T**HERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature, as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it; the one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions; the other to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character:

When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,  
 The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,  
 And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable: when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign

reign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason, the best law that has ever passed in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say, the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same had that act never passed: but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular and impartial administration of justice for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred; and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house; and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired

fired redrefs, but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit; and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent, and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors, who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person with his guards to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? and why after this he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now ate so heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner:

“ Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which

“ had been committed by one of the army, I had

“ reason to think it might have been one of my own

“ sons; for who else would have been so audacious

“ and presuming? I gave orders therefore for the

“ lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led

“ astray

“ alstray by partiality or compassion from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and to my unspeakable joy found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it when you know, that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment.”

Monday, July 6, 1713\*.

*Hoc vos præcipue, nivea, decet : hoc ubi vidi,  
Oscula ferre humero, qua patet, usque libet.*

OVID. *Ars Am.* l. iii. ver. 309.

If snowy-white your neck, you still should wear  
That and the shoulder of the left arm bare :  
Such fights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,  
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

CONGREVE.

**T**HERE is a certain female ornament by some called a *tucker*, and by others the *neck-piece*, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is they themselves best know.

\* No. 100.

I observed

I observed this as I was fitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my Lady Lizard's; when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surpris'd with beauties which I never before discovered; and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great-grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow: and, notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in the human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen-ruffs in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it; insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more; I would fain have them tell us once

for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a snowy breast,

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me if it is not the fashionable term of art), the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What most troubles, and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus. As that great law-giver knew that the wealth

and



and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it, he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that, upon their putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise lawgiver to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, That nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the *Venus de Medicis*; where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth; it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

---

Tuesday, July 7, 1713\*.

---

*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.*

VIRG. *Æn.* i. ver. 578.

Trojans and Tyrians differ but in name ;  
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

**T**HIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public ; and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

“ SIR,

“ **S**INCE I had the happiness to see you last, I  
“ have encountered as many misfortunes as a  
“ knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at  
“ Calais, and since that several bruises upon the  
“ land ; lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at  
“ night, with many other dismal adventures,

*Quorum animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* ii. ver. 12.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

“ My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncom-  
“ fortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a  
“ word that I ever met with before ; so that my  
“ most agreeable companions have been statues and  
“ pictures,

\* No. 101.

“ pictures, which are many of them very extraor-  
“ dinary. But what particularly recommends them  
“ to me is, that they do not speak French; and have  
“ a very good quality rarely to be met with in this  
“ country, of not being too talkative.

“ I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my  
“ being here, I have made the tour of all the King’s  
“ palaces; which has been I think the pleasanter  
“ part of my life. I could not believe it was in the  
“ power of art to furnish out such a multitude of  
“ noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many  
“ delightful prospects could lie within the compass  
“ of a man’s imagination. There is every thing  
“ done that can be expected from a prince who re-  
“ moves mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises  
“ woods in a day’s time, and plants a village or  
“ town on such a particular spot of ground only for  
“ the bettering of a view. One would wonder to  
“ see how many tricks he has made the water play  
“ for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids,  
“ triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire-  
“ work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of Æsop.

“ I do not believe, as good a poet as you are,  
“ that you can make finer landscapes than those  
“ about the King’s houses, or with all your descrip-  
“ tions raise a more magnificent palace than Ver-  
“ sailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fon-  
“ tainbleau to all the rest. It is situated among  
“ rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety  
“ of savage prospects. The King has humoured  
“ the genius of the place, and only made use of so  
“ much art as is necessary to help and regulate na-  
“ ture, without reforming her too much. The cas-  
“ cades seem to break through the clefts and cracks  
“ of rocks that are covered over with moss, and  
“ look as if they were piled upon one another by  
“ accident. There is an artificial wildness in the  
“ meadows, walks and canals; and the garden, in-  
“ stead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by  
“ a natural mound of rock-work, that strikes the  
“ eye

“ eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is  
 “ something more charming in these rude heaps of  
 “ stone than in so many statues; and would as soon  
 “ see a river winding through woods and meadows,  
 “ as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures  
 “ at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to  
 “ those of art: in my opinion, the pleafantest part  
 “ of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on  
 “ each side of it something that will be sure to please  
 “ him; for one of them commands a view of the  
 “ finest garden in the world, and the other is wain-  
 “ scotted with looking-glasses. The history of the  
 “ present King, till the year 16, is painted on the  
 “ roof by le Brun; so that his Majesty has actions  
 “ enough by him to furnish another gallery much  
 “ longer than the present.

“ The painter has represented his Most Christian  
 “ Majesty under the figure of Jupiter throwing  
 “ thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking  
 “ terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonish-  
 “ ed and blasted with lightning a little above the  
 “ cornice.

“ But what makes all these shows the more agree-  
 “ able, is the great kindness and affability that is  
 “ shewn to strangers. If the French do not excel  
 “ the English in all the arts of humanity, they do  
 “ at least in the outward expressions of it. And  
 “ upon this, as well as other accounts, though I be-  
 “ lieve the English are a much wiser nation, the  
 “ French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their  
 “ old men in particular are I believe the most agree-  
 “ able in the world. An antediluvian could not  
 “ have more life or briskness in him at threescore  
 “ and ten. For that fire and levity which makes  
 “ the young ones scarce conversible, when a little  
 “ wasted and tempered by years, makes a very plea-  
 “ sant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault  
 “ of being so very talkative, looks natural and grace-  
 “ ful in one that has gray hairs to countenance it.  
 “ The mentioning this fault in the French must put

“ me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me  
 “ already too much infected by their conversation ;  
 “ but I must desire you to consider, that travelling  
 “ does in this respect lay a little claim to the privi-  
 “ lege of old age.

“ I am, SIR, &c.”

“ SIR,

Blois, May 15, N. S.

“ I Cannot pretend to trouble you with any news  
 “ from this place, where the only advantage I  
 “ have, besides getting the language, is to see the  
 “ manners and temper of the people; which I be-  
 “ lieve may be better learned here than in courts  
 “ and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are  
 “ more in fashion.

“ I have already seen, as I informed you in my  
 “ last, all the King’s palaces, and have now seen a  
 “ great part of the country. I never thought there  
 “ had been in the world such an excessive magnifi-  
 “ cence or poverty as I have met with in both toge-  
 “ ther. One can scarce conceive the pomp that ap-  
 “ pears in every thing about the King; but at the  
 “ same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot.  
 “ The people are however the happiest in the world;  
 “ and enjoy from the benefit of their climate and na-  
 “ tural constitution such a perpetual gladness of  
 “ heart and easiness of temper as even liberty and  
 “ plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations.  
 “ It is not in the power of want or slavery to make  
 “ them miserable. There is nothing to be met with  
 “ in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one  
 “ sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is  
 “ generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or  
 “ sense they are sure to shew it. They never mend  
 “ upon a second meeting; but use all the freedom  
 “ and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy  
 “ or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an  
 “ Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses  
 “ in this art of shewing themselves to the best ad-  
 “ vantage.

“ vantage. They are always gay and sprightly,  
 “ and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best  
 “ airs. Every one knows how to give herself as  
 “ charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Knel-  
 “ ler could draw her in. I cannot end my letter  
 “ without observing, that from what I have already  
 “ seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular  
 “ mark of distinction upon those who abound most  
 “ in the virtues of their nation, and least with its  
 “ imperfections. When therefore I see the good  
 “ sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection  
 “ without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you  
 “ will excuse me if I admire the character, and am  
 “ ambitious of subscribing myself,

“ SIR, yours, &c.

---

Wednesday, July 8, 1713\*.

---

——— *Natos ad flumina primum*

*Deserimus, sevoque gelu duramus et undis.*

VIRG. *Æn.* ix. ver. 603.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,  
 We bear our new-born infants to the flood;  
 There bath'd amid the stream our boys we hold,  
 With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

DRYDEN.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat; which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its

\* No. 102.

inhabitants.

inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow, commonly known by the name of *posture master* in King Charles II.'s reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but upon a third trial found him a straight shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humpt back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather if possible harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born; as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian

that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked? replied, "Because we are all over face." Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be something like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frize of the same colour and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it till it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without his frize-coat than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat, as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself? It is indeed the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till an hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted after four-score.



score. As for myself, they used to sowse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water, and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true tempered steel; and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or if my enemies please, forehead all over.

---

Thursday, July 9, 1713\*.

---

*Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.*  
VIRG. ÆN. vi. ver. 586.

With mimic thunder impiously he plays,  
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

I AM considering how most of the great phenomena or appearances in nature have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that some years ago the virtuofos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present Majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble firework that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every

rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in Oedipus,

Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night  
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?

In short, the artist did his part to admiration; and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, began to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. "I am mightily pleased," says he, "with that burning cipher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I don't care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes; and Courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases."

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the pandæmonium, where

—————From the arched roof,  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed

With

With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky—————

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprize the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought; but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented *Ætna*, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given, the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the intrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was *Vulcan's* shop full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame issued out incessantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed, in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. *Venus* stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless *Cupids* on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar, with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious; and have only mentioned these, to shew that there  
may

may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work, which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680; and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it, to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in such an inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of æther, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

---

Friday, July 10, 1713\*.

---

*Quae e longinquo magis placent.*

TACIT.

The farther fetch'd the more they please.

ON Tuesday last I published two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

“ SIR,

Blois, May 15. N. S.

“ BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

“ I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family; and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

“ In the reign of King John there lived a nobleman called *John de Sigonia*, lord of that place in Touraine. His brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French King's pages, and served him in that qua-

VOL. IV.

A a

“ lity

No. 104.

" lity when he was taken prisoner by the English.  
 " The King of England chanced to see the youth ;  
 " and being much pleased with his person and be-  
 " haviour, begged him of the King his prisoner.  
 " It happened some years after this, that John the  
 " other brother, who in the course of the war had  
 " raised himself to a considerable post in the French  
 " army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that  
 " time was an officer in the King of England's guards.  
 " Briant knew nothing of his brother; and being  
 " naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very  
 " insolently, and more like a criminal than a pri-  
 " soner of war. This John resented so highly, that  
 " he challenged him to a single combat. The chal-  
 " lenge was accepted, and time and place assigned  
 " them by the King's appointment. Both appeared  
 " on the day prefixed, and entered the lists com-  
 " pletely armed amidst a great multitude of specta-  
 " tors. Their first encounters were very furious,  
 " and the success equal on both sides; till after some  
 " toil and bloodshed they were parted by their se-  
 " conds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves  
 " afresh for the combat. Briant in the mean time  
 " had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon,  
 " which he saw agree in all points with his own.  
 " I need not tell you after this with what joy and  
 " surprize the story ends. King Edward, who knew  
 " all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem,  
 " gave to each of them, by the King of France's  
 " consent, the following coat of arms, which I will  
 " send you in the original language, not being he-  
 " rald enough to blazon it in English.

" Le Roi d'Angleterre, par permission du Roi de  
 " France, pour perpetuelle memoire de leurs grands  
 " fait d'armes et fidelité envers leurs rois, leur donna  
 " par ampliation à leurs armes en un croix d'argent  
 " cantonnée de quatre coquilles d'or en champ de sa-  
 " ble, qu'ils avoient auparavant, un endenteuse  
 " faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au de-  
 " dans

“ dans de la ditte croix d'argent, et par le milieu  
 “ d'icelle, qui est participation des deux croix que  
 “ portent les dits rois en la guerre.”

“ I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder  
 “ that I should send you for news a tale of three or  
 “ four hundred years old; and I dare say never  
 “ thought, when you desired me to write to you,  
 “ that I should trouble you with a story of King  
 “ John, especially at a time when there is a monarch  
 “ on the French throne that furnishes discourse for  
 “ all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of  
 “ the relation because it brings to mind the noble  
 “ exploits of our own countrymen: though at the  
 “ same time I must own it is not so much the vanity  
 “ of an Englishman which puts me upon the writing  
 “ it, as that I have of taking occasion to subscribe  
 “ myself,

“ Sir,

“ Yours,” &c.

“ SIR,

Blois, May 20. N. S.

“ I AM extremely obliged to you for your last  
 “ kind letter, which was the only English that  
 “ had been spoken to me in some months together;  
 “ for I am at present forced to think the absence of  
 “ my countrymen my good fortune:

*Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset.*

OVID. Met. 1. 3. ver. 468.

Strange wish, to harbour in a lover's breast!  
 I wish that absent which I love the best.

“ This is an advantage that I could not have hop-  
 “ ed for had I staid near the French court; though I  
 “ must confess I would not but have seen it, because I  
 “ believe it shewed me some of the finest places, and  
 “ of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot  
 “ hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to

" mind a piece of a gazette; nor see a man that has  
 " not signalized himself in a battle. One would fan-  
 " cy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a  
 " romance, one meets with so many heroes, and  
 " finds something so like scenes of magic in the gar-  
 " dens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed  
 " that I am not able to make a quicker progress  
 " through the French tongue, because I believe it  
 " is impossible for a learner of a language to find in  
 " any nation such advantages as in this, where every  
 " body is so very courteous and so very talkative.  
 " They always take care to make a noise as long as  
 " they are in company; and are as loud any hour in  
 " the morning as our countrymen at midnight. By  
 " what I have seen, there is more mirth in the  
 " French conversation, and more wit in the English.  
 " You abound more in jests, but they in laughter.  
 " Their language is indeed extremely proper to tat-  
 " tle in: it is made up of so much repetition and  
 " compliment. One may know a foreigner by his  
 " answering only No or Yes to a question, which a  
 " Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They  
 " have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through  
 " all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is  
 " more common than to hear a shopkeeper desiring  
 " his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him  
 " what 'tis o'clock, or a couple of cobblers that are  
 " extremely glad of the honour of seeing one an-  
 " other.

" The face of the whole country where I now  
 " am is at this season pleasant beyond imagination.  
 " I cannot but fancy the birds of the place, as well  
 " as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our  
 " own nation. I am sure the French year has got  
 " the start of ours more in the works of nature than  
 " in the new style. I have passed one March in my  
 " life without being ruffled with the winds, and one  
 " April without being washed with rains. I am,

" Sir,

" Yours," &c.



---

Saturday, July 11, 1713\*.

---

*Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris :*

*Perdere nec fœtus ausa leæna suos.*

*At teneræ faciunt, sed non impune, puellæ ;*

*Sæpe suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.*

OVID. Amor. l. 2. Eleg. 14. ver. 35.

The tigresses that haunt th' Armenian wood  
 Will spare their proper young, though pinch'd for  
 food ;  
 Nor will the Lybian lionesses slay  
 Their whelps. But women are more fierce than  
 they,  
 More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear ;  
 Nor Nature's call, though loud she cries, will hear.  
 But righteous vengeance oft their crimes pursues,  
 And they are lost themselves who would their  
 children lose.

ANON.

**T**HERE was no part of the show on the thank-  
 giving day that so much pleased and affected  
 me, as the little boys and girls who were ranged with  
 so much order and decency in that part of the Strand  
 which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-change.  
 Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in  
 the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle  
 pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful  
 expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have  
 been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph.  
 Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of hu-  
 man creatures join together in a hymn of devotion.  
 The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks  
 of their several instructors, who were disposed among

\* No. 105.

this

this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her Majesty did not see this assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it; though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which of late years has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped, that the several persons of wealth and quality who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more because it is practised by most of the nations about us: I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who through want of such a provision are exposed

exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror. But what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them?

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? Not to mention those who by unnatural practices do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime (which is not to be expressed by words), if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they give life to. I shall therefore shew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child, rings the bell, and leaves it there; upon which the proper officer comes and receives it, without making further inquiries. The parent or  
her

her friend who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known, that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration; for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.

---

*Monday, July 13, 1713\*.*

---

*Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile, fibra.*

PERS. Sat. 5. ver. 29.

The deep recesses of the human breast.

AS I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

“ SIR,  
 “ YOUR two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory, were very famous for their  
 “ dreams and visions; and, contrary to all other  
 \* No. 106. “ authors,

“ authors, never pleased their readers more than  
 “ when they were nodding. Now, it is observed  
 “ that the second-sight generally runs in the blood ;  
 “ and, Sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like  
 “ the rest of your family, may at length prove a  
 “ dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. In the  
 “ mean while, I beg leave to make you a present of  
 “ a dream, which may serve to lull your readers till  
 “ such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify  
 “ the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

“ You must understand, Sir, I had yesterday been  
 “ reading and ruminating upon that passage where  
 “ Momus is said to have found fault with the make  
 “ of a man because he had not a window in his  
 “ breast. The moral of this story is very obvious,  
 “ and means no more than that the heart of man  
 “ is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and de-  
 “ ceit, that there is no guessing at what he is from  
 “ his speeches and outward appearances. I was im-  
 “ mediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes  
 “ would be, if there was a window in the breast of  
 “ every one that makes or receives love. What  
 “ protestations and perjuries would be saved on the  
 “ one side? what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the  
 “ other? I am myself very far gone in this passion  
 “ for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart.  
 “ I would give the world to know the secrets of it ;  
 “ and particularly whether I am really in her good  
 “ graces ; or if not, who is the happy person.

“ I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a  
 “ sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was  
 “ placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and  
 “ *with looks of cordial love hung over her enamoured.*  
 “ As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to  
 “ be all of chrystal, and so wonderfully transparent,  
 “ that I saw every thought in her heart. The first  
 “ images I discovered in it were fans, silk, ribbands,  
 “ laces, and many other gewgaws ; which lay so  
 “ thick together, that the whole heart was nothing  
 “ else but a toyshop. These all faded away and va-

“ nished: when immediately I decerned a long train  
“ of coaches and six, equipages and liveries, that  
“ ran through the heart one after another in a  
“ very great hurry, for above half an hour together.  
“ After this, looking very attentively, I observed  
“ the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards,  
“ in which I could see distinctly three mattadores.  
“ There then followed a quick succession of different  
“ scenes. A play-house, a church, a court, a pup-  
“ pet-show, rose up one after another; till at last  
“ they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes,  
“ which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour.  
“ These were driven off at last by a lap-dog; who  
“ was succeeded by a guinea-pig, a squirrel, and a  
“ monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought  
“ up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was  
“ ravished at being so happily posted, and in full pos-  
“ session of the heart. But as I saw the little figure  
“ of myself simpering, and mightily pleased with its  
“ situation, on a sudden the heart, methought, gave  
“ a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little  
“ representative vanished: for upon applying my  
“ eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred  
“ awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each  
“ arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his  
“ station long, before he yielded it up to a wight as  
“ disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his  
“ hand. These three last figures represented to me  
“ in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia’s heart  
“ between love, avarice, and ambition; for we jostled  
“ one another out by turns, and disputed the post  
“ for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable  
“ satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was  
“ so transported with my success, that I could not for-  
“ bear hugging my dear piece of chrystal; when,  
“ to my unspeakable mortification, I awaked, and  
“ found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.  
“ This is not the first time I have been thus dis-  
“ appointed.

“ O venerable Nestor ! if you have any skill in  
 “ dreams, let me know whether I have the same  
 “ place in the real heart that I had in the visionary  
 “ one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death  
 “ between hope and fear. I was very sanguine till  
 “ about eleven o'clock this morning, when I over-  
 “ heard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour  
 “ that dreams always went by contraries. I did not  
 “ indeed before much like the chrystal heart ; re-  
 “ membering that confounded simile in Valentinian,  
 “ of a maid *as cold as crystal never to be thaw'd*. Be-  
 “ sides, I verily believe, if I had slept a little long-  
 “ er, that awkward whelp with his money-bags would  
 “ certainly have made his second entrance. If you  
 “ can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small  
 “ proof of your art ; for I dare say it is more than  
 “ she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks  
 “ is a riddle. All that I can be certain of is,  
 “ that I am her and

Your humble servant,

PETER PUZZLE.

---

Tuesday, July 14, 1713\*.

---

—*Tentanda vita est.*—

VIRG. Georg. 3. ver. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

**I** HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or  
 three letters from a traveller ; and may possibly,  
 in some of my future papers, oblige him with more  
 from the same hand. The following one comes from  
 a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as di-  
 verting as a traveller ; his subject having the same  
 grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally

\* No. 107.

adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project; and may say without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the land bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners, I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New-River; not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which, if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any goodwill towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions, as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself; the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

“ SIR,

“ **A** MAN of your reading knows very well,  
 “ that there were a set of men in old Rome  
 “ called by the name of *nomenclators*, that is, in En-  
 “ glish, men who could call every one by his name.  
 “ When a great man stood for any public office,  
 “ as that of a Tribune, a Consul, or a Censor, he  
 “ had always one of these nomenclators at his elbow,  
 “ who whispered in his ear the name of every one  
 “ he met with; and by that means enabled him to  
 “ salute every Roman citizen by his name when he  
 “ asked for his vote. To come to my purpose:  
 “ I have with much pains and assiduity qualified  
 “ myself for a nomenclator to this great city, and  
 “ shall



" shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet  
 " with suitable encouragement. I will let myself  
 " out by the week to any curious country gentle-  
 " man or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a  
 " coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him  
 " in two or three evenings the names of the most  
 " celebrated persons who frequent that place. If  
 " he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call  
 " over to him in the same manner the whole circle  
 " of beauties that are disposed among the boxes;  
 " and at the same time point out to him the persons  
 " who ogle them from their respective stations. I  
 " need not tell you that I may be of the same use  
 " in any other public assembly. Nor do I only pro-  
 " fess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon  
 " the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her  
 " admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are  
 " of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out  
 " every toast, the club in which she was elected,  
 " and the number of votes that were on her side.  
 " Not a woman shall be unexplained, that makes a  
 " figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The  
 " men too shall be set out in their distinguishing cha-  
 " racters, and declared whose properties they are.  
 " Their wit, wealth, or good humour, their per-  
 " sons, stations, and titles, shall be described at  
 " large.

" I have a wife who is a nomenclatress, and will  
 " be ready on any occasion to attend the ladies.  
 " She is of a much more communicative nature than  
 " myself, and is acquainted with all the private  
 " history of London and Westminster, and ten miles  
 " round. She has fifty private amours, which no  
 " body yet knows any thing of but herself, and  
 " thirty clandestine marriages that have not been  
 " touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait  
 " upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by  
 " the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour."

" *N. B.* She is a near kinswoman of the author  
 " of the New Atalantis.

" I need

“ I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity  
 “ the usefulness of this project; and do therefore  
 “ beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a  
 “ very great obligation upon

“ Your humble servant.”

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature; which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the longitude; and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous, when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, intituled, “ A scheme of the solar system, with  
 “ the orbits of the planets and comets belonging  
 “ thereto, described from Dr. Halley’s accurate table  
 “ of comets. Philosoph. Transact. No. 297. founded on Sir Isaac Newton’s wonderful discoveries;  
 “ by William Whiston, M. A.”

*To Nessor Ironside, Esq. at Button’s coffeehouse near  
 Covent-garden.*

“ SIR, London, July 11. 1713.  
 “ **H**AVING a discovery of considerable import-  
 “ ance to communicate to the public, and  
 “ finding that you are pleased to concern yourself  
 “ in any thing that tends to the common benefit of  
 “ mankind, we take the liberty to desire the inser-  
 “ tion of this letter into your Guardian. We ex-  
 “ pect no other recommendation of it from you,  
 “ but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper.  
 “ Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if  
 “ what we propose should fall short of what we pre-  
 “ tend

“ tend to; since any disgrace which in that case  
“ must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own  
“ doors, and to be entirely borne by ourselves;  
“ which we hope we have provided for, by putting  
“ our own names to this paper.

“ It is well known, Sir, to yourself and to the  
“ learned, and trading and sailing world, that the  
“ great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship  
“ at sea has no certain method in either her eastern  
“ or western voyages, or even in her less distant sail-  
“ ing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or  
“ how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it  
“ can easily be known in any clear day or night  
“ how much she is gone northward or southward:  
“ the several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of  
“ Jupiter’s satellites, by the appulses of the moon  
“ to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pen-  
“ dulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foun-  
“ dation soever they are built, still failing in long  
“ voyages at sea when they come to be practised,  
“ and leaving the poor sailors frequently to the great  
“ inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This  
“ defect is so great, and so many ships have been  
“ lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly  
“ known by trading nations, that great rewards are  
“ said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are  
“ well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make  
“ as to this matter is easily intelligible by all, and  
“ ready to be practised at sea as well as at land;  
“ that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at  
“ the same time; and that with proper charges it  
“ may be made as universal as the world shall please;  
“ nay, that the longitude and latitude may be gene-  
“ rally hereby determined to a greater degree of ex-  
“ actness than the latitude itself is now usually found  
“ at sea: So that on all accounts we hope it will  
“ appear very worthy the public consideration. We  
“ are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be  
“ assured, that no other persons shall be allowed to  
“ deprive us of those rewards which the public shall  
“ think

“ think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do  
 “ not desire actually to receive any benefit of that  
 “ nature, till Sir Isaac Newton himself, with such  
 “ other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist  
 “ him, have given their opinion in favour of this  
 “ discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige  
 “ the public, as to communicate this proposal to the  
 “ world, he will also lay a great obligation on

“ His very humble servants,

“ WILL. WHISTON.

“ HUMPHRY DITTON.”

---

Wednesday, July 15, 1713\*.

---

*Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus aqui.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 9. ver. 674.

———Youths of height and size,  
 Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise.

DRYDEN.

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel,  
 but since I have communicated to the world a  
 plan which has given offence to some gentlemen whom  
 it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert  
 the following remonstrance; and at the same time  
 promise those of my correspondents who have drawn  
 this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any  
 such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

“ Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I WAS very much troubled to see the two let-  
 “ ters which you lately published concerning the  
 “ short club. You cannot imagine what airs all the  
 “ little pragmatistical fellows about us have given to  
 “ themselves since the reading of those papers. Every

\* No. 108.

“ one

" one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to over-  
 " look us who are two foot higher than themselves.  
 " I met with one the other day who was at least  
 " three inches above five foot, which you know is  
 " the statutable measure of that club. This over-  
 " grown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his  
 " fore-top, and contracted his figure, that he might  
 " be looked upon as a member of this new-erected  
 " society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him, that  
 " he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends  
 " to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For  
 " my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the dimi-  
 " nution of these little creatures; and should not have  
 " minded them had they been still shuffled among the  
 " croud. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough  
 " while they grow within the shade of oaks and  
 " cedars; but when these pigmies pretend to draw  
 " themselves out from the rest of the world, and  
 " form themselves into a body, it is time for us  
 " who are men of figure to look about us. If the  
 " ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive  
 " race of lovers, we should in a little time see  
 " mankind epitomized, and the whole species in mi-  
 " niature; daisy roots would grow fashionable diet.  
 " In order, therefore, to keep our posterity from  
 " dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspir-  
 " ing race of up-starts, we have here instituted a  
 " tall club.

" As the short club consists of those who are un-  
 " der five foot, ours is to be composed of such as  
 " are above six. These we look upon as the two  
 " extremes and antagonists of the species; consider-  
 " ing all those as neuter who fill up the middle  
 " space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is  
 " an hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall  
 " club.

" We have already chosen thirty members, the  
 " most fightly of all her Majesty's subjects. We  
 " elected a president, as many of the ancients did  
 " their kings, by reason of his height; having only

" confirmed him in that station above us which na-  
 " ture had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander,  
 " and within an inch of a show. As for my own  
 " part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot  
 " and a half of stature. Being the shortest mem-  
 " ber of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you  
 " saw us all together, you would take us for the  
 " sons of Anak. Our meetings are held, like the  
 " old Gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but  
 " we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may  
 " hold our assemblies in Westminster-hall when it is  
 " not term-time. I must add to the honour of our  
 " club, that it is one of our society who is now  
 " finding out the longitude. The device of our pu-  
 " blic seal is a crane grasping a pigmy in his right  
 " foot.

" I know the short club value themselves very  
 " much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play  
 " some of his pentameters upon us: but if he does,  
 " he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines;  
 " for we have a poet among us of a genius as ex-  
 " alted as his stature, and who is very well read in  
 " Longinus his treatise concerning the sublime. Be-  
 " sides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if  
 " Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes  
 " such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth Æneid, was  
 " taller by the head and shoulders than all the people  
 " of Elysiun. I shall therefore confront his *lepi-*  
 " *dissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation, and fit for  
 " a member of their club) with one that is much  
 " longer, and therefore more suitable to a member  
 " of ours.

*Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla ;*  
*Museum ante omnes : medium nam plurima turba*  
*Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suscipit altis.*

VIRG. ÆN. 6. ver. 666.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd ;  
 And first to him surrounded by the rest ;  
 Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast,

DRYDEN.

" If, after all, this society of little men proceed  
 " as they have begun, to magnify themselves, and  
 " lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to  
 " make a detachment some evening or other, that  
 " shall bring away their whole club in a pair of  
 " paniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which  
 " we have set apart for that use, till they have made  
 " a public recantation. As for the little bully Tim  
 " Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat  
 " him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him  
 " upon a peg till he comes to himself. I have told  
 " you our design; and let their little Machiavel pre-  
 " vent it if he can.

" This is, Sir, the long and the short of the mat-  
 " ter: I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps  
 " by it; but let them do their worst. I think that  
 " we serve our country by discouraging this little  
 " breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion.  
 " If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour,  
 " we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the  
 " human figure, and restore it to its ancient proce-  
 " rity. In the mean time, we hope old age has not  
 " inclined you in favour of our antagonists; for I do  
 " assure you, Sir, we are all your high admirers,  
 " though none more than,

" SIR,

" Yours," &c.

---

Thursday, July 16, 1713\*.

---

*Pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi.*

OVID. Amor. l. i. Eleg. 5. ver. 14.

Yet still she strove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning

\* No. 109.

C c 2

cerning

cerning the tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta, bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms: *An old nimy-hammer, A dotard, A nincompoop*, is the best language she can afford me. Florella indeed expostulates with me upon the subject; and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers), I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgements for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

“ SIR,

“ I AM to give you thanks, in the name of half  
 “ a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper  
 “ of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women  
 “ of fifty; and a man of your sense knows how  
 “ many additional years are always to be thrown in-  
 “ to female computations of this nature. We are  
 “ very sensible, that several young flirts about town  
 “ had a design to cast us out of the fashionable  
 “ world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of  
 “ their late refinements. Two or three of them  
 “ have been heard to say, that they would kill  
 “ every old woman about town. In order to it  
 “ they began to throw off their clothes as fast as  
 “ they



" they could, and have played all those pranks which  
 " you have so seasonably taken notice of. We  
 " were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling  
 " to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans  
 " in the *beau monde*. Some of us have already  
 " caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I  
 " have not been without a cold ever since this foolish  
 " fashion came up. I have followed it thus far  
 " with the hazard of my life; and how much farther  
 " I must go nobody goes, if your paper does  
 " not bring us relief. You may assure yourself,  
 " that all the antiquated necks about town are very  
 " much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames  
 " are concealed in our bosoms, (in which perhaps  
 " we vie with the youngest of the sex), they are  
 " not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and  
 " weather. In taking so many old women under  
 " your care, you have been a real Guardian to us,  
 " and saved the life of many of your contemporaries.  
 " In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe  
 " ourselves,

" Most venerable NESTOR,

" Your humble servants and sisters."

I am very well pleased with this approbation of  
 my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked  
 on the tucker to be the *decus et tutamen*, the ornament  
 and defence of the female neck. My good old  
 lady the Lady Lizard condemned this fashion from  
 the beginning; and has observed to me with some  
 concern, that her sex, at the same time they are letting  
 down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats,  
 which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg  
 discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I  
 may possibly take another occasion of handling this  
 extremity; it being my design to keep a watchful  
 eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate  
 them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall  
 fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me  
 from another of my obliged correspondents.

" Dear

“ Dear GUARDEE,

“ **T**HIS comes to you from one of those untuck-  
 “ ered ladies whom you were so sharp up-  
 “ on on Monday was se’ennight. I think myself  
 “ mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you  
 “ then gave us. You must know I am a famous  
 “ olive beauty. But though this complexion makes  
 “ a very good face when there are a couple of black  
 “ sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indif-  
 “ ferent neck. Your fair women therefore thought  
 “ of this fashion to insult the olives and the brun-  
 “ netts. They know very well, that a neck of  
 “ ivory does not make so fine a shew as one of ala-  
 “ baster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that  
 “ they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know  
 “ very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in  
 “ the world is to you no more than a woman of  
 “ snow: but Ovid, in Mr. Duke’s translation of  
 “ him, seems to look upon it with another eye when  
 “ he talks of Corinna, and mentions

—————her heaving breast  
 Courting the hand, and suing to be prefs’d.

“ Women of my complexion ought to be more  
 “ modest, especially since our faces debar us from  
 “ all artificial whitenings. Could you examine  
 “ examine of these ladies who present you with  
 “ such beautiful snowy chests, you would find they  
 “ are not all of a piece. Good Father Nestor, do  
 “ not let us alone till you have shortened our necks,  
 “ and reduced them to their ancient standard.”

“ I am your most obliged

“ Humble servant;

“ OLIVIA.”

I shall have a just regard to Olivia’s remonstrance; though at the same time I cannot but observe, that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.

---

Friday, July 17, 1713\*.

---

———*Non ego paucis  
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*———

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

I will not quarrel with a light mistake,  
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

ROSCOMMON.

THE candour which Horace shews in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a cavalier. He declares, that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece, that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more than that the author of it was a man. For this reason, I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, "Remember, Sir, that you are a man." I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the work of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expence of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

\* No. 110.

" SIR,

“ SIR,

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 “ OUR tragedy-writers have been notoriously  
 “ defective in giving proper sentiments to the  
 “ persons they introduce. Nothing is more common  
 “ than to hear an heathen talking of angels and de-  
 “ vils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell,  
 “ according to the christian system. Lee’s Alcander  
 “ discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first page  
 “ of Oedipus.

—————The fun’s sick too,  
 Shortly he’ll be an earth—————

“ As Dryden’s Cleomenes is acquainted with the  
 “ Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before  
 “ its invention.

I’m pleas’d with my own work; Jove was not  
 more

With infant nature, when his spacious hand  
 Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,  
 To give it the first push, and see it roll  
 Along the vast abyfs—————

“ I have now Mr. Dryden’s Don Sebastian before  
 “ me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient  
 “ history and the old mythology of the heathen.  
 “ It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portu-  
 “ gal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid’s  
 “ Metamorphoses, when he talked even to those of  
 “ his own court; but to allude to these Roman fa-  
 “ bles when he talks to an emperor of Barbary,  
 “ seems very extraordinary. But observe how he  
 “ defies him out of the classics in the following  
 “ lines:

Why

Why didst not thou engage me man to man,  
 And try the virtue of that Gorgon face  
 To stare me into statue?

“Almeyda at the same time is more book-learned  
 “than Don Sebastian. She plays an hydra upon  
 “the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,  
 That one might bourgeon where another fell!  
 Still would I give thee work; still, still, thou  
 tyrant;  
 And hiss thee with the last——

“She afterwards, in allusion to Hercules, bids  
 “him ‘lay down the lion’s skin, and take the dis-  
 “staff;’ and in the following speech utters her pas-  
 “sion still more learnedly.

No; were we join’d, ev’n though it were in death,  
 Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,  
 The prodigy of Thebes would be renew’d,  
 And my divided flame should break from thine.

“The emperor of Barbary shews himself acquaint-  
 “ed with the Roman poets as well as either of his  
 “prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the  
 “same classic strain.

Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;  
 Our offspring, like the seed of dragon’s teeth,  
 Shall issue arm’d, and fight themselves to death.

“Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock’s fa-  
 “vourite author; witness the lines that follow.

She still inexorable, still imperious  
 And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.—

“ I fhall conclude my remarks on his part with  
 “ that poetical complaint of his being in love, and  
 “ leave my reader to confider how prettily it would  
 “ found in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco.

The god of love once more has fhut his fires  
 Into my foul ; and my whole heart receives him.

“ Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother  
 “ Muley Molock ; as where he hints at the  
 “ ftory of Caftor and Pollux.

———May we ne'er meet !

For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,  
 He gallops down the fkies———

“ As for the Mufti, we will fuppofe that he was  
 “ bred up a fcholar ; and not only verfed in the law  
 “ of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite-learning. For this reafon he is not at all furprifed when Dorax calls him a Phaeton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

“ The Mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz and Cardinal Wolfey by name. The poet feems to think he may make every perfon in his play know as much as himfelf, and talk as well as he could have done on the fame occafion. At leaft I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above mentioned fentiments, to which I might have added feveral others, would have been better fuited to the court of Auguftus than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themfelves, and much more fo in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. I only obferve, that they are improper for the perfons who make ufe of them. Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his fentiments. Let one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth  
 “ filled

“ filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous  
 “ Octavia departs from her character, the loose Do-  
 “ labella is no less inconsistent with himself, when  
 “ all of a sudden he drops the pagan, and talks in  
 “ the sentiments of revealed religion.

—————Heav'n has but  
 Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights  
 To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems  
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice,  
 As if there were degrees in Infinite:  
 And Infinite would rather want perfection  
 Than punish to extent—————

“ I might shew several faults of the same nature  
 “ in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The improprie-  
 “ ty of thoughts in the speeches of the Great Mo-  
 “ gul and his Empress has been generally censured.  
 “ Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of  
 “ words, and they would be too coarse for a scene  
 “ in Billingsgate.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —

“ I am,” &c.

D d 2

---

Saturday, July 18, 1713\*.

---

*Hic aliquis de gente hircosa centurionum  
Dicat; quod satis est, sapio mihi: non ego curo  
Esse quod arcefilas, ærumnosique Solones.*

PERS. Sat. 3. ver. 77.

But here some captain of the land or fleet,  
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,  
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn in store;  
And he's a rascal who pretends to more:  
Dammè, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads  
say,  
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play.

DRYDEN.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by the time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by the time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old



age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE, greeting.

“ YOU have not done well to publish your books  
 “ of select knowledge; for what is there now  
 “ in which I can surpass others, if those things which  
 “ I have been instructed in are communicated to  
 “ every body? For my own part, I declare to you,  
 “ I would rather excel others in knowledge than  
 “ power. Farewel.”

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities,

abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in the possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixed governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ; and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

“ In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a  
 “ dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall  
 “ give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed  
 “ unto thy servant David my father great mercy ac-  
 “ cording as he walked before thee in truth and in  
 “ righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with  
 “ thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kind-  
 “ ness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his  
 “ throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my  
 “ God!

" God! thou hast made thy servant king instead of Da-  
 " vid my father: and I am but a little child: I know  
 " not how to go out or come in. Give therefore  
 " thy servant an understanding heart, to judge thy  
 " people, that I may discern between good and bad:  
 " for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?  
 " And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had  
 " asked this thing. And God said unto him, Be-  
 " cause thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked  
 " for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for  
 " thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies,  
 " but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern  
 " judgment; behold! I have done according to thy  
 " word: lo! I have given thee a wife and an un-  
 " derstanding heart; so that there was none like  
 " thee before thee; neither after thee shall any rise  
 " like unto thee. And I have also given thee that  
 " which thou hast not asked, both riches and  
 " honour: so that there shall not be any among the  
 " kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou  
 " wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and  
 " my commandments, as thy father David did  
 " walk; then I will lengthen thy days. And So-  
 " lomon awoke; and behold it was a dream."

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory; of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris; or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters; each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage;

page; and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom,—Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour should always wait on her as her handmaids.

Monday, July 20, 1713\*.

—————*Udam*

*Spernit humum fugiente penna.*

HOR. Od. 2. l. iii. ver. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and croud below,  
And with a foaring wing still mounts on high.

CREECH.

THE philofophers of King Charles his reign were bufy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bifhop Wilkins was fo confident of fuccefs in it, that he fays he does not question but in the next age it will be as ufual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour fo prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the ftory of the great lady, who at the fame time was building caftles in the air for their reception. I always leave fuch trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reafon alfo I fhall forbear extracting out of authors feveral instances of particular perfons who have arrived at fome perfection in this art, and exhibited fpecimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I fhall prefent my reader with the following letter from an artift who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

\* No. 112.

“ Mr.

“ Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ **K**NOWING that you are a great encourager  
 “ of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you  
 “ that I have made a considerable progress in the art  
 “ of flying. I flutter about my room two or three  
 “ hours in a morning; and when my wings are on,  
 “ can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step and  
 “ jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock,  
 “ and improve every day. If I proceed as I have  
 “ begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my  
 “ proficiency in this art. Upon the next public  
 “ thanksgiving-day, it is my design to sit astride the  
 “ dragon upon Bow-steeple; from whence, after the  
 “ first discharge of the Tower-guns, I intend to  
 “ mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch  
 “ upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence,  
 “ by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my  
 “ way for St. James’s park, and light upon the ground  
 “ near Rosamond’s pond. This I doubt not will  
 “ convince the world that I am no pretender. But  
 “ before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for  
 “ making of wings, and that none shall presume to  
 “ fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other  
 “ man’s making. I intend to work for the court  
 “ myself, and will have journeymen under me to  
 “ furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire,  
 “ that I may have the sole teaching of persons of  
 “ quality; in which I shall spare neither time nor  
 “ pains, till I have made them as expert as myself.  
 “ I will fly with the women upon my back for the  
 “ first fortnight. I shall appear at the next mas-  
 “ querade, dressed up in my feathers and plumage  
 “ like an Indian prince, that the quality may see  
 “ how pretty they will look in their travelling ha-  
 “ bits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable  
 “ prejudice to projectors of all kinds; for which  
 “ reason, when I talk of practising to fly, silly people  
 “ think me an owl for my pains. But, Sir, you  
 “ know better things. I need not enumerate to you  
 “ the benefits which will accrue to the public from

" this invention ; as how the roads of England will  
 " be saved when we travel through these new high-  
 " ways, and how all family-accounts will be lessened  
 " in the article of coaches and horses : I need not  
 " mention posts and packet-boats, with many other  
 " conveniencies of life, which will be supplied this  
 " way. In short, Sir, when mankind are in possession  
 " of this art, they will be able to do more business  
 " in three score and ten years, than they could  
 " do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I  
 " therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage ; and am,  
 " Your most humble servant."

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists ; and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues, as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You shall have a couple of lovers make a midnight-affignation upon the top of the monument ; and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes, like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret-window ; or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous indeed, he might clip his wife's wings ; but what would this avail, when there were flocks of whoremasters perpetually hovering over his house ? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing ? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of *gibier*, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However ;

ever, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that can't keep his wife a coach, could keep her a pair of wings; and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon.

Tuesday, July 21, 1713\*.

—Amphora cæpit

*Institui currente rota, cur urceus exit?*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 21.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,  
Why is the end so little and so low?

ROSCOMMON.

**I** LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject; but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

“ Good Mr. IRONSIDE, *Cheapside, July 18.*

“ **I** HAVE lately married a very pretty body; who  
“ being something younger and richer than my-  
“ self, I was advised to go a-wooing to her in a finer

\* No. 113.

E e 2

“ suit

“ suit of clothes than ever I wore in my life ; for I  
“ love to dress plain and suitable to a man of my  
“ rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon  
“ the wedding-day I put myself, according to custom,  
“ in another suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it.  
“ I am so out of countenance among my neighbours  
“ upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes  
“ well worn out. I fancy every body observes me  
“ as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain  
“ gear again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me  
“ in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool’s cap, and  
“ make me now and then stand in the window with  
“ it. I am ashamed to be dandelled thus, and cannot  
“ look in the glass without blushing to see myself  
“ turned into such a pretty little master. They tell  
“ me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first  
“ month at least ; after which I am resolved to come  
“ again to my every day’s clothes, for at present every  
“ day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr.  
“ Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding  
“ in the world. When a man’s person is new, and  
“ unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want  
“ any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the  
“ lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I  
“ should think therefore, that a man should keep his  
“ finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not  
“ begin to dress till the honey-moon is over. I have  
“ observed at a Lord Mayor’s feast, that the sweet-  
“ meats do not make their appearance till people are  
“ cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose  
“ their stomachs. But instead of this we serve up  
“ delicacies to our guests when their appetites are  
“ keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full.  
“ As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk  
“ night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off ; not  
“ knowing whether my wife won’t repent of her  
“ marriage when she sees what a plain man she has  
“ to her husband. Pray Mr. Ironside write some-  
“ thing to prepare her for it, and let me know whe-  
“ ther



“ther you think she can ever love me in a hair-  
“ button.

“ I am, &c.

“ P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves,  
“ which they say too I must wear all the first  
“ month.”

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life. But to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding-suit in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this: Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday-suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclination and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own; that he pretends to dislike what she approves; and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the soul with fullness and discontent, spleen and vapour; which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship.

courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her before marriage in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, "Madam, you see what sort of a man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse." I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? "No, Madam," says Tom, "I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it." In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

---

Wednesday, July 22, 1713\*.

---

*Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite:*

*Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.*

PHÆDR. Fab. 13. l. iii. v. 9.

Take the hives, and fall to work upon the honey-combs: the drones refuse, the bees accept the proposal.

I THINK myself obliged to acquaint the public, that the lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffeehouse in Ruffel-street, Covent Garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of

\* No. 114.

fuch

such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antient Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffeehouse, holding its paws under the chin upon a box which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of Knowledge and Action, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth or book worm, feeds upon nothing but paper; and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal; for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation; nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the Popes observe, that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species; and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such as a peaceable, good-natured, well designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week, The roarings of the lion; and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision,

vision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins; which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived as to snap the hands of any of the female sex who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense. I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent Garden who may not put her hand in the mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them, that the coffeeman has a little daughter of about four years old who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect an unicorn's head for the ladies; and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

“ Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ **Y**OUR predecessor the Spectator endeavoured,  
 “ but in vain, to improve the charms of the  
 “ fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it  
 “ launched into extremities. Among the rest, the  
 “ great petticoat came under his consideration. But,  
 “ in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still  
 “ resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of  
 “ their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same;  
 “ for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they  
 “ now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem  
 “ to deny access to any part but the middle. Many  
 “ are the inconveniencies that accrue to her Majesty’s  
 “ loving subjects from the said petticoats; as hurt-  
 “ ing men’s shins, sweeping down the wares of in-  
 “ dustrious females in the streets, &c. I saw a  
 “ young lady fall down the other day; and believe  
 “ me, Sir, she very much resembled an overturned  
 “ bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I  
 “ could tell you of that befall themselves as well as  
 “ others by means of this unwieldy garment. I  
 “ wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in  
 “ shewing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion;  
 “ and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion  
 “ of two of the wisest men in England, they will be  
 “ convinced of their folly. I am,

“ SIR,

“ Your daily reader and admirer,

“ TOM PLAIN.”

---

Thursday, July 23, 1713\*.

---

*Ingenium par materia*—

Juv. Sat 1. ver. 151.

A genius equal to the subject.

WHEN I read rules of criticism, I immediately enquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery: but if in the place of all these I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon, if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

So Macer and Mundungus school the times,  
 And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhymes.  
 Well do they play the careful critic's part,  
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art.  
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,  
 Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

Mr. CONGREVE to Sir R. TEMPLE.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shewn the height of good writing, even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise, no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not shew by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who, after having given many proofs of his performances, both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean, is Strada. His prolusion on the stile of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo X. was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this Pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure; for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine till it arrived before the Pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters

ters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two fummits; which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner; so that people regarded him with the same terrour and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other fummit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce on some spots of it plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call *exotics*.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine, which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators; though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off his back: infomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then that he was tumbling.



Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels, which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the Pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land; which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception, was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subject of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

---

Friday, July 24, 1713\*.

---

— *Ridiculum acri*  
*Fortius et melius.* —

HOR. SAT. 10. l. i. v. 14.

A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing  
More home than the morosest satire's sting.

**T**HERE are many little enormities in the world which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it

\* NO. 116.

with

with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot, which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Top-knot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and shewing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men. While they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry Andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and toothach.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled; I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

“NESTOR IRONSIDE,  
 “OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou  
 “beginnest to have a glimmering of the light  
 “in thee. We shall pray for thee that thou mayst  
 “be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good  
 “advice to the women of this world, to clothe them-  
 “selves like unto our friends, and not to expose their  
 “fleshy

“ fleshly temptations, for it is against the record.  
 “ Thy lion is a good lion: he roareth loud, and is  
 “ heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon;  
 “ for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of  
 “ thy lion. Look on his order.

‘ Rome, July 8. 1783. A placard is published  
 ‘ here, forbidding women of whatsoever quality to  
 ‘ go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered  
 ‘ not to admit the transgressors of this law to confes-  
 ‘ sion, nor to communion; neither are they to enter  
 ‘ the cathedrals under severe penalties.’

“ These lines are faithfully copied from the night-  
 “ ly paper with this title written over it, ‘ The  
 “ Evening Post, from Saturday July the 18th to  
 “ Tuesday July the 21st.’

“ Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we  
 “ hope the foolish women in thy own country will  
 “ listen to thy admonitions; otherwise thou art de-  
 “ fired to make him still roar, till all the beasts of  
 “ the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat un-  
 “ to thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood  
 “ have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so  
 “ inspired with the light, as thou mayst speedily be-  
 “ come a great preacher of the word. I wish it  
 “ heartily.

“ Thine,

“ in every thing that is praise worthy,  
 “ TOM TREMBLE.

“ Tom’s coffeehouse in Birchin-  
 “ lane, the 23d day of the  
 “ month called July.”

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We  
 are.

are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull any my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to shew their zeal for the Protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery.

---

Saturday, July 25, 1713\*.

---

*Cura pii diis sunt*—

OVID. Met. l. viii. ver. 724.

The good are heav'n's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase; and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the Athaliah of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the Court, represents to Joad the high priest that the queen was incensed against him, the high priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer:

“Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,  
 “Sçait aussi des méchans arreter les complots.  
 “Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,  
 “Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre  
 crainte.”

\* No. 117.

“He

“ He who ruleth the raging of the sea knows also  
“ how to check the designs of the ungodly. I sub-  
“ mit myself with reverence to his holy will. O  
“ Abner, I fear my God; and I fear none but  
“ him.”

Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man: it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person: it disarms the tyrant and executioner; and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear; as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage, that grows from constitution, very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear who takes care in all his actions to please a being that is omnipotent? a being who is able to crush all his adversaries; a being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage. The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him; but he may rest satisfied that

they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself by this virtue an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan history which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us, that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddesses who represented Providence among the Heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity whom he blindly worshipped than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life; but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have  
understood

understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator whom he here put to death, and having till now fought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occasion speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence, which in this particular had so contrived it, that the stranger should for so great a space of time be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

---

Monday, July 27, 1713\*.

---

—Largitor ingeni  
Venter—

PERS. Prol. v. 10.

Witty want.

DRYDEN.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morsels.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

“ Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I AM a daily peruser of your papers. I have  
 “ read over and over your discourse concerning  
 “ the tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday  
 “ the 16th instant, in which you say it is your in-  
 “ tention to keep a watchful eye over every part of  
 “ the female sex, and to regulate them from head to  
 “ foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a mantua-  
 “ maker, who am employed by the most fashionable  
 “ ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely  
 “ at all hours; and seeing them both dressed and  
 “ undressed, I think there is no person better quali-  
 “ fied than myself to serve you, if your Honour  
 “ pleases, in the nature of a lioness. I am in the  
 “ whole secret of their fashion; and if you think fit  
 “ to entertain me in this character, I will have a  
 “ constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall  
 “ send you from time to time such private intelli-  
 “ gence as you will find of use to you in your future  
 “ papers.

“ Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will  
 “ not let me lose the benefit of it; but that you will  
 “ first hear me roar before you treat with any body  
 “ else. As a sample of my intended services, I give  
 “ you this timely notice of an improvement you  
 “ will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest,  
 “ which, in defiance of your gravity, is going to be  
 “ uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell  
 “ you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest  
 “ my profession should in a little time become  
 “ wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you  
 “ a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an  
 “ ornament for the neck, which you have not yet  
 “ taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace,  
 “ or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs  
 “ along the upper part of the stays before, and cross-  
 “ es the breasts, without rising to the shoulders;  
 “ and being as it were a part of the tucker yet kept



“ in use, is therefore by a particular name called the  
 “ *modesty piece*. Now, Sir, what I have to com-  
 “ municate to you at present, is, that at a late  
 “ meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were  
 “ present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was  
 “ resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece  
 “ wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to  
 “ lower the stays considerably before; and nothing  
 “ but the unsettled weather has hindered this design  
 “ from being already put in execution. Some few  
 “ indeed objected to this last improvement, but  
 “ were over-ruled by the rest, who alleged it was  
 “ their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it,  
 “ to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to  
 “ no defence but their own virtue.

“ I am, Sir,

“ (if you please) your secret servant.

“ LEONILLA FIGLEAF.”

“ Dear SIR,

“ **A**S by name and duty bound, I yesterday  
 “ brought in a prey of paper for my patron's  
 “ dinner; but, by the forwardness of his paws, he  
 “ seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which  
 “ does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose  
 “ throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, Sir,  
 “ unless he gapes wider he will sooner be felt than  
 “ heard. Witness my hand,

“ JACKALL.”

“ To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

“ Sage NESTOR,

“ **L**IONS being esteemed by naturalists the most  
 “ generous of beasts, the noble and majestic  
 “ appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so  
 “ often represent the hero himself, made me always  
 “ think that name very ill applied to a profligate set  
 “ of men at present going about seeking whom to  
 “ devour. And though I cannot but acquiesce in  
 “ your

" your account of the derivation of that title to  
 " them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are  
 " about to restore them to their former dignity, by  
 " producing one of that species so public-spirited as  
 " to roar for reformation of manners. ' I will  
 " roar,' (says the Clown in Shakespear), ' that it  
 " will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will  
 " roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him  
 " roar again, let him roar again.' Such success and  
 " such applause I do not question but your lion will  
 " meet with; whilst, like that of Sampson, his  
 " strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his en-  
 " trails abound with honey.

" At the same time that I congratulate with the  
 " republic of beasts upon this honour done to their  
 " king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who  
 " by distance of place are rendered incapable of pay-  
 " ing our respects to him with the same assiduity as  
 " those who are ushered into his presence by the  
 " discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr.  
 " Ironside, I am become a suitor to you to consti-  
 " tute an out-riding lion; or, if you please, a jack-  
 " all or two, to receive or remit our homage in a  
 " more particular manner than is hitherto provided.  
 " As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then  
 " miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love  
 " that makes us unwilling to think any thing that  
 " comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to  
 " believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary  
 " to specify by what means a present from a fair  
 " hand may reach his brindled majesty, the place of  
 " his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal  
 " appearance. I am,

" Your most constant reader and admirer,  
 " N. R."

" Dear NESTOR,

" IT is a well-known proverb in a certain part of  
 " this kingdom, ' Love me, love my dog;' and  
 " I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect  
 " for

“ for your person that I here bring a bit for your  
 “ lion.——

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.

*Wednesday, July 29, 1713\*.*

———Nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON.

A bit for the lion.

“ SIR,

“ **A**S soon as you have set up your unicorn, there  
 “ is no question but the ladies will make him  
 “ push very furiously at the men; for which reason  
 “ I think it is good to be beforehand with them,  
 “ and make the lion roar aloud at female irregulari-  
 “ ties. Among these, I wonder how their gaming  
 “ has so long escaped your notice. You who con-  
 “ verse with the sober family of the Lizards, are  
 “ perhaps a stranger to these viragos. But what  
 “ would you say, should you see the Sparkler shak-  
 “ ing her elbow for a whole night together, and  
 “ thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how  
 “ would you like to hear the good widow lady her-  
 “ self returning to her house at midnight, and alarm-  
 “ ing the whole street with a most enormous rap, af-  
 “ ter having sat up until that time at crimp or ombre?  
 “ — Sir, I am the husband of one of these female  
 “ gamesters, and a great loser by it both in my rest  
 “ and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers,

\* No. 120.

“ ONE

“ one upon this subject might be of use both to her  
 “ and

“ Your humble servant,”

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice, which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful but one that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them, first, as they relate to the *mind*; secondly, as they relate to the *body*.

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. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think, were he shewn this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new born child that was *marked* with the five of clubs.

Their *passions* suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? Who can consider without a secret indignation, that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus vilely prostituted

prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to; and we always find, that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her husband. My friend Theophastrus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. "When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise," says he, "from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary," says he, "if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeas'd with all I can do or say; and in reality for no other reason but because she has been throwing away my estate." What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and gashion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes must we expect from mothers of this make!

I come, in the next place, to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the *bodies* of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now, there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-

table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning-sleeps are not able to repair her midnight-watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from basset; and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case, in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income, pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone. The husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now, when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

Thursday, July 30, 1712\*.

*Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iraque leonum.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 7. ver. 15.

Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

Roarings of the Lion.

“ Old NESTOR,

“ **E**VER since the first notice you gave of the  
 “ erection of that useful monument of yours  
 “ in Button’s coffee-house, I have had a restless  
 “ ambition to imitate the renowned London prentice,  
 \* No. 121. “ and

“ and boldly venture my hand down the throat of  
 “ your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation  
 “ of a club whereof I am a member, and which has  
 “ made a considerable noise of late; I mean the silent  
 “ club. The year of our institution is 1694; the  
 “ number of members twelve; and the place of our  
 “ meeting is Dumb’s Alley in Holborn. We look  
 “ upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans;  
 “ and have this maxim in common with them, which is  
 “ the foundation of our design, *That talking spoils company.*  
 “ The president of our society is one who was born deaf  
 “ and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the  
 “ rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find, upon en-  
 “ quiry, that the greater part of us are married men,  
 “ and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home.  
 “ Hither we fly for refuge; and enjoy at once the two  
 “ greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retire-  
 “ ment. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator,  
 “ published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable  
 “ account of his silence (for you must know, though we do  
 “ not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays), we  
 “ seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy.  
 “ But it was unluckily objected, that he had just then  
 “ published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not  
 “ arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which  
 “ we expected from a man of his understanding. You will  
 “ wonder perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will  
 “ be easily accounted for, when I tell you, that our fingers  
 “ are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our  
 “ thoughts as other men’s tongues are. Yet even this  
 “ mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest  
 “ occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the  
 “ Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands  
 “ are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that  
 “ the polite courts of Christendom should come so far  
 “ short of the majesty of Barbarians.

“ Ben Johnson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called *The silent woman*. Every member here is another *Morose* while the club is sitting; but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family-occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like assembly are many. We consider that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party-concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man’s weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first (and which is very rarely to be met with), is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, *viz.* that if ever we do debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our finger-ends. Of all Longinus’s remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax’s silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime; and (if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours) I should think, that the everlasting story-teller Nestor, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

“ I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society; and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the Welchman’s owl; though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send last week a party of constables to surprize us. You may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence,

“ and



“ and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls.  
 “ If you approve of our undertaking, you need not  
 “ declare it to the world; your silence shall be inter-  
 “ preted as consent given to the honourable body of  
 “ mutes, and in particular to

“ Your humble servant,

“ NED MUM.

“ P. S. We have had but one word spoken since  
 “ the foundation; for which the member was ex-  
 “ pelled by the old Roman custom of bending back  
 “ the thumb. He had just received the news of the  
 “ battle of Hockstet, and being too impatient to  
 “ communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed  
 “ into a *lapsus lingua*. We acted on the principles  
 “ of the Roman Manlius; and though we approved  
 “ of the cause of his error as just, we condemned  
 “ the effect as a manifest violation of his duty.

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakespear's lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

“ Mr. IRONSIDE,

July 28. 1713.

“ I WAS afraid at first you were only in jest, and  
 “ I had a mind to expose our nakedness for the  
 “ diversion of the town; but since I see that you  
 “ are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your  
 “ side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to  
 “ you for the care you take of us, having a friend  
 “ who has promised me to give my letters to the  
 “ lion, till we can communicate our thoughts to you  
 “ through our own proper vehicle. Now you must  
 “ know, Dear Sir, that if you don't take care to  
 “ suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest,  
 “ all that is left of my waste must inevitably perish.

“ It

" It is at this time reduced to the depth of four  
 " inches, by what I have already made over to my  
 " neck. But if the stripping design mentioned by  
 " Mrs. Figleaf yesterday should take effect, Sir, I  
 " dread to think what it will come to. In short,  
 " there is no help for it; my girdle and all must go.  
 " This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity  
 " on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me  
 " from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure  
 " you, that I follow your precepts as much as a  
 " young woman can, who will live in the world  
 " without being laughed at. I have no hooped pet-  
 " ticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad  
 " tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying  
 " project takes, I intend to be the last in wings;  
 " being resolved in every thing to behave myself as  
 " becomes

" Your most obedient ward."

---

Tuesday, July 28, 1713\*.

---

— *Poetarum veniet manus auxilio quæ  
 Sit mihi* —

HOR Sat. 4. lib. 1. ver. 141.

A band of poets to my aid I'll call,

CREECH.

**T**HERE is nothing which more shews the want  
 of taste and discernment in a writer than the  
 decrying of any author in gross, especially of an  
 author who has been the admiration of multitudes,  
 and that too in several ages of the world. This,  
 however, is the general practice of all illiterate and  
 undistinguishing critics. Because Homer, and Virgil,  
 and Sophocles, have been commended by the learned

\* No. 119.

of

of all times ; every scribbler who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence, and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets ; for I intend to publish in this paper a continuation of that *prolusion* which was the subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account in prose of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described ; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation ; which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governour of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had an hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. " But," says he, " if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please : behold a sword for your purpose." Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able at such a juncture to sit down to the repast which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death ; but, far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his

his

his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them however agreed that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering; in a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation: to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in  
such

such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend in the mean while saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion, that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers; but it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed, that it was peculiar to Lucretius above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something; that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added farther, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation

of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers; in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and fatiated the ear for want of variety; to which they likewise added a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this proflusion shall be the work of another day.



“ mediately my father fastening a certain stone to  
“ the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no  
“ sooner touched the surface of the water but the  
“ ring leapt up from the bottom, and clung to it in  
“ such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My  
“ father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave  
“ me the following account of it. When Deucalion  
“ and Pyrrha went about the world to repair man-  
“ kind by throwing stones over their heads, the  
“ men who rose from them differed in their incli-  
“ nations according to the places on which the stones  
“ fell. Those which fell on the fields became  
“ ploughmen and shepherds. Those which fell into  
“ the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those  
“ that fell among the woods and forests gave birth  
“ to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several  
“ that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold  
“ and silver in them. This last race of men imme-  
“ diately betook themselves to the search of these  
“ precious metals; but Nature being displeas’d to  
“ see herself ransack’d, withdrew these her treasures  
“ towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of  
“ man however persisted in its former pursuits,  
“ and ransack’d her inmost bowels in quest of the  
“ riches which they contained. Nature seeing her-  
“ self thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so  
“ highly incens’d, that she shook the whole place  
“ with an earthquake, and buried the men under  
“ their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay  
“ in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke  
“ out at the same time with great fury, burning up  
“ the whole mass of human limbs and earth, till  
“ they were hardened and baked into stone. The  
“ human bodies that were delving in iron mines  
“ were converted into those common loadstones  
“ which attract that metal: Those which were in  
“ search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still  
“ keep their former avarice in their present state of  
“ petrefaction.”

Ovid:



Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; till at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place, they all agreed that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit; and that he would have succeeded better in both had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next, with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

“ A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was  
“ besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry,  
“ were preparing for a single duel, when on a  
“ sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy.  
“ Upon this, both the German and Portuguese con-  
“ sented to sacrifice their private resentments to the  
“ public, and to see who could signalize himself  
“ most upon the common foe. Each of them did  
“ wonders in repelling the enemy from different  
“ parts of the wall. The German was at length  
“ engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, till his  
“ left arm that held the shield was unfortunately  
“ lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow  
“ he had received, that he fell down as dead. The  
“ Portuguese seeing the condition of his rival, very  
“ generously flew to his succour, dispersed the mul-  
“ titude that were gathered about him, and fought  
“ over him as he lay upon the ground. In the  
“ mean while the German recovered from his trance,  
“ and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese;  
“ who a little after had his right arm, which held  
“ his

“ his sword, cut off by the blow of a fabre. He  
 “ would have lost his life at the same time by a  
 “ spear which was aimed at his back, had not the  
 “ German slain the person who was aiming at him.  
 “ These two competitors for fame having received  
 “ such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunc-  
 “ tion ; and as the one was only able to manage the  
 “ sword, and the other a shield, made up but one  
 “ warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered  
 “ the German, while the German dealt destruction  
 “ upon the enemy. At length finding themselves  
 “ faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish  
 “ nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part  
 “ of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a  
 “ huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the be-  
 “ siegers.”

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately  
 broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some  
 gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had re-  
 ceived in his lifetime, declaring him the only man  
 who had written in a style which was truly heroical ;  
 and that he was above all others in his fame as well  
 as in his diction. Others censured him as one who  
 went beyond all bounds in his images and expres-  
 sions ; laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the  
 rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp  
 and bombast of his expressions. There were, how-  
 ever, a few select judges who moderated between  
 both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius,  
 That there appeared in his style much poetical heat  
 and fire, but withal so much smoke as fullied the  
 brightness of it ; that there was a majesty in his  
 verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant  
 than of a king ; that he was often towering among  
 the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus :  
 in a word, that Statius was among the poets what  
 Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of  
 great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who pro-  
 duced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the

the story of Theutilla, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's miscellanies, I shall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than their applause; and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's commentaries. This pro-  
lusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

---

Saturday, August 1, 1713\*.

---

— *Hic murus abeneus esto,*

*Nil conscire sibi*—

HOR. Ep. 1. l. 1. ver. 60.

IMITATED.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin;  
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within:  
 Be this thy skreen, and this thy wall of brass.

POPE.

**T**HERE are a sort of knight-errants in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider, that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merits sets thee up to view,  
 And plants thee in the fairest point of light,  
 To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

CATO.

I have often wondered that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion and infamy into a family; to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off;

\* No. 123.

are

are circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate, and entail a lasting misery on others for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay for a satisfaction that is sure at some time or other to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two letters that came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

“ SIR,

———*Shire, July 1713.*

“ THE other day I went into the house of one  
 “ of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a  
 “ servant in our family, and by my grandmother’s  
 “ kindness had her education with my mother from  
 “ her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and under-  
 “ standing greatly superior to those of her own rank.  
 “ I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder  
 “ of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced  
 “ to a condition that looked rather like stupidity  
 “ than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a ta-  
 “ ble, on which lay a letter folded up and directed  
 “ to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts  
 “ for low intrigue, or, in plainer words, for de-  
 “ bauching country girls; in which number is the  
 “ unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn  
 “ from the following letter written by her mother.  
 “ I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made  
 “ public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful  
 “ reflections to many men of figure and quality, who

VOL. IV.

K k

indulge

“ indulge themselves in a passion which they possess  
 “ but in common with the vilest part of mankind.”

“ MY LORD,

“ **L**AST night I discovered the injury you have  
 “ done to my daughter. Heaven knows how  
 “ long and piercing a torment that short-lived shame-  
 “ ful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon  
 “ me, from whom you never received any offence.  
 “ This consideration alone should have deterred a  
 “ noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act.  
 “ But alas! what is all the grief that must be my  
 “ share in comparison of that with which you have  
 “ requited her by whom you have been obliged?  
 “ Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and  
 “ infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her,  
 “ unless she gets over them by what is much worse,  
 “ open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned  
 “ prostitution. These are the returns you have  
 “ made to her for putting in your power all her  
 “ livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputa-  
 “ tion. O my Lord! should my son have practised  
 “ the like on one of your daughters—I know  
 “ you swell with indignation at the very mention of  
 “ it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths  
 “ should he make such an attempt upon the honour  
 “ of your family. ’Tis well, my Lord. And is  
 “ then the honour of your daughter, whom still,  
 “ though it had been violated, you might have  
 “ maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater  
 “ moment to her than to my daughter hers, whose  
 “ only sustenance it was? and must my son, void of  
 “ all the advantages of a generous education; must  
 “ he, I say, consider; and may your Lordship be ex-  
 “ cused from all reflection? Eternal contumely at-  
 “ tend that guilty title which claims exemption  
 “ from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the pre-  
 “ rogative of brutes! Ever cursed be its false lus-  
 “ tre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her un-  
 “ doing! Was it for this that the exalted merits  
 “ and

“ and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were  
 “ honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pan-  
 “ der to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dis-  
 “ honouring the innocent and defenceless? At this  
 “ rate the laws of rewards should be inverted; and  
 “ he who is generous and good should be made a  
 “ beggar and a slave, that industry and honest dili-  
 “ gence may keep his posterity unspotted, and pre-  
 “ serve them from ruining virgins, and making  
 “ whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now  
 “ become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my  
 “ Lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I  
 “ may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings  
 “ and misdeeds; for I never can forgive yours; but  
 “ shall curse you with my dying breath; and, at the  
 “ last tremendous day, shall hold forth in my arms  
 “ my much wronged child; and call aloud for ven-  
 “ geance on her defiler. Under these present hor-  
 “ rors of mind, I could be content to be your chief  
 “ tormentor, ever paying you mock-reverence, and  
 “ sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loath-  
 “ ing, the empty title which inspired you with pre-  
 “ sumption to tempt, and overawed my daughter  
 “ to comply.

“ Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow; nor  
 “ fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your  
 “ sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been  
 “ broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has  
 “ been also done to me, and the just judge will not  
 “ pardon that until I do.

“ My Lord,

“ Your conscience will help you to my name.”

---

Monday, August. 3. 1713\*.

---

*Quid fremat in terris violentius?*

JUV. Sat. viii. ver. 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

*More roarings of the Lion.*

“ Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ **B**EFORE I proceed to make you my propo-  
 “ sals, it will be necessary to inform you, that  
 “ an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, toge-  
 “ ther with the remarkable flatness of my nose and  
 “ extent of my mouth, have long since procured me  
 “ the name of *lion* in this our university.

“ The vast emoluments that in all probability will  
 “ accrue to the public from the roarings of my new  
 “ erected likeness at Button’s, hath made me desir-  
 “ ous of being as like him in that part of his charac-  
 “ ter as I am in all parts of my person. Wherefore  
 “ I most humbly propose to you, that as it is im-  
 “ possible for this one lion to roar either long e-  
 “ nough or loud enough against all things that are  
 “ roar-worthy in these realms, you would appoint  
 “ him a sub-lion, as a *præfectus provincie*, in every  
 “ county in Great Britain; and it is my request that  
 “ I may be instituted his under-roarer in this uni-  
 “ versity, town, and county of Cambridge, as my  
 “ resemblance does in some measure claim that I  
 “ should.

“ I shall follow my metropolitan’s example in  
 “ roaring only against those enormities that are too  
 “ slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our  
 “ magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings

\* No. 124.

“ to



“ to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires,  
 “ to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

“ I shall not omit giving informations of the im-  
 “ provement or decay of punning, and may chance  
 “ to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I  
 “ will roar aloud, and spare not, to the terror of at  
 “ present a very flourishing society of people called  
 “ *loungers*, gentlemen whose observations are most-  
 “ ly itinerant, and who think they have already too  
 “ much good sense of their own to be in need of  
 “ staying at home to read other people's.

“ I have, Sir, a raven that will serve by way of  
 “ jackall to bring me in provisions, which I shall  
 “ chew and prepare for the digestion of my princi-  
 “ pal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my  
 “ jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contri-  
 “ bute to this good design, if they will affix their  
 “ information to the leg or neck of the aforesaid ra-  
 “ ven or jackall, they will be thankfully received  
 “ by their (but more particularly

Your) humble servant,

From my den at ———  
 college in Cambridge,  
 July 29.

LEO the Second.

*N. B.* The raven won't bite.

“ Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ **H**EARING that your unicorn is now in hand,  
 “ and not questioning but his horn will prove  
 “ a *cornucopiæ* to you, I desire, that in order to in-  
 “ troduce it, you will consider the following pro-  
 “ posal.

“ My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns.  
 “ The province she has chosen is the planting of  
 “ them; and I am to treat of their growth, improve-  
 “ ment, &c. The work is like to swell so much  
 “ upon our hands, that I am afraid we shan't be  
 “ able to bear the charge of printing it without a  
 “ subscription; wherefore I hope you will invite the  
 “ city

“ city into it, and desire those who have any thing  
 “ by them relating to that part of natural history to  
 “ communicate it to,

S I R,

Your humble servant,

HUMPHRY BINICORN.”

“ S I R,  
 “ I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a song into your  
 “ lion’s mouth, which will very truly make him  
 “ roar like any nightingale. It has fallen into my  
 “ hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of  
 “ the works of many of our English lyrics. It can-  
 “ not but be highly acceptable to all those who ad-  
 “ mire the translations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May !  
 Oh the charming month of May !  
 When the breezes fan the trees  
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay——  
 Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield !  
 Charming joys our prospects yield !  
 In a new livery when we see every  
 Bush and meadow, tree and field——  
 Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air !  
 Charming fresh the morning air !  
 When the zephyrs and the heifers  
 Their odoriferous breath compare——  
 Their, &c.

IV.

## IV.

Oh how fine our evening-walk !  
Charming fine our evening-walk !  
When the nightingale delighting  
With her song suspends our talk——  
With her, &c.

## V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream !  
Charming sweet at night to dream !  
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes  
Of a gentle purling stream——  
Of a, &c.

## VI.

Oh how kind the country lass !  
Charming kind the country lass !  
Who, her cow milking, leaves her milking  
For a green gown upon the grass——  
For a, &c.

## VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy !  
Charming sweet it is to spy !  
At the conclusion her confusion,  
Blushing cheeks and downcast eye——  
Blushing, &c.

## VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream !  
Charming cooling curds and cream !  
When all is over, she gives her lover,  
Who on her skimming-dish carves her name——  
Who, &c.

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

July 30.

“ I HAVE always been very much pleased with  
 “ the fight of those creatures, which being of a  
 “ foreign growth, are brought into our island for  
 “ show. I may say there has not been a tiger, leo-  
 “ pard, elephant or highgeen, for some years past  
 “ in this nation, but I have taken their particular  
 “ dimensions, and am able to give a very good de-  
 “ scription of them. But I must own I never had  
 “ a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers  
 “ than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to  
 “ town, being able to wait no longer for fair wea-  
 “ ther, and made what haste I could to Mr. But-  
 “ ton’s, who readily conducted me to his den of  
 “ state. He is really a creature of as noble a pre-  
 “ sence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good  
 “ humour in his countenance, which command both  
 “ our love and respect; his shaggy main and whisk-  
 “ ers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not que-  
 “ sition but he will prove a worthy supporter of the  
 “ British honour and virtue, especially when assisted  
 “ by the unicorn. You must think I would not wait  
 “ upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and  
 “ had provided what I hope would have pleased, but  
 “ was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear,  
 “ which constantly, as I approached with my pre-  
 “ sent, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me  
 “ out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell  
 “ you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard  
 “ at work about her tucker, having never from her  
 “ infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am,

Venerable NESTOR,

Your friend and servant,

P. N.

“ I was a little surpris’d, having read some of  
 “ your lion’s roarings, that a creature of such elo-  
 “ quence should want a tongue; but he has other  
 “ qualifications which make good that deficiency.”

---

Friday, August 14, 1713\*.

---

*Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis;  
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.*

HOR. Sat. 2. l. i. ver. 94.

In virtuous dames you see their face alone :  
None shew the rest but women of the town.

**M**Y lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is silenced by authority : another informs me that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers ; and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion ; namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless ; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this : My lion has not roared for these twelve days past by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat ; others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some

VOL. IV.

L 1

of

\* No. 134.

of them have gorged him with so much nonsense, that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French Tory; and the day after, a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation; so my reader may be assured, that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed, that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck; and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

“ Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ I MUST acquaint you, for your comfort, that  
 “ your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar  
 “ among the women where I live. When my wife  
 “ comes home late from cards, or commits any other  
 “ enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly between jest  
 “ and earnest, that I will tell the lion of her. Dear  
 “ Sir, do not let them alone till you have made them  
 “ put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater  
 “ sign that they themselves are sensible they have  
 “ stripped too far, than their pretending to call a  
 “ bit of linen, which will hardly cover a silver  
 “ groat, their modesty-piece? It is observed, that  
 “ this modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower; and  
 “ who knows where it will fix at last?

“ You

“ You must know, Sir, I am a Turkey merchant ;  
“ and I lived several years in a country where the  
“ women shew nothing but their eyes. Upon my  
“ return to England, I was almost out of counten-  
“ ance to see my pretty country-women laying  
“ open their charms with so much liberality, though  
“ at that time many of them were concealed under  
“ the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after mar-  
“ ried a very fine woman, who always goes in the  
“ extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think,  
“ as every married man must be, that I should make  
“ daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were  
“ unknown to the rest of the world. But since this  
“ new airy fashion is come up, every one’s eye is  
“ as familiar with her as mine ; for I can positively  
“ affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within  
“ these three years. And what makes me tremble  
“ when I think of it, that pretty foot and ankle are  
“ now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which  
“ made my very heart dance within me when I  
“ first found myself their proprietor. As in all ap-  
“ pearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel  
“ of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood  
“ are in hopes to be presented with some new scene  
“ every day.

“ In short, Sir, the tables are now quite turned  
“ upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her  
“ person more than other men, I have now the least  
“ share of it. When she is at home, she is conti-  
“ nually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morn-  
“ ing gowns, and handkerchiefs ; but strips every  
“ afternoon to appear in public. For ought I can  
“ find, when she has thrown aside half her cloaths,  
“ she begins to think herself half dressed. Now,  
“ Sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been  
“ in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion,  
“ by shewing the immodesty of it. If you expect  
“ to make female profelytes, you must convince  
“ them, that if they would get husbands, they must

“ not shew all before marriage. I am sure, had my  
 “ wife been dressed before I married her, as she is  
 “ at present, she would have satisfied a good half of  
 “ my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered  
 “ from laying out his money on a show, by seeing  
 “ the principal figure of it hung out before the door.  
 “ I have often observed a curious passenger so atten-  
 “ tive to these objects, which he could see for no-  
 “ thing, that he took no notice of the master of the  
 “ show, who was continually crying out, ‘ Pray,  
 “ Gentlemen, walk in.’

“ I have told you at the beginning of this letter,  
 “ how Mahomet’s she-disciples are obliged to cover  
 “ themselves. You have lately informed us from  
 “ the foreign newspapers, of the regulations which  
 “ the Pope is now making amongst the Roman la-  
 “ dies in this particular; and I hope our British  
 “ dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins  
 “ in the world, will be content to shew no more of  
 “ them than what belongs to the face and to the  
 “ neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no  
 “ excuse for their being naked.

“ You know, Sir, that in the beginning of the  
 “ last century there was a sect of men amongst us who  
 “ called themselves *Adamites*, and appeared in pub-  
 “ lic without cloaths. This heresy may spring up  
 “ in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop  
 “ to it; there being so many in all public places,  
 “ who shew so great an inclination to be *Evites*.

I am, Sir, &c.



---

Saturday, August 15, 1713\*.

---

—————*Mea*  
*Virtute me involvo*—————

HOR. Od. 29. l. 3. ver. 54.

———Virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.  
DRYDEN.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

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

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers,

\* No. 135.

philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

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

Others of the philosophers rather choose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They shew that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle’s reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. “You,” says he, “who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them.” Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him; “Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.”

In these and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the  
advice

advice of Epictetus. "If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; "Ay," says he, "then I must learn to sing better." But of all the sayings of the philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him: "'Tis no matter," said he; "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him: "I am sure he would not do it," says he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, *a good conscience*.

I designed in this essay, to shew that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

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

"The third and last instance, in which, above all others, this confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert itself, is at the *time of death*; which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the *strength* and *worth* of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage  
of

“ of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life and his former extravagancies, stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their *guilt*: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful judge when he is there? Not all the *friends* and *interests*, all the *riches* and *honours* under heaven, can speak so much as a word *for him*, or one word of comfort *to him* in that condition. They may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

“ No: at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him, and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick-bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak *life* in the midst of *death*, but a *clear conscience*.

“ And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

“ And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash, and trifles which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as, at the hour of death, when all the friendship of the world shall

“ bid

“ bid him adieu, and the whole creation turns its  
 “ back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close  
 “ his eyes with that blessed sentence, *Well done, thou*  
 “ *good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy*  
 “ *of thy Lord?*”

Monday, August 17, 1713\*.

*Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.*

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day.

DRYDEN.

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death metamorphosing himself, like another Proteus, into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man, death enters first of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of snow; then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball; then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himself all of a sudden into a sword; then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to shew the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember, Monsieur Paschal, in his reflections on providence, has this ob-

VOL. IV.

M

servation

\* No. 136.

Observation upon Cromwell's death. "That usurper," says he, "who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, and struck a terror into Rome itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand," says he, "that would have been of no significance in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolutions, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind." In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us. Casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade: every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women; as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that, upon a strict examination, there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that, taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality.

Upon

Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection as well as he could of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining, he has set down among the real destempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a fix bar gate, fox-hunters	-	-	4
Of a quickset hedge	-	-	2
Two duels, viz.			
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork			1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug			1
Bewitched	-	-	13
Of an evil tongue	-	-	9
Crossed in love	-	-	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost		-	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentle-			
woman of the parish	-	-	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	-	-	2
Took cold sleeping at church		-	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder, by saving his dog			
at a bull baiting	-	-	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	-	-	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	-	-	1
Frighted out of his wits by a heedless dog with			
lawyer eyes	-	-	1
Of October	-	-	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a night of the shire			1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft			3
Climbing a crow's nest	-	-	1

Chalk and green apples	- - -	4
Led into a horse-pond by a <i>will of the wisp</i>	-	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	- - - - -	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	-	1
By the parson's bull	- - -	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house dog	- - - - -	2
Shot by mistake	- - - - -	1
Of a mountebank doctor	- - -	6
Of the Merry Andrew	- - - - -	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	- - -	1
Old age	- - - - -	100
Foul distemper	- - - - -	0

---

Tuesday, August 18, 1713\*.

---

—————*Sanctus haberi*

*Iustitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?*

*Agnosco procerem*—————

Juv. Sat 8. ver. 24.

Convince the world that you're devout and true ;  
 Be just in all you say, in all you do :  
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be  
 A peer of the first quality to me.

STEPNEY.

**H**ORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors ; and endeavoured to shew, that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought

in,

\* No. 137.



in gratitude to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul who is the descendent of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible, that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disenobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

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

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality fits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family, is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment

ment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time—" Upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short, "I would fain know what that gentleman means. Is there any one in the house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?" The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents, or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember, five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings; when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, "My Lord such a one," says he, "your most humble servant; Sir Richard, your humble servant; Your servant, Mr. Ironside; Mr. Ducker, how do you do; Hah! Frank, are you there?"

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

I had

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. *Martha Ironside*, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greater part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but said their prayers twice a day; and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it; and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest men upon the change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related, by the mother's side, to half a dozen peers; but as none of them

them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death, she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate *Piſſ*; and asked, "What was all this to me?" Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a-scribbling for three hours together; in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides.—After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

---

Wednesday, August 19, 1713\*.

---

*Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. ver. 889.

And fires his mind with love of future fame.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him; and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected.

\* No. 138.

ed.

ed. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best :  
 What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix  
 Tastes not well join'd, inelegant ; but bring  
 Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change.  
 Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shore ;  
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
 Alcinus reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand———

*Fifth Book.*

If by this method I can furnish out a *splendida farago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem published among the exercises of the last Oxford act, I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I shewed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that would make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when, after having shewn him the

race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds, with a noble warmth,

*Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?*

Æn. 6, ver. 806.

And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue  
The paths of honour?—

DRYDEN.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason Anchises, who shews Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out, immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory; and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him, but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him had he been celebrated in his proper place; that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man; all the wits of his age have tried to outrival one another on that subject: he never received a compliment which in my  
opinion

opinion can be compared for sublimity of thought to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation; for the original is inimitable.

*Hic vir, hic est, &c.*

ÆN. 6. ver. 791.

But next behold the youth of form divine,  
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;  
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,  
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;  
 Born to restore a better age of gold;  
 Afric and India shall his power obey:  
 He shall extend his propagatèd sway  
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,  
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,  
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.  
 At his foreseen approach already quake  
 The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.  
 Their fears behold the tempest from afar;  
 And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.  
 Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,  
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's  
 fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,  
 Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;  
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,  
 And dipp'd his arrows in Lernean gore.  
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,  
 By tygers drawn triumphant in his car,  
 From Nifus' top descending on the plains,  
 With curling vines around his purple reins.  
 And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue  
 The paths of honour?—

I could shew out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them: but instead

of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story, which has in it the Oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, says the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but, to his unspeakable grief, was informed that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra  
Esse sinent—*

ÆN. 6. ver. 869.

The youth (the blissful vision of a day)  
Shall just be shewn on earth and snatch'd away.

DRYDEN.

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, say the Rabbins, Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David; Adam having lived nine hundred and thirty years, and David seventy.

This story was invented to shew the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David; "of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel."



---

Thursday, August 20, 1713\*.

---

— *Prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 9. ver. 79.

— The fact, through length of time obscure,  
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

DRYDEN.

“ Most Venerable NESTOR,

“ I FIND that every body is much delighted  
“ with the voice of your lion. His roarings  
“ against the tucker have been most melodious and  
“ emphatical. It is to be hoped that the ladies will  
“ take warning by him, and not provoke him to  
“ greater outrages: for I observe that your lion, as  
“ you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth  
“ and paws. For my own part, I have long con-  
“ sidered with myself how I might express my grati-  
“ tude to this noble animal that has so much the  
“ good of our country at his heart. After many  
“ thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved  
“ to do honour to him, by compiling an history of  
“ his species, and extracting out of all authors what-  
“ ever may redound to his reputation. In the pro-  
“ secution of this design, I shall have no manner of  
“ regard to what *Æsop* has said upon the subject,  
“ whom I look upon to have been a republican, by  
“ the unworthy treatment which he often gives to  
“ the king of beasts; and whom, if I had time, I  
“ could convict of falsehood and forgery in almost  
“ every matter of fact which he has related of this  
“ generous animal. Your romance-writers are like-  
“ wise a set of men whose authority I shall build  
“ upon very little in this case. They all of them  
“ are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and  
“ No. 139. “ give

“ give them no more quarter than they do giants,  
“ wherever they chance to meet them. There is not  
“ one of the seven champions but, when he has no-  
“ thing else to do, encounters with a lion; and you  
“ may be sure always gets the better of him. In  
“ short, a knight-errant always lives in a perpetual  
“ state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates  
“ him more than all things upon the earth except a  
“ dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these  
“ writers been true, the whole species would have  
“ been destroyed before now. After having thus  
“ renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin  
“ my memoirs of the lion with a story related of  
“ him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out  
“ of Dion Cassius, an historian of undoubted vera-  
“ city. It is the famous story of Androcles the  
“ Roman slave; which I premise for the sake of my  
“ learned reader, who needs go no further in it if he  
“ has read it already.

“ Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman, who  
“ was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a  
“ fault for which his master would have put him to  
“ death, had he not found an opportunity to escape  
“ out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Nu-  
“ midia. As he was wandering among the barren  
“ sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he  
“ saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into  
“ it; and finding at the further end of it a place to  
“ sit down upon, rested there for some time. At  
“ length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown  
“ lion entered at the mouth of the cave; and seeing  
“ a man at the upper end of it, immediately made  
“ towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone;  
“ but the lion, instead of treating him as he expect-  
“ ed, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a com-  
“ plaining kind of voice fell a-licking his hand.  
“ Androcles, after having recovered himself a little  
“ from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw  
“ to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that  
“ stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and,  
“ by

“ by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great  
“ deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which prob-  
“ ably freed the lion from the great anguish he had  
“ felt some time before. The lion left him upon  
“ receiving this good office from him, and soon after  
“ returned with a fawn which he had just killed.  
“ This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor,  
“ and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Andro-  
“ cles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the heat  
“ of the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had sup-  
“ plied him with another. He lived many days in  
“ this frightful solitude; the lion catering for him  
“ with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this  
“ savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself  
“ up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst  
“ effects of his displeasure rather than be thus driven  
“ out from mankind. His master, as was customary  
“ for the proconsul of Africa, was at that time get-  
“ ting together a present of all the largest lions that  
“ could be found in the country, in order to send  
“ them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show  
“ to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's sur-  
“ rendering himself into his hands, he ordered him  
“ to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions  
“ were in readiness to be sent; and that for his crime  
“ he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions  
“ in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of  
“ the people. This was all performed accordingly.  
“ Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was  
“ now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of  
“ spectators, expecting every moment when his an-  
“ tagonist would come out upon him. At length a  
“ huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place  
“ where he had been kept hungry for the show.  
“ He advanced with great rage towards the man;  
“ but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little  
“ wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards  
“ his feet with all the signs of blandishment and  
“ caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered  
“ that it was his old Numidian friend, and imme-  
“ diately

diately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprizing to the beholders; who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome; the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, '*Hic est leo hospes hominis; hic est homo medicus leonis:*' 'This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician.'

---

Friday, August 21, 1713\*.

---

— *Quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo  
Laomedontades, vel Nestoris hœrnia possit.*

Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 324.

A sight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,  
And warm ev'n Nestor into am'rous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's coffehouse was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above mentioned Mr. Button (whose other name he observes is Daniel, a good omen still with regard to the lion his cohabitant), he has discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints

\* No. 140.

me,

me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo; by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted: from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological scheme, the lion is observed to affect in a more particular manner the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the Scorpion, in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untucked stays and short petticoat; and that in a few months there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw five years ago that both the Pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular; and that fundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propensity in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes therefore that they should imitate their great-grandmothers the Brits or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string; the prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and Gorgon's head. In short, by this method he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same

time shew us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them: And though, like the old Picts, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season; which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expence in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point if I find occasion for it. I shall not however let it drop, without acquainting my reader that I have written a letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

“ TO POPE CLEMENT VIII. NESTOR IRONSIDE,  
greeting,

“ Dear Brother,

“ I HAVE heard with great satisfaction that you  
“ have forbidden your priests to confess any wo-  
“ man who appears before them without a tucker;  
“ in which you please me well. I do agree with  
“ you, that it is impossible for the good man to dis-  
“ charge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to  
“ those alluring penitents that discover their hearts,  
and,

“ and necks to him at the same time. I am labour-  
 “ ing as much as in me lies to stir up the same spi-  
 “ rit of modesty among the women in this island,  
 “ and should be glad we might assist one another in  
 “ so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you  
 “ would send me over the length of a Roman lady’s  
 “ neck as it stood before your late prohibition. We  
 “ have some here who have necks of one, two, and  
 “ three feet in length; some that have necks which  
 “ reach down to their middles; and indeed some  
 “ who may be said to be all neck and no body. I  
 “ hope at the same time you observe the stays of  
 “ your female subjects, that you have also an eye to  
 “ their petticoats, which rise in this island daily.  
 “ When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and  
 “ the stays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be  
 “ the standard of each, as it has been lately fet-  
 “ tled in a junto of the sex), I will take care to send  
 “ you one of either sort; which I advertise you of  
 “ before hand, that you may not compute the sta-  
 “ ture of our Englishwomen from the length of  
 “ their garments. In the mean time, I have desired  
 “ the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall  
 “ touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a  
 “ certain female machine which I believe will puz-  
 “ zle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not  
 “ to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this  
 “ country a *hooped petticoat*. I shall only beg of  
 “ you to let me know whether you find any gar-  
 “ ment of this nature among all the relics of your  
 “ female saints; and in particular, whether it was  
 “ ever worn by any of your twenty thousand vir-  
 “ gin martyrs.

“ Yours, *usque ad aras*,

“ NESTOR IRONSIDE.”

I must not dismiss this letter without declaring myself a good Protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice

of, lest I should be accused by an author of unexampled stupidity for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.

Friday, Sept. 4, 1713\*.

*Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos  
Exercemus.*———

VIRG. *Æn.* 4. ver. 99.

Rather in league of endless peace unite,  
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

**T**HERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule with regard to the best authors among the ancients as well as among the moderns; with what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakespear's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing; which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenser is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

\* No. 152.

That



That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents: In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it; which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon, as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser; and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other. Between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onset on Beauty; but found, to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid. This was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the  
fate

fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time, the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience; and on the female side, by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding; when on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look and gigantic stature. He acted like a draw-cansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn and fierce behaviour, called by men Honour, and by the gods Pride. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once; but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason, who drew up all his forces against him, and held

held the fight in suspense for some time; but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe; and in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them, and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love; by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

---

Saturday, September 5, 1713\*.

---

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.*

VIRG. Georg. 4. ver. 3.

A mighty pomp, though made of little things.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, *Pride was not made for man*. There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the schoolmen call *self-annihilation*. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of;

\* No. 153.

and

and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of his passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or, in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little subnumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and

a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps an hundred menial fervants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and bellaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect, that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age: but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene: but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants,  
with

with all the goddeſſes, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine, that beings of ſuperior natures and perfections regard all the inſtances of pride and vanity among our own ſpecies in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit the earth; or in the language of an ingenious French Poet, of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

Monday, September 7, 1712\*.

*Omnia transformant ſeſe in miracula rerum.*

VIRG. Georg. 4. ver. 441.

All ſhapes, the moſt prodigious, they aſſume.

**QUESTION** not but the following letter will be entertaining to thoſe who were preſent at the late maſquerade, as it will recal into their minds ſeveral merry particulars that paſſed in it; and at the ſame time, be very acceptable to thoſe who were at a diſtance from it, as they may form from hence ſome idea of this fashionable amuſement.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq.

*Per via leonis.*

“ SIR,

“ **I** COULD ſcarce ever go into good company,  
 “ but the diſcourſe was on the ambaffador, the  
 “ politeneſs of his entertainments, the goodneſs of his  
 “ burgundy and champaign, the gaiety of his maſ-  
 “ querades, with the odd fantaſtical dreſſes which

\* No. 154.

P p 2

“ were

“ were made use of in those midnight-solemnities,  
“ The noise these diversions made, at last raised my  
“ curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at  
“ them; being at the same time provoked to it by a  
“ lady I then made my addressee to, one of a sprightly  
“ humour, and a great admirer of such novelties.  
“ In order to it, I hurried my habit, and got it ready  
“ a week before the time; for I grew impatient to  
“ be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morn-  
“ ing I dressed myself in it, and acted before the  
“ looking glass; so that I am vain enough to think  
“ I was as perfect in my part as most who had  
“ oftener frequented those diversions. You must un-  
“ derstand, I personated a *devil*; and that for several  
“ weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one  
“ of that fraternity, I expected to meet with parti-  
“ cular civilities from the more polite and better-  
“ bred part of the company. Besides, as from their  
“ usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied  
“ I should in this character be allowed the greatest  
“ liberties and soonest be led into the secrets of the  
“ masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me  
“ from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after  
“ me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me  
“ most to this disguise, was, because I heard an in-  
“ triguing lady say in a large company of females,  
“ who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to  
“ converse with such, for that generally they were  
“ very clever fellows who made choice of that shape.  
“ At length, when the long-wished for evening came,  
“ which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleas-  
“ ure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at  
“ night; where I found nature turned topsy-turvy,  
“ women changed into men, and men into women,  
“ children in leading-strings seven foot high, court-  
“ iers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night  
“ into saints, people of the first quality into beasts  
“ or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all  
“ Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* before me. Among these  
“ wer



“ were several monsters, to which I did not know  
 “ how to give a name ;

“ ————— worfe

“ Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 “ Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire.

“ MILTON.

“ In the middle of the first room I met with one  
 “ dressed in a *shroud*. This put me in mind of the  
 “ old custom of serving up a death's head at a feast.  
 “ I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the  
 “ gentleman, whether he thought a dead man was  
 “ fit company for such an assembly? but he told me,  
 “ that he was one who loved his money, and that  
 “ he considered this dress would serve him another  
 “ time. This walking corse was followed by a gi-  
 “ gantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood  
 “ up like a steeple over the heads of the whole  
 “ assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot  
 “ of a female *Quaker*, to all outward appearance ;  
 “ but was surpris'd to hear her cry out, ‘ D—n  
 “ you, you son of a —.’ Upon which I imme-  
 “ diately rebuked her ; when all of a sudden re-  
 “ suming her character, ‘ Verily,’ says she, ‘ I was  
 “ to blame ; but thou hast bruised me sorely.’ A  
 “ few minutes after this adventure, I had like to  
 “ have been knocked down by a shepherdes for  
 “ having run my elbow a little inadvertently into  
 “ one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and  
 “ threatened me with a very masculine voice. But  
 “ I was timely taken off by a *Presbyterian parson*,  
 “ who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed  
 “ I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me  
 “ in Spring-garden to-morrow night. The next  
 “ object I saw, was a *chimney-sweeper*, made up of  
 “ black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in  
 “ his mouth, making love to a butterfly. On a sudden  
 “ I found myself among a flock of *bats*, *owls* and *law-*  
 “ *yers*. But what took up my attention most was,  
 “ one

“ one dressed in white feathers, that represented a  
 “ *swan*. He would fain have found out a Leda a-  
 “ mong the fair sex; and indeed was the most un-  
 “ lucky bird in the company. I was then en-  
 “ gaged in a discourse with a *running-footman*; but  
 “ as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a  
 “ Turkish Emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring  
 “ me to *use him civilly, for that it was his master*.  
 “ I was here interrupted by the famous large figure  
 “ of a *woman hung with little looking-glasses*. She  
 “ had a great many that followed her as she passed  
 “ by me; but I would not have her value herself  
 “ upon that account, since it was plain they did not  
 “ follow so much to look upon her as to see them-  
 “ selves. The next I observed, was a *nun*, making  
 “ an assignation with a *beaten god*; for I heard  
 “ them mention the little piazza in Covent-garden.  
 “ I was by this time exceeding hot and thirsty; so  
 “ that I made the best of my way to the place where  
 “ wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had  
 “ no sooner presented myself before the table, but a  
 “ *magician* seeing me, made a circle over my head  
 “ with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I  
 “ was at a loss to account for his behaviour, till I  
 “ recollected who I was. This however drew the  
 “ eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately  
 “ procured me a glass of excellent champaign. The  
 “ *magician* said I was a spirit of an adust and dry  
 “ constitution, and desired that I might have another  
 “ refreshing glass; adding withal, that it ought to  
 “ be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank  
 “ it off to the *magician*. This so enlivened me, that  
 “ I led him by the hand into the next room, where  
 “ we danced a rigadon together. I was here a little  
 “ offended at a jackanapes of a *Scaramouch*, that cried  
 “ out, *Avaunt Satan*; and gave me a little tap on  
 “ my left shoulder with the end of his lath-sword.  
 “ As I was considering how I ought to resent this  
 “ affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my  
 “ left hand in the figure of a *bellman*, cried out with  
 “ a suitable

“ a suitable voice, ‘ Past twelve o’clock.’ This put  
“ me in mind of bed time. Accordingly I made my  
“ way towards the door; but was intercepted by an  
“ Indian King, a tall slender youth, dressed up in a  
“ most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He re-  
“ garded my habit very attentively; and after hav-  
“ ing turned me about once or twice, asked me *whom*  
“ *I had been tempting?* I could not tell what was the  
“ matter with me; but my heart leaped as soon as  
“ he touched me, and was still in greater disorder  
“ upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found,  
“ after a little discourse with him, that his Indian  
“ Majesty was my dear Leonora; who knowing the  
“ disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by  
“ her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made  
“ me guess at her sex, and her own confession quick-  
“ ly let me know the rest. This masquerade did  
“ more for me than a twelvemonth’s courtship: for  
“ it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I  
“ married her the next morning.

“ How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a  
“ masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason  
“ to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was  
“ the first, and shall be the last time of her appear-  
“ ing at such an entertainment.

“ And now, Sir, having given you the history of  
“ this strange evening, which looks rather like a  
“ dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that  
“ you will oblige the world with a dissertation on  
“ masquerades in general, that we may know how  
“ far they are useful to the public, and consequent-  
“ ly how far they ought to be encouraged. I have  
“ heard of two or three very odd accidents that  
“ have happened upon this occasion; as in particu-  
“ lar, of a lawyer’s being now big-bellied, who  
“ was present at the first of these entertainments;  
“ not to mention (what is still more strange) an old  
“ man, with a long beard, who was got with child  
“ by a milk-maid. But in cases of this nature,  
“ where there is such a confusion of sex, age and  
“ quality,

“ quality, men are apt to report rather what might  
 “ have happened than what really came to pass.  
 “ Without giving credit therefore to any of these  
 “ rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you,  
 “ that you will tell us your opinion at large of these  
 “ matters ; and am,

“ SIR, &c.

“ LUCIFER.”

Tuesday, September 8. 1713\*.

— *Libelli Stoici inter sericos  
 facere pulvillos amant.*

HOR. Epod. 8. ver. 15.

The books of Stoics ever chose  
 On silken cushions to repose.

I HAVE often wondered, that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the same time heard all Dr. Tillotson's sermons twice

\* No. 155.

over.

ever. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them reading over *the plurality of worlds*. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is, because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours; could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages: in short, were they furnished with matters of fact out of the arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality should apply themselves to letters; namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex; nay,

we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures, There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a Stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia the famous the Cynic, who arrived at such perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband or man-planter in broad day-light and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures; in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one-and-twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst  
of

of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople; where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated, under a long course of philosophy, in the strictest virtue and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudofia. After which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

---

Wednesday, September 9, 1713\*.

---

—Magni formica laboris

Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo,  
 Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.  
 Quae, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,  
 Non usquam prorepat, et illis utitur ante  
 Quaesitis patiens—

HOR. SAT. I. L. I. VER. 35.

As the small ant (for she instructs the man,  
 And preaches labour) gathers all she can,  
 And brings it to increase her heap at home,  
 Against the winter, which she knows will come;  
 But when that comes, she creeps abroad no more,  
 But lies at home, and feasts upon her store.

CREECH.

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

“ In a room next to mine, which had been empty  
 “ for a long time, there was upon a window a box  
 “ full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers  
 “ in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated;  
 “ and therefore it was covered with old  
 “ plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell  
 \* No. 156. “ from



“ from the top of the house, and from the walls,  
“ which, together with the earth formerly imbibed  
“ with water, made a kind of dry and barren soil.  
“ That place lying to the south, and out of the  
“ reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbour-  
“ hood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of  
“ ground for ants ; and therefore they had made three  
“ nests there, without doubt for the same reason  
“ that men build cities in fruitful and convenient  
“ places, near springs and rivers.

“ Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took  
“ a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of  
“ the garden into that box ; but casting my eyes  
“ upon the ants, continually taken up with a thou-  
“ sand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us,  
“ but of the greatest importance for them, they ap-  
“ peared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all  
“ the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the  
“ tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little  
“ commonwealth, This was the only thing they  
“ wanted : for their policy, and the order observed  
“ among them, are more perfect than those of the  
“ wisest republics ; and therefore they have nothing  
“ to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to  
“ change the form of their government.

“ I made it my business to procure them all sorts  
“ of conveniencies. I took out of the box every  
“ thing that might be troublesome to them ; and  
“ frequently visited my ants, and studied all their  
“ actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went  
“ to see them work in a moon-shiny night ; and  
“ I did frequently get up in the night, to take a  
“ view of their labours. I always found some  
“ going up and down, and very busy. One  
“ would think that they never sleep. Every body  
“ knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-  
“ time, and expose to the sun the corn which they  
“ keep under ground in the night. Those who have  
“ seen ant hillocks, have easily perceived those small  
“ heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised

“ me at first, was, that my ants never brought out  
“ their corn but in the night when the moon did  
“ shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time ;  
“ which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw  
“ still practised by those insects in other places. I  
“ quickly found out the reason of it. There was  
“ a pigeon house not far from thence. Pigeons and  
“ birds would have eaten their corn, if they had  
“ brought it out in the day-time. It is highly pro-  
“ bable they knew it by experience ; and I fre-  
“ quently found pigeons and birds in that place,  
“ when I went to it in a morning. I quickly  
“ delivered them from those robbers. I frightened  
“ the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to  
“ the end of a string over the window. As for the  
“ pigeons, I drove them away several times ; and  
“ when they perceived that the place was more fre-  
“ quented than before, they never came to it again.  
“ What is most admirable, and what I could hardly  
“ believe, if I did not know it by experience, is,  
“ that those ants knew some days after that they  
“ had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their  
“ corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were  
“ not fully convinced of being out of all danger :  
“ for they durst not bring out their provisions all at  
“ once, but by degrees ; first in a small quantity,  
“ and without any great order, that they might  
“ quickly carry them away in case of any misfor-  
“ tune, watching, and looking every way ; at last,  
“ being persuaded that they had nothing to fear,  
“ they brought out all their corn almost every day,  
“ and in good order, and carried it in at night

“ There is a strait hole in every ant’s nest, about  
“ half an inch deep ; and then it goes down sloping  
“ into a place where they have their magazine ;  
“ which I take to be a different place from that  
“ where they rest and eat : for it is highly impro-  
“ bable, that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect,  
“ and throws out of her nest all the small remains  
“ of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed

“ a thousand

“ a thousand times, would fill up their magazine,  
“ and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

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

“ They gather many small particles of dry earth,  
“ which they bring every day out of their holes, and  
“ place them round to heat them in the sun. Every  
“ ant brings a small particle of that earth in her  
“ pincers, lays it up by the hole, and then goes and  
“ fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of  
“ an hour one may see a vast number of such small  
“ particles of dry earth heaped up round the hole.  
“ They lay their corn under ground upon that earth,  
“ and cover it with the same. They perform this  
“ work almost every day, during the heat of the  
“ sun: and though the sun went from the window  
“ about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they  
“ did not remove their corn and their particles of  
“ earth, because the ground was very hot, until the  
“ heat was over.

“ If any one should think that those animals  
“ should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone,  
“ rather than take so much pains about dry earth;  
“ I answer, that upon such an occasion, nothing can  
“ be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn  
“ does not keep upon sand. Besides, a grain of corn  
“ that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be  
“ filled with small sandy particles that could not  
“ easily

“ easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles; that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

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

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

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

“ I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret. There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

“ I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it.

Whea

“ When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats,  
“ millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any  
“ barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and  
“ when nothing else can be had.

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

“ The window upon which those ants had made  
“ their settlement, looked into a garden, and was  
“ two stories high. Some went to the farther end  
“ of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest  
“ of some corn. It was a very hard journey for  
“ them, especially when they came home loaded with  
“ a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be  
“ a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she  
“ can bear. The bringing of that grain from the  
“ middle of the garden to the nest, took up four  
“ hours;

“ hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and  
“ prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears  
“ from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man,  
“ who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders  
“ almost every day for the space of four leagues.  
“ It is true, those insects do not take so much pains  
“ upon a flat ground; but then how great is the  
“ hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of  
“ corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with  
“ her head downwards, and her backside upwards?  
“ None can have a true notion of it, unless they see  
“ those little animals at work in such a situation.  
“ The frequent stops they make in the most convenient  
“ places, are a plain indication of their weariness.  
“ Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could  
“ not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the  
“ strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having  
“ carried their corn to their nests, came down again  
“ to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall  
“ down with their load, when they are almost come  
“ home. When this happens, they seldom lose their  
“ corn, but carry it up again.  
“ I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain  
“ of wheat with incredible pains. When she came  
“ to the box where the nest was, she made so much  
“ haste that she fell down with her load, after a  
“ very laborious march. Such an unlucky accident  
“ would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and  
“ found her with the same corn in her paws. She  
“ was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune  
“ happened to her three times. Sometimes she  
“ fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes  
“ higher; but she never let go her hold, and was  
“ not discouraged. At last her strength failed her.  
“ She stopt; and another ant helped her to carry  
“ her load, which was one of the largest and finest  
“ grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens  
“ sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws  
“ when they are climbing up. They take hold of it  
“ again, when they can find it; otherwise they look  
“ for another,

“ another, or take something else, being ashamed to  
 “ return to their nest without bringing something.  
 “ This I have experimented, by taking away the  
 “ grain which they looked for. All those experi-  
 “ ments may easily be made by any one that has pa-  
 “ tience enough. They do not require so great a  
 “ patience as that of ants; but few people are ca-  
 “ pable of it.

*Thursday, September 10, 1713\*.*

Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways,  
and be wise.

PROV. vi. 6.

**I**T has been observed by writers of morality, that  
 in order to quicken human industry, providence  
 has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be  
 procured without much pains and labour. The  
 chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing,  
 with all the different kinds of agriculture, are ne-  
 cessary scenes of business, and give employment to  
 the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the  
 brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in  
 a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a ne-  
 cessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow  
 up under them: the preservation of their being is the  
 whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a  
 kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy  
 about him; every animal he sees, reproaches him.  
 Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight  
 upon the species, and contributes nothing either to  
 the riches of the commonwealth, or to the mainte-  
 nance of himself and family, consider that instinct  
 with which providence has endowed the ant, and by  
 which is exhibited an example of industry to rati-  
 onal creatures. This is set forth under many surpris-

ing instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows.

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

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

“ I have said before, that there were three ants nests in that box or parterre; which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However, there was this difference,



ference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes  
 seemed to be more knowing and industrious than  
 their neighbours. The ants of that nest were dis-  
 posed in a better order; their corn was finer; they  
 had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was  
 furnished with more inhabitants; and they were  
 bigger and stronger. It was the principal and the  
 capital nest. Nay, I observed, that those ants  
 were distinguished from the rest, and had some  
 preeminence over them.

Though the box full of earth where the ants  
 had made their settlement was generally free from  
 rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it when a cer-  
 tain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for  
 those insects. Ants are afraid of water; and  
 when they go a great way in quest of provisions,  
 and are surpris'd by the rain, they shelter them-  
 selves under some tile, or something else, and do  
 not come out till the rain is over. The ants of  
 the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient  
 to keep out the rain. There was a small piece of  
 a flat slate which they laid over the hole of their  
 nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would  
 rain; and almost every night, above fifty of those  
 little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded  
 that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a won-  
 derful order. They removed it in the morning;  
 and nothing could be more curious than to see  
 those little animals about such a work. They had  
 made the ground uneven about their nest; inso-  
 much that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but  
 left a free passage underneath. The ants of the  
 two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping  
 out the rain. They laid over their holes several  
 pieces of old and dry plaster, one upon the other;  
 but they were still troubled with the rain: and  
 the next day they took a world of pains to repair  
 the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so  
 frequently found under tiles, where they settle  
 themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at

has

“ all

“ all times covered with those tiles, without any  
“ incumbrance; and they lay out their corn and  
“ their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one  
“ may see, every day. I took care to cover the  
“ two ants nests that were troubled with the rain.  
“ As for the capital nest, there was no need of exer-  
“ cising my charity towards it.

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

“ Here follows a curious experiment which I  
“ made upon the same ground where I had three  
“ ants nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and  
“ went about in the following manner. In a cor-  
“ ner of a kind of terrass, at a considerable distance  
“ from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants  
“ much larger than all those I had already seen; but  
“ they were not so well provided with corn, nor un-  
“ der so good a government. I made a hole in the  
“ box like that of an ant's nest, and laid as it were  
“ the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got  
“ as many ants as I could out of the nest in the  
“ terrass, and put them into a bottle to give them a  
“ new habitation in my box; and because I was  
“ afraid they would return to the terrass, I destroy-  
“ ed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the  
“ hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In  
“ the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants  
“ that were in the bottle; but none of them would  
“ stay in it. They went away in less than two  
“ hours; which made me believe that it was impos-  
“ sible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

“ Two or three days after, going accidentally  
“ over the terrass, I was much surpris'd to see the  
“ ants nest which I had destroyed, very artfully re-  
“ paired. I resolv'd then to destroy it entirely,

“ and

“ and to fettle those ants in my box. To succeed in  
“ my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone  
“ into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the  
“ whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried  
“ as many ants as I could get into the place which  
“ I designed for them. It happened to be a very  
“ rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore  
“ they remained in the new hole all that time. In  
“ the morning, when the rain was over, most of them  
“ went away to repair their old habitation; but  
“ finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of  
“ the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they  
“ came back again, and settled in the place I had  
“ appointed for them. They quickly grew acquaint-  
“ ed with their neighbours, and received from them  
“ all manner of assistance out of their holes. As  
“ for the inside of their nest, none but themselves  
“ were concerned in it, according to the inviolable  
“ laws established among those animals.

“ An ant never goes into any other nest but her  
“ own; and if she should venture to do it, she would  
“ be turned out and severely punished. I have often  
“ taken an ant out of one nest to put her into another;  
“ but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued  
“ by two or three other ants. I tried the same ex-  
“ periments several times with the same ant; but  
“ at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her  
“ to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with  
“ my fingers, and pursued them as far as another  
“ hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their go-  
“ ing to their own nest. It was very natural for  
“ them to fly into the next hole. Many a man  
“ would not be so cautious, and would throw him-  
“ self out of the windows, or into a well, if he  
“ were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am  
“ speaking of avoided going into any other hole but  
“ their own, and rather tried all other ways of mak-  
“ ing their escape. They never fled into another  
“ nest but at the last extremity; and sometimes  
“ chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced.

“ It

“ It is therefore an inviolable custom among these  
 “ insects not to go into any other hole but their own.  
 “ They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very  
 “ ready to help one another out of their holes.  
 “ They put down their loads at the entrance of a  
 “ neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry  
 “ them in.

“ They keep up a sort of trade among themselves.  
 “ And it is not true that those insects are not for  
 “ lending. I know the contrary: they lend their  
 “ corn; they make exchanges; they are always  
 “ ready to serve one another; and I can assure you,  
 “ that more time and patience would have enabled  
 “ me to observe a thousand things more curious and  
 “ wonderful than what I have mentioned. For in-  
 “ stance, how they lend and recover their loans;  
 “ whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury;  
 “ whether they pay the strangers that work for  
 “ them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine  
 “ all those things; and it would be a great curiosity  
 “ to know by what maxims they govern themselves:  
 “ perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use  
 “ to us.

“ They are never attacked by any enemies in a  
 “ body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear  
 “ proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their  
 “ corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they  
 “ keep it under ground when they are afraid of  
 “ thieves. It is said that some birds eat them; but  
 “ I never saw any instance of it. They are also in-  
 “ fested by small worms; but they turn them out  
 “ and kill them. I observed, that they punished  
 “ those ants which probably had been wanting to  
 “ their duty. Nay, sometimes they killed them;  
 “ which they did in the following manner. Three  
 “ or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several  
 “ ways till she was torn in pieces. Generally speak-  
 “ ing, they live very quietly: from whence I infer  
 “ that they have a very severe discipline among  
 “ themselves to keep so good an order; or that they  
 “ are

“ are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

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

“ Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it: nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

“ I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them, and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.”

---

Friday, September 11, 1713\*.

---

*Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriffima regna ;  
Caſtigatque, auditque delos ; ſubigitque fateri  
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,  
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.*

VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 566.

THEſE are the realms of unrelenting Fate ;  
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate :  
He hears and judges each committed crime ;  
Inquires into the manner, place, and time :  
The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal,  
Loath to confeſs, unable to conceal,  
From the firſt moment of his vital breath  
To the laſt hour of unrepenting death.

DRYDEN.

I WAS yeſterday purſuing the hint which I mentioned in my laſt paper, and comparing together 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,

\* No. 158.

to

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 stiled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before?

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

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions; where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in 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

ing there all this while? Doing," says she; "really  
 " I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may  
 " have time given me to recollect." After about half  
 an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been play-  
 ing at crimp. Upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned  
 to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cus-  
 tody. " 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-twen-  
 " tieth 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 ro-  
 " mances." " Very well," says he, " you have em-  
 " ployed 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 wor-  
 " ship," says she, " I did not live quite forty years;  
 " and in that time brought my husband seven daugh-  
 " ters, made him nine thousand cheefes, 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 know-  
 ing 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 Rha-  
 damanthus observing an ingenious modesty in her  
 countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her  
 loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when  
 he



He was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and four look, presented herself next at the bar; and being asked what she had been doing? "Truly," 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 passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times. I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages." "Very well," says Rhadamanthus; "but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?" "Why truly," says she, "I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own." "Madam," says Rhadamanthus, "be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you." "Old gentlewoman," says he, "I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question; What have you been doing so long in the world?" Ah, Sir!" says she, "I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end." "Madam," says he, "you will please to follow your leader." And spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, "I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blessed 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

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 passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my "complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my "stays."—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

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

I lay some time reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as 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 vitious moments of life, lift up his mind, when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when  
he

he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable; in a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.

Saturday, September 12, 1713\*.

*Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu*

*Mortale corpus, vel superbos*

*Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

HOR. Od. 35. l. i. ver. 2.

Whose force is strong, and quick to raise  
The lowest to the highest place;  
Or with a wondrous fall  
To bring the haughty lower,  
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral.

CREECH.

SIR.

HAVING read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands; and among other motives, make use of this, That several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune; I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you as matter of fact.

About twelve years ago, I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a

\* No. 159.

daughter;

daughter; whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expences. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiours. There lived by them a barber, who had a daughter about Miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work: but Miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

About the same time, several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain, sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel; for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain: insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him; for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

Mean while days and years went on. Miss lived high, and learned but little; most of her time being employed in reading plays, and practising to dance;

in which she arrived at great perfection: when of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after, I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition; but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could. And I must own I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years; when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who, I presently fancied, was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon or speaking to me. "Madam," said I, "are not you Mrs. such a one?" At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant. But supposing her to be the first; "I am glad, Madam," said I, "after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place." These words were like to have spoiled all; and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself. But as soon as she was able to speak; "Sir," said she, "you are mistaken; I am but a servant." Her voice fell in these last words; and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion; and said what I could to comfort her. "Alas, Sir," said

she, " my condition is much better than I deserve. " I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal: You know her very well, and have often seen her with me." To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll; and, being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction, as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty: But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own or her husband's acquaintance; so that they retired from all their friends, till they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after, chancing to be in company with Mr T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that Fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have bursted; which I took

took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story; and we parted.

About a fortnight after, I received from him the following letter.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing me  
 “ news of my angel. I have since married her;  
 “ and think the low circumstances she was reduced  
 “ to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has  
 “ quite removed that little pride and vanity, which  
 “ was the only part of her character that I disliked,  
 “ and given me an opportunity of shewing her the  
 “ constant and sincere affection which I professed to  
 “ her in the time of her prosperity.

“ Yours, R. T.”

---

Monday, September 14, 1713\*.

---

*Solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis.*

HOR. Sat. i. l. 2. v. ult.

IMITATED.

My Lords the Judges laugh, and your're dismiss'd.

POPE.

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it, that my last Thursday and Friday's papers are full of concealed satire; and that I have

\* No. 160.

T t 2

attacked

attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling ever since that ingenious person the *Examiner*, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare, that those jealousies and suspicions which have been raised in some weak minds by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wish that the individuals of all parties among us had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

“ I HAVE laid a wager with a friend of mine  
 “ about the pigeons that used to pick up the  
 “ corn which belonged to the ants. I say, that by  
 “ these pigeons you mean the Palatines. He will  
 “ needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both  
 “ agree, that the papers upon the strings which  
 “ frightened them away, were *pamphlets*, *Examiners*,  
 “ and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this  
 “ particular, because the wager is very considerable;  
 “ and you will much oblige two of your

“ *Daily Readers.*”



“ Old IRON,

“ **W**HY so rusty? Will you never leave your  
 “ innuendoes? Do you think it hard to find  
 “ out who is the tulip in your last Thursday’s  
 “ paper? or can you imagine that three nests of ants  
 “ is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot  
 “ see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up  
 “ of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a  
 “ race of poor beggarly ants under a worse form of  
 “ government, is not so difficult to be explained as  
 “ you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished.  
 “ Your ants are enemies to rain, are they? Old  
 “ Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you don’t  
 “ intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

“ WILL. WASPE.”

“ Dear GUARDIAN,

“ **C**ALLING in yesterday at a coffeehouse in the  
 “ city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry  
 “ man reading your paper about the ants. I ob-  
 “ served that he reddened and swelled over every  
 “ sentence of it. After having perused it through-  
 “ out, he laid it down upon the table, called the  
 “ woman of the coffeehouse to him, and asked her  
 “ in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in  
 “ taking in such papers? The woman was in such a  
 “ confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to  
 “ interpose in her behalf; and asked him, whether  
 “ he had found any thing in it of dangerous import?  
 “ ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘it is a republican paper from one  
 “ end to the other: and if the author had his de-  
 “ serts——’ He here grew so exceeding choleric  
 “ and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after  
 “ having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon  
 “ the following sentence, and read it with a very  
 “ stern voice.—‘Though ants are very knowing, I  
 “ don’t take them to be conjurers; and therefore  
 “ they could not guess that I had put some corn in  
 “ that room. I perceived for several days, that they  
 “ were

“ were very much perplexed, and went a great way  
“ to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for  
“ some time to make them more easy: for I had a  
“ mind to know whether they would at last find out  
“ the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and  
“ whether smelling enabled them to know what is  
“ good for their nourishment.’ Then throwing the  
“ paper upon the table; ‘ Sir,’ says he, ‘ these things  
“ are not to be suffered. I would engage out of  
“ this sentence to draw up an indictment that——’  
“ He here lost his voice a second time, in the ex-  
“ tremity of his rage; and the whole company, who  
“ were all of them Tories, bursting out into a sud-  
“ den laugh, he threw down his penny in great  
“ wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.”  
“ This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with,  
“ that you may make what use of it you please. I  
“ only wish that you would sometimes diversify  
“ your papers with many other pieces of natural  
“ history, whether of insects or animals; this being  
“ a subject which the most common reader is capable  
“ of understanding, and which is very diverting in  
“ its nature; besides that it highly redounds to the  
“ praise of that being who has inspired the several  
“ parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful  
“ and different kinds of instinct, as enable them to  
“ provide for themselves, and preserve their species  
“ in that state of existence wherein they are placed.  
“ There is no party concerned in speculations of this  
“ nature, which, instead of inflaming those unnatural  
“ heats that prevail among us, and take up most of  
“ our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects  
“ that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures.  
“ Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for  
“ your purpose, as they do not require any depth of  
“ mathematics, or any previous science, to qualify  
“ the reader for the understanding of them. To this  
“ I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ig-  
“ norant of these worlds of wonders which are trans-  
“ acted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted  
“ with

“ with those objects which are every where before  
 “ their eyes. To which I might further add, that  
 “ several are of opinion, there is no other use in  
 “ many of these creatures, than to furnish matter of  
 “ contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of  
 “ the earth, who are its only creatures that are  
 “ capable of it.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your constant reader, and humble servant.”

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim, never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

“ Most Venerable NESTOR,

“ **A**S you are a person that very eminently di-  
 “ stinguish yourself in the promotion of the  
 “ public good, I desire your friendship in signifying  
 “ to the town what concerns the greatest good of life,  
 “ *health*. I do assure you, Sir, there is in a vault  
 “ under the Exchange in Cornhill, over against  
 “ Pope’s-head alley, a parcel of French wines, full  
 “ of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness, and  
 “ friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of  
 “ our nation agree there is no such thing as bribery  
 “ in liquors; therefore I shall presume to send you  
 “ of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with in-  
 “ tegrity, to recommend what you do not understand  
 “ by experience. In the mean time, please to insert  
 “ this, that every man may judge for himself.

I am, Sir, &c.

---

Tuesday, September 15. 1713\*.

---

—*Incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

PERS. Sat. 2. ver. 74.

A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,  
Pure in the last recesses of the mind.

DRYDEN.

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 paper 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

\* No. 161.

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 one 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 where 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 ideas 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 the 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 hopes 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 pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons, who, in Shakespeare's phrase, are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men ; whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest ; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare 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.

Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1713\*.

*Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere.*

CICERO.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country-squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is, in short, a lively impudent clown; and has wit enough to have made a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a-blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler, if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister, she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations. To which the booby replied, with

\* No. 162,

a rude country-laugh, "If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen; and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty?" I endeavoured to divert the discourse; when, without taking notice of what I said, "Mr Ironside," says he, "you fill my cousins heads with your fine notions as you call them. Can you teach them to make a pudding?" I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery; so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the graces. In the same manner, I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, sooths the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions; and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider so far as is consistent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions  
of



of contempt, and what Shakespear reckons among other evils under the sun,

—The poor man's contumely,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenious complaisance as I have been here describing; which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, *A constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we do it innocently.* I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge for the sake of my reader; after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vitious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

“ Schacabac being reduced to great poverty, and  
“ having eat nothing for two days together, made a  
“ visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was  
“ very hospitable, but withal a great humourist.  
“ The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seem-  
“ ed ready for an entertainment. Upon hearing  
“ Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down  
“ and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate,  
“ and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Scha-  
“ cabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to  
“ comply with the Barmecide in all his humours,  
“ told him it was admirable; and at the same time,  
“ in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty  
“ spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Bar-  
“ mecide then asked him, if he ever saw whiter  
“ bread? Schababac, who saw neither bread nor  
“ meat,

“ meat, If I did not like it, you may be sure (says  
“ he) I should not eat so heartily of it. You ob-  
“ lige me mightily, replied the Barmecide; pray  
“ let me help you to this leg of a goose. Schacabac  
“ reached out his plate, and received nothing on it  
“ with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very  
“ heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the  
“ fauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to  
“ keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb  
“ fed with pistacho-nuts; and after having called for  
“ it, as though it had really been served up; Here  
“ is a dish (says he) that you will see at nobody’s  
“ table but my own. Schacabac was wonderfully  
“ delighted with the taste of it; which is like nothing  
“ (says he) I ever eat before. Several other nice  
“ dishes were served up in idea, which both of  
“ them commended and feasted on after the same  
“ manner. This was followed by an invisible de-  
“ fert; no part of which delighted Schacabac so much  
“ as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told  
“ him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. Scha-  
“ cabac at length being courteously reproached by  
“ the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that  
“ he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired  
“ with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose,  
“ desired to be excused, for that really he was so full  
“ he could not eat a bit more. Come then, (says the  
“ Barmecide), the cloth shall be removed, and you  
“ shall taste of my wines, which I may say without  
“ vanity are the best in Persia. He then filled both  
“ their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac  
“ would have excused himself from drinking so much  
“ at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome  
“ in his liquor. However, being pressed to it,  
“ he pretended to take it off, having before-hand  
“ praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour.  
“ Being plied with two or three other imaginary  
“ bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and  
“ a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretend-  
“ ed to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a  
“ good box on the ear. But immediately recover-

“ ing

“ing himself, Sir (says he) I beg ten thousand  
 “pardons; but I told you before, that it was my  
 “misfortune to be quarrellsome in my drink. The  
 “Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of  
 “his guest; and instead of being angry at him, I  
 “find (says he) thou art a complaisant fellow, and  
 “deservest to be entertained in my house. Since  
 “thou canst accomodate thyself to my humour, we  
 “will now eat together in good earnest. Upon  
 “which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the  
 “goose, the pistacho-lamb, the several other nice  
 “dishes, with the desert, the lozenges, and all the  
 “variety of Persian wines, were served up succes-  
 “sively one after another; and Schacabac was feast-  
 “ed in reality with those very things which he  
 “had before been entertained with in imagination.”

---

Thursday, September 17, 1713\*.

---

—————*Miserum est aliena vivere quadra.*

Juv. Sat. 5. v. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune cross,  
 Who never dines but at another's cost!

**W**HEN I am disposed to give myself a day's  
 rest, I order the lion to be opened, and  
 search into that magazine of intelligence for such  
 letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into,  
 comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great fa-  
 mily. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after  
 such a manner as I am persuaded no man of sense  
 would treat him. Even the lawyer and the phy-  
 sician to a man of quality, expect to be used like  
 gentlemen; and much more may any one of so supe-  
 rior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging  
 \* No. 163. that

that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Dr. Hicks and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain; since, in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy between the patron and the chaplain ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for choosing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order, is as follows.

“ Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I HOPE you will not only indulge me in the  
“ liberty of two or three questions, but also in  
“ the solution of them.

“ I have had the honour, many years, of being  
“ chaplain to a noble family, and of being account-  
“ ed the highest servant in the house, either out of  
“ respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the upper-  
“ most garret.

“ Whilst my old Lord lived, his table was always  
“ adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth,  
“ as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked  
“ upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify  
“ and garnish a feast; but treated as a gentleman,  
“ and generally desired to fill up the conversation an  
“ hour after I had done my duty. But now my  
“ Lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked up-  
“ on as a *cenfor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and  
“ talk, and suffered to retire constantly with *Prospe-*  
“ *rity to the church* in my mouth. I declare so-  
“ lemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing from all  
“ the

“ the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable  
 “ for half an year, than that one young Lord was  
 “ seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an  
 “ affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have  
 “ lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds  
 “ beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse  
 “ they went upon; but to my great surprize, have  
 “ hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts.  
 “ Then they all stare full in my face, and shew all  
 “ the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Imme-  
 “ diately upon my departure, to use the words in an  
 “ old comedy, ‘ I find by the noise they make, that  
 “ they had a mind to be private.’ I am at a loss to  
 “ imagine what conversation they have among one  
 “ another, which I may not be present at; since I  
 “ love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and  
 “ am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever which  
 “ are consistent with christianity. I have with much  
 “ ado maintained my post hitherto at the desert, and  
 “ every day eat tart in the face of my patron. But  
 “ how long I shall be invested with this privilege, I  
 “ do not know: for the servants, who do not see  
 “ me supported as I was in my old Lord’s time,  
 “ begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust  
 “ aside my chair, when they set the sweet meats on  
 “ the table. I have been born and educated a gentle-  
 “ man; and desire you will make the public sensible  
 “ that the Christian priesthood was never thought in  
 “ any age or country to debase the man who is a  
 “ member of it. Among the great services which  
 “ your useful papers daily do to religion, this per-  
 “ haps will not be the least, and will lay a very  
 “ great obligation on your unknown servant,

“ G. W.”

“ Venerable NESTOR,

“ I WAS very much pleased with your paper of  
 “ the seventh instant, in which you recommend  
 “ the study of useful knowledge to women of qua-

“ lity or fortune. I have since that met with a very  
 “ elegant poem, written by the famous Sir Thomas  
 “ More. It is inscribed to a friend of his, who was  
 “ then seeking out a wife. He advises him on that  
 “ occasion o overlook wealth and beauty; and if he  
 “ desires a happy life, to join himself with a wo-  
 “ man of virtue and knowledge. His words on this  
 “ last head are as follow.

*Proculque stulta sit  
 Parvis labellulis  
 Semper loquacitas,  
 Proculque rusticum  
 Semper silentium.  
 Sit illa vel modo  
 Instructa literis,  
 Vel talis ut modo  
 Sit apta literis.  
 Felix, quibus bene  
 Priscis ab omnibus  
 Possit libellulis  
 Vitam beantia  
 Haurire dogmata.  
 Armata cum quibus  
 Nec illa prosperis,  
 Superba turgeat,  
 Nec illa turbidis  
 Misella lugeat  
 Prostrata casibus.  
 Fucunda sic erit  
 Semper, nec unquam erit  
 Gravis, molestave  
 Vitæ comes tuæ,  
 Quæ docto parvulos  
 Docebit et tuos  
 Cum lacte literas  
 Olim nepotulos.  
 Jam te juvaverit  
 Viros relinquere,  
 Doctæque conjugis*

*Sinu quiescere,  
 Dum grata te fovet.  
 Manuque mobili  
 Dum pleetra personat,  
 Et voce (qua nec est  
 Prognæ sororcula  
 Tuæ suavior)  
 Amæno cantillat  
 Apollo quæ velit  
 Audire carmina.  
 Jam te juvaverit  
 Sermone blandulo,  
 Docto tamen dies  
 Noctesque ducere.  
 Notare verbum  
 Mellita maximis  
 Non absque gratiis  
 Ab ore melleo  
 Semper fluentia,  
 Quibus coerceat  
 Si quando te levet  
 Inane gaudium,  
 Quibus levaverit  
 Si quando deprimat  
 Te mæror anxius.  
 Certabit in quibus  
 Summa eloquentia  
 Jam cum omnium gravi  
 Rerum scientia.  
 Talem olim ego putem  
 Et vatis Orphei*

*Fuisse*

<i>Fuisse conjugem,</i>	<i>(Qua nulla charior</i>
<i>Nec unquam ab inferis</i>	<i>Unquam fuit patri,</i>
<i>Curasset improbo</i>	<i>Quo nemo doctior)</i>
<i>Labore feminam</i>	<i>Fuisse Tulliam :</i>
<i>Referre rusticam.</i>	<i>Talisque quæ tulit</i>
<i>Talemque credimus</i>	<i>Gracchos duos fuit,</i>
<i>Nasonis inclytam,</i>	<i>Quæ quos tulit, bonis</i>
<i>Quæ vel patrem queat</i>	<i>Instruxit artibus ;</i>
<i>Æquare carmine,</i>	<i>Nec profuit minus</i>
<i>Fuisse filiam ;</i>	<i>Magistra quam parens.</i>
<i>Talemque suspicor</i>	

The sense of this elegant description is as follows.

“ May you meet with a wife who is not always  
 “ stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense ! May  
 “ she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of be-  
 “ ing made so ! A woman thus accomplished, will  
 “ be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue  
 “ out of the best authors of antiquity : She will be  
 “ herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown  
 “ up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity : You  
 “ will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured  
 “ friend, and an agreeable companion for life : She  
 “ will infuse knowledge into your children with their  
 “ milk, and from their infancy train them up to  
 “ wisdom : Whatever company you are engaged in,  
 “ you will long to be at home, and retire with de-  
 “ light from the society of men, into the bosom of  
 “ one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable :  
 “ If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her  
 “ own compositions, her voice will sooth you in  
 “ your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your  
 “ ear than that of the nightingale : You will waste  
 “ with pleasure whole days and nights in her con-  
 “ versation, and be ever finding out new pleasures  
 “ in her discourse : She will keep your mind in per-  
 “ petual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dis-  
 “ solute, and prevent its melancholy from being  
 “ painful.

“ Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus; for who  
 “ would have undergone what he did to have recovered  
 “ a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who  
 “ was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she  
 “ is celebrated by the most learned and the most  
 “ fond of fathers: And such was the mother of the  
 “ two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having  
 “ been their instructor, than their parent.”

Friday, September 18, 1713\*.

—*Simili frondescit virga metallo.*

VIRG. ÆN. 6. ver. 144.

The same rich metal glitters on the tree.

**A**N eminent prelate of our church observes, that there is no way of writing so proper for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them. But when a man translates, he has none of these heats about him. And therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beautify their language, in setting their best writers on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it. Thus far this learned prelate. And another, lately deceased, tells us, that the way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age. As for the difficulty of

\* No. 164.

translating



translating well, every one, I believe, must allow my Lord Roscommon to be in the right, when he says,

'Tis true, composing is the nobler part :  
 But good translation is no easy art ;  
 For tho' materials have long since been found,  
 Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound ;  
 And by improving what was writ before,  
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

Dryden judiciously remarks, that a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. And a too close and servile imitation, which the same poet calls treading on the heels of an author, is deservedly laughed at by Sir John Denham, I conceive it," says he, "a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpretres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith. But whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts : for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy ; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words : and whosoever offers at verbal translations, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words ; and the grace of the English, by being turned into the Latin phrase."

After this collection of authorities out of some of our greatest English writers, I shall present my read-

er with a translation, in which the author has conformed himself to the opinion of these great men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the translator is Mr Eusden of Cambridge, who obliged them, in the GUARDIAN of August the 6th, with the court of Venus out of the same Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the best judges in performances of this nature.

*The Speech of Pluto to Proserpine; from the second book of her rape, by Claudian.*

CEASE, cease, fair nymph, to lavish precious tears,  
 And discompose your soul with airy fears.  
 Look on Sicilia's glitt'ring courts with scorn;  
 A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.  
 Imperial pomp shall sooth a gen'rous pride;  
 The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.  
 If you above terrestrial thrones aspire,  
 From heav'n I spring, and Saturn was my fire.  
 The pow'r of Pluto stretches all around,  
 Uncircumscrib'd by nature's utmost bound:  
 Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,  
 Through the vast trackless void extends my sway.  
 Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,  
 Nor tremble at this interval of night;  
 A fairer scene shall open to your view,  
 An earth more verdant, and a heav'n more blue.  
 Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies,  
 And other stars, with purer flames, arise.  
 There chaste adorers shall their praises join,  
 And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.  
 The blissful climes no change of ages knew;  
 The golden first began, and still is new.  
 That golden age your world a while could boast;  
 But here it flourish'd, and was never lost.  
 Perpetual zephyrs breathe through fragrant bow'rs,  
 And painted meads smile with unbidden flow'rs;  
 Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue:

No

No rival sweets in your own Enna grew.  
 In the recess of a cool fylvan glade,  
 A monarch-tree projects, no vulgar shade.  
 Incumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,  
 And golden apples to your reach descend.  
 Spare not the fruit; but pluck the blooming ore,  
 The yellow harvest will increase the more.  
 But I too long on trifling themes explain,  
 Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.  
 Whole nature owns your pow'r: Whate'er have birth,  
 And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;  
 Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,  
 Or sportive roll along the foamy deep:  
 Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take,  
 Or cut the floating stream or stagnant lake:  
 In vain they labour to preserve their breath,  
 And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.  
 Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings;  
 Hail! goddess of all sublunary things!  
 Empires that sink above, here rise again,  
 And worlds unpeopled croud th' Elysian plain.  
 The rich, the poor, the monarch and the slave,  
 Know no superior honours in the grave.  
 Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs shall come,  
 And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.  
 The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,  
 And see past pleasures teem with future woes;  
 Deplore in darkness your impartial sway;  
 While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.  
 When ripe for second birth, the dead shall stand  
 In shiv'ring throngs on the Lethæan strand,  
 That shade whom you approve, shall first be brought  
 To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught.  
 Whose thread of life, just spun, you would renew;  
 But nod, and Clotho shall rewind the clue.  
 Let no distrust of pow'r your joys abate;  
 Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.

The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping fare,  
 And check'd the fury of his steeds with care:

Possess'd

Possess'd of beauty's charms, he calmly rode;  
And love first soften'd the relentless god.

Saturday, September 19, 1713\*.

*Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile*—

HOR. Ep. 19. l. i. ver. 17.

Examples vice can imitate, deceive.

CREECH.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him. If they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvment of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where

\* No. 165.

the

the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient, that at least one of the persons who sits at the helm of affairs should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house: You hear the sons talking loosely, and swearing after the father; and see the daughters either familiarised to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord: He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues; which, though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter; since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary

nary influence which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place. By which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times, as a prodigy of science. His wife Theano wrote several books; and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods after having conversed with a man? "If it were her husband," says she, "the next day; if a stranger, never." Pythagoras had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of the daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters; in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers; which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty than not to obey the commands of her beloved father. Myia was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that, for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and, for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned

learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Musæum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shews us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished, and which it is more easy to lament than to reform.

Monday, September 21, 1713\*.

— *Aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.*

OVID. Met. l. 2. v. 332.

Some comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

ADDISON.

**C**HARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this vir-

tue, than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it; because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it, I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town; with this only difference, that, instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him,

and



and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over-against St. Clement's church. This so affected me, that, as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart, was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a-year, (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure; and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time, that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit

at

at home in my morning-gown; having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of clothes and a full-bottomed wig for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons; and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door: I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message. But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:

“ SIR.

“ **A**FTER having got out of you every thing you  
 “ can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass  
 “ upon your generous nature; and therefore must  
 “ ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of  
 “ the philosopher’s stone than you do. I shall only tell  
 “ you for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble  
 “ a blockhead out of his money. They must be men  
 “ of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This  
 “ made me apply myself to a person of your wealth  
 “ and ingenuity. How I have succeeded, you your-  
 “ self can best tell.

“ Your humble servant to command,

“ THOMAS WHITE.

“ I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the  
 “ key under the door,”

I was

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them; and hope, that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

---

*Tuesday, September 22, 1713\*.*

---

*Fata viam inveniunt*—

VIRG. *Æn.* 3. v. 395.

—Fate the way will find.

DRYDEN.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, *Helim the great physician*. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helem was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnarefchin, the great King of Persia.

Alnarefchin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature; having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five-and-thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at

\* No. 167.

length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: "Helim (said he), I have long admired thy great wisdom and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father; and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one-and-twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl, of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balfora, for that  
that

that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was fo great, that at length it came to the ears of the king; who, pretending to vifit the young princes his fons, demanded of Helim the fight of Balfora his fair daughter. The king was fo inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he fent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his defign to recompenfe him for all his faithful fervices; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Perfia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all thofe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the fecret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "Far be it," fays he, "from the king of Perfia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himfelf in marriage with the daughter of his phyfician." The king however was fo impatient for fuch a bride, that, without hearing any excufes, he immediately ordered Balfora to be fent for into his prefence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her fenfible of the honour which he defigned her. Balfora, who was too modeft and humble to think her beauty had made fuch an impreffion on the king, was a few moments after brought into his prefence, as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradife. But, upon hearing the honour which he intended her, fhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept; and after having recovered her out of the trance into which fhe was fallen, reprefented to the king, that fo unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleafed, he would himfelf prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and difmiffed him. Balfora was conveyed again to her father's houfe; where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; infomuch that at length fhe fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by thofe that faw her. Helim, finding no other

means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter: however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balfora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death; that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balfora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balfora.

It is the custom among the Persians to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace, which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred

red negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprize, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in; which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was, how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tipza was near at hand. Now, it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called *the gate of Paradise*, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest

roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen. But this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him  
want



want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleafant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died; and was fucceeded by his fon Ibrahim, who, upon the fupposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Perfian empire. Though he was fome years inconfolable for the death of his brother, Helim durft not trust him with the fecret; which he knew would have fatal confequences, fhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no fooner mounted to the throne, but Helim fought after a proper opportunity of making a difcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to fo good-natured and generous a prince. It fo happened, that before Helim found fuch an opportunity as he defired, the new king Ibrahim having been feparated from his company in a chace, and almoft fainting with heat and thirft, faw himfelf at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately afcended the hill, and coming to Helim's houfe, demanded fome refrefhments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having fet before the king the choicelt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleafed with fo feafonable a treat, told him, that the beft part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole hiftory of what had paffed. The king was at once aftonifhed and tranfported at fo ftrange a relation; and feeing his brother enter the room with Balfora in his hand, he leaped off from the fofa on which he fat, and cried out, "'Tis he! 'tis my Abdallah!"—Having faid this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company for fome time remained filent, and fhedding tears of joy. The king at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him fo long of fuch a brother, embraced Balfora with the greateft tendernes, and told her, that fhe fhould now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations

on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country, as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called *the garden of Persia*. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

ADDISON'S  
SELECT PAPERS

IN THE  
FREEHOLDER.

---

Friday, September 30, 1713\*.

---

*Quibus otio vel magnifice, vel molliter vivere copia  
erat, incerta pro certis, bellum quam pacem male-  
bant.*

SALUST.

Those who had it in their power to live in splendor  
and at their ease, preferred uncertainty to certainty,  
and war to peace.

EVERY one knows that it is usual for a French  
officer who can write and read, to set down all  
the occurrences of a campaign, in which he pretends  
to have been personally concerned, and publish them  
under the title of his memoirs, when most of his  
fellow-soldiers are dead, that might have contradicted  
any of his matters of facts. Many a gallant young  
fellow has been killed in battle before he came to  
the third page of his secret history; when several,  
who have taken more care of their persons, have liv-

\* No. 3.

ed

ed to fill a whole volume with their military performances, and to astonish the world with such instances of their bravery as had escaped the notice of every body else. One of our late Preston heroes, had, it seems, resolved upon this method of doing himself justice: and, had he not been nipped in the bud, might have made a very formidable figure in his own works among posterity. A friend of mine, who had the pillage of his pockets, has made me a present of the following memoirs, which he desires me to accept as a part of the spoils of the rebels. I have omitted the introduction, as more proper for the inspection of a secretary of state, and shall only set down so much of the memoirs as seem to be a faithful narrative of that wonderful expedition, which drew upon it the eyes of all Europe.

“ **H**AVING thus concerted measures for a rising, we had a general meeting over a bowl  
 “ punch. It was here proposed by one of the wisest  
 “ among us, to draw up a manifesto, setting forth  
 “ the grounds and motives of our taking arms: for,  
 “ as he observed, there had never yet been an insur-  
 “ rection in England, where the leaders had not  
 “ thought themselves obliged to give some reasons  
 “ for it. To this end we laid our heads together to  
 “ consider what grievances the nation had suffered  
 “ under the reign of King George. After having  
 “ spent some hours upon this subject, without being  
 “ able to discover any, we unanimously agreed to  
 “ rebel first, and to find reasons for it afterwards. It  
 “ was indeed easy to guess at several grievances of a  
 “ private nature, which influenced particular per-  
 “ sons. One of us had spent his fortune; another  
 “ was a younger brother; a third had the incum-  
 “ brance of a father upon his estate: But that which  
 “ principally disposed us in favour of the chevalier  
 “ was, that most of the company had been obliged  
 “ to take the abjuration oath against their will. Be-  
 “ ing at length thoroughly inflamed with zeal and  
 “ punch,

“ punch, we resolved to take horse the next morn-  
“ ing; which we did accordingly, having been join-  
“ ed by a considerable reinforcement of Roman Ca-  
“ tholics, whom we could rely upon, as knowing  
“ them to be the best Tories in the nation, and  
“ avowed enemies to Presbyterianism. We were  
“ likewise joined by a very useful associate, who  
“ was a fidler by profession, and brought in with  
“ him a body of lusty young fellows, whom he had  
“ tweedled into the service. About the third day  
“ of our march, I was made a colonel; though, I  
“ must need say, I gained my commission by my  
“ horse's virtues, not my own; having leapt over a  
“ fix-bar gate at the head of the cavalry. My ge-  
“ neral, who is a discerning man, hereupon gave  
“ me a regiment, telling me, ‘ He did not question  
“ but I would do the like when I came to the ene-  
“ my's pallisadoes.’ We pursued our march with  
“ much intrepidity through two or three open  
“ towns, to the great terror of the market-people,  
“ and the miscarriage of half a dozen big-bellied  
“ women. Notwithstanding the magistracy was  
“ generally against us, we could discover many  
“ friends among our spectators, particularly in two  
“ or three balconies, which were filled with several  
“ taudry females, who are known in that country  
“ by the ancient name of Harlots. This sort of  
“ ladies received us every where with great demon-  
“ strations of joy, and promised to assist us with  
“ their prayers. After these signal successes in the  
“ north o' England, it was thought adviseable by  
“ our general to proceed towards our Scotch con-  
“ federates. During our first day's march, I amus-  
“ ed myself with considering what post I should ac-  
“ cept of under James the Third, when we had put  
“ him in possession of the British dominions. Being  
“ a great lover of country sports, I absolutely deter-  
“ mined not to be a minister of state, nor be fobbed  
“ off with a garter; until at length, passing by a  
“ noble country seat which belongs to a Whig, I re-  
“ Vol. IV. 3 A “ solved

“ solved to beg it; and pleased myself the remainder  
“ of the day with the alterations I intended to make  
“ in it: for though the situation was very delight-  
“ ful, I neither liked the front of the house nor the  
“ avenues that led to it. We were indeed so confi-  
“ dent of success, that I found most of my fellow-  
“ soldiers were taken up with imaginations of the  
“ same nature. There had like to have been a duel  
“ between two of our subalterns upon a dispute  
“ which of them should be governor of Portsmouth.  
“ A popish priest about the same time gave great  
“ offence to a Northumberland squire, whom he  
“ threatened to excommunicate, if he did not give  
“ up to him the church-lands, which his family had  
“ usurped ever since the reformation. In short, every  
“ man had cut out a place for himself in his own  
“ thoughts; so that I could reckon upon, in our  
“ little army, two or three Lord-Treasurers, half a  
“ dozen Secretaries of State, and at least a score of  
“ Lords Justices in Eyre for each side of Trent. We  
“ pursued our march through several villages, which  
“ we drank dry, making proclamation at our en-  
“ trance, in the name of James the Third, against all  
“ concealments of ale or brandy. Being very much  
“ fatigued with the action of a whole week, it was  
“ agreed to rest on Sunday, when we heard a most  
“ excellent sermon. Our chaplain insisted principal-  
“ ly upon two heads. Under the first he proved to  
“ us, that the breach of public oaths is no perjury:  
“ And under the second, expounded to us the nature  
“ of non-resistance, which might be interpreted from  
“ the Hebrew, to signify either loyalty or rebellion,  
“ according as the sovereign bestowed his favours  
“ and preferments. He concluded with exhorting  
“ us, in a most pathetic manner, to purge the land  
“ by wholesome severities, and to propagate sound  
“ principles by fire and sword. We set forward the  
“ next day towards our friends at Kelfo; and by  
“ the way had like to have lost our general, and  
“ some of our most active officers: For a fox un-  
“ luckily

“luckily crossing the road, drew off a considerable  
“detachment, who clapped spurs to their horses, and  
“pursued him with whoops and halloos, until we  
“had lost sight of them. A covey of partridges  
“springing in our front, put our infantry in disorder  
“on the same day. It was not long after this, that  
“we were joined by our friends from the other side  
“of the frith. Upon the junction of the two corps,  
“our spies brought us word, that they discovered a  
“great cloud of dust at some distance; upon which  
“we sent out a party to reconnoitre. They re-  
“turned to us with intelligence, that the dust was  
“raised by a great drove of black cattle. This news  
“was not a little welcome to us, the army of both  
“nations being very hungry. We quickly formed  
“ourselves, and received orders for the attack, with  
“positive instructions to give no quarter. Every  
“thing was executed with so much good order,  
“that we made a very plentiful supper. We had,  
“three days after, the same success against a flock  
“of sheep, which we were forced to eat with great  
“precipitation, having received advice of General  
“Carpenter’s march as we were at dinner. Upon  
“this alarm, we made incredible stretches towards  
“the south, with a design to gain the fastnesses of  
“Preston. We did little remarkable in our way,  
“except setting fire to a few houses, and frightening  
“an old woman into fits. We had now got a long  
“day’s march of the enemy; and meeting with a  
“considerable refreshment of October, all the officers  
“assembled over it, among whom were several Pop-  
“ish lords and gentlemen, who toasted many loyal  
“healths and confusions, and wept very plentifully  
“for the danger of the church. We sat until mid-  
“night; and at our parting resolved to give the ene-  
“my battle; but the next morning changed our  
“resolutions, and prosecuted our march with inde-  
“fatigable speed. We were no sooner arrived upon  
“the frontiers of Cumberland, but we saw a great  
“body of militia drawn up in array against us. Or-

“ ders were given to halt; and a council of war was  
 “ immediately called, wherein we agreed, with that  
 “ great unanimity which was so remarkable among  
 “ us on these occasions, to make a retreat. But be-  
 “ fore we could give the word, the train-bands,  
 “ taking advantage of our delay, fled first. We ar-  
 “ rived at Preston without any memorable adven-  
 “ ture; where, after having formed many barricades,  
 “ and prepared for a vigorous resistance, upon the  
 “ approach of the king’s troops under General Wills,  
 “ who was used to the outlandish way of making  
 “ war, we think it high time to put in practice that  
 “ passive-obedience in which our party so much  
 “ glories, and which I would advise them to stick to  
 “ for the future.”

Such was the end of this rebellion; which, in all probability, will not only tend to the safety of our constitution, but the preservation of the game.

---

Monday, January 2, 1716\*.

---

*Nec se mulier extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque bellorum casus putet, ipsis incipientis matrimonii auspiciis admonetur, venire se laborum periculisque sociam, idem in pace, idem in prælio passuram ausuramque; sic vivendum, sic pereundum.*

TACIT. de morib. Germ. 18.

Left the woman should think herself exempt from matters of courage and the hazards of war, she is put in mind by the very marriage rites, that she is to share the same toils and dangers, whether in peace or war; and to live and die with her husband.

IT is with great satisfaction I observe, that the women of our island, who are the most eminent for  
 \* No. 4. virtue



virtue and good sense, are in the interest of the present government. As the fair sex very much recommend the cause they are engaged in, it would be no small misfortune to a sovereign, though he had all the male part of the nation on his side, if he did not find himself king of the most beautiful half of his subjects. Ladies are always of great use to the party they espouse, and never fail to win over numbers to it. Lovers, according to Sir William Petty's computation, make at least the third part of the sensible men of the British nation; and it has been an uncontroverted maxim in all ages, that though a husband is sometimes a stubborn sort of a creature, a lover is always at the devotion of his mistress. By this means it lies in the power of every fine woman to secure at least half a dozen able bodied men to his majesty's service. The female world are likewise indispensably necessary in the best causes to manage the controversial part of them; in which no man of tolerable breeding is ever able to refute them. Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.

It is indeed remarkable that the inferior tribe of common women, who are a dishonour to their sex, have in most reigns been the professed sticklers for such as have acted in opposition to the true interest of the nation. The most numerous converts in King James's reign were particularly noted to be of this kind. I can give no other reason for such a behaviour, unless it be that it is not for the advantage of these female adventurers the laws of the land should take place, and that they know Bridewell is a part of our constitution.

There are many reasons why the women of Great Britain should be on the side of the Freeholder, and enemies to the person who would bring in arbitrary government and popery. As there are several of our ladies who amuse themselves in the reading of travels, they cannot but take notice what uncomfortable lives those of their own sex lead where passive obedience is professed and practised in its utmost perfection

tion. In those countries, the men have no property but in their wives; who are the slaves to slaves: every married woman being subject to a domestic tyrant, that requires from her the same vassalage which he pays to his sultan. If the ladies would seriously consider the evil consequences of arbitrary power, they would find, that it spoils the shape of the foot in China, where the barbarous politics of the men so diminish the basis of the female figure as to unqualify a woman for an evening walk or a country dance. In the East Indies, a widow who has any regard to her character, throws herself into the flames of her husband's funeral pile, to shew, forsooth, that she is faithful and loyal to the memory of her deceased lord. In Persia, the daughters of Eve, as they call them, are reckoned in the inventory of their goods and chattels: and it is an usual thing, when a man sells a bale of silk or a drove of camels, to toss half a dozen women into the bargain. Through all the dominions of the great Turk, a woman thinks herself happy if she can but get the twelfth share of a husband, and is thought of no manner of use in the creation but to keep up a proper number of slaves for the commander of the faithful. I need not set forth the ill usage which the fair ones meet with in those despotic governments that lie nearer us. Every one hath heard of the several ways of locking up women in Spain and Italy; where, if there is any power lodged in any of the sex, it is not among the young and beautiful, whom nature seems to have formed for it, but among the old and withered matrons known by the frightful name of *governantes* and *duennas*. If any should allege the freedoms indulged to the French ladies, he must own that these are owing to the natural gallantry of the people, not to their form of government, which excludes by its very constitution every female from power, as naturally unfit to hold the sceptre of that kingdom.

Women ought in reason to be no less averse to popery than to arbitrary power. Some merry authors

thors have pretended to demonstrate, that the Roman Catholic religion could never spread in a nation where women will have more modesty than to expose their innocent liberties to a confessor. Others of the same turn have assured us, that the fine British complexion, which is so peculiar to our ladies, would suffer very much from a fish diet; and that a whole lent would give such a fallowness to the celebrated beauties of this island, as would scarce make them distinguishable from those of France. I shall only leave to the serious consideration of my countrywomen the danger any of them might have been in had popery been our national religion, of being forced by their relations to a state of perpetual virginity. The most blooming toast in the island might have been a nun; and many a lady who is now a mother of fine children, condemned to a condition of life disagreeable to herself and unprofitable to the world. To this I might add the melancholy objects they would be daily entertained with, of several lightly men delivered over to an inviolable celibacy. Let a young lady imagine to herself the brisk embroidered officer, who now makes love to her with so agreeable an air, converted into a monk; or the beau, who now addresses himself to her in a full-bottomed wig, distinguished by a little bald pate covered with a black leather scull-cap. I forbear to mention many other objections, which the ladies, who are no strangers to the doctrines of popery, will easily recollect: though I do not in the least doubt but those I have already suggested will be sufficient to persuade my fair readers to be zealous in the protestant cause.

The freedom and happiness of our British ladies is so singular, that it is a common saying in foreign countries, "If a bridge were built cross the seas, all the women in Europe would flock into England." It has been observed, the laws relating to them [are so favourable, that one would think they themselves had given votes in enacting them. All the honours and indulgencies of society are due to them by our customs;

customs ; and, by our constitution, they have all the privileges of English-born subjects, without the burdens. I need not acquaint my fair fellow freeholders, that every man who is anxious for sacred and civil rights, is a champion in their cause ; since we enjoy in common a religion agreeable to that reasonable nature of which we equally partake ; and since, in point of property, our law makes no distinction of sexes.

We may therefore justly expect from them that they will act in concert with us for the preservation of our laws and religion, which cannot subsist but under the government of his present majesty ; and would necessarily be subverted under that of a person bred up in the most violent principles of popery and arbitrary power. Thus may the fair sex contribute to fix the peace of a brave and generous people, who for many ages have disdained to bear any tyranny but theirs ; and be as famous in history as those illustrious matrons, who in the infancy of Rome reconciled the Romans and the Sabines, and united the two contending parties under their new King.

---

Friday, January 6. 1716\*.

---

*Omniū societatum nulla est gravior, nulla carior, quam ea quæ cum republica est unicuique nostrum: cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: Sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est: Pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus.*

CIC.

The strongest connection is that which every man has with his country, which unites all the endearing relations of parents, children, kindred and acquaintance; and for whose service what good man would not even dare to die?

**T**HERE is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. This generous and public-spirited passion has been observed of late years to languish and grow cold in this our island; where a party of men have made it their business to represent it as chimerical and romantic, to destroy in the minds of the people the sense of national glory, and to turn into ridicule our natural and ancient allies, who are united to us by the common interests both of religion and policy. It may therefore be unseasonable to recommend to this present generation the practice of that virtue for which their ancestors were particularly famous, and which is called "The love of one's country." This love to our country, as a moral virtue, is a fixed disposition of mind to promote the safety, welfare and reputation of the community in which we are born, and of the constitution under which we are protected.

VOL. IV.

3 B

Our

\* No. 5.

Our obligation to this great duty may appear to us from several considerations.

In the first place, we may observe that we are directed to it by one of those secret suggestions of nature, which go under the name of instinct, and which are never given in vain. As self-love is an instinct planted in us for the good and safety of each particular person, the love of our country is impressed on our minds for the happiness and preservation of the community. This instinct is so remarkable, that we find examples of it in those who are born in the most uncomfortable climates, or the worst of governments. We read of an inhabitant of Nova Zembla, who, after having lived some time in Denmark, where he was clothed and treated with the utmost indulgence, took the first opportunity of making his escape, though with the hazard of his life, into his native regions of cold, poverty, and nakedness. We have an instance of the same nature among the very Hottentots. One of these savages was brought into England, taught our language, and in a great measure polished out of his natural barbarity: But upon being carried back to the Cape of Good Hope, where it was thought he might have been of advantage to our English traders, he mixed in a kind of transport with his countrymen, brutalized with them in their habit and manners, and would never again return to his foreign acquaintance. I need not mention the common opinion of the negroes in our plantations, who have no other notion of a future state of happiness, than that after death they shall be conveyed back to their native country. The Swifs are so remarkable for this passion, that it often turns to a disease among them; for which there is a particular name in the German language, and which the French call "The distemper of the country:" For nothing is more usual than for several of their common soldiers, who are listed into a foreign service, to have such violent hankerings after their home, as to pine away even to death, unless they have a permission

to return ; which on such an occasion is generally granted them. I shall only add under this head, that since the love of one's country is natural to every man, any particular nation, who by false politics shall endeavour to stifle or restrain it, will not be upon a level with others.

As this love of our country is natural to every man, so it is likewise very reasonable ; and that in the first place, because it inclines us to be beneficial to those who are and ought to be dearer to us than any others. It takes in our families, relations, friends and acquaintance ; and in short, all whose welfare and security we are obliged to consult, more than that of those who are strangers to us. For this reason it is the most sublime and extensive of all social virtues ; especially if we consider, that it does not only promote the well-being of those who are our contemporaries, but likewise of their children and their posterity. Hence it is that all casuists are unanimous in determining, that when the good of the country interferes even with the life of the most beloved relation, dearest friend, or greatest benefactor, it is to be preferred without exception.

Farther, though there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can question but a superior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife, or a child. In the same manner, though our love should reach to the whole species, a greater proportion of it should exert itself towards that community in which Providence has placed us. This is our proper sphere of action ; the province allotted to us for the exercise of all our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expressing our good will to mankind. I could not but be pleased, in the accounts of the late Persian embassy into France, with a particular ceremony of the ambassador, who, every morning before he went abroad, religiously saluted a turf of earth dug out of his own native soil, to remind him that in all the transactions of the day, he was to think of his country, and pursue its advantages.

If, in the several districts and divisions of the world, men would thus study the welfare of those respective communities to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reasonable creatures would be happy, as far as the benefits of society can make them so. At least, we find so many blessings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that, in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a prosperous and flourishing people.

It may be yet a further recommendation of this particular virtue, if we consider that no nation was ever famous for its morals, which was not at the same time remarkable for its public spirit: Patriots naturally rise out of a Spartan or Roman virtue; and there is no remark more common among the ancient historians, than that when the state was corrupted with avarice and luxury, it was in danger of being betrayed or sold.

To the foregoing reasons for the love which every good man owes to his country, we may add, that the actions which are most celebrated in history, and which are read with the greatest admiration, are such as proceed from this principle. The establishing of good laws, the detecting of conspiracies, the crushing of seditions and rebellions, the falling in battle, or the devoting of a man's self to certain death for the safety of fellow-citizens, are actions that always warm the reader, and endear to him persons of the remotest ages, and the most distant countries.

And as actions that proceed from the love of one's country are more illustrious than any other in the records of time, so we find that those persons who have been eminent in other virtues, have been particularly distinguished by this. It would be endless to produce examples of this kind out of Greek and Roman authors. To confine myself therefore in so wide and beaten a field, I shall choose some instances from Holy Writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature, as much as any  
other



other history whatsoever. And this I do the more willingly, because in some books lately written, I find it objected against revealed religion, that it does not inspire the love of one's country. Here I must premise, that as the sacred author of our religion chiefly inculcated to the Jews those parts of their duty wherein they were most defective, so there was no need of insisting upon this; the Jews being remarkable for an attachment to their own country, even to the exclusion of all common humanity to strangers. We see in the behaviour of this divine person the practice of this virtue in conjunction with all others. He deferred working a miracle in the behalf of a Syro-Phœnician woman, until he had declared his superior good-will to his own nation; and was prevailed upon to heal the daughter of a Roman centurion, by hearing from the Jews that he was one who loved their nation, and had built them a synagogue. But, to look out for no other instance, what was ever more moving than his lamentation over Jerufalem, at his first approach to it, notwithstanding he had foretold the cruel and unjust treatment he was to meet with in that city; for he foresaw the destruction which in a few years was to fall upon that people;—a destruction not to be paralleled in any nation, from the beginning of the world to this day: and in the view of it melted into tears. His followers have in many places expressed the like sentiments of affection for their countrymen; among which none is more extraordinary than that of the great convert, who wished he himself might be made a curse, provided it might turn to the happiness of his nation; or as he words it, “of his brethren and “kinfmen who are Israelites.” This instance naturally brings to mind the same heroic temper of soul in the great Jewish lawgiver, who would have devoted himself in the same manner rather than see his people perish. It would indeed be difficult to find out any man of extraordinary piety in the sacred writings, in whom this virtue is not highly conspicuous.

cuons. The reader, however, will excuse me, if I take notice of one passage, because it is a very fine one, and wants only a place in some polite author of Greece or Rome to have been admired and celebrated. The king of Syria, lying sick upon his bed, sent Hazael, one of his great officers, to the prophet Elisha to enquire of him whether he should recover. The prophet looked so attentively on this messenger, that it put him into some confusion; or, to quote this beautiful circumstance, and the whole narrative, in the pathetic language of the Scripture, “Elisha  
 “settled his countenance steadfastly upon him until  
 “he was ashamed: And Hazael said, Why weep-  
 “eth my Lord? And he said, Because I know the  
 “evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel:  
 “Their strong holds wilt thou set on fire; and their  
 “men wilt thou slay with the sword; and wilt dash  
 “their children, and rip up their women with child.  
 “And Hazael said; But what! is thy servant a dog,  
 “that he should do this great thing? And Elisha  
 “answered, The Lord hath shewed me that thou  
 “shalt be king over Syria.”

I might enforce these reasons for the love of our country, by considerations adapted to my readers, as they are Englishmen, and as by that means they enjoy a purer religion and more excellent form of government than any other nation under heaven. But being persuaded that every one must look upon himself as indispensably obliged to the practice of a duty which is recommended to him by so many arguments and examples, I shall only desire the honest well-meaning reader, when he turns his thoughts towards the public, rather to consider what opportunities he has of doing good to his native country, than to throw away his time in deciding the rights of Princes, or the like speculations, which are so far beyond his reach. Let us leave these great points to the wisdom of our legislature, and to the determination of those who are the proper judges of our constitution. We shall otherwise be liable to the  
 just

just reproach which is cast upon such christians as waste their lives in the subtle and intricate disputes of religion, when they should be practising the doctrine which it teaches. If there be any right upon earth, any relying on the judgment of our most eminent lawyers and divines, or indeed any certainty in human reason, our present sovereign has an undoubted title to our duty and obedience. But supposing, for argument's sake, that this right were doubtful, and that an Englishman could be divided in his opinion as to the person to whom he should pay his allegiance; in this case, there is no question, but the love of his country ought to cast the balance, and to determine him on that side which is most conducive to the welfare of his community. To bring this to our present case. A man must be destitute of common sense, who is capable of imagining that the Protestant religion could flourish under the government of a biggoted Roman-Catholic, or that our civil rights could be protected by one who has been trained up in the politics of the most arbitrary prince in Europe, and who could not acknowledge his gratitude to his benefactor by any remarkable instance, which would not be detrimental to the British nation. And are these such desirable blessings, that an honest man would endeavour to arrive at them, through the confusions of a civil war, and the blood of many thousands of his fellow-subjects? On the contrary, the arguments for our steady, loyal, and affectionate adherence to King George, are so evident from this single topic, that if ever Briton, instead of aspiring after private wealth or power, would sincerely desire to make his country happy, his present Majesty would not have a single malecontent in his whole dominions.

---

Monday, January 9, 1716\*.

---

*Fraus enim astringit, non dissolvit perjurium.*

CICERO.

Fraud, instead of lessening, enanches perjury.

A T a time when so many of the king's subjects present themselves before their respective magistrates to take the oaths required by law, it may not be improper to awaken in the minds of my readers a due sense of the engagements under which they lay themselves. It is a melancholy consideration, that there should be several among us so hardened and deluded, as to think an oath a proper subject for a jest; and to make this, which is one of the most solemn acts of religion, an occasion of mirth. Yet, such is the depravation of our manners at present, that nothing is more frequent than to hear profligate men ridiculing, to the best of their abilities, these sacred pledges of their duty and allegiance; and endeavouring to be witty upon themselves, for daring to prevaricate with God and man. A poor conceit of their own, or a quotation out of Hudibras, shall make them treat with levity an obligation wherein their safety and welfare are concerned both as to this world and the next. Railery of this nature is enough to make the hearer tremble. As these miscreants seem to glory in the profession of their impiety, there is no man, who has any regard to his duty, or even to his reputation, that can appear in their defence. But if there are others of a more serious turn, who join with us deliberately in these religious professions of loyalty to our sovereign, with any private salvos or evasions, they would do well to consider those maxims, in which all casuists are agreed who have

\* No. 6.

gained

gained any esteem for their learning, judgment or morality. These have unanimously determined that an oath is always to be taken in the sense of that authority which imposes it: And that those whose hearts do not concur with their lips in the form of these public protestations; or who have any mental reserves, or who take an oath against their consciences, upon any motive whatsoever, or with a design to break it, or repent of it; are guilty of perjury. Any of these or the like circumstances, instead of alleviating the crime, make it more heinous, as they are premeditated frauds (which it is the design of an oath to prevent), and the most flagrant instances of insincerity to men, and irreverence to their Maker. For this reason, the perjury of a man who takes an oath with an intention to keep it, and is afterwards seduced to the violation of it, (though a crime not to be thought of without the greatest horror), is yet, in some respects, not quite so black as the perjury above mentioned. It is indeed a very unhappy token of the great corruption of our manners, that there should be any so inconsiderate among us, as to sacrifice the standing and essential duties of morality to the views of politics; and that, as in my last paper, it was not unseasonable to prove the love of our country to be a virtue, so in this there should be any occasion to shew that perjury is a sin. But it is our misfortune to live in an age when such wild and unnatural doctrines have prevailed among some of our fellow-subjects, that if one looks into their schemes of government, they seem, according as they are in the humour, to believe that a sovereign is not to be restrained by his coronation-oath, or his people by their oaths of allegiance: or to represent them in a plainer light, in some reigns they are both for a power and an obedience that is unlimited, and in others are for retrenching within the narrowest bounds, both the authority of the Prince and the allegiance of the subject.

Now, the guilt of perjury is so self-evident, that it was always reckoned amongst the great crimes, by those who were only governed by the light of reason. The inviolable observing of an oath, like the other practical duties of christianity, is a part of natural religion. As reason is common to all mankind, the dictates of it are the same through the whole species: And since every man's own heart will tell him that there can be no greater affront to the Deity whom he worships, than to appeal to him with an intention to deceive; nor a greater injustice to men, than to betray them by false assurances; it is no wonder that pagans and christians, infidels and believers, should concur in a point wherein the honour of the Supreme Being, and the welfare of society, are so highly concerned. For this reason, Pythagoras, to his first precept of honouring the immortal gods, immediately subjoins that of paying veneration to an oath. We may see the reverence which the heathens shewed to these sacred and solemn engagements, from the inconveniences which they often suffered, rather than break through them. We have frequent instances of this kind in the Roman commonwealth; which, as it has been observed by several eminent pagan writers, very much excelled all other pagan governments in the practice of virtue. How far they exceeded in this particular, those great corrupters of christianity, and indeed of natural religion, the Jesuits, may appear from their abhorrence of every thing that looked like a fraudulent or mental evasion. Of this I shall only produce the following instance: Several Romans, who had been taken prisoners by Hannibal, were released, upon obliging themselves by an oath to return again to his camp. Among these there was one, who, thinking to elude the oath, went the same day back to the camp, on pretence of having forgot something. But this prevarication was so shocking to the Roman Senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended, and delivered up to Hannibal.

We

We may farther see the just sense the heathens had of the crime of perjury from the penalties which they inflicted on the person guilty of it. Perjury among the Scythians was a capital crime; and among the Egyptians also was punished with death, as Diodorus Siculus observes, who observes that an offender of this kind is guilty of those two crimes (wherein the malignity of perjury truly consists), a failing in his respect to the Divinity, and in his faith towards men. It is unnecessary to multiply instances of this nature, which may be found in almost every author who has written on this subject.

If men who had no other guide but their reason considered an oath to be of such a tremendous nature, and the violation of it to be so great a crime, it ought to make a much deeper impression upon minds enlightened by revealed religion, as they have more exalted notions of the Divinity. A supposed heathen deity might be so poor in his attributes, so stunted in his knowledge, goodness or power, that a pagan might hope to conceal his perjury from his notice, or not to provoke him should he be discovered; or should he provoke him, not to be punished by him. Nay, he might have produced examples of falsehood and perjury in the gods themselves, to whom he appealed. But as revealed religion has given us a more just and clear idea of the Divine Nature, he whom we appeal to is truth itself, the great searcher of hearts, who will not let fraud and falsehood go unpunished, or "hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." And as, with regard to the Deity, so likewise with regard to man, the obligation of an oath is stronger upon Christians than upon any other part of mankind; and that because charity, truth, mutual confidence and all other social duties, are carried to greater heights, and enforced with stronger motives, by the principles of our religion.

Perjury, with relation to the oaths which are at present required of us, has in it all the aggravating

circumstances which can attend that crime. We take them before the magistrates of public justice; are reminded by the ceremony that it is a part of that obedience which we learn from the gospel; expressly disavow all evasions and mental reservations whatsoever; appeal to Almighty God for the integrity of our hearts, and only desire him to be our helper as we fulfil the oath we there take in his presence. I mention these circumstances, to which several others might be added, because it is a received doctrine among those who have treated of the nature of an oath, that the greater the solemnities are which attend it, the more they aggravate the violation of it. And here, what must be the success that a man can hope for who turns a rebel, after having disclaimed the divine assistance but upon condition of being a faithful and loyal subject? He first of all desires that God may help him as he shall keep his oath, and afterwards hopes to prosper in an enterprise which is the direct breach of it.

Since, therefore, perjury, by the common sense of mankind, the reason of the thing, and from the whole tenor of Christianity, is a crime of so flagitious a nature, we cannot be too careful in avoiding every approach towards it.

The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person, who being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, "I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart." The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation; and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused and brought upon his trial as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any the smallest hint that might open a way to perjury.

And



And here it highly imports us to consider, that we do not only break our oath of allegiance by actual rebellion, but by all those other methods which have a natural and manifest tendency to it. The guilt may lie upon a man, where the penalty cannot take hold of him. Those who speak irreverently of the person to whom they have sworn allegiance; who endeavour to alienate from him the hearts of his subjects; or to inspire the people with dissatisfaction to his government; cannot be thought to be true to the oath they have taken. And as to those who by concerted falsehoods and defamations endeavour to blemish his character or weaken his authority, they incur the complicated guilt both of slander and perjury. The moral crime is completed in such offenders; and there are only accidental circumstances wanting to work it up for the cognizance of the law.

Nor is it sufficient for a man, who has given these solemn assurances to his prince, to forbear the doing him any evil, unless at the same time he do him all the good he can in his proper station of life.

Loyalty is of an active nature, and ought to discover itself in all the instances of zeal and affection to our sovereign: And if we carefully examine the duty of that allegiance which we pledge to his majesty by the oaths that are tendered to us, we shall find, that “we do not only renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to the Pretender, but swear to defend King George to the utmost of our power against all traiterous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever, and to disclose and make known to his majesty all treasons and traiterous conspiracies which we shall know to be against him.”

To conclude:—As among those who have bound themselves by these sacred obligations, the actual traitor or rebel is guilty of perjury in the eye of the law; the secret promoter or well-wisher of the cause is so before the tribunal of conscience. And though I  
should

should be unwilling to pronounce the man who is indolent or indifferent in the cause of his prince to be absolutely perjured; I may venture to affirm, that he falls very short of that allegiance to which he is obliged by oath. Upon the whole, we may be assured, that in a nation which is tied down by such religious and solemn engagements, the people's loyalty will keep pace with their morality; and that in proportion as they are sincere Christians, they will be faithful subjects.

Monday, January 16, 1716\*.

*Adveniet qui vestra dies muliebribus armis  
Verba redarguerit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* II. ver. 687.

Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory;  
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE heard that several ladies of distinction, upon the reading of my fourth paper, are studying methods how to make themselves useful to the public. One has a design of keeping an open tea-table, where every man shall be welcome that is a friend to King George. Another is for setting up an assembly for Basset, where none shall be admitted to punt that have not taken the oaths. A third is upon an invention of a dress which will put every Tory lady out of countenance. I am not informed of the particulars; but am told in general, that she has contrived to shew her principles by the setting of her commode; so that it will be impossible for any woman that is disaffected to be in the fashion. Some of them are of opinion that the fan may be

\* No. 8.

made

made use of with good success against Popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of Rome in various figures; and that their abhorrence of the superstitious use of beads may be very aptly expressed in the make of a pearl necklace. As for the civil part of our constitution, it is unanimously agreed among the leaders of the sex, that there is no glory in making a man their slave who has not naturally a passion for liberty; and to disallow of all professions of passive obedience but from a lover to his mistress.

It happens very luckily for the interest of the Whigs, that their very enemies acknowledge the finest women of Great Britain to be of that party. The Tories are forced to borrow their toasts from their antagonists; and can scarce find beauties enough of their own side to supply a single round of October. One may indeed sometimes discover, among the malignants of the sex, a face that seems naturally flushed with rage, or soured with disappointments, that one cannot but be troubled to see it thrown away upon the owner. Would the pretty malecontent be persuaded to love her king and country, it would diffuse a cheerfulness through all her features, and give her quite another air. I would therefore advise these my gentle readers, as they consult the good of their faces, to forbear frowning upon loyalists, and pouting at the government. In the meantime, what may we not hope from a cause, which is recommended by the allurements of beauty, and the force of truth! It is therefore to be hoped that every fine woman will make this laudable use of her charms; and that she may not want to be frequently reminded of this great duty, I will only desire her to think of her country every time she looks in her glass.

But because it is impossible to prescribe such rules, as shall be suitable to the sex in general, I shall consider them under their several divisions of maids, wives, and widows.

As

As for virgins who are unexperienced in the wiles of men, they would do well to consider how little they are to rely on the faith of lovers, who in less than a year have broken their allegiance to their lawful sovereign, and what credit is to be given to the vows and protestations of such who shew themselves so little afraid of perjury. Besides, what would an innocent young lady think, should she marry a man without examining his principles, and afterwards find herself got with child by a rebel?

In the next place, every wife ought to answer for her man. If the husband be engaged in a seditious club, or drinks mysterious healths, or be frugal of his candles on a rejoicing night, let her look to him, and keep him out of harm's way; or the world will be apt to say, she has a mind to be a widow before her time. She ought in such cases to exert the authority of the curtain-lecture; and if she find him of a rebellious disposition, to tame him, as they do birds of prey, by dinning him in the ears all night long.

Widows may be supposed women of too good sense not to discountenance all practices that have a tendency to the destruction of mankind. Besides, they have a greater interest in property than either maids or wives, and do not hold their jointures by the precarious tenure of portions and pin-money: so that it is as unnatural for a Dowager, as a Freeholder, to be an enemy to our constitution.

As nothing is more instructive than examples, I would recommend to the perusal of our British virgins the story of Clelia a Roman spinster, whose behaviour is represented, by all their historians as one of the chief motives that discouraged the Tarquins from prosecuting their attempt to regain the throne, from whence they had been expelled. Let the married woman reflect upon the glory acquired by the wife of Coriolanus, who, when her husband, after long exile, was returning into his country  
with

with fire and sword, diverted him from so cruel and unnatural an enterprize. And let those who have outlived their husbands never forget their country-woman widow Boadicia, who headed her troops in person against the invasion of a Roman army, and encouraged them with this memorable saying, "I, who am a woman, am resolved upon victory or death: but as for you who are men, you may, if you please, choose life and slavery."

But I do not propose to our British ladies, that they should turn Amazons in the service of their Sovereign, nor so much as let their nails grow for the defence of their country. The men will take the work of the field off their hands, and shew the world that English valour cannot be matched, when it is animated by English beauty. I do not however disapprove the project which is now on foot for a female association; and since I hear the fair confederates cannot agree among themselves upon a form, shall presume to lay before them the following rough draught, to be corrected or improved, as they in their wisdom shall think fit.

"**W**E the consorts, relicts and spinsters of the  
 " wife of Great Britain, whose names are  
 " underwritten, being most passionately offended at  
 " the falsehood and perfidiousness of certain faithless  
 " men, and at the lukewarmth and indifference of  
 " others, have entered into a voluntary association  
 " for the good and safety of our constitution. And  
 " we do hereby engage ourselves to raise and arm  
 " our vassals for the service of his Majesty King  
 " George, and him to defend with our tongues  
 " and hearts, our eyes, eye-lashes, favourites, lips,  
 " dimples, and every feature, whether natural or ac-  
 " quired. We promise publicly and openly to avow  
 " the loyalty of our principles in every word we  
 " shall utter, and every patch we shall stick on. We  
 " do further promise to annoy the enemy with all  
 " the flames, darts and arrows with which nature  
 " has

“ has armed us ; never to correspond with them by  
 “ figh, ogle, or billet-doux ; not to have any inter-  
 “ course with them either in snuff or tea ; nor to ac-  
 “ cept the civility of any man’s hand who is not rea-  
 “ dy to use it in the defence of his country. We  
 “ are determined in so good a cause to endure the  
 “ greatest hardships and severities, if there should be  
 “ occasion ; and even to wear the manufacture of  
 “ our country rather than appear the friends of a  
 “ foreign interest in the richest French brocade :  
 “ And, forgetting all private feuds, jealousies and  
 “ animosities, we do unanimously oblige ourselves  
 “ by this our association, to stand and fall by one  
 “ another, as loyal and faithful sisters and fellow  
 “ subjects.”

*N. B.* This association will be lodged at Mr. Mot-  
 teaux’s, where attendance will be given to the sub-  
 scribers, who are to be ranged in their respective col-  
 umns, as maids, wives, and widows.

---

*Monday, January 23, 1716\*.*

---

*Potior visa est periculosa libertas quieto servitio.*

SALUST. FRAG. l. i.

Liberty with danger is preferable to servitude  
 with security.

ONE may venture to affirm, that all honest and  
 disinterested Britons of what party soever, if  
 they understood one another, are of the same opi-  
 nion in points of government : and that the gross of  
 the people, who are imposed upon by terms which  
 they do not comprehend, are Whigs in their hearts.  
 They are made to believe, that passive obedience  
 and non-resistance, unlimited power and indefeasible

\* No. 10.

right,

right, have something of a venerable and religious meaning in them; whereas in reality they only imply that a king of Great Britain has a right to be a tyrant, and that his subjects are obliged in conscience to be slaves. Were the case truly and fairly laid before them, they would know, that when they make a profession of such principles, they renounce their legal claim to liberty and property, and unwarily submit to what they really abhor.

It is our happiness under the present reign, to hear our King from the throne exhorting us to be "zealous assertors of the liberties of our country;" which exclude all pretensions to an arbitrary, tyrannic, or despotic power. Those who have the misfortune to live under such a power, have no other law but the will of their prince, and consequently no privileges but what are precarious: For though in some arbitrary governments there may be a body of laws observed in the ordinary forms of justice, they are not sufficient to secure any rights to the people; because they may be dispensed with, or laid aside, at the pleasure of the sovereign.

And here it very much imports us to consider, that arbitrary power naturally tends to make a man a bad Sovereign, who might possibly have been a good one, had he been invested with an authority limited and circumscribed by laws. None can doubt of this tendency in arbitrary power, who consider, that it fills the mind of man with great and unreasonable conceits of himself; raises him into a belief, that he is of a superior species to his subjects; extinguishes in him the principle of fear, which is one of the greatest motives to all duties; and creates an ambition of magnifying himself, by the exertion of such a power in all its instances. So great is the danger, that when a sovereign can do what he will, he will do what he can.

One of the most arbitrary princes in our age was Muley Ishmael, Emperor of Morocco, who, after a long reign, died about a twelvemonth ago. This prince

was a man of much wit and natural sense, of an active temper, undaunted courage, and great application. He was a descendent of Mahomet; and so exemplary for his adherence to the law of his prophet, that he abstained all his life from the taste of wine; began the annual feast, or lent of Ramadan, two months before his subjects; was frequent in his prayers; and that he might not want opportunities of kneeling, had fixed in all the spacious courts of his palace large consecrated stones pointing towards the east, for any occasional exercise of his devotion. What might not have been hoped from a prince of these endowments, had they not all been rendered useless and ineffectual to the good of his people by the notion of that power which they ascribed to him! This will appear, if we consider how he exercised it towards his subjects in those three great points, which are the chief end of government, the preservation of their lives, the security of their fortunes, and the determination of justice between man and man.

Foreign envoys, who have given an account of their audiences, describe this holy man mounted on horseback in an open court, with several of his Alcyades, or governors of provinces, about him, standing barefoot, trembling, bowing to the earth, and at every word he spoke, breaking out into passionate exclamations of praise, as, "Great is the wisdom of our Lord the King; Our Lord the King speaks as an angel from Heaven." Happy was the man among them, who was so much a favourite as to be sent on an errand to the most remote street in his capital; which he performed with the greatest alacrity, ran through every puddle that lay in his way, and took care to return out of breath and covered with dirt, that he might shew himself a diligent and faithful minister. His Majesty at the same time, to exhibit the greatness of his power, and shew his horsemanship, seldom dismissed the foreigner from his presence, until he had entertained him with the slaughter of two or three of his liege subjects, whom he  
very



very dexterously put to death with the tilt of his lance. St. Olon, the French envoy, tells us, that when he had his last audience of him, he received him in robes just stained with an execution; and that he was blooded up to his elbows by a couple of Moors whom he had been butchering with his own imperial hands. By the calculation of that author, and many others, who have since given an account of his exploits, we may reckon that by his own arm, he killed above forty thousand of his people. To render himself the more awful, he chose to wear a garb of a particular colour when he was bent upon execution; so that when he appeared in yellow, his great men hid themselves in corners, and durst not pay their court to him, till he had satiated his thirst of blood by the death of some of his loyal commoners, or of such unwary officers of state as chanced to come in his way. Upon this account, we are told, that the first news enquired after every morning at Mequinez, was, whether the Emperor were stirring, and in a good or bad humour? As this prince was a great admirer of architecture, and employed many thousands in works of that kind, if he did not approve the plan or the performance, it was usual for him to shew the delicacy of his taste by demolishing the building, and putting to death all that had a hand in it. I have heard but of one instance of his mercy, which was shewn to the Master of an English vessel. This our countryman presented him with a curious hatchet, which he received very graciously: and asking him whether it had a good edge, tried it upon the donor, who, slipping aside from the blow, escaped with the loss only of his right ear; for old Muley, upon second thoughts, considering that it was not one of his own subjects, stopped his hand, and would not send him to Paradise. I cannot quit this article of his tenderness for the lives of his people, without mentioning one of his Queens whom he was remarkably fond of; as also a favourite Prime Minister, who was very dear

dear to him. The first died by a kick of her Lord the King, when she was big with child, for having gathered a flower as she was walking with him in his pleasure garden. The other was bastinadoed to death by his Majesty; who, repenting of the drubs he had given him when it was too late, to manifest his esteem for the memory of so worthy a man, executed the surgeon that could not cure him.

This absolute monarch was as notable a guardian of the fortunes, as of the lives of his subjects. When any man among his people grew rich, in order to keep him from being dangerous to the state, he used to send for all his goods and chattels. His governors of towns and provinces, who formed themselves upon the example of their Grand Monarque, practis'd rapine, violence, extortion, and all the arts of despotic government in their respective districts, that they might be the better enabled to make him their yearly presents; for the greatest of his Viceroy's could only propose to himself a comfortable subsistence out of the plunder of his province, and was in certain danger of being recalled or hanged, if he did not remit the bulk of it to his dread sovereign. That he might make a right use of these prodigious treasures, which flowed into him from all the parts of his wide empire, he took care to bury them under ground, by the hands of his most trusty slaves, and then cut their throats, as the most effectual method to keep them from making discoveries. These were his ways and means for raising money, by which he weakened the hands of the factious, and in any case of emergency could employ the whole wealth of his empire, which he had thus amassed together in his subterraneous exchequer.

As there is no such thing as property under an arbitrary government, you may learn what was Mulley Ishmael's notion of it from the following story. Being upon the road, amidst his life-guards, a little before the time of the Ram-Feast, he met one of his Alcyades at the head of his servants, who were driv-  
ing

ing a great flock of sheep to market. The Emperor asked whose they were: The Alcyade answered with profound submission, "They are mine, O Ishmael! "son of Elcherif, of the line of Hassan." "Thine! "thou son of a cuckold," said this servant of the Lord, "I thought I had been the only proprietor "in this country;" upon which he run him through the body with his lance, and very piously distributed the sheep among his guards for the celebration of the feast.

His determinations of justice between man and man were indeed very summary and decisive, and generally put an end to the vexations of a law-suit, by the ruin both of plaintiff and defendant. Travellers have recorded some samples of this kind, which may give us an idea of the blessings of his administration. One of his Alcyades complaining to him of a wife, whom he had received from his Majesty's hand, and therefore could not divorce her, that she used to pull him by the beard; the Emperor, to redress this grievance, ordered his beard to be plucked up by the roots, that he might not be liable to any more such affronts. A country farmer having accused some of his negro guards for robbing him of a drove of oxen, the Emperor readily shot the offenders: But afterwards demanding reparation of the accuser for the loss of so many brave fellows, and finding him insolvent, compounded the matter with him by taking away his life. There are many other instances of the same kind. I must observe however under this head, that the only good thing he is celebrated for, during his whole reign, was the clearing of the roads and highways of robbers, with which they used to be very much infested. But his method was to slay man, woman, and child, who live within a certain distance from the place where the robbery was committed. This extraordinary piece of justice could not but have its effects, by making every road in his empire unsafe for the profession of a free-booter.

I must

I must not omit this Emperor's reply to Sir Cloudefly Shovel, who had taken several of his subjects by way of reprisal for the English captives that were detained in his dominions. Upon the admiral's offering to exchange them on very advantageous terms, this good Emperor sent him word the subjects he had taken were poor men, not worth the ransoming; and that he might throw them over board, or destroy them otherwise, as he pleased.

Such was the government of Muley Ishmael, "the servant of God, the Emperor of the faithful, who was courageous in the way of the Lord; the noble, the good."

To conclude this account, which is extracted from the best authorities; I shall only observe that he was a great admirer of his late most Christian Majesty. In a letter to him, he compliments him with the title of "sovereign arbiter of the actions and wills of his people." And in a book published by a Frenchman, who was sent to him as an Ambassador, is the following passage, "He is absolute in his states, and often compares himself to the Emperor of France, who, he says, is the only person that knows how to reign like himself, and to make his will the law."

This was the Emperor of France, to whom the person, who has a great mind to be King of these realms, owed his education, and from whom he learned his notions of government. What should hinder one, whose mind is so well seasoned with such prepossessions, from attempting to copy after his patron, in the exercise of such a power; especially considering that the party who espouse his interest, never fails to compliment a Prince, that distributes all his places among them, with unlimited power on his part, and unconditional obedience on that of his subjects.

---

Friday, September 30, 1713\*.

---

*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Evil to him that evil thinks.

BY our latest advices, both from town and country, it appears, that the ladies of Great-Britain who are "able to bear arms," that is, to smile or frown to any purpose, have already begun to commit hostilities upon the men of each opposite party. To this end we are assured that many of them on both sides exercise before their glasses every morning; that they have already cashiered several of their followers as mutineers, who have contradicted them in some political conversations; and that the Whig ladies in particular design very soon to have a general review of their forces at a play bespoke by one of their leaders. This set of ladies, indeed, as they daily do duty at court, are much more expert in the use of their airs and graces than their female antagonists, who are most of them bred in the country: So that the sisterhood of loyalists, in respect of the fair malecontents, are like an army of regular forces, compared with a raw undisciplined militia.

It is to this misfortune in their education, that we may ascribe the rude and opprobrious language with which the disaffected part of the sex treat the present Royal Family. A little lively rustick, who hath been trained up in ignorance and prejudice, will prattle treason a whole winter's evening, and string together a parcel of silly seditious stories, that are equally void of decency and truth. Nay, you sometimes meet with a zealous matron, who sets up for the pattern of a parish, uttering such invectives as

are highly misbecoming her, both as a woman and a subject. In answer, therefore, to such disloyal tergiversants, I shall repeat to them a speech of the honest and blunt Duc du Sully to an assembly of Popish Ladies, who were railing very bitterly against Henry the fourth, at his accession to the French throne; "Ladies, said he, you have a very good King, if you know when you are well. However, set your hearts at rest; for he is not a man to be scolded or scratched out of his kingdom."

But as I never care to speak of the fair sex, unless I have an occasion to praise them, I shall take my leave of these ungentle damsels; and only beg of them, not to make themselves less amiable than nature designed them, by being rebels to the best of their abilities, and endeavouring to bring their country into bloodshed and confusion. Let me therefore recommend to them the example of those beautiful associates, whom I mentioned in my eighth paper, as I have received the particulars of their behaviour from the person with whom I lodged their association.

This association being written at length in a large roll of the finest vellum, with three distinct columns for the maids, wives, and widows, was opened for the subscribers near a fortnight ago. Never was a subscription for a Raffle or an Opera more crowded. There is scarce a celebrated beauty about town that you may not find in one of the three lists; insomuch, that if a man who did not know the design, should read only the names of the subscribers, he would fancy every column to be a catalogue of toasts. Mr. Motteux has been heard to say more than once, that if he had the portraits of all the associates, they would make a finer auction of pictures, than he or any body else had ever exhibited.

Several of these ladies indeed criticised upon the form of the association. One of them, after the perusal of it, wondered that among the features to be used in defence of their country, there was no mention made of teeth; upon which she smiled very charmingly,

charmingly, and discovered as fine a set as ever eye beheld. Another, who was a tall lovely prude, holding up her head in a most majestic manner, said, with some disdain, she thought a good neck might have done his majesty as much service as smiles or dimples. A third looked upon the association as defective, because so necessary a word as hands was omitted; and by her manner of taking up the pen, it was easy to guess the reason of her objection.

Most of the persons who associated, have done much more than by the letter of the association they were obliged to; having not only set their names to it, but subscribed their several aids and subsidies for the carrying on so good a cause. In the virgin column is one who subscribes fifteen lovers, all of them good men and true. There is another who subscribes five admirers, with one tall handsome black man fit to be a colonel. In short, there is scarce one in this list who does not engage herself to supply a quota of brisk young fellows, many of them already equipt with hats and feathers. Among the rest was a pretty sprightly coquette, with sparkling eyes, who subscribed two quivers of arrows.

In the column of wives, the first who took pen in hand, writ her own name and one vassal, meaning her husband. Another subscribes her husband and three sons. Another her husband and six coach-horses. Most in this catalogue paired themselves with their respective mates, answering for them as men of honest principles, and fit for the service.

*N. B.* There were two in this column that wore association ribbons: The first of them subscribed her husband, and her husband's friend; the second a husband and five lovers: but upon enquiring into their characters, they are both of them found to be Tories, who hung out false colours to be spies upon the association, or to insinuate to the world by their subscriptions, as if a lady of Whig principles could love any man besides her husband.

The widow's column is headed by a fine woman, who calls herself Boadicea, and subscribes six hundred tenants. It was indeed observed that the strength of the association lay most in this column: every widow, in proportion to her jointure, having a great number of admirers, and most of them distinguished as able men. Those who have examined this list, compute that there may be three regiments out of it, in which there shall not be one man under six foot high.

I must not conclude this account, without taking notice of the association-ribbon, by which these beautiful confederates have agreed to distinguish themselves. It is indeed so pretty an ornament, that I wonder any English woman will be without it. A lady of the association, who bears this badge of allegiance upon her breast, naturally produces a desire in every male beholder of gaining a place in a heart which carries on it such a visible mark of its fidelity. When the beauties of our island are thus industrious to shew these principles, as well as their charms, they raise the sentiments of their countrymen, and inspire them at the same time both with loyalty and love. What numbers of profelytes may we not expect, when the most amiable of Britons thus exhibit to their admirers the only terms upon which they are to hope for any correspondence or alliance with them! It is well known that the greatest blow the French nation ever received, was the dropping of a fine lady's garter, in the reign of king Edward the Third. The most remarkable battles which have been since gained over that nation, were fought under the auspices of a blue ribbon. As our British ladies have still the same faces, and our men the same hearts, why may we not hope for the same glorious achievements from the influence of this beautiful breast-knot?



---

Friday, February 10. 1716\*.

---

— *Auxilium, quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,  
Dixit, ab hoste petam: Vultus avertite vestros,  
Si quis amicus adest; et Gorgonis extulit ora.*

OVID Met. l. 5. ver. 178.

Since thus unequally you fight, 'tis time,  
He cry'd, to punish your presumptuous crime:  
Beware, my friend: his friends were soon prepar'd,  
Their fight averting, high the head he rear'd,  
And *Gorgon* on his foes severely star'd.

MANWARING.

**I**T is with great pleasure that I see a race of female patriots springing up in this island. The fairest among the daughters of Great-Britain no longer confine their cares to a domestic life, but are grown anxious for the welfare of their country, and shew themselves good stateswomen as well as good housewives.

Our she-confederates keep pace with us in quashing that rebellion which had begun to spread itself among part of the fair sex. If the men who are true to their king and country, have taken Preston and Perth, the ladies have possessed themselves of the opera and the playhouse with as little opposition or bloodshed. The non-resisting women, like their brothers in the Highlands, think no post tenable against an army that makes so fine an appearance; and dare not look them in the face, when they are drawn up in battle array.

As an instance of the cheerfulness in our fair fellow subjects, to oppose the design of the Pretender, I did but suggest in one of my former Papers, "That

\* No. 15.

" against

“ against popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of  
 “ the church of Rome in various figures;” when  
 immediately they took the hint, and have since had  
 frequent consultations upon several ways and me-  
 thods “ to make the fan useful.” They have un-  
 animously agreed upon the following resolutions,  
 which are indeed very suitable to ladies who are at  
 the same time the most beautiful and the most loyal  
 of their sex. To hide their faces behind the fan,  
 when they observe a Tory gazing upon them. Ne-  
 ver to peep through it, but in order to pick out men,  
 whose principles make them worth the conquest.  
 To return no other answer to a Tory’s addresses, than  
 by counting the sticks of it all the while he is talk-  
 ing to them. To avoid dropping it in the neigh-  
 bourhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an  
 opportunity of taking it up. To shew their disbe-  
 lief of any Jacobite story by a flirt of it. To fall a  
 fanning themselves, when a Tory comes into one of  
 their assemblies, as being disordered at the sight  
 of him.

These are the uses by which every fan may in the  
 hands of a fine woman become serviceable to the  
 public. But they have at present under consider-  
 ation certain fans of a Protestant make, that they  
 may have a more extensive influence, and raise an ab-  
 horrence of Popery in a whole crowd of beholders: For  
 they intend to let the world see what party they are  
 of, by figures and designs upon these fans; as the  
 knights-errant used to distinguish themselves by de-  
 vices on their shields.

There are several sketches of pictures which have  
 been already presented to the ladies for their appro-  
 bation; and out of which several have made their  
 choice. A pretty young lady will very soon appear  
 with a fan, which has on it a nunnery of lively  
 black-eyed vestals, who are endeavouring to creep  
 out at the grates. Another has a fan mounted with  
 a fine paper, on which is represented a groupe of  
 people upon their knees very devoutly worshipping

an old ten-penny nail. A certain Lady of great learning has chosen for her device the council of Trent; and another, who has a good satirical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge taudry woman, representing the whore of Babylon, which she is resolved to spread full in the face of any sister-disputant, whose arguments have a tendency to popery. The following designs are executed on several mountings. The ceremony of the holy pontiff opening the mouth of a cardinal in a full consistory. An old gentleman with a triple crown upon his head, and big with child, being the portrait of Pope Joan. Bishop Bonnar purchasing great quantities of faggots and brush-wood for the conversion of heretics. A figure reaching at a sceptre with one hand, and holding a chaplet of beads in the other; with a distant view of Smithfield.

When our Ladies make their zeal thus visible upon their fans, and, every time they open them, display an error of the church of Rome, it cannot but have a good effect, by shewing the enemies of our present establishment the folly of what they are contending for. At least, every one must allow that fans are much more innocent engines for propagating the Protestant religion, than racks, wheels, gibbets, and the like machines, which are made use of for the advancement of the Roman Catholic. Besides, as every Lady will of course study her fan, she will be a perfect mistress of the contraversty at least in one point of popery; and as her curiosity will put her upon the perusal of every other fan that is fashionable, I doubt not but in a very little time there will scarce be a woman of quality in Great Britain, who would not be an over-match for an Irish priest.

The beautiful part of this island, whom I am proud to number amongst the most candid of my readers, will likewise do well to reflect, that our dispute at present concerns our civil as well as religious rights. I shall therefore only offer it to their thoughts, as a point that highly deserves their consideration, whether

ther the fan may not also be made use of with regard to our political constitution. As a freeholder, I would not have them confine their cares for us as we are Protestants, but at the same time have an eye to our happiness as we are Britons. In this case, they would give a new turn to the minds of their countrymen, if they would exhibit on their fans the several grievances of a tyrannical government. Why might not an audience of Muley Ishmael, or a Turk dropping his handkerchief in his seraglio, be proper subjects to express their abhorrence both of despotic power, and of male tyranny? Or if they have a fancy for burlesque, what would they think of a French cobbler cutting shoes for several of his fellow-subjects out of an old apple tree? On the contrary, a fine woman, who would maintain the dignity of her sex, might bear a string of galley-slaves, dragging their chains the whole breadth of her fan; and at the same time, to celebrate her own triumphs, might order every slave to be drawn with the face of one of her admirers.

I only propose these as hints to my gentle readers, which they may alter or improve as they shall think fit: But cannot conclude without congratulating our country upon this disposition among the most amiable of its inhabitants, to consider in their ornaments the advantage of the public as well as of their persons. It was with the same spirit, though not with the same politeness, that the ancient British women had the figures of monsters painted on their naked bodies, in order, as our historians tell us, to make themselves beautiful in the eyes of their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies. If this project goes on, we may boast, that our sister Whigs have the finest fans, as well as the most beautiful faces, of any ladies in the world. At least, we may venture to foretel, that the figures in their fans will lessen the Tory interest, much more than those in the Oxford almanacks will advance it.

---

Monday, March 5, 1716\*.

---

*Studiis rudis, sermone barbarus, impetu strenuus,  
manu promptus, cogitatione celer.*

VEL. PATERC.

Unpolitely educated, expressing himself in vulgar language, boisterous, eager at a fray, and over hasty in taking up an opinion.

FOR the honour of his Majesty, and the safety of his government, we cannot but observe, that those who have appeared the greatest enemies to both, are of that rank of men who are commonly distinguished by the title of Fox-hunters. As several of these have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politics, should such men be able to overturn an establishment which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of these country-gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them.

That I may give my readers an image of these rural statesmen, I shall, without farther preface, set down an account of a discourse I chanced to have with one of them some time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remotest parts of England; when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, seeing a country-gentleman trotting before me with a spaniel by his horse's side, I made up to him. Our conversation

VOL. IV.

3 F

tion

\* No. 22.

tion opened, as usual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous, having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of year. My fellow-traveller, upon this, observed to me, there had been no good weather since the Revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark; but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King Charles the Second's reign. I only answered, that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the King's fault; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him, whose house it was we saw upon a rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. such-a-one. "You must have heard of him," says he, "he is one of the rump." I knew the gentleman's character upon hearing his name; but assured him, that to my knowledge he was a good churchman. Ay! says he with a kind of surprise, "we are told in the country, that he spoke twice in the Queen's time against taking off the duties upon French claret." This naturally led us into the proceedings of late Parliaments; upon which occasion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law passed since King William's accession to the throne, except the act for preserving the game. I had a mind to see him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. "Is it not hard," says he, "that honest gentlemen should be taken into custody of messengers to prevent them from acting according to their consciences? But," says he, "what can we expect when a parcel of factious sons of whores"—He was going on in a great passion; but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still until he had whistled him up; when he fell into a long panegyric upon his spaniel, who seemed indeed excellent in his kind: But I found the most remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a dissenting-teacher. The master  
could

could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of this story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and, as he himself told me, had made him a great favourite among all the honest gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this piece of mirth by a post-boy, who, winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curses, and left the way clear for him. "I fancy," said I, "that post brings news from Scotland. I shall long to see the next Gazette." "Sir," says he, "I make it a rule never to believe any of your printed news. We never see, Sir, how things go, except now and then in Dyer's Letter, and I read that more for the stile than the news. The man has a clever pen, it must be owned. But is it not strange that we should be making war upon Church of England men with Dutch and Swiss soldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? These foreigners will never be loved in England, Sir; they have not that wit and good breeding that we have." I must confess, I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance value himself upon these qualifications; but finding him such a critic upon foreigners, I asked him, if he had ever travelled? He told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horse, to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience: To which he added, that he scarce ever knew a Traveller in his life who had not forsook his principles, and lost his hunting-seat. "For my part," says he, "I and my father before me have always been for passive obedience, and shall be always for opposing a Prince who makes use of Ministers that are of another opinion. But where do you intend to inn to-night? (for we were now come in sight of the next town) I can help you to a very good landlord, if you will go along with me. He is a lusty jolly fellow, that lives well, at least three yards in the girth, and the best Church of England man

“ upon the road.” I had the curiosity to see this high-church inn-keeper, as well as to enjoy more of the conversation of my fellow-traveller; and therefore readily consented to set our horses together for that night. As we rode side by side through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another a whelp, another a cur, and another the son of a bitch; under which several denominations were comprehended all that voted on the Whig side in the last election of burgesses. As for those of his own party, he distinguished them by a nod of his head, and asked them, how they did by their Christian names. Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion fetched out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments and private whispers passed between them; though it was easy to see, by the landlord’s scratching his head, that things did not go to their wishes. The landlord had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to such a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the Church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropped in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself; but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses. While supper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happiness of the neighbouring shire; “ for,” says he, “ there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole country, except the Bishop.” In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politics, but not one word of religion, from the Parson of his parish; and indeed, that he had scarce any other notion of religion, but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians. I had a remarkable instance of his notions in this particular. Upon seeing a poor decrepit old woman pass under the window where he sat, he desired me to take notice of her; and afterwards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country



try people ; but that, for his part, he was apt to believe, he was a Presbyterian.

Supper was no sooner served in, than he took occasion, from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of England, which would be the happiest country in the world, provided we would live within ourselves. Upon which he expatiated upon the inconveniences of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of England. He then declared frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners. "Our wooden walls," says he, "are our security ; and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the militia is out." I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the English fleet as he had ; but I could not see how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied, with some vehemence, that he would undertake to prove trade would be the ruin of the English nation. I would fain have put him upon it ; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly ; to which he added two or three curses upon the London merchants, not forgetting the directors of the bank. After supper, he asked me, if I was an admirer of punch ; and immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that water was the only native of England that could be made use of on this occasion : But that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion ; but the landlord, who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, that for constant use there was no liquor like a cup of English water, provided it had malt enough in it. My squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord sit down with us. We sat pretty late over our punch ; and amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths

of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that they both assured me, were the ablest statesmen in the nation: And of some Londoners, whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanack, that the moon was up, he called for his horses, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles distance from the town, after having bethought himself, that he never slept well out of his own bed. He shook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of shewing his parts; and left me a much wiser man than he found me.

---

*Friday, March 9, 1716\*.*

---

*Illis ira modum supra est, et sepe venenum moribus  
Inspirant—*

VIR. GEORG. 4. VER. 236.

—————The wrathful race,  
When once provok'd, assault the aggressor's face;  
There fix their strings.

DRYDEN.

**I**N the wars of Europe which were waged among our forefathers, it was usual for the enemy, when there was a King in the field, to demand by a trumpet in what part of the camp he resided, that they might avoid firing upon the royal pavilion. Our party-contests in England were heretofore managed with the same kind of decency and good breeding. The person of the Prince was always looked upon as sacred; and whatever severe usage his friends or

\* No. 23.

ministers

ministers met with, none presumed to direct their hostilities at their sovereign. The enemies of our present settlement are of such a coarse kind of make, and so equally void of loyalty and good manners, that they are grown scurrilous upon the Royal Family, and treat the most exalted characters with the most opprobrious language.

This petulance in conversation is particularly observed to prevail among some of that sex where it appears the most unbecoming and the most unnatural. Many of these act with the greater licentiousness, because they know they can act with the greater impunity. This consideration indeed engages the most generous and well-bred even of our she-malecontents, to make no ill use of the indulgence of our lawgivers, and to discover in their debates, at least the delicacy of the woman, if not the duty of the subject. But it is generally remarked, that every one of them, who is a shrew in domestic life, is now become a scold in politics. And as for those of the party who are of a superior rank, and unblemished virtue, it must be a melancholy reflection for them to consider, that all the common women of the town are of their side; for which reason they ought to preserve a more than ordinary modesty in their satirical excursions, that their characters may not be liable to suspicion.

If there is not some method found out for allaying these heats and animosities among the fair sex, one does not know to what outrages they may proceed. I remember a hero in Scarron, who finding himself opposed by a mixed multitude of both sexes with a great deal of virulent language, after having brought them to a submission, gave order (to keep them from doing farther mischief) that the men should be disarmed of their clubs, and that the women should have their nails pared. We are not yet reduced to the necessity of applying such violent remedies; but as we daily receive accounts of ladies battling on both sides, and those who appear against the

the

the constitution make war upon their antagonists by many unfair practices and unwarrantable methods, I think it is very convenient there should be a cartel settled between them. If they have not yet agreed upon any thing of this nature among themselves, I would propose to them the following plan, in which I have sketched out several rules suited to the politest sex in one of the most civilized nations.

**T**HAT in every political rencounter between woman and woman, no weapon shall be made use of but the tongue.

That in the course of the engagement, if either of the combatants, finding herself hard prest by her adversary, shall proceed to personal reflections or discovery of secrets, they shall be parted by the standers-by.

That when both sides are drawn up in a full assembly, it shall not be lawful for above five of them to talk at the same time.

That if any shall detract from a lady's character (unless she be absent), the said detractors shall be forthwith ordered to the lowest place of the room.

That none presume to speak disrespectfully of his Majesty, or any of the Royal family, on pain of three hours silence.

That none be permitted to talk spitefully of the court, unless they can produce vouchers that they have been there.

That the making use of news which goes about in whisper, unless the author be produced, or the fact well attested, shall be deemed fighting with white powder, and contrary to the laws of war.

That any one who produces libels or lampoons, shall be regarded in the same manner as one who shoots with poisoned bullets.

That when a lady is thoroughly convinced of the falshood of any story she has related, she shall give her parole not to tell it for a certain truth that winter.

That

That when any matter of doubt arises which cannot otherwise be decided, appeal shall be made to a toss, if there be any such in the company.

That no coquette, notwithstanding she can do it with a good air, shall be allowed to sigh for the danger of the church, or to shiver at the apprehensions of fanaticism.

That when a woman has talked an hour and an half, it shall be lawful to call her down to order.

As this civil discord among the sisterhood of Great-Britain is likely to engage them in a long and lingering war, consisting altogether of drawn battles, it is the more necessary that there should be a cartel settled among them. Besides, as our English ladies are at present the greatest stateswomen in Europe, they will be in danger of making themselves the most unamiable part of their sex, if they continue to give a loose to intemperate language, and to a low kind of ribaldry, which is not used among the women of fashion in any other country.

Discretion and good nature have been always looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman, "whose price is above rubies," has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man, more endearing, than that "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Besides, every fierce she-zealot should consider, that however any other of the sex may seem to applaud her as a partisan, there is none of them who would not be afraid of associating himself with her in any of the more private relations of life.

I shall only add, that there is no talent so pernicious as eloquence, to those who have it not under command: For which reason, women, who are so liberally gifted by nature in this particular, ought to study with the greatest application, the rules of female oratory delivered in that excellent treatise, intitled, "the government of the tongue." Had that author foreseen the political ferment which is now raised

among the sex, he would probably have made his book larger by some chapters than it is at present: But what is wanting in that work, may, I hope, in some measure, be supplied by the above written cartel.

---

Friday, March 23, 1716\*.

---

*Dii visa secudent.*

Luc. lib. 1. ver. 630.

Prosper the vision, heav'n!

**I**T is an old observation, that a time of peace is always a time of prodigies; for as our news-writers must adorn their papers with that which the critical call the marvellous, they are forced in a dead calm of affairs, to ransack every element for proper amusements, and either to astonish their readers from time to time with a strange and wonderful sight, or be content to lose their custom. The sea is generally filled with monsters when there are no fleets upon it. Mount *Ætna* immediately began to rage upon the extinction of the rebellion: And wo to the people of *Catanea*, if the peace continues; for they are sure to be shaken every week with earthquakes, until they are relieved by the siege of some other great town in Europe. The air has likewise contributed its quota of prodigies. We had a blazing star by the last mail from *Genoa*; and in the present dearth of battles have been very opportunely entertained by persons of undoubted credit, with a civil war in the clouds, where our sharp-sighted malecontents discovered many objects invisible to an eye that is dimmed by Whig principles.

I question not but this paper will fall in with the present humour, since it contains a very remarkable

vision of a Highland Seer, who is famous among the mountains, and known by the name of Second-sighted Sawney. Had he been able to write, we might probably have seen this vision sooner in print; for it happened to him very early in the late hard winter; and is transmitted to me by a student of Glasgow, who took the whole relation from him, and stuck close to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own stile.

**S**AWNEY was descended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their skill in prognostics. Most of his ancestors were second sighted; and his mother but narrowly escaped being burnt for a witch. As he was going out one morning very early to steal a sheep, he was seized on the sudden with a fit of second sight. The face of the whole country about him was changed in the twinkling of an eye, and presented him with a wide prospect of new scenes and objects, which he had never seen until that day.

He discovered at a great distance from him a large fabric, which cast such a glittering light about it, that it looked like a huge rock of diamond. Upon the top of it was planted a standard, streaming in a strong northern wind, and embroidered with a mixture of thistles and flower-de-luces. As he was amusing himself with this strange sight, he heard a bagpipe at some distance behind him; and, turning about, saw a general, who seemed very much animated with the sound of it, marching towards him at the head of a numerous army. He learnt upon enquiry, that they were making a procession to the structure which stood before him, and which he found was the temple of rebellion. He immediately struck in with them; but described this march to the temple with so much horror, that he shivered every joint all the while he spoke of it. They were forced to clamber over so many rocks, and to tread upon the brink of so many precipices, that they were often

in danger of their lives. Sawney declared, that, for his own part, he walked in fear of his neck every step he took. Upon their coming within a few furlongs of the temple, they passed through a very thick grove, consecrated to a deity, who was known by the name of Treason. They here dispersed themselves into abundance of labyrinths and covered walks, which led to the temple. The path was so very slippery, the shade so exceeding gloomy, and the whole wood so full of echoes, that they were forced to march with the greatest wariness, circumspection and silence. They at length arrived at a great gate, which was the principal avenue to that magnificent fabric. Sawney stood some time at the entrance to observe the splendor of the building, and was not a little entertained with a prodigious number of statues, which were planted up and down in a spacious court that lay before it; but upon examining it more nicely, he found the whole fabric, which made such a glittering appearance, and seemed impregnable, was composed of ice, and that the several statues, which seemed at a distance to be made of the whitest marble, were nothing else but so many figures in snow. The front of the temple was very curiously adorned with stars and garters, ducal coronets, generals staves, and many other emblems of honour, wrought in the most beautiful frost work. After having stood at gaze some time before this great gate, he discovered on it an inscription, signifying it to be the gate of perjury. There was erected near it a great Collofusus in snow, that had two faces, and was dressed like a Jesuit, with one of his hands upon a book, and the other grasping a dagger. Upon entering into the court, he took a particular survey of several of the figures. There was Sedition with a trumpet in her hand, and Rapine in the garb of a Highlander: Ambition, Envy, Disgrace, Poverty, and Disappointment, were all of them represented under their proper emblems. Among other statues, he observed that of Rumour whispering an idiot in the ear, who was the representative



sentative of Credulity ; and Fashion embracing with her hundred arms an old fashioned figure in a steeple crowned hat, that was designed to express a cunning old gipsy called Passive-Obedience. Zeal too had a place among the rest, with a bandage over her eyes; though one would not have expected to have seen her represented in snow. But the most remarkable object in this court-yard, was a huge tree that grew up before the porch of the temple, and was of the same kind with that which Virgil tells us flourished at the entrance of the infernal regions: For it bore nothing but dreams, which hung in clusters under every leaf of it. The travellers refreshed themselves in the shade of this tree before they entered the temple of Rebellion; and after their frights and fatigues, received great comfort in the fruit which fell from it. At length the gates of the temple flew open, and the crowd rushed into it. In the centre of it was a grim idol, with a sword in the right hand, and a firebrand in the left. The fore part of the pedestal was curiously embossed with a trumpet; while the back part, that lay more out of sight, was filled with gibbets and axes. This dreadful idol is worshipped, like several of old, with human sacrifices, and his votaries were consulting among themselves, how to gratify him with hecatombs; when on a sudden they were surpris'd with the alarm of a great light which appeared in the southern part of the heavens, and made its progress directly towards them. This light appeared as a great mass of flame, or rather glory, like that of the sun in its strength. There were three figures in the midst of it, who were known by their several hieroglyphics, to be Religion, Loyalty, and Valour. The last had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a star upon his breast, which shot forth several pointed beams of a peculiar lustre. The glory which encompassed them covered the place, and darted its rays with so much strength, that the whole fabric and all its ornaments began to melt. The several emblems of honour,  
which

which were wrought on the front in the brittle materials above mentioned, trickled away under the first impressions of the heat. In short, the thaw was so violent, that the temple and statues ran off in a sudden torrent, and the whole winter-piece was dissolved. The covered walks were laid open by the light which shone through every part of them; and the dream tree withered like the famous gourd, that was smitten by the noon-day sun. As for the votaries, they left the place with the greatest precipitation, and dispersed themselves by flight into a thousand different paths among the mountains.

---

Monday, April 2, 1716\*.

---

— I, *verbis virtutem illude superbis.*

VIR. ÆN. 9. ver. 634,

Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn.

DRYDEN.

AS I was some years ago engaged in conversation with a fashionable French abbé upon a subject which the people of that kingdom love to start in discourse, the comparative greatness of the two nations, he asked me, "how many souls I thought there might be in London?" I replied, being willing to do my country all the honour I fairly could, that there were several who computed them at near a million: but not finding that surprise I expected in his countenance, I returned the question upon him, how many he thought there might be in Paris? To which he answered with a certain grimace of coldness and indifference, "about ten or twelve millions."

It would indeed be incredible to a man who has never been in France, should one relate the extrava-

gant notion they entertain of themselves, and the mean opinion they have of their neighbours. There are certainly (notwithstanding the visible decay of learning and taste which has appeared among them of late years) many particular persons in that country, who are eminent in the highest degree for their good sense, as well as for their knowledge in all the arts and sciences. But I believe every one who is acquainted with them, will allow that the people in general fall short of those who border upon them in strength and solidity of understanding. One would therefore no more wonder to see the most shallow nation of Europe the most vain, than to find the most empty fellows in every distinct nation more conceited and censorious than the rest of their countrymen. Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind. As it requires but very small abilities to discover the imperfections of another, we find that none are more apt to turn their neighbours into ridicule, than those who are the most ridiculous in their own private conduct.

Those among the French who have seen nothing but their own country, can scarce bring themselves to believe that a nation which lies never so little north of them, is not full of Goths and Vandals. Nay, those among them who travel into foreign parts are so prejudiced in favour of their own imaginary politeness, that they are apt to look upon every thing as barbarous in proportion as it deviates from what they find at home. No less a man than an ambassador of France, being in conversation with our King of glorious memory, and willing to encourage his Majesty, told him, that he talked like a Frenchman. The King smiled at the encomium which was given him, and only replied, "Sir, I am sure you do." An eminent writer of the last age was so offended at this kind of insolence, which shewed itself very plentifully in one of their travellers who gave an account of England, that he vindicated the honour of his country

country in a book full of just satire and ingenuity. I need not acquaint my reader, that I mean Bishop Sprat's answer to Sorbriere.

Since I am upon this head, I cannot forbear mentioning some profound remarks that I have been lately shewn in a French book, the author of which lived, it seems, some time in England. "The English," says this curious traveller, "very much delight in pudding. This is the favourite dish not only of the clergy, but of the people in general. Provided there be a pudding upon the table, no matter what are the other dishes; they are sure to make a feast. They think themselves so happy when they have a pudding before them, that if any would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky jointure, the ordinary salutation is; Sir, I am glad to see you; you are come in pudding time."

One cannot have the heart to be angry at this judicious observer, notwithstanding he has treated us like a race of Hottentots, because he only taxes us with our inordinate love of pudding, which, it must be confessed, is not so elegant a dish as frog and fallet. Every one who has been at Paris, knows that *Un gros Milord Anglois* is a frequent jest upon the French stage; as if corpulence was a proper subject for satire, or a man of honour could help his being fat, who eats suitable to his quality.

It would be endless to recount the invectives which are to be met with among the French historians, and even in Mezeray himself, against the manners of our countrymen. Their authors in other kinds of writings are likewise very liberal in characters of the same nature. I cannot forbear mentioning the learned Monsieur Patin in particular; who tells us in so many words, "That the English are a people whom he naturally abhors:" And in another place, "That he looks upon the English among the several nations of men, as he does upon wolves among the several species of beasts." A British writer would be very justly charged with  
want

want of politeness, who, in return to this civility, should look upon the French as that part of mankind which answers to a species in the brute creation, whom we call in English by the name of Monkies.

If the French load us with these indignities, we may observe, for our comfort, that they give the rest of their borderers no better quarter. If we are a dull, heavy, phlegmatic people, we are, it seems, no worse than our neighbours. As an instance, I shall set down at large a remarkable passage in a famous book intitled *Chevræana*, written many years ago by the celebrated Monsieur Chevreau; after having advertised my reader that the Duchefs of Hanover, and the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, who are mentioned in it, were the late excellent Princess Sophia and her sister.

Tilenus, pour un Allemand, parle & écrit bien François, dit Scaliger: Gretzer a bien de l'esprit pour un Allemand, dit le Cardinal du Perron: Et le P. Boubours met en question, Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit? On ne doit juger ni bien ni mal d'une nation par un particulier, ni d'un particulier par sa nation. Il y a des Allemands, comme des François, qui n'ont point d'esprit; des Allemands, qui on sçeu plus d'Hebreu, plus de Grec, que Scaliger & le Cardinal du Perron: s'honore fort le P. Boubours, qui a du mérite; mais j'ose dire, que la France n'a point de plus bel esprit que Madame la Duchesse de Hanovre d'aujourd'hui, ni de personne plus de solidement savante et philosophie que l'étoit Madame la Princesse Elizabeth de Boheme, sa sœur: Et je ne crois pas que l'on refuse le même titre a beaucoup d'Academiciens d'Allemagne dont les ouvrages mériteroient bien d'être traduits. Il y a d'autres Princesses en Allemagne, qui ont infiniment de l'esprit. Les François disent, c'est un Allemand, pour exprimer un homme pesant, brutal: & les Allemands, comme les Italiens, c'est un François, pour dire un fou & un étourdi. C'est aller trop loin: comme le Prince de Sale dit de

Ruyter ; Il est honnête homme, c'est bien dommage qu'il soit Chretien. *Chevrana*, Tom. I.

“ Tilenus says Scaliger, speaks and writes well for a German. Gretzer has a great deal of wit for a German, says Cardinal Perron. And father Bohours makes it a question, whether a German can be a wit? One ought not to judge well or ill of a nation from a particular person, nor of a particular person from his nation. There are Germans, as there are French, who have no wit ; and Germans who are better skilled in Greek and Hebrew than either Scaliger or the Cardinal du Perron. I have a great honour for father Bouhours, who is a man of merit ; but will be bold to say, that there is not in all France a person of more wit than the present Duchefs of Hanover ; nor more thoroughly knowing in philosophy, than was the late princess Elizabeth of Bohemia her sister : and I believe none can refuse the same title to many academicians in Germany, whose works very well deserve to be translated into our tongue. There are other princesses in Germany, who have also an infinite deal of wit. The French say of a man, that he is a German, when they would signify that he is dull and heavy : And the Germans, as well as the Italians, when they would call a man a hair-brained coxcomb, say he is a Frenchman. This is going too far ; and is like the governor of Sallee's saying of De Ruyter the Dutch Admiral, “ He is an honest man ; it is a great pity he is a Christian.”

Having already run my paper out to its usual length, I have not room for many reflexions on that which is the subject of it. The last cited author has been beforehand with me in its proper moral. I shall only add to it, that there has been an unaccountable disposition among the English of late years, to fetch the fashion from the French, not only in their dress and behaviour, but even in their judgments and opinions of mankind. It will however

be

be reasonable for us, if we concur with them in their contempt of other neighbouring nations, that we should likewise regard ourselves under the same view in which they are wont to place us. The representations they make of us, are as of a nation the least favoured by them; and, as these are agreeable to the natural aversion they have for us, are more disadvantageous than the pictures they have drawn of any other people in Europe.

---

Monday, April 30, 1716\*.

---

—Longum, formosa, vale—

VIRG. Ecl. 3. ver. 79.

Adieu, my fair, a long adieu!

**I**T is the ambition of the male part of the world to make themselves esteemed, and of the female to make themselves beloved. As this is the last paper which I shall address to my fair readers, I cannot perhaps oblige them more than by leaving them as a kind of legacy, a certain secret, which seldom fails of procuring this affection, which they are naturally formed both to desire and to obtain. This nostrum is comprised in the following sentence of Seneca, which I shall translate for the service of my country-women. *Ego tibi monstrabo amatorium sine medicamento, sine herba, sine ullius veneficæ carmine. Si vis amari, ama.* “I will discover to you  
“ a philter that has neither drug nor simple, nor en-  
“ chantment in it. Love, if you would raise love.”  
If there be any truth in this discovery, and this be such a specific as the author pretends, there is nothing which makes the sex more unamiable than party-rage. The finest woman, in a transport of fury, loses the use of her face. Instead of charming

her beholders, she frights both friend and foe. The latter can never be smitten by so bitter an enemy, nor the former captivated by a nymph, who, upon occasion, can be so very angry. The most endearing of our beautiful fellow-subjects are those whose minds are the least imbittered with the passions and prejudices of either side, and who discover the native sweetness of these in every part of their conversation and behaviour. A lovely woman who thus flourishes in her innocence and good humour, amidst that mutual spite and rancour which prevails among her exasperated sisterhood, appears more amiable by the singularity of her character; and may be compared, with Solomon's bride, to "a lily among the thorns."

A stateswoman is as ridiculous a creature as a cot-quean. Each of the sexes should keep within its particular bounds, and content themselves to excel within their respective districts. When Venus complained to Jupiter of the wound which she had received in battle, the father of the gods smiled upon her, and put her in mind, that instead of mixing in war, which was not her business, she should have been officiating in her proper ministry, and carrying on the delights of marriage. The delicacy of several modern critics has been offended with Homer's Billingsgate warriors; but a scolding hero is at the worst a more tolerable character than a bully in petticoats. To which we may add, that the keenest satirist among the ancients, looked upon nothing as a more proper subject of raillery and invective, than a female gladiator.

I am the more disposed to take into consideration these ladies of fire and politics, because it would be very monstrous to see feuds and animosities kept up among the soft sex, when they are in so hopeful a way of being composed among the men, by the septennial bill, which is now ready for the royal assent. As this is likely to produce a cessation of arms until the expiration of the present Parliament, among one half of our island, it is very reasonable that



that the more beautiful moiety of his Majesty's subjects should establish a truce among themselves for the same term of years. Or rather, it were to be wished, that they would summon together a kind of senate or parliament of the fairest and wisest of our sister-subjects, in order to enact a perpetual neutrality among the sex. They might at least appoint something like a committee, chosen from among the ladies residing in London and Westminster, in order to prepare a bill to be laid before the assembly upon the first opportunity of their meeting. The regulations might be as follows :

“ That a committee of tosts be forthwith appointed ; to consider the present state of the sex in the British nation.

“ That this committee do meet at the house of every respective member of it on her visiting-day ; and that every one who comes to it shall have a vote and a dish of tea.

“ That the committee be empowered to send for billet-doux, libels, lampoons, lists of tosts, or any other the like papers and records.

“ That it be an instruction to the said committee, to consider of proper ways and methods to reclaim the obstinately opprobrious and virulent ; and how to make the ducking-stool more useful.”

Being always willing to contribute my assistance to my countrywomen, I will propose a preamble, setting forth, “ That the late civil war among the sex has tended very much to the lessening of that ancient and undoubted authority, which they have claimed over the male part of the island, to the ruin of good housewifery ; and to the betraying of many important secrets : That it has produced much bitterness of speech, many sharp and violent contests, and a great effusion of citron-water : That it has raised animosities in their hearts, and heats in their faces : That it has broke out in their ribbons, and caused unspeakable confusions in their dress : And above all, that it has introduced

“duced a certain frown into the features, and a  
 “founness into the air of our British Ladies, to the  
 “great damage of their charms, and visible decay  
 “of the national beauty.”

As for the enacting part of the bill, it may consist of many particulars, which will naturally arise from the debates of the tea-table; and must therefore be left to the discretion and experience of the committee. Perhaps it might not be amiss to enact, among other things,

“That the discoursing on politics shall be looked upon as dull as talking on the weather.

“That if any man troubles a female assembly with parliament-news, he shall be marked out, as a blockhead, or an incendiary.

“That no woman shall henceforth presume to stick a patch upon her forehead, unless it be in the very middle, that is, in the neutral part of it.

“That all fans and snuff-boxes, of what principles soever, shall be called in: And that orders be given to Motteux and Matthers, to deliver out, in exchange for them, such as have no tincture of party in them.

“That when any Lady bespeaks a play, she shall take effectual care, that the audience be pretty equally checquered with Whigs and Tories.

“That no woman of any party presume to influence the legislature.

“That there be a general amnesty and oblivion of all former hostilities and distinctions, all public and private failings on either side: And that every one who comes into this neutrality within the space of \_\_\_\_\_ weeks, shall be allowed an ell extraordinary above the present standard, in the circumference of her petticoat.

“Provided always nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to any person or persons, inhabiting and practising within the hundreds of Drury, or to  
 “any

“ any other of that society in what part soever of  
 “ the nation, in like manner practising and resid-  
 “ ing ; who are still at liberty to rail, calumniate,  
 “ scold, frown and pout, as in aforesaid, any thing  
 “ in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.”

---

Monday, May 7, 1716\*.

---

*Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes  
 Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.*

HOR. Ep. I. l. 2. ver. 13.

[IMITATED.]

Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray  
 Each star of meaner merit fades away !  
 Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat ;  
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

POPE

**I**T requires no small degree of resolution to be an author, in a country so facetious and satirical as this of Great-Britain. Such a one raises a kind of alarm among his fellow subjects, and, by pretending to distinguish himself from the herd, becomes a mark of public censure, and sometimes a standing object of raillery and ridicule. Writing is indeed a provocation to the envious and an affront to the ignorant. How often do we see a person, whose intentions are visible to do good by the works which he publishes, treated in as scurrilous a manner, as if he were an enemy to mankind ? All the little scramblers after fame fall upon him, publish every blot in his life, depend upon hearsay to defame him, and have recourse to their own invention, rather than suffer him

\* No. 40.

to erect himself into an author with impunity. Even those who write on the most indifferent subjects, and are conversant only in works of taste, are looked upon as men that make a kind of insult upon society, and ought to be humbled as disturbers of the public tranquillity. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our island, but the whole fraternity of writers, rise up in arms against every new intruder into the world of fame; and a thousand to one, before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool, but a knave. Successful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor; while the unsuccessful with as much eagerness lay in their claim to him as a brother. This natural antipathy to a man who breaks his ranks, and endeavours to signalize his parts in the world, has very probably hindered many persons from making their appearance in print, who might have enriched our country with better productions in all kinds than any that are now extant. The truth of it is, the active part of mankind, as they do most for the good of their contemporaries, very deservedly gain the greatest share in their applause; while men of speculative endowments, who employ their talents in writing, as they may equally benefit or amuse succeeding ages, have generally the greatest share in the admiration of posterity. Both good and bad writers may receive great satisfaction from the prospects of futurity; as in after-ages the former will be remembered and the latter forgotten.

Among all sets of authors, there are none who draw upon themselves more displeasure, than those who deal in political matters, which indeed it very often too justly incurred, considering that spirit of rancour and virulence with which works of this nature generally abound. These are not only regarded as authors, but as partisans, and are sure to exasperate at least one half of their readers. Other writers offend only the stupid or jealous among their countrymen; but these, let their cause be never so just,

just, must expect to irritate a supernumerary party of the self interested, prejudiced, and ambitious. They may however comfort themselves with considering, that if they gain any unjust reproach from one side, they generally acquire more praise than they deserve from the other; and that writings of this kind, if conducted with candour and impartiality, have a more particular tendency to the good of their country, and of the present age, than any other compositions whatsoever.

To consider an author farther, as the subject of obloquy and detraction: We may observe with what pleasure a work is received by the invidious part of mankind, in which a writer falls short of himself, and does not answer the character which he has acquired by his former productions. It is a fine simile in one of Mr. Congreve's prologues, which compares a writer to a buttering gamester, that stakes all his winnings upon every cast: So that if he loses the last throw, he is sure to be undone. It would be well for all authors, if, like that gentleman, they knew when to give over, and to desist from any farther pursuits after fame, while they are in the full possession of it. On the other hand, there is not a more melancholy object in the learned world, than a man who has written himself down. As the public is more disposed to censure than to praise, his readers will ridicule him for his last works, when they have forgot to applaud those which preceded them. In this case, where a man has lost his spirit by old age and infirmity, one could wish that his friends and relations would keep him from the use of pen, ink, and paper, if he is not to be reclaimed by any other method.

The author indeed often grows old before the man, especially if he treats on subjects of invention or such as arise from reflection upon human nature. For in this case, neither his own strength of mind: nor those parts of life which are commonly unobserved, will furnish him with sufficient materials to be

at the same time both pleasing and voluminous. We find even in the outward dress of poetry, that men who write much without taking breath, very often return to the same phrases and forms of expression, as well as to the same manner of thinking. Authors, who have thus drawn off the spirit of their thought, should lie still for some time, till their minds have gathered fresh strength, and, by reading, reflection and conversation, laid in a stock of elegancies, sentiments, and images of nature. The soil that is worn with too frequent culture, must lie fallow for a while, until it has recruited its exhausted salts, and again enriched itself by the ventilations of the air, the dews of heaven, and the kindly influences of the sun.

For my own part, notwithstanding this general malevolence towards those who communicate their thoughts in print, I cannot but look with a friendly regard on such as do it, provided there is no tendency in their writings to vice and profaneness. If the thoughts of such authors have nothing in them, they at least do no harm, and shew an honest industry and a good intention in the composer. If they teach me any thing I did not know before, I cannot but look upon myself as obliged to the writer, and consider him as my particular benefactor, if he conveys to me one of the greatest gifts that is in the power of man to bestow, an improvement of my understanding, an innocent amusement, or an incentive to some moral virtue. Were not men of abilities thus communicative, their wisdom would be in a great measure useless, and their experience uninstrucive. There would be no business in solitude, nor proper relaxations in business. By these assistances the retired man lives in the world, if not above it; passion is composed; thought hindered from being barren; and the mind from preying upon itself. That esteem, indeed, which is paid to good writers by their posterity, sufficiently shews the merit of persons who are thus employed. Who does not now more admire Cicero as an author, than as a Consul of Rome! and does not  
oftener

oftener talk of the celebrated writers of our own country who lived in former ages, than of any other particular persons among their contemporaries and fellow-subjects!

When I consider myself as a British Freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translation of old Latin and Greek authors, and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous governments of Greece and Rome. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue: And what is still more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance: And those parts of Homer, which have already been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

There is another author, whom I have long wished to see well translated into English, as his work is filled with a spirit of liberty, and more directly tends to raise sentiments of honour and virtue in his reader, than any of the poetical writings of antiquity. I mean the Pharsalia of Lucan. This is the only author of consideration among the Latin poets, who was not explained for the use of the Dauphin, for a very obvious reason; because the whole Pharsalia would have been no less than a satire upon the French form of government. The translation of this author is now in the hands of Mr. Rowe, who has already given the world some admirable specimens of it; and not only kept up the fire of the original, but delivered the sentiments with greater perspicuity, and in a finer turn of phrase and verse.

As undertakings of so difficult a nature require the greatest encouragements, one cannot but rejoice to see those general subscriptions which have been made to them; especially since, if the two works

last mentioned are not finished by those masterly hands which are now employed in them, we may despair of seeing them attempted by others.

---

Monday, May 21, 1716\*.

---

*Multaque præterea variarum monstraque ferarum  
Centauri in foribus stabulant, scylleque bifformes,  
Et centum gemibus Briareus ac bellua lerne  
Horrendem stridens, flammisque armata Chimera,  
Gorgones, Harpyæ, et forma tricorporis umbræ.  
Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum  
Æneas, stridentemque aciem venientibus offert.  
Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas  
Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formæ,  
Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.*

VIRG. ÆN. 6. ver. 285.

Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more;  
Centaur's, and double shapes, besiege the door:  
Before the passage horrid Hydra stands,  
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:  
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;  
And vain Chimæras vomit empty flame.  
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,  
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,  
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;  
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,  
And told him what those empty fancies were,  
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.

DRYDEN.

AS I was last Friday taking a walk in the park, I saw a country gentleman at the side of Rosamond's pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and with a great deal of pleasure gathering the ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him,

\* No. 44.

who



who should it be but my friend the Fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my twenty-second Paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion, until he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the park together; when, after having entertained me with the description of a decoy pond that lay near his seat in the country, and of a meeting-house that was going to be rebuilt in a neighbouring market-town, he gave me an account of some very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful history, as well as my memory will give me leave.

My friend, who has a natural aversion to London, would never have come up, had not he been subpoenaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sportsman. Having travelled all night, to avoid the inconveniencies of dust and heat, he arrived, with his guide, a little after break of day, at Charing-Cross; where, to his great surprize, he saw a running footman carried in a chair, followed by a waterman in the same kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their masters, that furnished them with such dresses and accommodations, when on a sudden he beheld a chimney-sweeper, conveyed after the same manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progress through the Strand, he met with several other figures no less wonderful and surprizing. Seeing a great many in rich morning-gowns, he was amazed to find that persons of quality were up so early; and was no less astonished to see many lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his almanack that term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this could mean, a hackney-coach chancing to pass by him, four batts popped out their heads all at once, which very much frightened both him and his horse. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horse of such starting fits,

sits, spurred him up to the very side of the coach, to the no small diversion of the batts; who, seeing him with his long whip, horse-hair periwig, jockey-belt, and coat without sleeves, fancied him to be one of the masqueraders on horseback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the dissaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and received a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an English country gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and particularly of a shepherdes quarreling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible English, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of harlequins, scaramouches, punchinello's, and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as Somerset-House, and observing it to be the great hive whence this swarm of chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out, was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view fancying her to be an old woman of quality, out of his good-breeding put off his hat to her, when the person pulling off his mask, to his great surprisè appeared a smock-faced young fellow. His attention was soon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled face, which flourished in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the blush of the rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of mask; but upon a nearer view, he found that she held her vizard in her hand,

hand, and that what he saw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the usual improvements of an aged coquette.

The next who shewed herself was a female quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, "It is ten thousand pities she is not a church-woman." The quaker was followed by half a dozen nuns, who filed off one after another up Catharine-Street, to the respective convents in Drury-Lane.

The Esquire observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine after all, that this was a nest of sectaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a conjurer, whom he guessed to be the holder forth. However, to satisfy himself, he asked a porter who stood next him, what religion these people were of? The porter replied, "They are of no religion; it is a masquerade." Upon that, says my friend, I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers; and being himself one of the quorum in his own country, could not but wonder that none of the Middlesex Justices took care to lay some of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in the spirit of magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly objects: The first was a judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied woman, who, upon taking a leap into the coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still gave him greater offence, was a drunken bishop, who reeled from one side of the court to the other, and was very sweet upon an Indian Queen. But his worship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified at the sight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found to his great amazement, that the standers-by suspected her to be a Duchess.

I must not conclude this narrative without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on  
this

this occasion. Having for his better convenience dismounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found upon his arrival at the inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanack. And though it is no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this cardinal was a presbyterian in disguise.

---

Friday, May 25. 1716 \*.

---

*Nimum risus pretium est si probitatis impendio constat.*  
 QUINTIL.

Laughter is bought too dear if it be at the expence of honesty.

I HAVE lately read, with much pleasure, the Essays upon several subjects published by Sir Richard Blackmore; and though I agree with him in many of his excellent observations, I cannot but take that reasonable freedom, which he himself makes use of with regard to other writers, to dissent from him in some few particulars. In his reflections upon works of wit and humour, he observes how unequal they are to combat vice and folly; and seems to think, that the finest raillery and satire, though directed by these generous views, never reclaimed one vicious man, or made one fool depart from his folly.

This is a position very hard to be contradicted, because no author knows the number or names of his converts. As for the Tattlers and Spectators in particular, which are obliged to this ingenious and useful author for the character he has given of them, they were so generally dispersed in single sheets, and have since been printed in so great numbers, that it

is to be hoped they have made some profelytes to the interest, if not to the practice of wisdom and virtue, among such a multitude of readers.

I need not remind this learned gentleman, that Socrates, who was the greatest propagator of morality in the heathen world, and a martyr for the unity of the godhead, was so famous for the exercise of this talent among the politest people of antiquity, that he gained the name of *ὁ Ἐίρων*, the Droll.

There are very good effects which visibly arose from the above mentioned performances, and others of the like nature; as, in the first place, they diverted raillery from improper objects, and gave a new turn to ridicule, which for many years had been exerted on persons and things of a sacred and serious nature. They endeavoured to make mirth instructive; and, if they failed in this great end, they must be allowed at least to have made it innocent. If wit and humour begin again to relapse into their former licentiousness, they can never hope for approbation from those who know that raillery is useless when it has no moral under it, and pernicious when it attacks any thing that is either unblameable, or praise-worthy. To this we may add, what has been commonly observed, that it is not difficult to be merry on the side of vice, as serious objects are the most capable of ridicule; as the party, which naturally favour such a mirth, is the most numerous; and as there are the most standing jests and patterns for imitation in this kind of writing.

In the next place: Such productions of wit and humour as have a tendency to expose vice and folly, furnish useful diversions to all kinds of readers. The good or prudent man may, by these means, be diverted without prejudice to his discretion or morality. Raillery, under such regulations, unbends the mind from serious studies and severer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper bias. It carries on the same design that is promoted by authors of a grave turn, and only does it in another manner.

It also awakens reflection in those who are the most indifferent in the cause of virtue or knowledge, by setting before them the absurdity of such practices as are generally unobserved, by reason of their being common or fashionable: Nay, it sometimes catches the dissolute and abandoned before they are aware of it, who are often betrayed to laugh at themselves, and upon reflexion find, that they are merry at their own expence. I might farther take notice, that by entertainments of this kind, a man may be cheerful in solitude, and not be forced to seek for company every time he has a mind to be merry.

The last advantage I shall mention from compositions of this nature, when thus restrained, is, that they shew wisdom and virtue are far from being inconsistent with politeness and good humour. They make morality appear amiable to people of gay dispositions, and refute the common objection against religion, which represents it as only fit for gloomy and melancholy tempers. It was the motto of a bishop very eminent for his piety and good works in King Charles the Second's reign, *Infervi Deo & latere*, "Serve God and be cheerful." Those therefore who supply the world with such entertainments of mirth as are instructive, or at least harmless, may be thought to deserve well of mankind; to which I shall only add, that they retrieve the honour of polite learning, and answer those four enthusiasts who affect to stigmatize the finest and most elegant authors, both ancient and modern (which they have never read), as dangerous to religion, and destructive of all sound and saving knowledge.

Our nation are such lovers of mirth and humour, that it is impossible for detached papers, which come out on stated days, either to have a general run, or long continuance, if they are not diversified, and enlivened from time to time with subjects and thoughts accommodated to this taste, which so prevails among our countrymen. No periodical author, who always maintains his gravity, and does not sometimes  
sacrifice

sacrifice to the graces, must expect to keep in vogue for any considerable time. Political speculations in particular, however just and important, are of so dry and austere a nature, that they will not go down with the public without frequent seasonings of this kind. The work may be well performed, but will never take, if it is not set off with proper scenes and decorations. A mere politician is but a dull companion, and, if he is always wise, is in great danger of being tiresome or ridiculous.

Besides, papers of entertainment are necessary to increase the number of readers, especially among those of different notions and principles; who by this means may be betrayed to give you a fair hearing, and to know what you have to say for yourself. I might likewise observe, that in all political writings there is something that grates upon the mind of the most candid reader, in opinions which are not conformable to his own way of thinking; and that the harshness of reasoning is not a little softened and smoothed by the infusions of mirth and pleasantry.

Political speculations do likely furnish us with several objects that may very innocently be ridiculed, and which are regarded as such by men of sense in all parties. Of this kind are the passions of our stateswomen, and the reasonings of our foxhunters.

A writer who makes fame the chief end of his endeavours, and would be more desirous of pleasing than of improving his readers, might find an inexhaustible fund of mirth in politics. Scandal and satire are never-failing gratifications to the public. Detraction and obloquy are received with as much eagerness as wit and humour. Should a writer single out particular persons, or point his raillery at any order of men, who by their profession ought to be exempt from it; should he slander the innocent, or satirize the miserable; or should he, even on the proper subjects of derision, give the full play to his mirth, without regard to decency and good man-

ners, he might be sure of pleasing a great part of his readers; but must be a very ill man, if by such a proceeding he could please himself.

---

Friday, June 1, 1716\*.

---

— *Cessit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.*

VIR. ÆN. 6. VER. 102.

Ceas'd is his fury, and he foams no more.

**I** QUESTION not but most of my readers will be very well pleased to hear, that my friend the Foxhunter, of whose arrival in town I gave notice in my forty-fourth paper, is become a convert to the present establishment, and a good subject to King George. The motives to his conversion shall be the subject of this paper, as they may be of use to other persons who labour under those prejudices and prepossessions which hung so long upon the mind of my worthy friend. These I had an opportunity of learning the other day, when, at his request, we took a ramble together to see the curiosities of this great town.

The first circumstance, as he ingeniously confessed to me (while we were in the coach together), which helped to disabuse him, was seeing King Charles the First on horseback, at Charing-Cross; for he was sure that Prince could never have kept his seat there, had the stories been true he heard in the country, that forty-one was come about again.

He owned to me that he looked with horror on the new church that is half built in the strand, as taking it at first sight to be half demolished: But upon enquiring of the workmen, was agreeably surpris'd to find, that instead of pulling it down, they



were building it up; and that fifty more were raising in other parts of the town.

To these I must add a third circumstance, which I find had no small share in my friend's conversion. Since his coming to town, he chanced to look into the church of St. Paul, about the middle of sermon-time, where, having first examined the dome, to see if it stood safe (For the screw-plot still ran in his head), he observed, that the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and city-sword, were a part of the congregation. This sight had the more weight with him, as by good luck not above two of that venerable body were fallen asleep.

This discourse held us until we came to the tower; for our first visit was to the lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, enquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of Perth, and the flight of the pretender? And hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely startled: For he had learned from his cradle, that the lions in the tower were the best judges of the title of our British Kings, and always sympathized with our sovereigns.

After having here satiated our curiosity, we repaired to the monument, where my fellow-traveller, being a well breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this perpendicular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towns which were discernible from this advantageous situation, and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood upon. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several ware-houses, and other buildings, that looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses;

houses; but upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in this particular.

We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandize, that had filled the Thames with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people.

We descended very leisurely; my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanack. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an English inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me, he could scarce believe his own eyes; for that he had often heard from an old Attorney, who lived near him in the country, that it was the Presbyterians who burned down the city; whereas, says he, the pillar positively affirms in so many words, that “the burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popish faction, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant Religion, and old English liberty, and introducing popery and slavery.” This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic than if it had been in print, I found, made very great impression upon him.

We now took coach again, and made the best of our way for the Royal Exchange; though I found he did not much care to venture himself into the throng of that place; for he told me he had heard they were, generally speaking, republicans, and was afraid of having his pocket picked amongst them. But he soon conceived a better opinion of them, when he spied the statue of King Charles the Second standing up in the middle of the crowd, and most of the Kings in Baker’s chronicle ranged in order over their heads; from whence he very justly concluded, that an antimonarchical assembly could never choose such a place to meet in once a day.

To continue this good disposition in my friend, after a short stay at Stocks-market, we drove away directly

directly for the Mews, where he was not a little edified with the sight of those fine sets of horses which have been brought over from Hanover, and with the care that is taken of them. He made many good remarks upon this occasion, and was so pleased with his company, that I had much ado to get him out of the stable.

In our progress to St. James's Park (for that was the end of our journey), he took notice, with great satisfaction, that, contrary to his intelligence in the country, the shops were all open and full of business; that the soldiers walked civilly in the streets; that clergymen, instead of being affronted, had generally the wall given them; and that he heard the bells ring to prayers from morning to night, in some part of the town or another.

As he was full of these honest reflections, it happened very luckily for us, that one of the King's coaches passed by with the three young princesses in it, whom by an accidental stop we had an opportunity of surveying for some time. My friend was ravished with the beauty, innocence, and sweetness that appeared in all their faces. He declared several times that they were the finest children he had ever seen in all his life; and assured me, that before this sight, if any one had told him it had been possible for three such pretty children to have been born out of England, he should never have believed them.

We were now walking together in the park, and, as it is usual for men who are naturally warm and heady to be transported with the greatest flush of good-nature when they are once sweetened, he owned to me very frankly, he had been much imposed upon by those false accounts of things he had heard in the country; and that he would make it his business, upon his return thither, to set his neighbours right, and give them a more just notion of the present state of affairs.

What confirmed my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpressible satisfaction,

tion, was a message he received, as we were walking together, from the prisoner for whom he had given his testimony in his late trial. This person, having been condemned for his part in the late rebellion, sent him word that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to reprieve him, with several of his friends, in order, as it was thought, to give them their lives; and that he hoped before he went out of town, they should have a cheerful meeting, and drink health and prosperity to King George.

OF THE  
CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

---

SECTION I.

- I. *General division of the following discourse, with regard to Pagan and Jewish authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.*
- II. *Not probable that any such should be mentioed by Pagan writers who lived at the same time, from the nature of such transactions.*
- III. *Especially when related by the Jews.*
- IV. *And heard at a distance by those who pretended to as great miracles of their own.*
- V. *Besides, that no Pagan writers of that age lived in Judæa or its confines.*
- VI. *And because many books of that age are lost.*
- VII. *An instance of one record proved to be authentic.*
- VIII. *A second record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.*

I. **T**HAT I may lay before you a full state of the subject under our consideration, and methodize the severall particulars that I touched upon in discourse with you ; I shall first take notice of such *Pagan* authors as have given their testimony to the history of our Saviour ; reduce these authors under their respective classes ; and shew what authority their testimonies carry with them. Secondly, I shall take notice of *Jewish* authors in the same light.

II. THERE are many reasons, why you should not expect that matters of such a wonderful nature should be taken notice of by those eminent *Pagan* writers who were contemporaries with *Jesus Christ*, or by those who lived before his disciples had personally appeared among them, and ascertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life so full of miracles.

Supposing such things had happened at this day in *Switzerland*, or among the *Grisons*, who make a greater figure in *Europe* than *Judæa* did in the *Roman* empire, would they be immediately believed by those who live at a great distance from them? or would any certain account of them be transmitted into foreign countries, within so short a space of time as that of our Saviour's public ministry? Such kinds of news, though never so true, seldom gain credit till some time after they are transacted, and exposed to the examination of the curious, who, by laying together circumstances, attestations, and characters of those who are concerned in them, either receive or reject what at first none but eye-witnesses could absolutely believe or disbelieve. In a case of this sort, it was natural for men of sense and learning, to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at farthest, to suspend their belief of it, until all things stood together in their full light.

III. BESIDES, the *Jews* were branded not only for superstitions different from all the religions of the *Pagan* world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; so that whatever reports of such a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the heathen world as false, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. WE may further observe, that the ordinary practice of magic in those times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles

miracles among the heathens, made them less attentive to such news from *Judæa*, till they had time to consider the nature, the occasion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many surprizing events, to allow them any consideration at all.

V. WE are indeed told by St. *Matthew*, that the fame of our Saviour, during his life, went throughout all *Syria*; and that there followed him great multitudes of people from *Gallilee*, *Judæa*, *Decapolis*, *Idumea*, from beyond *Jordan*, and from *Tyre* and *Sidon*. Now, had there been any historians of those times and places, we might have expected to have seen in them some account of those wonderful transactions in *Judæa*; but there is not any single author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of those countries.

VI. How many books have perished, in which possibly there might have been mention of our Saviour? Look among the *Romans*; how few of their writings are come down to our times? In the space of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was such a multitude of writers in all kind; how small is the number of authors that have made their way to the present age?

VII. ONE authentic record, and that the most authentic heathen record, we are pretty sure is lost; I mean the account sent by the governor of *Judæa*, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the custom in the *Roman* empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the præfects and viceroys of distant provinces to transmit to their Sovereign a summary relation of every thing in their administration. That *Pontius Pilate*, in his account, would have touched on so extraordinary an event in *Judæa*, is not to be doubted: And that he actually did, we learn from

*Justin Martyr*, who lived about a hundred years after our Saviour's death, resided, made converts, and suffered martyrdom at *Rome*, where he was engaged with philosophers, and in a particular manner with *Crescens* the *Cynic*, who could easily have detected, and would not fail to have exposed him, had he quoted a record not in being, or made any false citation out of it. Would the great apologist have challenged *Crescens* to dispute the cause of Christianity with him before the *Roman* senate, had he forged such an evidence? Or would *Crescens* have refused the challenge, could he have triumphed over him in the detection of such forgery? To which we must add, that the apology, which appeals to this record, was presented to a learned emperor, and to the whole body of the *Roman* senate. This father, in his apology, speaking of the death and suffering of our Saviour, refers the emperor for the truth of what he says to the acts of *Pontius Pilate*, which I have here mentioned. *Tertullian*, who wrote his apology about fifty years after *Justin*, doubtless referred to the same record, when he tells the governor of *Rome*, that the Emperor *Tiberius* having received an account out of *Palestine* in *Syria* of the divine person who had appeared in that country, paid him a particular regard, and threatened to punish any who should accuse the Christians; nay, that the emperor would have adopted him among the deities whom they worshipped, had not the senate refused to come into his proposal. *Tertullian*, who gives us this history, was not only one of the most learned men of his age, but, what adds a greater weight to his authority in this case, was eminently skilful, and well read in the laws of the *Roman* empire. Nor can it be said, that *Tertullian* grounded his quotation upon the authority of *Justin Martyr*, because we find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that author. *Eusebius* mentions the same ancient record; but as it was not extant in his time, I shall not insist upon his authority in this point. If it be objected



objected, that this particular is not mentioned in any *Roman* historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see if it will carry any force with it. *Ulpian*, the great *Roman* lawyer, gathered together all the imperial edicts that had been made against the Christians. But did any one ever say that there had been no such edicts, because they were not mentioned in the histories of those emperors? Besides, who knows but this circumstance of *Tiberius* was mentioned in other historians that have been lost, though not to be found in any still extant? Has not *Suetonius* many particulars of this emperor omitted by *Tacitus*, and *Herodian* many that are not so much as hinted at by either? As for the spurious acts of *Pilate* now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing; and that had there not been a true and authentic record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. THE story of *Agbarus* king of *Edeffa*, relating to the letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in *Pagan* history, an author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other authors who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. *Grabe*, in the second volume of his *Spicilegium*.

## SECTION II.

- I. *What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by Pagan authors.*
- II. *What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what Pagan authors.*
- III. *How Celsus represented our Saviour's miracles.*
- IV. *The same representation made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable.*
- V. *What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from Pagan writers.*

I. **W**E now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among *Pagan* writers. And here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from *Pagans*; I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from *Judæa*, as well as to those who were the followers and eye-witnesses of *Christ*.

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples.—That *Augustus Caesar* had ordered the whole empire to be censured or taxed, which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to *Bethlehem*: This is mentioned by several *Roman* historians; as *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, and *Dion*.—That a great light, or a new star, appeared in the east, which directed the wise men to our Saviour: This is recorded by *Chalcidius*.—That *Herod*, the king of *Palestine*, so often mentioned in the *Roman* history, made a great slaughter of innocent children, being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account. This character of him is given

given by several historians; and this cruel fact mentioned by *Macrobius*, a heathen author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark of doubt upon it.—That our Saviour had been in *Egypt*. This *Celsus*, though he raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country.—That *Pontius Pilate* was governer of *Judaea*; that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified. This is recorded by *Tacitus*.—That many miraculous cures and works out of the ordinary course of nature were wrought by him. This is confessed by *Julian* the Apostate, *Prophyry*, and *Hierocles*, all of them not only *Pagans*, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity.—That our Saviour foretold several things, which came to pass according to his predictions: This was attested by *Pblegon* in his annals, as we are assured by the learned *Origen* against *Celsus*.—That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness and a great earthquake. This is recorded by the same *Pblegon* and *Trallion*, who was likewise a *Pagan*, and freeman to *Adrian* the emperor. We may here observe, that a native of *Trallium*, which was not situated at so great a distance from *Palestine*, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the *Jews* in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his own countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the shake of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this author.—That *Christ* was worshipped as a god among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him; that they received a sacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abstaining from sin and wickedness, conformable to the advice given by *St. Paul*; that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in hymns. This is  
the

the account which *Pliny* the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of *Christ*; and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity after the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour.—That *St. Peter*, whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works, is owned by *Julian* the Apostate, who therefore represents him as a great magician, and one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour.—That the devils or evil spirits were subject to them, we may learn from *Porphyrus*, who objects to Christianity; that since *Jesus* had begun to be worshipped, *Æsculapius* and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, *Celsus* himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in Christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain dæmons. *Origen* remarks on this passage, that the author doubtless hints at those Christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against *Celsus*. But at the same time he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of *Jesus*; to which were added several passages in history, but nothing like any invocation to *Dæmons*.

III. CELSUS was so hard set with report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true; yet, knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this; namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those *Egyptian* impostors, who would present

sent their spectators with visionary entertainments, that had in them neither substance nor reality; which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthened and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such multitudes, who had doubtless sufficiently spread the fame of them; and was therefore in this place forced to resort to the other solution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to say, that a miracle which appeared to so many thousand eye-witnesses was a forgery of *Christ's* disciples; and therefore, supposing them to be eye-witnesses, he endeavours to shew how they might be deceived.

IV. THE uncontroverted heathens, who were pressed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving *Jews*, who had actually seen them, were driven to account for them after the same manner: For, to work by magic, in the heathen way of speaking, was, in the language of the *Jews*, to cast out devils by *Beelzebub* the prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverse interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of those men, who, contrary to the dictates of their own hearts, started such an unreasonable objection, as a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and declared not only the guilt, but the punishment of so black a crime. At the same time, he condescended to shew the vanity and emptiness of this objection against his miracles, by representing that they evidently tended to the destruction of those powers, to whose assistance the enemies of his doctrine then ascribed them: An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection so very frivolous and groundless, that we may venture to call it even blasphemy against common sense. Would ma-

gic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worship that was paid to stocks and stones ; to give them an abhorrence of those evil spirits who rejoiced in the most cruel sacrifices, and in offerings of the greatest impurity ; and in short, to call upon mankind to exert their whole strength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their existence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happiness and continuance of it? Was it the business of magic to humanize our natures with compassion, forgiveness, and all the instances of the most extensive charity? Would evil spirits contribute to make men sober, chaste, and temperate ; and in a word, to produce that reformation, which was wrought in the moral world by those doctrines of our Saviour, that received their sanction from his miracles? Nor is it possible to imagine, that evil spirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correspondence and intercourse with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themselves to those rites and ceremonies, which had done them so much honour. We see the early effect which Christianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books which were filled with the secrets of magic, and made a sacrifice to Christianity by the converts mentioned in the *Acts* of the Apostles. We have likewise an eminent instance of the inconsistency of our religion with magic, in the history of the famous *Aquila*. This person, who was a kinsmen of the Emperor *Trajan*, and likewise a man of great learning, notwithstanding he had embraced Christianity, could not be brought off from the studies of magic by the repeated admonitions of his fellow-christians ; so that at length they expelled him their society, as rather choosing to lose the reputation of so considerable a profelyte, than communicate with one who dealt in such dark and infernal practices. Besides, we may observe, that all the favourers of magic were the most professed  
and

and bitter enemies to the Christian religion. Not to mention *Simon Magus*, and many others, I shall only take notice of those two great persecutors of Christianity, the Emperors *Adrian* and *Julian* the Apostate, both of them initiated in the mysteries of divination, and skilled in all the depths of magic. I shall only add, that evil spirits cannot be supposed to have concurred in the establishment of a religion which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they possessed, and divested them of their influence on mankind: Nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimously reported by all the ancient Christian authors, did it not appear from the authorities above cited, that this was a fact confessed by heathens themselves.

V. WE now see what a multitude of *Pagan* testimonies may be produced for all those remarkable passages which might have been expected from them, and indeed of several, that, I believe, do more than answer your expectation, as they were not subjects in their own nature so exposed to public notoriety. It cannot be expected they should mention particulars which were transacted among the disciples only, or among some few even of the disciples themselves; such as the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of *Christ* after his resurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impossible for a heathen author to relate these things; because, if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his testimony would not have been thought of so much validity. Besides, his very report of facts so favourable to Christianity would have prompted men to say that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel case in *Hecataeus*, a famous *Greek* historian, who had several passages in his book conformable to the history of the *Jewish* writers, which when quoted by *Josephus* as a confirmation of the *Jewish* history, when his heathen adversaries could give no answer

to it, they would need suppose that *Hecataeus* was a Jew in his heart; though they had no other reason for it, but because his history gave greater authority to the Jewish than the Egyptian records.

## SECTION III.

- I. *Introduction to a second list of Pagan authors, who give testimony of our Saviour.*
- II. *A passage concerning our Saviour, from a learned Athenian.*
- III. *His conversion from Paganism to Christianity make his evidence stronger than if he had continued a Pagan.*
- IV. *Of another Athenian philosopher converted to Christianity.*
- V. *Why their conversion, instead of weakening, strengthens their evidence in defence of Christianity.*
- VI. *Their belief in our Saviour's history founded at first upon the principles of historical faith.*
- VII. *Their testimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's history.*
- VIII. *As related by the four Evangelists.*

I. **T**O this list of heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I shall add those authors who were at first heathens, and afterwards converted to Christianity; upon which account, as I shall here shew, their testimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this list of evidences, I shall confine myself to such learned Pagans as came over to Christianity in the three first centuries; because those were the times in which men had the best means of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; and because, among the great number of philosophers who came in afterwards,  
under



under the reigns of Christian emperors, there might be several who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now suppose, that a learned heathen writer, who lived within 60 years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shewn that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage: "But his works were always seen, because they were true; they were seen by those who were healed, and by those who were raised from the dead. Nay, these persons who were thus healed and raised, were seen not only at the time of their being healed and raised, but long afterwards. Nay, they were seen not only all the while our Saviour was upon earth, but survived after his departure out of this world; nay, some of them were living in our days."

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of Christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous *Athenian* philosopher. These forementioned words, however, are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philosopher in *Athens*. But it will be said, he was a convert to Christianity. Now consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a *Pagan* philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe it? for, if so, would not they have told us he would have embraced Christianity? This was indeed the case of this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a profelyte, and died a martyr.

IV. *Aristides*

IV. *Aristides* was an *Athenian* philosopher, at the same time famed for his learning and wisdom, but converted to Christianity. As it cannot be questioned that he perused and approved the apology of *Quadratus*, in which is the passage just now cited, he joined with him in an apology of his own, to the same Emperor, on the same subject. This apology, though now lost, was extant in the time of *Ado Viennensis*, A. D. 870, and highly esteemed by the most learned *Athenians*, as that author witnesses. It must have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow, that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts which make for the advancement of his own party. But we must consider, that in the case before us, the persons to whom we appeal were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of Christianity, the truth of which history was their motives to embrace Christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens; and had they not found reason to believe them, they would still have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under Christian parents, and trained up in the profession of that religion from a child, he generally guides himself by the rules of *Christian faith*, in believing what is delivered by the Evangelists; but the learned *Pagans* of antiquity, before they became Christians, were only guided by the common rules of *historical faith*: That is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of those persons who related them, together  
with

with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of those persons; and being convinced upon all accounts that they had the same reason to believe the history of our Saviour, as that of any other person to which they themselves were not actually eye-witnesses, they were bound by all the rules of historical faith and of right reason, to give credit to this history. This they did accordingly; and in consequence of it published the same truths themselves, suffered many afflictions, and very often death itself, in the assertion of them. When I say, that an historical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced these learned *Pagans* to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives which conduced to it; as, the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his disciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous sufferings of their followers, with other considerations of the same nature. But whatever other collateral arguments wrought more or less with philosophers of that age, it is certain, that a belief in the history of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very basis and foundation of Christianity.

VII. To this I must further add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ attested by particular *Pagan* authors, the testimony of those I am now going to produce extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions which are related of him and his disciples in the books of the *New Testament*.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangelists, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our blessed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of the most ancient Fathers in another view, re-  
fers

fers to several passages in *Ironæus*, *Tertullian*, *Clemens of Alexandria*, *Origen*, and *Cyprian*, by which he plainly shews that each of those early writers ascribe to the four Evangelists by name their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall add, that three of the five Fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were *Pagans* converted to Christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in the knowledge of heathen learning and philosophy.

## SECTION IV.

- I. *Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated:*
- II. *And of many who embraced it.*
- III. *Three eminent and early instances.*
- IV. *Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.*
- V. *Belief in our Saviour's history the first motive to their conversion.*
- VI. *The names of several Pagan philosophers, who were Christian converts.*

I. **I**T happened very providentially to the honour of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. SEVERAL of these therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck  
and

and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid farewell to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

III. OF this sort we may reckon those three early converts to Christianity, who each of them was a member of a senate famous for its wisdom and learning. *Joseph the Arimathean* was of the *Jewish Sanhedrim*; *Dionysius*, of the *Athenian Areopagus*; and *Flavius Clemens*, of the *Roman senate*; nay, at the time of his death, consul of *Rome*. These three were so thoroughly satisfied with the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve *Aristides*, his fellow-citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by *Roman* and Christian authors.

IV. AMONG those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the knowing nations of the world, came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, besides those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but subject them to every thing terrible or disagreeable in it. *Tertullian* tells the *Roman* governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, senate, and courts of judicature, were filled with Christians; as *Arnobius* asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, physicians, philo-

fophers, despising the sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their rest in the Christian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of that person whose doctrines they embraced? for, however consonant to reason his precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his divine mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life. This was the ground-work of the Christian religion; and if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk with it. This point, therefore, of the truth of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the writings of those, who from *Pagan* philosophers became Christian authors, and who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. BESIDES innumerable authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments of several *Pagan* philosophers, which shew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the world, we find in *Athens*, *Dionysius*, *Quadratus*, *Aristides*, *Athenagoras*; and in *Alexandria*, *Dionysius*, *Clemens*, *Ammonius*, *Arnobius*, and *Anatolius*; to whom we may add *Origen*, for though his father was a Christian Martyr, he became, without all contraversty, the most learned and able philosopher of his age, by his education at *Alexandria*, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.

## SECTION V.

- I. *The learned Pagans had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history ;*
- II. *From the proceedings,*
- III. *The characters, sufferings,*
- IV. *And miracles of the persons who published it.*
- V. *How these first apostles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining persons to succeed them.*
- VI. *How their successors in the three first centuries preserved their tradition.*
- VII. *That five generations might derive this tradition from Christ, to the end of the third century.*
- VIII. *Four eminent Christians that delivered it down successively, to the year of our Lord 254.*
- IX. *The faith of the four above-mentioned persons, the same with that of the churches of the East, of the West, and of Egypt.*
- X. *Another person added to them, which brings us to the year 343 ; and that many other lists might be added in as direct and short a succession.*
- XI. *Why the tradition of the three first centuries more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the conversation of the primitive Christians.*
- XII. *From the manner of initiating men into their religion.*
- XIII. *From the correspondance between the churches.*
- XIV. *From the long lines of several of Christ's disciples ; of which two instances.*

I. **I**T now therefore only remains to consider, whether these learned men had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history ; for unless this point can be made

made out, their testimonies will appear invalid, and their enquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we must consider, that many thousands had seen the transactions of our Saviour in *Judæa*, and that many hundred thousands had received an account of them from the mouths of those who were actually eye-witnesses. I shall only mention among these eye-witnesses, the twelve Apostles, to whom we must add *St. Paul*, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other disciples and followers of *Christ* had also their share in the publishing this wonderful history. We learn from the ancient records of Christianity, that many of the Apostles and disciples made it the express business of their lives, travelled into the remotest parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the history and doctrines of their crucified master. And indeed, were all Christian records of these proceedings entirely lost, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how else during the apostles lives could Christianity have spread itself with such an amazing progress through the several nations of the *Roman* empire? How could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other.

III. HEATHENS, therefore, of every age, sex, and quality, born in the most different climates, and bred up under the most different institutions, when they saw men of plain sense, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, instead of wealth, pomp, or power, expressing in their lives those excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour; averring, that they had seen his miracles during his life, and conversed with him after his death: when, I say, they saw no suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or worldly interest in their behaviour and conversation; and that



that they submitted to most ignominious and cruel deaths, rather than retract their testimony, or even be silent in matters which they were to publish by their Saviour's especial command; there was no reason to doubt of the veracity of those facts which they related, or of the divine mission in which they were employed.

IV. BUT even these motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been sufficient to have brought about in so few years such an incredible number of conversions, had not the Apostles been able to exhibit still greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few persons of an odious and despised country, could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shewn undoubted credentials from the divine person who sent them on such a message. Accordingly we are assured, that they were invested with the power of working miracles, which was the most short and the most convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reason of all mankind, to the capacities of the wise and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the sick, and raised the dead, when it was published by those who themselves often did the same miracles in their presence, and in his name? Could any reasonable person imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with such powers to authorize a lie, and establish a religion in the world which was displeasing to him; or that the evil spirits would lend them such an effectual assistance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. WHEN the apostles had formed many assemblies in several parts of the *Pagan* world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the Gospel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not perish, they appointed one of these new converts, men of the best sense, and of the most unblemished

unblemished lives, to preside over these several assemblies, and to inculcate without ceasing, what they had heard from the mouths of these eye-witnesses.

VI. UPON the death of any of those substitutes to the apostles and disciples of *Christ*, his place was filled up with some other person of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the same church; who, after his decease, was followed by another in the same manner; by which means the succession was continued in an uninterrupted line. *Irenæus* informs us, that every church preserved a catalogue of its bishops in the order that they succeeded one another, and (for an example) produces a catalogue of those who governed the church of *Rome* in that character, which contains eight or nine persons, though but at a very small remove from the times of the apostles.

Indeed the list of bishops, which are come down to us in other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the succession was quick in the three first centuries, because the bishop very often ended in the martyr: For when a persecution arose in any place, the first fury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abundantly testified, by their deaths and sufferings, that they did not undertake these offices out of any temporal views; that they were sincere and satisfied in the belief of what they taught; and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the apostles, as laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon the same principles. None can be supposed so utterly regardless of their own happiness, as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to support any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church,

as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single martyr among those many heretics, who disagreed with the apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present and future happiness on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only shun persecution, but affirmed that it was unnecessary for their followers to bear their religion through such fiery trials.

VII. WE may fairly reckon, that this first age of apostles and disciples, with that second generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itself to the middle of the second century; and that several of the third generation from these last mentioned, which was but the fifth from *Christ*, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the ages and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apostles, I doubt not but in most of them there might be found five persons, who, in a continued series, would reach through these three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. AMONG the accounts of those very few, out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Christianity, I shall single out four persons, eminent for their lives, their writings, and their sufferings, that were successively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. *St. John*, who was the beloved disciple, and conversed the most intimately with our Saviour, lived till *Anno Dom. 100*. *Polycarp*, who was the disciple of *St. John*, and had conversed with others of the apostles and disciples of our Lord, lived till *Anno Dom. 167*, though his life was shortened by martyrdom. *Ireneus*, who was the disciple of *Polycarp*, and had conversed

conversed with many of the immediate disciples of the apostles, lived, at the lowest computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewise cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great *Origen* was appointed regent of the catechetical school in *Alexandria*; and as he was the miracle of that age, for industry, learning, and philosophy, he was looked upon as the champion of Christianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not suffer martyrdom, as some think he did, he was certainly actuated by the spirit of it, as appears in the whole course of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to the torture, and had undergone trials worse than death. As he conversed with the most eminent Christians of his time in *Egypt*, and in the east brought over multitudes both from heresy and heathenism, and left behind him several disciples of great fame and learning, there is no question but there were considerable numbers of those who knew him, and had been his hearers, scholars, or profelytes, that lived till the end of the third century, and to the reign of *Constantine* the Great.

IX. It is evident to those who read the lives and writings of *Polycarp*, *Irenæus*, and *Origen*, that these three Fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four evangelists, and had undoubted arguments, that not only *St. John*, but many others of our Saviour's disciples, published the same accounts of him. To which we must subjoin this further remark, that what was believed by these fathers on this subject, was likewise the belief of the main body of Christians in those successive ages when they flourished; since *Polycarp* cannot but be looked upon, if we consider the respect that was paid him, as the representative of the eastern churches in this particular; *Irenæus*, of the western, upon the same account; and *Origen*, of those established in *Egypt*.

X. To these I might add *Paul* the famous hermit, who retired from the *Decian* persecution five or six years before *Origen's* death, and lived till the year 343. I have only discovered one of those channels by which the history of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated, through those several ages that produced those *Pagan* philosophers, whose testimonies I make use of for the truth of our Saviour's history. Some or other of these philosophers came into the Christian faith during its infancy, in the several periods of these three first centuries, when they had such means of informing themselves in all the particulars of our Saviour's history. I must further add, that though I have here only chosen this single link of martyrs, I might find out others among those names which are still extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a successive tradition, till the whole *Roman* empire became Christian; as there is no question but numberless series of witnesses might follow one another in the same order, and in as short a chain, and that perhaps in every single church, had the names and ages of the most eminent primitive Christians been transmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. BUT to give this consideration more force, we must take notice, that the tradition of the first ages of Christianity had several circumstances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The Christians, who carried their religion through so many general and particular persecutions, were incessantly comforting and supporting one another with the example and history of our Saviour and his Apostles. It was the subject not only of their solemn assemblies, but of their private visits and conversations. *Our virgins*, says *Tatian*, who lived in the second century, *discourse over their distaffs on divine subjects*. Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and flourished under the pro-

tection of the emperors, men's thoughts and discourses were, as they are now, full of secular affairs; but in the three first centuries of Christianity, men who embraced this religion, had given up all their interests in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how soon they might be called to it; so that they had little else to talk of but the life and doctrines of that divine person, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a single person arrived at any degree of age or consideration, who had not heard and repeated a thousand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

XII. ESPECIALLY if we consider, that they could not then be received as Christians, till they had undergone several examinations. Persons of riper years, who flocked daily into the Church during the three first centuries, were obliged to pass through many repeated instructions, and give a strict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to baptism. And as for those who were born of Christian parents, and had been baptized in their infancy, they were with the like care prepared and disciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found upon examination to have made a sufficient progress in the knowledge of Christianity.

XIII. WE must further observe, that there was not only in those times this religious conversation among private Christians, but a constant correspondence between the Churches that were established by the apostles or their successors, in the several parts of the world. If any new doctrine was started, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a strict inquiry was made among the Churches, especially those planted by the apostles themselves, whether they

had received any such doctrine or account of our Saviour from the mouths of the apostles, or the tradition of those Christians who had preceded the present members of the Churches which were thus consulted. By this means, when any novelty was published, it was immediately detected and censured.

XIV. St. JOHN, who lived so many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in these emergencies as the living oracle of the Church; and as his oral testimony lasted the first century, many have observed, that, by a particular providence of God, several of our Saviour's disciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might personally convey the truth of the Gospel to those times, which were very remote from the first publication of it. Of these, besides St. *John*, we have a remarkable instance in *Simeon*, who was one of the seventy sent forth by our Saviour to publish the gospel before his crucifixion, and a near kinsman of the Lord. This venerable person, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the destruction of *Jerusalem*, presided over the Church established in that city during the time of its memorable siege, and drew his congregation out of those dreadful and unparalled calamities which beset his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they should see *Jerusalem* encompassed with armies, and the *Roman* standards, or abomination of desolation, set up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107; when he was martyred under the Emperor *Trajan*.

## SECTION VI.

- I. *The tradition of the apostles secured by other excellent institutions ;*
- II. *But chiefly by the writings of the Evangelists.*
- III. *The diligence of the disciples and first Christian converts, to send abroad these writings.*
- IV. *That the written account of our Saviour was the same with that delivered by tradition :*
- V. *Proved from the reception of the Gospel by those Churches which were established before it was written.*
- VI. *From the uniformity of what was believed in the several Churches.*
- VII. *From a remarkable passage in Irenæus.*
- VIII. *Records which are now lost, of use to the three first centuries, for confirming the history of our Saviour.*
- IX. *Instances of such records.*

I. **T**HUS far we see how the learned Pagans might apprize themselves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's history. They could hear, in every Church planted in every distant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preserved among them, of the history of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of those first missionaries that brought to them these accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty attested their reports. But the apostles and disciples of *Christ*, to preserve the history of his life, and to secure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shewn, but appropriated certain days to the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him, The first day of the week was in all its returns a perpetual



perpetual memorial of his resurrection; as the devotional exercises adapted to *Friday* and *Saturday*, were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual festivals instituted by the apostles themselves, or, at furthest, by their immediate successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add the sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the Church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those who were eye-witnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some-measure, conveyed to posterity the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the three first centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive *Pagans* in the truth of our Saviour's history; that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. BUT lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four Evangelists, within about fifty, or, as *Theoderet* affirms, thirty years after our Saviour's death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the mouth of the Apostles and disciples. The further consideration of these holy pen-men will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. IT will be sufficient to observe here, that in the age which succeeded the Apostles, many of their  
immediate

immediate disciples sent or carried in person the books of the four Evangelists, which had been written by the Apostles, or at least approved by them, to most of the Churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when *Pantænus*, a man of great learning and piety, had travelled into *India* for the propagation of Christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the Gospel of St. *Matthew*, which, upon his return from that country, he brought with him to *Alexandria*. This Gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. *Bartholomew* the Apostle of the *Indies*, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other Evangelists were published.

IV. THAT the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the Evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the Apostles and disciples, will further appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. HAD these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of Christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those Churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was the relation of the Apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their tradition and oral attestations made fixed and permanent. This was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth confirmed and perpetuated by such records, as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after-ages, and rectify it, if at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract any thing that was false or fictitious.

VI. ACCORDINGLY,

VI. ACCORDINGLY, we find the same *Jefus Chrift*, who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in *Paleftine*, who was crucified, rofe again, and afcended into heaven; I fay, the same *Jefus Chrift* had been preached, and was worhipped in *Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain*; in *Parthia, Media, Mefopotamia, Armenia, Phrygia, Afia, and Pamphylia*; in *Italy, Egypt, Afric*; and beyond *Cyrene, India, and Perfia*; and, in fhort, in all the iflands and provinces that are vifited by the rifing and fetting fun. The fame account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thoufands of preachers, and believed in thoufands of places, who all, as faft as it could be conveyed to them, received the fame account in writing from the four Evangelifts.

VII. IRENÆUS to this purpose very aptly remarks, that thofe barbarous nations, who in his time were poffeffed of the written Gospels, and had only learned the hiftory of our Saviour from thofe who had converted them to Chriftianity, before the Gospels were written, had among them the fame accounts of our Saviour which are to be met with in the four Evangelifts: An unconteftible proof of the harmony and concurrence between the Holy Scripture and the tradition of the churches in thofe early times of Chriftianity.

VIII. THUS we fee what opportunities the learned and inquisitive heathens had of informing themfelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiftory during the three firft centuries, efpecially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain-head: Befides which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of Chriftianity, and particular hiftories, that then threw light into thefe matters, but are now entirely loft; by which, at that time, any appearance of contradiction, or feeming difficulties in the hiftory of the Evangelifts, were fully cleared up and explained.

Though

Though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the history of our Saviour, as related by the four Evangelists, than in the accounts of any other person, published by such a number of different historians, who lived at so great a distance from the present age.

IX. AMONG those records which are lost, and were of great use to the primitive Christians, is the letter to *Tiberius*, which I have already mentioned; that of *Marcus Aurelius*, which I shall take notice of hereafter; the writings of *Hegesippus*, who had drawn down the history of Christianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the second century; the genuine *Sibylline* oracles, which, in the first ages of the Church were easily distinguished from the spurious; the records preserved in particular churches; with many others of the same nature.

### SECTION VIII.

- I. *The sight of miracles in those ages a further confirmation of Pagan philosophers in the Christian faith.*
- II. *The credibility of such miracles.*
- III. *A particular instance.*
- IV. *Martyrdom, why considered as a standing miracle.*
- V. *Primitive Christians thought many of the Martyrs were supported by a miraculous power:*
- VI. *Proved from the nature of their sufferings.*
- VII. *How Martyrs further induced the Pagans to embrace Christianity.*

I. **T**HERE were other means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the three first centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our blessed Saviour's history, which ought

ought not to be passed over in silence. The first was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining those miracles which were on several occasions performed by Christians, and appeared in the Church, more or less, during these first ages of Christianity. These had great weight with the men I am now speaking of, who, from learned *Pagans*, became fathers of the Church; for they frequently boast of them in their writings, as attestations given by God himself to the truth of their religion.

II. AT the same time that these learned men declare how disingenuous, base, and wicked it would be, how much beneath the dignity of philosophy, and contrary to the precepts of Christianity, to utter falsehood or forgeries in the support of a cause, though never so just in itself; they confidently assert this miraculous power, which then subsisted in the Church; nay, tell us, that they themselves had been eye-witnesses of it at several times, and in several instances; nay, appeal to the heathens themselves for the truth of several facts they relate; nay, challenge them to be present at their assemblies, and satisfy themselves, if they doubt of it: nay, we find that *Pagan* authors have in some instances confessed this miraculous power.

III. THE letter of *Marcus Aurelius*, whose army was preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same time that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of lightning, and which the heathen historians themselves allow to have been supernatural and the effect of magic: I say, this letter, which ascribed this unexpected assistance to the prayers of the Christians, who then served in the army, would have been an unquestionable testimony of the miraculous power I am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It is sufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of those miracles which had its influence on the learned converts, because it is related

by *Tertullian*, and the very letter appealed to. When these learned men saw sickness and frenzy cured, the dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the *Dæmons* and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no Gods, by persons who only made use of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of their Saviour's power on the like occasions, as represented to them by the traditions of the church, and the writings of the Evangelists?

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

of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

V. WE find the church of *Smyrna*, in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of *Polycarp* their beloved bishop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for Christianity, are of opinion, that our Saviour stood by them in a vision, and personally conversed with them, to give them strength and comfort during the bitterness of their long continued agonies; and we have the story of a young man, who, having suffered many tortures, escaped with life, and told his fellow-christians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the presence of an angel who stood by him, and wiped off the tears and sweat, which ran down his face whilst he lay under his sufferings. We are assured at least, that the first martyr for Christianity was encouraged in his last moments by a vision of that divine person for whom he suffered, and into whose presence he was then hastening.

VI. LET any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading these terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confessors were engaged, when they passed through such new inventions and varieties of pain as tired their tormentors, and ask himself, however zealous and sincere he is in his religion, whether, under such acute and lingering tortures, he could still have held fast his integrity, and have professed his faith to the last, without a supernatural assistance of some kind or other. For my part, when I consider that it was not an unaccountable obstinacy in a single man, or in any particular set of men, in some extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each sex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near 300 years together made this glorious confession of their faith, in the midst of tortures, and in the hour of death; I must conclude, that they were either of another

make than men are at present, or that they had such miraculous supports, as were peculiar to those times of Christianity, when without them, perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguished.

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



## SECTION VIII.

- I. *The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed Pagans in their belief of the Gospel.*
- II. *Origen's observation on that of his disciples being brought before Kings and governors.*
- III. *On their being persecuted for their religion ;*
- IV. *On their preaching the Gospel to all nations ;*
- V. *On the destruction of Jerufalem, and ruin of the Jewifh æconomy.*
- VI. *These arguments strengthened by what has happened since Origen's time.*

THE second of those extraordinary means, of great use to the learned and inquisitive Pagans of the three first centuries, for evincing the truth of the history of our Saviour, was the completion of such prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evangelists. They could not indeed form any arguments for what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his life, because both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were published by the Evangelists ; though, as *Origen* observes, what end could there be in forging some of these predictions, as that of *St. Peter's* denying his master, and all his disciples forsaking him in the greatest extremity, which reflects so much shame on the great Apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the Evangelists to relate a circumstance so disadvantageous to their own reputation ; as that Father has well observed.

II. BUT to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the Evangelists, which were not completed till after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so when they

they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they should be brought before governors and kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the *Gentiles*, *Matt. x. 28.* with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his disciples were to be persecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, says this Father, whose followers are punished? Can the enemies of *Christ* say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that therefore he might well conjecture and foretel what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? What likelihood, that men should be brought before kings and governors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the *Epicureans*, who absolutely denied a Providence; nor to the *Peripatetics* themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the Divinity? Are there any but the Christians, who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before kings and governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath, by their respective judges, to renounce Christianity, and to procure their liberty and rest, by offering the same sacrifices, and taking the same oaths that others did?

III. CONSIDER the time when our Saviour pronounced these words, *Matt. x. 32.* "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven: But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Had you heard him speak after this manner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself: If these speeches of *Jesus* are true, and if, according to his prediction, governors and kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples

disciples, we will believe not only that he is a prophet, but that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. WHO is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his Gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness to all nations; or, as St. *Origen* (who rather quotes the sense than the words) to serve for a conviction to kings and people; when, at the same time, he finds that his Gospel has accordingly been preached to *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting to the doctrine of *Christ*. “As for us,” says this great author in another part of his book against *Celsus*, “when we see every day those events exactly accomplished which our Saviour foretold at so great a distance; that his Gospel is preached in all the world, *Matthew* xxiv. 14. that his disciples go and teach all nations, *Matthew* xxviii. 19. and that those who have received his doctrine, are brought, for his sake, before governors and before kings, *Matthew* x. 18. we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer and stronger proofs can *Celsus* ask for the truth of what he spoke?”

V. *ORIGEN* insists likewise with great strength on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of *Jerusalem*, pronounced at a time, as he observes, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by so many others, that I shall refer you  
to

to what this father has said on the subject in the first book against *Celsus*. And as to the accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy, shall only observe, that whoever reads the account given us by *Josephus*, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the historian had been a Christian, and that he had nothing else in view but to adjust the event to the prediction.

VI. I CANNOT quit this head without taking notice, that *Origen* would still have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to have seen the *Roman* emperors, and all their governors and provinces, submitting themselves to the Christian religion, and glorying in its profession, as so many kings and sovereigns still place their relation to *Christ* at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he seen our Saviour's prophecy stand good in the destruction of the temple, and the dissolution of the *Jewish* œconomy, when *Jews* and *Pagans* united all their endeavours under *Julian* the Apostate, to baffle and falsify the prediction? The great preparations that were made for rebuilding the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire, that destroyed the work, and terrified those employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many historians of the same age; and the substance of the story testified both by *Pagan* and *Jewish* writers, as *Ammianus Marcellinus*, and *Zemath-David*. The learned *Chrystostome*, in a sermon against the *Jews*, tells them this fact was then fresh in the memories even of their young men; that it happened but twenty years ago; and that it was attested by all the inhabitants of *Jerusalem*, where they might still see the marks of it in the rubbish of that work, from which the *Jews* desisted in so great a fright, and which even *Julian* had not the courage

to carry on. This fact, which is in itself so miraculous and so indisputable, brought over many of the *Jews* to Christianity; and shews us, that after our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the care of *Titus*, who would fain have prevented its destruction; and that instead of being re-edified by *Julian*, all his endeavours towards it, did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that not one stone should be left upon another.

The ancient Christians were so entirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the *Jews* had drawn upon themselves and upon their children, for the treatment which the *Messiah* had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, an hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day: In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of Christians, and which preserved the Church of *Christ* among all the conflicts, difficulties, and persecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the *Jewish* government and œconomy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. *Origen*, in his fourth book against *Celsus*, mentioning their being cast out of *Jerusalem*, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the

*Babylonish* captivity, and the oppressions of *Antiochus Epiphanes*. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred years before his own time, the *Jews* had made such a powerful effort for their re-establishment under *Barcocab*, in the reign of *Adrian*, as shook the whole *Roman* empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not mistaken, nay, that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the *Jews* are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when *Origen* wrote.

## SECTION IX.

- I. *The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned Pagans into their religion.*
- II. *The change and reformation of their manners.*
- III. *This looked upon as supernatural by the learned Pagans;*
- IV. *And strengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and history.*
- V. *The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens belief.*
- VI. *Pursued.*
- VII. *Pursued.*

I. **T**HERE was one other means enjoyed by the learned *Pagans* of the three first centuries, for satisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's history, which I might have slung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is so shining a particular, and does so much honour to our religion, I shall make a distinct article of it, and only consider it with regard to the subject I am upon; I mean the lives and manners of those holy men, who believed in *Christ* during the first ages of Christianity. I should  
be

culous and so indisputable, brought over many of the *Jews* to Christianity; and shews us, that after our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the care of *Titus*, who would fain have prevented its destruction; and that instead of being re-edified by *Julian*, all his endeavours towards it did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that not one stone should be left upon another.

The ancient Christians were so entirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the *Jews* had drawn upon themselves and upon their children, for the treatment which the *Messiah* had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, an hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day: In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of Christians, and which preserved the Church of *Christ* among all the conflicts, difficulties, and persecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the *Jewish* government and œconomy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. *Origen*, in his fourth book against *Celsus*, mentioning their being cast out of *Jerusalem*, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the

*Babylonish* captivity, and the oppressions of *Antiochus Epiphanes*. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred years before his own time, the *Jews* had made such a powerful effort for their re-establishment under *Barchocab*, in the reign of *Adrian*, as shook the whole *Roman* empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not mistaken, nay, that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the *Jews* are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when *Origen* wrote.

## SECTION IX.

- I. *The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned Pagans into their religion.*
- II. *The change and reformation of their manners.*
- III. *This looked upon as supernatural by the learned Pagans.*
- IV. *And strengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and history.*
- V. *The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens belief;*
- VI. *Pursued.*
- VII. *Pursued.*

I. **T**HERE was one other means enjoyed by the learned *Pagans* of the three first centuries, for satisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's history, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is so shining a particular, and does so much honour to our religion, I shall make a distinct article of it, and only consider it with regard to the subject I am upon; I mean the lives and manners of those holy men, who believed in *Christ* during the first ages of Christianity. I should  
be



be thought to advance a paradox, should I affirm, that there were more Christians in the world during those times of persecution, than there are at present in these, which we call the flourishing times of Christianity. But this will be found an indisputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in those days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary sin, actually cuts himself off from the benefits and profession of Christianity, and, whatever he may call himself, is in reality no Christian, nor ought to be esteemed as such.

II. IN the times we are now surveying, the Christian religion shewed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonstrated what great and generous souls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its profelytes to a very high degree of perfection, and set them far above the pleasures, and even the pains of this life. It strengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceness of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worship of him that made them, and inspired the vicious with a rational devotion, a strict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow-creatures. In proportion as it spread through the world, it seemed to change mankind into another species of beings. No sooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an easy figure he became a new man, and both acted and looked upon himself as one regenerated, and born a second time into another state of existence.

III. It is not my business to be more particular in the accounts of primitive Christianity, which have been exhibited so well by others, but rather to observe, that the *Pagan* converts, of whom I am now speaking, mention this great reformation of those who had been the greatest sinners, with that

fudden and surprizing change which it made in the lives of the most profligate, as having something in it supernatural, miraculous, and more than human. *Origen* represents this power in the Christian religion, as no less wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. Many others represent it in the same light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which shewed itself in such strong and glorious effects.

IV. THIS therefore was a great means not only of recommending Christianity to honest and learned heathens, but of confirming them in the belief of our Saviour's history, when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that spirit which he had promised to send among his disciples.

V. BUT I find no argument made a stronger impression on the minds of these eminent *Pagan* converts, for strengthening their faith in the history of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in those old prophetic writings, which were deposited among the hands of the greatest enemies to Christianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were astonished to see the whole history of their Saviour's life published before he was born; and to find, that the Evangelists and prophets, in their accounts of the *Messiah*, differed only in point of time; the one foretelling what should happen to him, and the other describing those very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himself was pleased to make use of as the strongest argument of his being the promised *Messiah*, and without it would hardly have reconciled his disciples to the ignominy of his death; as in that remarkable passage which mentions his conversation with the

two disciples, on the day of his resurrection. St. *Luke*, CHAP. XXIV. verse 13. to the end.

VI. THE heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and sciences, were particularly qualified to examine these prophecies with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepossession. If the *Jews*, on the one side, put an unnatural interpretation on these prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controversies with the Christians; or if the Christians, on the other side, overstrained several passages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the best understanding, when their minds are heated with any consideration that bears a more than an ordinary weight with it; the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all these prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Besides, these learned men among the primitive Christians, knew how the *Jews* who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted these predictions, and the several marks by which they acknowledged the *Messiah* would be discovered, and how those of the *Jewish* doctors who succeeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpose to stifle their own conviction.

VII. THIS set of arguments had therefore an invincible force with those *Pagan* philosophers who became Christians, as we find in most of their writings. They could not disbelieve our Saviour's history, which so exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of those circumstances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any person that lived in the world, besides himself. This wrought the greatest confusion in the unbelieving  
*Jews,*

*Jews*, and the greatest conviction in the *Gentiles*, who every where speak with astonishment of these truths they met with in this new magazine of learning which was opened to them, and carry the point so far as to think whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among *Pagan* writers, had been stole from their conversation with the *Jews*, or from the perusal of these writings, which they had in their custody.

INDEX TO VOLUME IV.

*Spectator.*

A.

	Page.
AUTHORS, their precedency settled according to the bulk of their works - -	10
Anatomy, the Spectator's speculations on it	37
Anacharsis, the drunkard, a saying of his -	87
Aristippus, his saying of content -	96
Adulterers, how punished by the primitive Christians - - -	106

B.

Beings, the scale of, considered by the Spec- tator - - -	1
Body, human, remarks on the -	37
Bantam, ambassador of, his letter, -	58
Bonofus, a saying of him - -	88
Bion, a saying of his - -	97
Baxter, what a blessing he had -	139

C.

Cato, an instance of his probity - -	37
Calamities, whimsical ones - -	61
Content, how described by a Rosicrucian -	96
Christianity only can give content -	98
Chastity, how prized by the heathens -	107
<i>Cacoethes scribendi</i> , an epidemical distemper	115
Country gentlemen, advice to them -	118
Cowley, Mr. his description of heaven -	132
Critics, modern ones, their errors, -	136
Cherubims, what the Rabbins say they are	145

## D.

	Page.
Dapperwit, Tom, recommended by W. Honeycomb to succeed him in the Spectator's club	15
Divine Nature, discourse on	76
Drunkard, a character of one	87
Drunkenness, its ill effects	89

## E.

English, their character by a great preacher	57
_____ by the Bantam ambassador	58
_____ a distemper they are afflicted with	115
Egotism, the vanity of it	72
Erratum, a sad one committed in printing the bible	106
Eternity, an essay upon it	129

## F.

Freeport, Sir Andrew, his resolution to retire from business	46
Fancy, her character, &c.	61
Faces, every man should be pleased with his own	64
Funnel, Will, the toper, his character	87
Fontenelle, a saying of his	105
Fellow of a college, a wise saying of one	419

## G.

God, an instance of his exuberant goodness	3
_____ a being of infinite perfections	16
_____ a contemplation of his ubiquity	76
_____ his omnipresence further considered	90

## H.

	Page.
Hymen, a revengeful deity - - -	13
Honeycomb, Will, marries a country girl -	14
Hope, the folly of it, when misemployed on temporal objects - - -	20
Husbands, the rule for marrying them by the widow club - - -	70
Hermit, his saying to a lewd young fellow -	99
Heaven, its glory - - -	169
----- described by Mr. Cowley -	128
----- the notions several nations have of it	140
----- happiness of souls in it - - -	144
Hunting reproved - - - -	118
Hilpa, the Chinese antediluvian princess, her story - - - -	121
----- her letter to Shallum - - -	125

## I.

Instinct, the several degrees of it in different animals - - - -	3
Jews, the veneration they pay to the name of God - - - -	20
Integrity, great care to be taken of it -	56
Jupiter, his proclamations about griefs and ca- lamities, and his distribution of them 61 & 64	61 & 64
Irish gentlemen widow hunters -	71
Initial letters, the use party writers make of them - - - -	81
----- criticisms upon it -	83

## L.

Letter from the Bantam ambassador to his master about the English - - - -	56
Life, eternal, what we ought to be most solicit- ous about - - - -	99

## M.

	Page.
Matter, the basis of animals - - -	2
Man wonderful in his nature - - -	5
Montagne fond of speaking of himself - -	73
Merry part of the world amiable - - -	138

## N.

Night, a clear one described - - -	76
----- whimsically described by Will. Ramsay	116

## P.

Philips, Mr., his pastorals recommended by the Spectator - - - - -	7
Pope, Mr., his miscellany commended by the Spectator - - - - -	8
Prospect of peace, a poem on that subject, commended by the Spectator - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Players, the precedency settled among them	12
Politicians, the mischief they do - - -	52
----- some at the Royal Exchange - - -	83
Patience, her power - - - - -	67
Piltacus, a wife saying of his - - - - -	95
Planting recommended to country gentlemen	118
Playhouse, how improved in stoms - - -	134

## Q.

Question, a curious one stated by schoolmen about present and future happiness and misery - - - - -	101
---	-----

## R.

Rosicrucian, a pretended discovery made by one	95
Rake, a character of one - - - - -	103
Revelation, the light it gives into the joys of heaven - - - - -	144



## S.

	Page.
Sense, the different degrees of it, &c.	3
Squires, rural, their want of learning	11
Shoehing horns, who and by whom employed	26
Surprise the life of stories	28
Spectator breaks a fifty years silence	52
Socrates, his saying of misfortunes	61
Spleen, its effects	63
Stars, a contemplation of them	77
Syncopists, modern ones	83
Seneca, his saying of drunkenness	89
Singularity, when a virtue	104
Syracusan prince, jealous of his wife, how he served her	108
Scribblers, the most offensive	124
Shalum, the Chinese, his letter to the princess Hilpa before the flood	184
Sublime in writing, what it is	135

## T.

Tully praises himself	73
Temper, serious, the advantage of it	139

## U,

Ubiquity of the Godhead	90
----- further considered	109

## V.

Vulcan's dogs, fable of them	107
------------------------------	-----

## W.

World of matter and life considered by the Spectator	1
Widows club, an account of it	68
Writing, the difficulty of it, to avoid censure	86
Whole Duty of Man, that excellent book turned into a satire	<i>ib.</i>

## INDEX TO THE GUARDIAN.

## A.

	Page.
AURELIA, a dream concerning her -	193
Atalantis, author of, to whom akin -	197
Aurengzebe, tragedy of, faulty, and in what	211
Alexander's letter to Aristotle -	213
Athaliah of Racine, some parts of it sublime	232
Ancient authors, how distinguished in Strada's prolusion - - - -	248
Aristotle, his contempt of censure -	270
Anaximander, his saying upon being laughed at - - - -	271
Augustus, Virgil's praises of him -	283
Androcles, the story of him and the lion	286
Allegory, directions for using it -	292
Ants, their way of nesting, &c. -	315
— letters about them - -	331
Alnarefchin the Great, king of Persia, his story	359

## B.

Bubnelia, angry about the tucker -	204
Bofoms, naked, a grievance - -	230
— letter to the Pope about them -	290
Binicorn, Humphrey, his letter to the Guar- dian - - - -	261
Bias, saying of calumny - -	270
Beauty at war with fortitude -	293

## C.

China, Emperor of, honours none till they are dead - - - -	156
Climate, the inconstancy of the British one	178

	Page.
Cold bath recommended - - -	180
Craffus, a chilly old fellow - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Critick, the severity of one on the fireworks on the Thames - - -	182
——— how he differs from a caviller - - -	207
——— marks of an ill one - - -	226
Comet, the prodigious one in 1680 - - -	184
Charity schools recommended - - -	190
——— a virtue of the heart - - -	355
Cleomenes, tragedy of, faulty, and in what	208
Criticisms on several plays - - -	208
Courtship, the extravagance of it - - -	219
Congreve's character of an ill critick - - -	229
Claudian, Strada's - - - 228 &	250
——— his Pluto's speech to Proserpine	350
Club, the silent one - - -	224
Chastity in men, a noble virtue - - -	256
Conscience to the soul what health is to the body - - - - -	269
Censure, despised by philosophers - - -	270
Cromwell, what Monf. Paschal says of his death - - - - -	274
Coquette, how she should paint herself - - -	289
Cunning opposed to wisdom - - - - -	294
Complaisance, the benefits, of it, - - -	340

## D.

D'Ursey, Mr., his New Market ode - - -	147
Dead men only have honours in China - - -	156
Dream of Aurelia - - - - -	193
——— of a Spaniard about death - - -	273
——— of the punishment of the idle in the in- fernal regions - - - - -	323
Ditton and Whiston, their letter about the lon- gitude - - - - -	198
Distich, Mr., of the short club - - -	202
Don Sebastian, tragedy of, faulty, and in what	208

	Pag <sup>e</sup> .
Dryden, wrong in his sentiments -	21 <sup>o</sup>
Dædalus's letter about flying -	21 <sup>6</sup>
Diogenes, his saying to one who slandered him	270
Distresses, imaginary, the greatest part of men's afflictions - - -	340

## E.

Epicætetus, what he said of censure -	271
Eve's treatment of the angel in Milton -	281
Examiner, his knack at finding out treason	332

## F.

France, a tour there - - -	174
—— court of - - -	185
French, their humanity - - -	174
—— courteous - - -	187
Fountainbleau, palace of, described -	175
Fireworks, fine ones in the Thames -	181
Foundlings, no due provisions for them, -	190
Florella, angry about the tucker -	204
Flying, art of, a humour in King Charles II.'s time - - -	217
Fear of God, all fortitude founded upon it	233
Fig-leaf, Leonella, her letter about modesty pieces - - -	236
Fortitude at war with beauty -	293

## G.

Guardian, the use of his paper - - -	163
Gaming among the ladies a grievance - -	239
Gallantry, a precaution against it -	256

## H.

Honours ought to be bestowed on merit	155
Honour opposed to pride - - -	294
—— a discourse upon true honour -	336
Helim the great Physician - - -	359

## I.

	Page.
Ironside, akin to the Bickerstaffs - -	163
—— Nestor, Esq. a piece of true tempered steel - - -	181
Justice the greatest of all virtues -	167
—— Lord Chief, his uprightness -	168
Idleness punished in the infernal regions	323

## K.

Knowledge, the pursuit of it recommended to youth - - -	212
--	-----

## L.

Lions, London infested with them -	151
Lion, Ironside's, set up at Button's coffee- house - - -	165 & 222
—— scandalous reports of him - -	265
—— history of the lion - - -	286
—— Button's lion's nativity calculated -	288
Lycurgus, his good laws for matrimony -	172
Land bank, project of - - -	196
Longitude, discovery of - - -	198
Learning, the source of wealth, &c. -	212
—— proper for women - - -	304
Letter from Alexander to Aristotle -	213
—— Nestor Ironside to the Pope	290
Leo, Pope X. his entertainment of the poets	227
Lucan and Lucretius Strada - - -	228 & 248
Leo II. his letter to the Guardian -	260
Lyricks, English, very fine - - -	262
Longinus' best rule for the sublime -	292
Lust opposed to modesty - - -	294
Love personated by ambition and avarice -	<i>ib.</i>
Lucifer's description of a masquerade at the French ambassador's - - -	301

	Page.
Lizard, Lady, and daughters, how they work and read - - - -	304
----- Tom, the clown - - - -	339

## M.

Moderate man, an ode of D'Urfey's -	148
Medals, modern, an error in distributing them	156
Modesty, its charms - - - -	173
----- pieces laid aside - - - -	171
----- opposed to lust - - - -	294
Motteux's unicorn - - - -	224
Mum, Ned, his letter about the silent club	242
Mortality, bill of, out of the country -	275
Milton, his description of Eve's treating the angel - - - -	181
Masquerades, description of one at the French ambassador's - - - -	299
More, Sir Thomas, his poem about choosing a wife - - - -	346

## N.

Neck, female, immoderately exposed p. 170, 204, ----- 236 & 245	
Nomenclators, a male and female one in Lon- don - - - -	196

## O.

Oedipus, tragedy of, faulty and in what -	208
Ovid, Strada's - - - -	251

## P.

Pindar and D'Urfey compared - - -	150
Project for medals given to the late ministry	157
----- of land bank and reformation of man- ners - - - -	196

## I N D E X.

507

	Page.
Perſian ſoldier, his crime and puniſhment	168
----- Sultan, his juſtice	<i>ib.</i>
Palaces, the French king's, very fine	174
Poſture-maſter, his frolics	179
Phenomena of nature imitated by art	181
Pandemonium, Milton's, to be repreſented in fireworks	182
Puzzle, Peter, his dream	193
Poets, tragic, errors committed by them	208
Popes, the Leos the beſt, and the Innocents the worſt	223
Pope, the Guardian's letter to him	290
Petticoats, a grievance	225
Plain, Tom, his letter about them	225
Proluſion of Strada, on the ſtile of the poets — — — 227, 247 &	251
Patch, Parſon, why ſo called	230
Praiſe, grateful to human nature	269
Plato's ſaying of cenſure	271
Proteus, death compared to him	273
Pafchal, Mons, his obſervation on Cromwell's death	274
Poſterity, the regard we ſhould have to it	282
Piſts, the women adviſed to imitate them	289
Prudes, how they ſhould paint themſelves	<i>ib.</i>
Patience oppoſed to ſcorn	294
Pride oppoſed to honour	<i>ib.</i>
— its vice	296
Piſmires deſcribed	297, 308 & 316

## Q.

Quaint moraliſts, a ſaying of their's	273
---------------------------------------	-----

## R.

Reformation of manners, a project of	196
Roarings of Button's lion	242
Repartee, a quick one in parliament	278
Rofcommon, Earl of, his rule for tranſlation	349

## S.

	Page.
Silvio's bill of cofts in courting Zelinda	- 162
Snow, artificial, before the French king	- 181
Segonia, John de, his ftory, &c.	- 185
Solomon's choice of wifdom	- 214
Strada, his excellent prolufion	- 227, 247 & 251
Sublime, Boileau's notes on Longinus	- 232
----- Longinus beft rule for it	- 292
Statius, Strada's	- 253
Socrates's contempt of cenfure	- 270
South, Dr., his fermon	- 271
Sexes, the comparative perfeftions of them	- 293
Scorn oppofed to patience	- 294
Schacabac, the Perfian, his ftory	- 341

## T.

Tucker laid afide by the Ladies	- 170
Tall club	- 200
Teraminta angry about the tucker	- 204
Truelove, Tom, the character of a good husband	221
Tremble, Tom, his letter about naked breasts	230
Topknot, Dr., why fo called	- <i>ib.</i>
Timoleon, his piety	- 234
Time not to be fquandered	- 322
Timogenes, his character	- 338
Translation, rules for it	- 346

## V.

Verfailles defcribed	- 175
Variety, the fweets of it	- 280
Verfes of Eve treating the angel	- 281
----- out of Virgil	- 283
----- out of Cato	- 337
----- on translation	- 349
----- out of Claudian	- 350



I N D E X.

509

Page.

Virgil, Strada's	-	-	229 & 254
----- his praises of Augustus	-	-	283

W.

Walsingham, Sir Francis, his lions	-	-	152
Whiston and Ditton, their letter about the longitude	-	-	198
Wisdom, Solomon's choice of it	-	-	214
----- opposed to cunning	-	-	293
Wilkins, Bishop, his art of flying	-	-	216
Wedding clothes, a letter about it	-	-	219
Women should have learning	-	-	304
Whyte, Thomas, his letter about the philosopher's stone	-	-	358

X.

Xenophon's vision	-	-	215
-------------------	---	---	-----

Z.

Zelinda, her generosity	-	-	162
-------------------------	---	---	-----

INDEX

Vergil, Aeneid  
his works of Virgil

Walden, in London, his last  
Walden and Boston, their last, their last

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of



Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of

Walden, Boston's view of  
Walden, Boston's view of



