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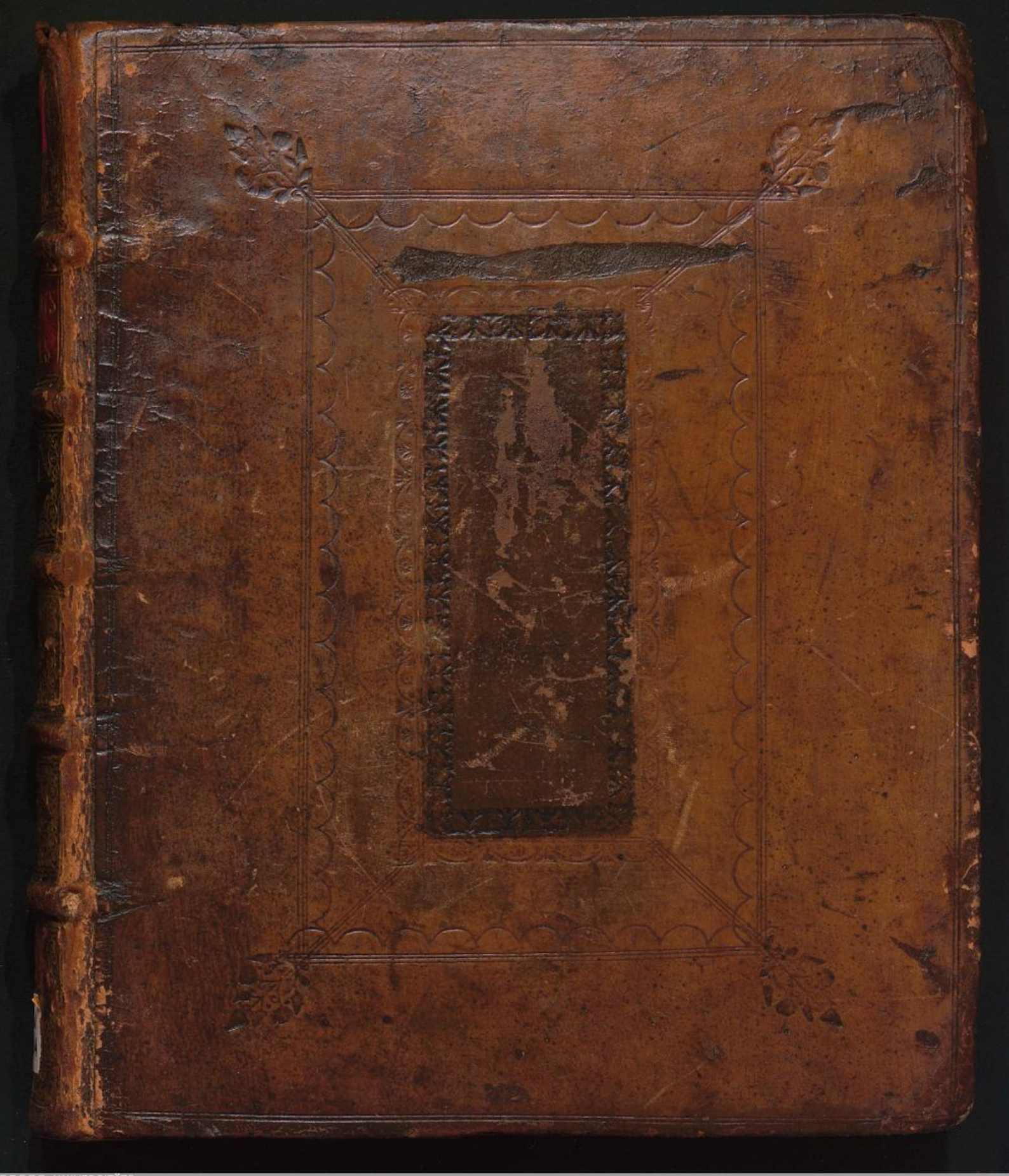
In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against *Katharine-street* in the *Strand*.

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N° 507. *Saturday, October* 11. 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges. Juv.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, though very fanciful, in *Plato*'s deſcription of the ſupreme Being, That *Truth is his body, and light his ſhadow.* According to this definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his nature, as error and falſhood. The Platoniſts have ſo juſt a notion of the Almighty's averſion to every thing which is falſe and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no leſs neceſſary than *Virtue*, to qualify a human Soul for the enjoyment of a ſeparate ſtate. For this reaſon, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and ſeaſon the will for a future life, ſo they preſcribed ſeveral contemplations and ſciences to rectify the underſtanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical demonſtrations the Cathartics or purgatives of the Soul, as being the moſt proper means to cleanſe it from error, and to give it a reliſh of truth; which is the natural food and nouriſhment of the underſtanding, as virtue is the perfection and happineſs of the will.

There are many Authors who have ſhewn wherein the malignity of a *Lye* conſiſts, and ſet forth in proper colours, the heinouſneſs of the offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean that abominable practice of *Party-lying*. This vice is ſo very predominant among us at preſent, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain ſyſtem of Lyes. The coffee-houſes are ſupported by them, the preſs is choaked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our bottle-converſation is ſo infected with them, that a Party-lye is grown as faſhionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry ſtory: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be ſtruck dumb, were this fountain of diſcourſe dried up. There is however one advantage reſulting from this deteſtable practice; the very appearances of truth are ſo little regarded, that lyes are at preſent diſcharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a party-

ſtory from a ſtranger, we conſider whether he is a Whig or Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of courſe, in which the honeſt Gentleman deſigns to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common ſenſe, that gives credit to the relations of Party-writers; nay his own friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning ideot. When it was formerly the faſhion to husband a Lye, and trump it up in ſome extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to ſee men of probity, who would ſcorn to utter a falſhood for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a Lye when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are men of honour in their perſons, thus to become notorious lyers in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the inſufficiency of theſe reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a practice.

In the firſt place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a Lye, and conſequently the puniſhment, may be very much diminiſhed, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of thoſe who partake in it. Though the weight of a falſhood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is ſhared among *many*. But in this caſe a man very much deceives himſelf; guilt, when it ſpreads through numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of thoſe who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any ſingle perſon, had none ſhared with him in the offence. In a word, the diviſion of guilt is like that of matter; though it may be ſeparated into infinite portions, every portion ſhall have the whole eſſence of matter in it, and conſiſt of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the ſecond place, though multitudes, who join in a Lye, cannot exempt themſelves from the guilt, they may from the ſhame of it. The ſcandal of a Lye is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a drop of the blackeſt tincture wears away and vaniſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable body of water; the blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover it ſelf. This is certainly a very

ry

ry great motive to ſeveral party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to ſhew the weakneſs of this reaſon, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conſcience, the ſuggeſtions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and laſt great motive for mens joining in a popular falſhood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-lye, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a cauſe which every party may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The unſoundneſs of this principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowledged, that a man muſt be an utter ſtranger to the principles, either of natural religion or chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a man might promote the ſuppoſed good of his country by the blackeſt calumnies and falſhoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the chriſtian world. When *Pompey* was deſired not to ſet ſail in a tempeſt that would hazard his life, *It is neceſſary for me*, ſays he, *to ſail, but it is not neceſſary for me to live:* every man ſhould ſay to himſelf, with the ſame ſpirit, It is my duty to ſpeak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the Fathers has carried this point ſo high, as to declare, *He would not tell a lye, though he were ſure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant ſuch a proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a man may ſay very reaſonably, *He would not tell a lye, if he were ſure to gain Hell by it*; or, if you have a mind to ſoften the expreſſion, that he would not tell a lye to gain any temporal reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain.

Thurſday,

N° 511. *Thursday, October* 16.

Quis non in venit turbâ quod amaret in illâ? Ovid.

Dear SPEC.

"FINDING that my last Letter took, I do intend to continue " my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear con- " founded creatures, *Women*. Thou knowest, all the little " learning I am master of is upon that subject: I never looked in a book, " but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a *Spe-* " *ctator*, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy " hands. The first of them I found by chance in an *English* book called " *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend *Dapperwit*'s window, as I visited him " one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met the follow- " ing account. He tells us that it was the manner among the *Persians* to " have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried " women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives " came hither to provide themselves: every woman was given to the " highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the " public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means " the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out the " most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the " refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who " could not go to the price of a *Beauty*. Several of these married the " *Agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced " to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bid- " der was always the purchaser. But now you must know, SPEC, it " happened in *Persia*, as it does in our own country, that there were as " many *ugly women*, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; so that by consequence, " after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great " many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the " market, the money which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of " among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a

" beauty

" beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune; the greateſt " portion being always given to the moſt deformed. To this the Author " adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or, " in caſe he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to " the next publick ſale.

" What I would recommend to thee on this occaſion is, to eſtabliſh " ſuch an imaginary fair in *Great Britain:* thou couldſt make it very " pleaſant, by matching women of quality with coblers and carmen, or " deſcribing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony ſhop-keepers " and farmers daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am con- " foundedly afraid that as the love of money prevails in our Iſland more " than it did in *Perſia*, we ſhould find that ſome of our greateſt men " would chuſe out the portions, and rival one another for the richeſt " piece of deformity; and that on the contrary, the Toaſts and Belles " would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gameſters and ſpendthrifts. " Thou couldſt make very pretty reflections upon this occaſion in ho- " nour of the *Perſian* Politics, who took care, by ſuch marriages, to " beautifie the upper part of the ſpecies, and to make the greateſt perſons " in the government the moſt graceful. But this I ſhall leave to thy ju- " dicious pen.

" I have another ſtory to tell thee, which I likewiſe met in a book. It " ſeems the General of the *Tartars*, after having laid ſiege to a ſtrong " town in *China*, and taken it by ſtorm, would ſet to ſale all the women " that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a ſack, " and after having thorowly conſidered the value of the woman who " was incloſed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the " ſack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that reſorted " from every part, with a deſign to purchaſe, which they were to do " *unſight unſeen.* The book mentions a Merchant in particular, who " obſerving one of the ſacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, " and carried it off with him to his houſe. As he was reſting with it " upon a half-way bridge, he was reſolved to take a ſurvey of his pur- " chaſe: upon opening the ſack, a little old woman popped her head " out of it; at which the adventurer was in ſo great a rage, that he was " going to ſhoot her out into the river. The old Lady, however, beg- " ged him firſt of all to hear her ſtory, by which he learned that ſhe " was ſiſter to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the fortune " of his brother-in-law as ſoon as he ſhould know to whoſe lot ſhe fell. " Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his ſack, and carried

" her

" her to his houſe, where ſhe proved an excellent wife, and procured " him all the riches from her brother that ſhe promiſed him.

" I fancy, if I was diſpoſed to dream a ſecond time, I could make a " tolerable viſion upon this plan. I would ſuppoſe all the unmarried wo- " men in *London* and *Weſtminſter* brought to market in ſacks, with their " reſpective prices on each ſack. The firſt ſack that is ſold is marked " with five thouſand pound: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with " an admirable houſewife, of an agreeable countenance: the purchaſer, " upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very chearfully. " The ſecond I would open, ſhould be a five hundred pound ſack: the " Lady in it, to our ſurprize, has the face and perſon of a Toaſt: as we " are wondering how ſhe came to be ſet at ſo low a price, we hear that " ſhe would have been valued at ten thouſand pound, but that the pub- " lick had made thoſe abatements for her being a Scold. I would after- " wards find ſome beautiful, modeſt, and diſcreet woman, that ſhould " be the top of the market; and perhaps diſcover half a dozen romps " tied up together in the ſame ſack, at one hundred pound a head. The " Prude and the Coquette ſhould be valued at the ſame price, though " the firſt ſhould go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldſt " like ſuch a viſion, had I time to finiſh it; becauſe, to talk in thy own " way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayeſt think of it, pr'ythee " do not make any of thy queer apologies for this Letter, as thou didſt " for my laſt. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry " at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter " upon them, but well with them.

Thine, HONEYCOMB.

N° 512. *Friday, October* 17.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. Hor.

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or ideots. We conſider the inſtruction as an implicit cenſure, and the zeal which

which any one ſhews for our good on ſuch an occaſion as a piece of preſumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the perſon who pretends to adviſe, does, in that particular, exerciſe a ſuperiority over us, and can have no other reaſon for it, but that, in comparing us with himſelf, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our underſtanding. For theſe reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable? ſome convey their inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen words, others in the moſt harmonious numbers, ſome in points of wit, and others in ſhort proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is *Fable*, in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we conſider this way of inſtructing or giving advice, it excels all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject to thoſe exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the firſt place, that upon reading of a Fable we are made to believe we adviſe our ſelves. We peruſe the Author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions, than his inſtructions. The moral inſinuates it ſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurprize, and become wiſer and better unawares. In ſhort, by this method a man is ſo far over-reached as to think he is directing himſelf, whilſt he is following the dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing circumſtance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we ſhall find that the mind is never ſo much pleaſed, as when ſhe exerts her ſelf in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the while in applying characters and circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a reader and a compoſer. It is no wonder therefore that on ſuch occaſions, when the mind is thus pleaſed with it ſelf, and amuſed with its own diſcoveries, it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occaſion of it. For this reaſon the *Abſalon* and *Achitophel* was one of the moſt popular Poems that ever appeared in *Engliſh*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much

finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into antient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their Kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a *Turkish* tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Humourist or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. *I would fain know*, says the Sultan, *what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, *Sir*, says he, *I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing that the Owls had said. *You must know then*, said the Visier, *that one of these Owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan* Mahmoud; *whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.*

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural Magick, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever

whoever did eat it ſhould be skilled in the language of birds, and underſtand every thing they ſaid to one another. Whether the Derviſe abovementioned might not have eaten ſuch a ſerpent, I ſhall leave to the determinations of the learned.

N° 513. *Saturday, October* 18.

------Afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propiore Dei------- Virg.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that ſociety who aſſiſt me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in ſickneſs*, and of a very ſerious nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the paper of this day.

SIR,

"THE indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, is at laſt grown " to ſuch a head, that it muſt quickly make an end of me, or of " it ſelf. You may imagine, that whilſt I am in this bad ſtate of health, " there are none of your works which I read with greater pleaſure than " your *Saturday*'s papers. I ſhould be very glad if I could furniſh you " with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dreſs up " ſeveral thoughts of a ſerious nature, which have made great impreſſions " on my mind during a long fit of ſickneſs, they might not be an impro- " per entertainment for that occaſion.

" Among all the reflections which uſually riſe in the mind of a ſick " man, who has time and inclination to conſider his approaching end, " there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and " unbodied before him who made him. When a man conſiders, that as " ſoon as the vital union is diſſolved, he ſhall ſee that ſupreme Being, " whom he now contemplates at a diſtance, and only in his works; or, " to ſpeak more philoſophically, when by ſome faculty in the Soul

" he ſhall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more ſenſible of his pre-
" ſence, than we are now of the preſence of any object which the eye be-
" holds, a man muſt be loſt in careleſſneſs and ſtupidity, who is not alar-
" med at ſuch a thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his excellent treatiſe upon
" Death, has repreſented, in very ſtrong and lively colours, the ſtate of
" the Soul in its firſt ſeparation from the body, with regard to that invi-
" ſible world which every where ſurrounds us, though we are not able
" to diſcover it through this groſſer world of matter, which is accom-
" modated to our ſenſes in this life. His words are as follow.

" *That Death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing elſe but our*
" *putting off theſe bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to theſe bo-*
" *dies, which intercepts the ſight of the other world: the other world is*
" *not at ſuch a diſtance from us, as we may imagine; the throne of God*
" *indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above the third Heavens,*
" *where he diſplays his glory to thoſe bleſſed Spirits which encompaſs his*
" *throne; but as ſoon as we ſtep out of theſe bodies, we ſtep into the other*
" *world, which is not ſo properly another world, (for there is the ſame*
" *heaven and earth ſtill) as a new ſtate of life. To live in theſe bo-*
" *dies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove*
" *into the next: for while our Souls are confined to theſe bodies,*
" *and can look only through theſe material caſements, nothing but*
" *what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is ſo groſs, that*
" *it can reflect light, and convey the ſhapes and colours of things with it*
" *to the eye: ſo that though within this viſible world, there be a more glo-*
" *rious ſcene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at*
" *all of it; for this veil of fleſh parts the viſible and inviſible world:*
" *but when we put off theſe bodies, there are new and ſurprizing wonders*
" *preſent themſelves to our view; when theſe material ſpectacles are tak-*
" *en off, the Soul with its own naked eyes ſees what was inviſible before:*
" *and then we are in the other world, when we can ſee it, and converſe*
" *with it: thus St.* Paul *tells us, That* when we are at home in the body,
" we are abſent from the Lord; but when we are abſent from the body,
" we are preſent with the Lord, 2 *Cor.* 5. 6, 8. *And methinks this is enough*
" *to cure us of our fondneſs for theſe bodies, unleſs we think it more de-*
" *ſirable to be confined to a priſon, and to look through a grate all our*
" *lives, which gives us but a very narrow proſpect, and that none of the*
" *beſt neither, than to be ſet at liberty to view all the glories of the world.*
" *What would we give now for the leaſt glimpſe of that inviſible world,*

" *which*

" *which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with?*
" *There are such things* as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath
" it entered into the heart of man to conceive: *Death opens our eyes,*
" *enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world,*
" *which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should*
" *make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our*
" *eyes which hinders our sight.*

" As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea
" of his appearing in the presence of that Being *whom none can see and*
" *live*, he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being
" whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life,
" and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think
" there is no scheme of religion, besides that of christianity, which can
" possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a
" man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch
" of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many
" secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, pas-
" sion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in
" short, so many defects in his best actions, that without the advantages
" of such an expiation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us,
" it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge,
" or that he should be able *to stand in his sight*. Our Holy religion sug-
" gests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and
" our imperfect obedience accepted.

" It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in
" the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my sick-
" ness.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III. *When*

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon sure.

" There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which Monsieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous Author of the *Art of Speaking* calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in *English*, I would have sent it you translated; it was written by Monsieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been one of the greatest Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

GRand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta Justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté,
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:
Ton interest s' oppose à ma felicité,
Et ta clemence meme attend que je perisse.

Contente

Contente ton deſir, puis qu'il t' eſt glorieux ;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre :
J' adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t' aigrit,
Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne ſoit tout couvert du ſang de JESUS CHRIST.

" If theſe thoughts may be ſerviceable to you, I deſire you would place " them in a proper light ; and am ever, with great ſincerity,

SIR, Yours, &c.

N° 517. *Thurſday, October* 23.

Heu pietas ! heu priſca fides ! ----- Virg.

WE laſt night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my Readers themſelves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in ſuſpence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead.* He departed this life at his houſe in the country, after a few weeks ſickneſs. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his correſpondents in thoſe parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-ſeſſions, as he was very warmly promoting an Addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his wiſhes. But this particular comes from a Whig Juſtice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagoniſt. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewiſe a Letter from the Butler, who took ſo much care of me laſt ſummer when I was at the Knight's houſe. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the ſimplicity of his heart, ſeveral circumſtances the others have paſſed over in ſilence, I ſhall give my Reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honoured

Honoured Sir,

" KNowing that you was my old Maſter's good friend, I could not " forbear ſending you the melancholy news of his death, which " has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor ſervants, who loved " him, I may ſay, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught " his death the laſt county-ſeſſions, where he would go to ſee juſtice " done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherleſs children, that had " been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, my good " maſter was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the " firſt complaint he made was, that he had loſt his roaſt-beef ſtomach, " not being able to touch a ſirloin, which was ſerved up according to " cuſtom; and you know he uſed to take great delight in it. From " that time forward he grew worſe and worſe, but ſtill kept a good " heart to the laſt. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recove- " ry, upon a kind meſſage that was ſent him from the widow Lady whom " he had made love to the forty laſt years of his life; but this only pro- " ved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as " a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of ſilver brace- " lets ſet with jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his mo- " ther: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he uſed to ride a " hunting upon, to his Chaplain, becauſe he thought he would be kind " to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed " to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It " being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, " to every man in the pariſh, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a " black riding-hood. It was a moſt moving ſight to ſee him take leave of " his poor ſervants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilſt we were " not able to ſpeak a word for weeping. As we moſt of us are grown " grey-headed in our dear maſter's ſervice, he has left us penſions and " legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part " of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which " is not yet come my knowledge, and it is peremptorily ſaid in the pariſh, " that he has left money to build a ſteeple to the Church; for he was " heard to ſay ſome time ago, that if he lived two years longer, *Coverly* " Church ſhould have a ſteeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body " that he made a very good end, and never ſpeaks of him without tears. " He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of " the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The

" Coffin

" Coffin was carried by ſix of his tenants, and the Pall held up by ſix of " the *Quorum*: the whole pariſh followed the corps with heavy hearts, and " in their mourning ſuits, the men in frize, and the women in riding- " hoods. Captain SENTRY, my maſter's nephew, has taken poſſeſſion " of the hall-houſe, and the whole eſtate. When my old maſter ſaw " him a little before his death, he ſhook him by the hand, and wiſhed " him joy of the eſtate which was falling to him, deſiring him only to " make a good uſe of it, and to pay the ſeveral legacies, and the gifts " of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the eſtate. " The Captain truly ſeems a courteous man, though ſays but little. He " makes much of thoſe whom my maſter loved, and ſhews great kind- " neſs to the old houſe-dog, that you know my poor maſter was ſo fond " of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the " dumb creature made on the day of my maſter's death. He has never " joyed himſelf ſince; no more has any of us. It was the melancho- " lieſt day for the poor people that ever happened in *Worceſterſhire*. " This being all from,

Honoured Sir, Your moſt ſorrowful ſervant,

Edward Biſcuit.

P. S. " My maſter deſired, ſome weeks before he died, that a book " which comes up to you by the carrier ſhould be given to Sir ANDREW " FREEPORT in his name.

This Letter, notwithſtanding the poor Butler's manner of writing it, gave us ſuch an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with ſome paſſages in it marked by Sir ROGER's own hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three points, which he had diſputed with Sir ROGER the laſt time he appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at ſuch an incident on another occaſion, at the ſight of the old man's hand-writing burſt into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

N° 519. *Saturday, October 25.*

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

THOUGH 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 ſurprizing 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.

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 it ſelf, innumerable cells and cavities that are crouded 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 conveniencies 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

lies which are at ſuch a diſtance from us ſhould not be deſart 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 way upon dead matter, any further 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 there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the exiſtence 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 my ſelf, 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 compleat in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe, 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. The 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 and perfection, between the ſupreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect. This 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 it ſelf 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 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 chaſms, 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 regions: and there are ſome birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whoſe blood is 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 animals 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 mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids and Seamen. There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have as much knowledge and reaſon,*

reaſon, as ſome that are called Men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms 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 till 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 inſenſible 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 harmony 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 downwards: 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 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,

N° 523. *Thurſday, October* 30.

------Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc et Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras.
Scilicet is ſuperis labor------ Virg.

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, 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 *Metamorphoſis*, 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 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 may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would write

write a manly Panegyrick, 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-heroick Poems, the uſe of the heathen mythology is not only excuſable but graceful, becauſe 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 Fauns 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 atchievements; 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 Marſhal *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.

"WHereas the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed 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 prevent that effuſion of nonſenſe, which we have good cauſe to apprehend; I do hereby ſtrictly require every perſon, who ſhall write on this ſubject, to remember that

" he

" 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 poſitively for- " bid the ſending of *Mercury* with any particular meſſage or diſpatch re- " lating 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 account- " ed for by the chriſtian ſyſtem of powder and ball. I do therefore ſtrict- " ly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence " whatſoever, 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 buſi- " neſs on his hands, in ſeveral poems which we may now ſuppoſe are up- " on the anvil, I do alſo prohibit his appearance, unleſs it be done in me- " taphor, 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 hea- " then Gods, it being my deſign to condemn every poem to the flames " in which *Jupiter* thunders, or exerciſes any other act of authority 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 credit 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 be ſtill left in full poſſeſſion of their Gods " and Goddeſſes, in the ſame manner as if this paper had never been " written.'

Thurſday,

N° 529. *Thurſday, November* 6.

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter. Hor.

UPON the hearing of ſeveral late diſputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amuſing my ſelf 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 *Duo-decimo* 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 writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only ſtitched. As for a 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 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 till 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 *Octavo*'s 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 ſurprized, 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 my ſelf 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 abovementioned 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 graceſulneſs of his perſon, to ſit at the right hand of a Hero, though he were but five foot 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 this ſhort table of laws, order is kept up, and diſtinction preſerved in the whole republic of letters.

N° 530. *Friday, November 7.*

Sic viſum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco. Hor.

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 Batchelor* 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 chuſing 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, 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 *Templer* 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

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 gayety, 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 of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In ſhort, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for about 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 mak- " ing up his accounts, 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 purling ſtreams. The ſimplicity of manners, " which I have heard you ſo often ſpeak of, and which appears here in " perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an inſtance of it, I muſt ac- " quaint you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately mar- " ried one of my tenants daughters. She is born of honeſt parents, and " though ſhe has no portion, ſhe has a great deal of virtue. The natural " ſweetneſs and innocence of her behaviour, the freſhneſs of her com- " plexion, the unaffected turn of her ſhape and perſon, ſhot me through " and through every time I ſaw her, and did more execution upon me " in grogram, 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 bo- " dies, and healthy conſtitutions. As for your fine women, I need not

" tell

" tell thee that I know them. I have had my ſhare in their graces, but " no more of that. It ſhall be my buſineſs hereafter 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 deſtroyed that jaun- " tyneſs 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 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 endeavour to live hereafter " ſuitable 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.

N° 531. *Saturday, November* 8.

Qui mare et terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum. Hor.

SIMONIDES 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

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 notion of any kind of ſpiritual perfection but what we diſcover in our own ſouls, we join infinitude to each kind 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 our ſelves, 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 a human ſoul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in our ſelves. It would be therefore a very high preſumption to determine whether the ſupreme Being has not many more attributes than thoſe which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of ſpiritual perfection which is not marked out in a 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

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 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 to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate our ſelves 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

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 our selves 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 enquirer into the works of Nature, than any other our nation has ever produced. " He had the profoundest venera-
" tion for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed
" in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him
" without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that
" knew him 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 prophaneness 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,

N° 535. *Thurſday, November* 13.

Spem longam reſeces------ Hor.

MY 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 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 our ſelves 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 landskips 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 it ſelf 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 of 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 towring 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 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 enſnares 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 but my Reader will be as much pleaſed with it as I have been, and that he will conſider himſelf, if he reflects on the ſeveral amuſements of Hope which have ſometimes paſſed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Perſian* glaſs-man.

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 a 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 over-heard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himſelf in the following manner: *This Basket*, ſays he, *coſt me at the wholeſale Merchant's a 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 glaſsman, and turn Jeweller. I ſhall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all ſorts of rich ſtones. 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 my ſelf, and make a noiſe in the world. I will not, however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue*

tinue my traffick, till I have got together a hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made my self master of a hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set my self on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier'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 Vizier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and 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 surprize, 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 in her 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 women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling her self 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.

N° 536. *Friday, November* 14.

O verè Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges! ----- Virg.

AS I was the other day ſtanding in my bookſeller's ſhop, a pretty young thing, about eighteen years of age, ſtept out of her coach, and bruſhing by me, beckened the man of the ſhop to the further 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 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 curteſy. 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 her ſelf, 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 my ſelf, 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 employ the moſt idle part of the kingdom; I mean that part of man-"kind who are known by the name of the womens-men or beaus, *&c.* "*Mr.* SPECTATOR, you are ſenſible theſe pretty Gentlemen are not "made

" 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, " ſince knotting is again in faſhion, which has been found a very pretty " amuſement, that you would recommend it to theſe Gentlemen as ſome- " thing 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 (ex- " cept at Church, be pleaſed to forbid it there, to prevent miſtakes) it " will be eaſily complied with. It is beſide an employment that allows, " as we ſee by the fair ſex, of many graces, which will make the Beaus " 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 further, by ſpeak- " ing 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 Gentlemen 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 far- " ther at this time, but only to ſay, that I am always your reader, and " generally your admirer, *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 proceeds 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 can of ſu- " pernumerary and inſignificant fellows, which they uſe like whifflers,

" and

" and commonly 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 occaſion 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 finding 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 my ſelf, 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 appplications to her, I always thought my ſelf " the beſt ſhoe in her ſhop, and it was not till a month before her mar- " riage 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 nature, told me I was hypocon- " driacal, and that I might as well look upon my ſelf 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 my ſelf. It would be tedious to recount to you the " life of an unfortunate Shoeing-horn, or I might entertain you with a " very long and melancholy relation of my ſufferings. Upon the whole, " I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your poſt, to deter- " mine 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,

N° 538. *Monday, November* 17.

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Finem tendere opus. Hor.

SURPRIZE 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 laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat 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.

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 over-leap the line of probability, that they may be seen 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 ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of *Antipathies* was a proper field wherein such false surprizers 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 effluviums of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner: others gave an account of

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, then to Parſnips, and ſo from one averſion to another, till we had worked up our ſelves 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 the company, before it was admitted. When we had ſat down, this civility amongſt us turned the diſcourſe from eatables to other ſorts of averſions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every converſation of this nature, began then to engroſs 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 till then, I felt a general damp and a faintneſs all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till 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 ſurprize, 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 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

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 grosly ignorant, as some over-bearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make us suppress our opinion, 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 further) 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 over-shoot 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 grey in a night, while 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 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 grey, ſince he knew one whoſe perriwig 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 mimickry, by which another puts on our air of converſation to ſhow us to our ſelves: he ſeems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a reſemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are ſtruck dumb immediately with a conſcientious 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 your ſelf; 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 publick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"THE 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 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 ſervant.

Friday,

N° 542. *Friday, November* 21.

Et ſibi præferri ſe gaudet------ Ovid.

WHEN I have been preſent in aſſemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleaſed 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 *Valetudinarian*; the inſpector of the ſign-poſts; the maſter of the Fan-exerciſe; with that of the hooped petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual ſleeper; that of Sir *John Envill*; that upon the *London* cries; with multitudes of the ſame nature. As I love nothing 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 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 Play-houſe, did not actually write thoſe Letters which came to me in their names. I muſt therefore inform theſe Gentlemen, that I often chuſe 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 me 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 my ſelf thoſe ſeveral 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 will 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 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 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 publick 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 divert-

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ing 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 patronized 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 true wiſdom and virtue, I ſhould be more ſevere upon my ſelf than the publick is diſpoſed to be. In the mean while I deſire my Reader to conſider every particular paper or diſcourſe as a diſtinct tract by it ſelf, 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 my ſelf 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 *Ro-*
" *ger* is dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has
" taken poſſeſſion of a fair eſtate; *Will. Honeycomb* has married a far-
" mer's daughter, and the *Templer* withdraws himſelf into the buſineſs
" of his own profeſſion. What will all this end in? We are afraid it por-
" tends no good to the publick. Unleſs you very ſpeedily fix a day for
" the election of new members, we are under apprehenſions 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 king-
" dom to continue ſo uſeful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perple-
" xity, and among the multitude of your readers you will particularly
" oblige

Your moſt ſincere friend and ſervant, Philo-Spec.

Saturday,

N° 543. *Saturday, November* 22.

------ Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamen------ Ov.

THOSE 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 enlightned in this art, their diſcoveries gave them freſh opportunities of admiring the conduct of providence in the formation of a 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 are, indeed, many parts, of which the old anatomiſts did not know the certain uſe; but as they ſaw that moſt of thoſe which they 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 antients 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 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 a 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 enquiries 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 enquiries, too unwieldy for the management

of

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 a 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 work 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 a human body.

But to return to our ſpeculations on Anatomy. I ſhall here conſider the fabrick 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 inconteſted principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and conſiſtence with it ſelf. If one ſhould always fling 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 repetitions among ſeveral ſpecies, that differ very little from one another, but in ſize and bulk. You find the ſame creature that is drawn at large, copied out in 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.

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 Deſcants which it has made on every original ſpecies in particular.

But to purſue this thought ſtill farther: every living creature, conſidered in it ſelf, 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; 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 with 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 a 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 the 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 million of dice ſhould be caſually thrown a hundred million of times in the ſame number, than that the body of any ſingle animal ſhould be produced by the fortuitous concourſe of matter. And that the like chance ſhould ariſe in innumerable inſtances, requires 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 reſemblances to each other, and thoſe particular diſtinctions that were neceſſary for the keeping up of this great world of life. There

There are many more demonſtrations of a ſupreme Being, and of his tranſcendent wiſdom, power and goodneſs in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the ſixth book of the poem, entitled *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.

N° 547. *Thurſday, November* 27.

Si vulnus tibi monſtratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier---- Hor.

IT 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 ge-
" nerally 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 publiſhed. 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 learning told us, he thought it would not be amiſs
" if we paid the *Spectator* the ſame compliment that is often made in our
" publick prints to Sir *William Read*, Dr. *Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the Apothe-
" cary, and other eminent phyſicians, where it is uſual for the patients to
" publiſh

" publiſh the cures which have been made upon them, and the ſeveral " diſtempers under which they laboured. The propoſal took, and the " Lady where we viſited having the two laſt volumes in large paper in- " terleaved 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 frequently meet with at the " end of our News-papers. 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 tranſcribed, 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 efficax et 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 human ſyſtem, " with an eaſy way to know when the infection is upon him. This Pa- " nacea is as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taſte, and requires no " confinement. It has not its equal in the univerſe, 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 been for ſeveral " years 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 publick give notice, 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 diſeaſe 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 " N° 193. where any one may be provided with the ſame remedy at the " price of a ſingle penny.

" An

" An infallible cure for *Hypocondriack Melancholy*. N° 173. 184. 191.
" 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum eſt. *Charles Eaſy.*

" I *Chriſtopher Query* having been troubled with a certain diſtemper in
" my tongue, which ſhewed it ſelf in impertinent and ſuperfluous inter-
" rogatories, have not asked one unneceſſary queſtion ſince my peruſal
" of the preſcription marked N° 228.

" The *Britannick Beautifier*, being an Eſſay on Modeſty, N° 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, or in the leaſt hurtful. In renders the face delight-
" fully handſom; is not ſubject to be rubbed off, and cannot be parallel-
" led by either waſh, powder, coſmetic, *&c.* It is certainly the beſt
" beautifier in the world.

Martha Gloworm.

" I *Samuel Self*, of the pariſh of St. *James's*, having a conſtitution
" which naturally abounds with acids, made uſe of a paper of directions
" marked N° 177. recommending a healthful exerciſe called *Good-nature*,
" and have found it a moſt excellent ſweetner 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 diſcovered it ſelf in the colour of their hoods, having
" made uſe of the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the
" publick in one of his laſt year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.

" I *George Gloom* have for a long time been troubled with the
" ſpleen, and being adviſed by my friends to put my ſelf into a courſe
" of *Steele*, did for that end make uſe of remedies conveyed to me ſe-
" veral mornings in ſhort Letters, from the hands of the inviſible Do-
" ctor. They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel Henrooſt*, *Alice*
" *Threadneedle*, *Rebecca Nettletop*, *Tom Loveleſs*, *Mary Meanwell*,
" *Thomas Smoaky*, *Anthony Freeman*, *Tom Meggot*, *Ruſtick Sprightly*, &c.
" which have had ſo good an effect upon me, that I now find my ſelf
" chearful, 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.

N° 549. *Saturday, November* 29.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen------- Juv.

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 unhappiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till 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 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 so much 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 my self as creditor and debtor,

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 arithmetick 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 not in my power to ballance accounts with my Maker, I am reſolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You muſt not therefore be ſurprized, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking my ſelf 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 ſhall 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,

"NOtwithſtanding my friends at the Club have always rallied me, " when I have talked of retiring from buſineſs, and repeated to " me one of my own ſayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till 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 re- " mainder 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 enjoyment of my poſ- " ſeſſions, the making of them uſeful to the public. As the greateſt part " of my eſtate has been hitherto of an unſteddy 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 uncer- " tainty of ſtocks, winds and waves, and diſpoſed of it in a conſiderable " purchaſe. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in " my way, that is, in ſetting my poor neighbours to work, and giving " them a comfortable ſubſiſtence out of their own induſtry. My gar- " dens, my fiſh-ponds, my arable and paſture grounds ſhall be my ſeveral " hoſpitals, or rather work-houſes, in which I propoſe to maintain a " great many indigent perſons, who are now ſtarving in my neighbour- " hood. I have got a fine ſpread of improveable lands, and in my own " thoughts am already plowing up ſome of them, fencing others; plant- " ing woods, and draining marſhes. In fine, as I have my ſhare in the ſur- " face 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

" that from whatever corner of the compaſs the wind blew, it was bring-
" ing home one or other of my ſhips; I hope, as a husbandman, to con-
" trive it ſo, that not a ſhower of rain, or a glimpſe of ſunſhine, 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 when it is not ſome way uſeful
" to others. But when I am riding out by my ſelf, 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, prepar-
" ing 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 find-
" ing out a convenient place where I may build an alms-houſe, which I
" intend to endow very handſomly, for a dozen ſuperannuated husband-
" men. It will be a great pleaſure to me to ſay my prayers twice a day
" with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as my ſelf, 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, *Fi-*
" *nis 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 entirely diſperſed, I ſhall conſult my Reader next week, upon a project relating to the inſtitution of a new one.

Monday,

N° 550. *Monday, December* 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor Hiatu? Hor.

SINCE the late dissolution of the Club whereof I have often declared my self a member, there are very 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 begun 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 interests 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 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 my self 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 my self 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 chuſe 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 my ſelf 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 a 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 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 my ſelf in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practiſed at the opening 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 that time of the proceedings in that ſolemnity, and of the perſons who ſhall aſſiſt at it. But of this more hereafter.

End of the firſt Vol.

Friday,

Vol. 8

N° 556. *Friday, June* 18. 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitiduſque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis. Virg.

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

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 ake 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 my ſelf, 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 my ſelf 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 Coffee-houſes have ever ſince been my chief places of reſort, where I have made the greateſt improvements; 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 ——— ———

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 Coffee-houſe? 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

Thoſe who have been preſent at publick diſputes in the Univerſity, know that it is uſual to maintain hereſies for argument's 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 my ſelf in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelve-month, not ſo much for the benefit of my hearers as of my ſelf. 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 my ſelf 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 a 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 encreaſe the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wiſe and good men, and I could heartily wiſh there were not 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 our ſelves 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 all 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: 'till which time I muſt entreat 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.

N° 557. *Monday, June* 30.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues. Virg.

THERE 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 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 this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his ſincerity.

When ſuch an inflexible integrity is a little ſoftned 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

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 argues true greatness " of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and re- " solution, 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 that 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 intrinsick va- " lue 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 un- " derstand it, it would be a great while before 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,

" THE people, where I now am, have tongues further from their " hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knowest the in- " habitants of one of these places doe 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 fal- " shood 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

" which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but in-
" stead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid ano-
" ther do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who desired
" me *to think my self at home, and to consider his house as my own.* Ac-
" cordingly, 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 falling 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 *eternal-*
" *ly obliged him.* I was so surprized at his gratitude, that I could not
" forbear saying, What service is there which one man can do for ano-
" ther, 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 tread-
" ing by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lye a compli-
" ment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths,
" for which thou wouldest 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 wouldest 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 an 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 perswade 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 man-
" ner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy con-
" stitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in
" safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself
" once more at thy feet in thy royal city of *Bantam.*

Wednes-

N° 558. *Wednesday, June* 23.

Quî 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, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur? horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam 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.

IT is a celebrated thought of *Socrates*, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a publick 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 further in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those

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 proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every mortal ſhould bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpoſe. I took my ſtand in the center 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 cloathed 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 burthens, 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 burthens, 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 perſwade themſelves to caſt them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, ſhook their heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I ſaw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny ſkin. There were very great heaps of red noſes, large lips, and ruſty teeth. The truth of it is, I was ſurprized 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

upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among his 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 called the Spleen. But what most of all surprized 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 astonished, having concluded within my self, 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 loaden 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 *Phantome* which had been so busie on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasie at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared 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 happened very luckily, that one who stood 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 our selves, and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune 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.

N° 559. *Friday, June* 25.

Quid cauſæ eſt, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet : neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? Hor.

IN 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 ſurveyed the ſeveral materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce 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 burthens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confuſion of miſeries, this chaos of calamity, *Jupiter* iſſued out a ſecond proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange 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 her ſelf, 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 the occaſion, I ſhall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholick, 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 in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his ſon again, and give him back his cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor gally-ſlave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry faces, that one

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 buſie among themſelves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort waſte for a pair of round ſhoulders, and a third cheapning 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 befal us are in ſome meaſure ſuited and proportioned to our ſtrength, or that every 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 my ſelf, 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 my ſelf 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 ſwop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapſticks that had no calfs 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 ſcarce knew how to move forward upon his new ſupporters: obſerving him to be a pleaſant kind of 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 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 burthens. 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 Phantome, 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 steddy and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: her name was *PATIENCE*. She had no sooner placed her self 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,

N° 561. *Wednesday, June* 30.

--------Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda. Virg.

SIR,

"I Am a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I " thought, every way qualified for a rich widow: but, after ha- " ving tried my fortune for above three years together, I have " not been able to get one single relict in the mind. My first attacks " were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came " to the word *Settlement*. 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 unhappy Gentlemen, who are commonly di- " stinguished 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 cer- " tain female cabal of this order, who call themselves 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 seventh; being of opinion that there is as " much vertue 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 re- " port 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

" IV. The Widow *Quick*, married within a fortnight 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 twinns 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 outlive the honey-moon.

" VII. *Deborah Conqueſt*. The caſe of this Lady is ſomething parti- " cular. She is the relict of Sir *Sampſon Conqueſt*, ſome time Juſtice of " the *Quorum*. Sir *Sampſon* was ſeven foot high, and two foot in breadth " from the tip of one ſhoulder to the other. He had married three " wives, who all of them died in childbed. 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 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 widowhood; and ſhe takes her " place accordingly.

" VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, relict of Mr. *John Wildfire*, Fox-hun- " ter, who broke his neck over a ſix 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 receiving the addreſſes of a " Gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the ſecond " month of her widowhood. This Gentleman was diſcarded in a fort- " night for the ſake of a young *Templer*, 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 Gentleman at court. The courtier " was as ſhort-liv'd a favourite as his predeceſſors, but had the pleaſure " 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 en- " ſued a ceſſation of ten years, when *John Felt*, Haberdaſher, 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 entred of the Club;

" but

" 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 twelve- " month. This young matron is looked upon as the moſt riſing member " of the ſociety, and will probably be in the Preſident's chair before " ſhe dies.

" Theſe Ladies, upon their firſt inſtitution, reſolved to give the pictures " of their deceaſed husbands 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 reſolution, that every matron ſhould give her " own picture, and ſet it round with her husbands in miniature.

" As they have moſt of them the misfortune to be troubled with the " cholick, they have a noble cellar 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 con- " dole, 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 them- " ſelves, is this, To cry up the pleaſures of a ſingle life upon all occaſions, " in order to deter the reſt of their ſex from marriage, and engroſs 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 reputation, perſon, fortune, and good humour; and if " they find him qualified for a ſiſter of the Club, they lay their heads to- " gether how to make him ſure. By this means they are acquainted with " all the Widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diver- " ſion. There is an honeſt *Iriſh* Gentleman, it ſeems, who knows no- " thing 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 arts and ſtratagems, with " which they amuſed the jealous, pacified the cholerick, or wheedled " the good-natured man, until 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-*Ma- " chiavils*, relate chiefly to theſe two points, How to treat a lover, and " How to manage a husband. As for the firſt ſet of artifices, they are " too numerous to come within the compaſs of your paper, and ſhall " therefore be reſerved for a ſecond Letter.

" The

" 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 familiari- " ties. 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 her self. " To make him disinherit 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.

N° 562. *Friday, July* 2.

------*Præsens, absens ut sies.* Ter.

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 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 put- " ting *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*.

cember. 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 ariſing from vainglory 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 *Woolſey*, *Ego et Rex meus*, *I and my King*; as perhaps the moſt eminent Egotiſt that ever appeared in the world, was *Montagne* 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 *Montagne* than either of them. The younger *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 fadaiſe de Montagne, qui a eſcrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc —— que diable a-t-on à faire de ſçavoir ce qu'il aime? For my part*, ſays *Montagne*, *I am a great lover of your white wines —— What the Devil ſignifies it to the publick*, 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 have 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 ſavour 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 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 publick; but I would adviſe every other writer never to ſpeak of 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 be always 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,

N° 565. *Friday, July* 9.

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum. Virg.

I Was yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, 'till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed my ſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours, which appeared in the weſtern parts of Heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To compleat 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 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 another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, whilſt I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that

little insignificant figure which I my self bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, 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 our selves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than our selves. 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 is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert it self in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon my self 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 my self from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our selves 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 our selves, 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

imperfection in our ſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him, in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, 'till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

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

If we conſider him in his Omnipreſence: his Being paſſes through, actuates and ſupports the whole frame of Nature. His Creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that Being is to it ſelf. 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 every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is Omniſcient as well as Omnipreſent. His Omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his Omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who calls it the *Senſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *Senſoriola*, or little *Senſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turns within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every

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 it ſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. Whilſt 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.

N° 567. *Wedneſday, July* 14.

------ *Inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.* Virg.

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

with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole edition go off by vertue of two or three well written *&c*——'*s*.

A sprinkling of the words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant terms, in an Italick character, hath also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention *Scribler*, *Liar*, *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversie.

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 the peruser of these mysterious works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the 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 satyrical 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 satyr, 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 ho- "nest *Engl-sh-m-n* 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 Pre-* "*late*, (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, be- "cause my Lady *Q-p-t-s* has been disobliged? or is it reasonable that

"our

" 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* or a " *T——t.* Nay, I would not ſtick to call ſo wretched a politician, a " traitor, an enemy to his country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ſs, *&c. &c.*

The remaining part of this political treatiſe, which is written after the manner of the moſt celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the publick 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 writer of the age. I ſhall only add, that in order to outſhine all the modern race of *Syncopiſts*, and thoroughly content my *Engliſh* Readers, I intend ſhortly to publiſh a SPECTATOR, that ſhall not have a ſingle vowel in it.

N° 568. *Friday, July* 16.

-----Dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus. Mart.

I Was yeſterday in a Coffee-houſe 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 among brother-ſmoakers as an overture to converſation and friendſhip. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raiſing, I took

took up the laſt SPECTATOR, and caſting my eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, ſays I, *is very witty to-day*; upon which a luſty lethargick old Gentleman, who ſat at the upper-end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of ſmoak, which he had been collecting for ſome time before, *Ay*, ſays he, *more witty than wiſe 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-rch 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 p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? why does he not write at length if he means honeſtly? I have read over the whole ſentence*, ſays I; *but I look upon the parentheſis in the belly of it to be the moſt dangerous part, and as full of inſinuations as it can hold. But who*, ſays I, *is my Lady* Q—p—t—s? *Ay, 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 almoſt ſtifled the whole company. After a ſhort pauſe, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing ſo many letters in my 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 conſonant to direct us! I mean*, ſays I, *after thoſe words*, The fleet, that uſed to

be the terror of the ocean, ſhould lie 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 cannot for my life,* ſays I, *imagine who the* SPECTATOR *means: No!* ſays he,——*Your humble ſervant, Sir!* Upon which he flung himſelf back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethargick 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, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the Coffee-houſe, I could not forbear reflecting with my ſelf 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 ſatyr 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 ſtigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical 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, Church-wardens, 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 ſome body 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 tythes, was under ſome ſuſpicion of being the Author, until the good man ſet his people right, by ſhewing them that the ſatyrical paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ againſt all the ſinners in *England*.

Monday,

N° 569. *Monday, July* 19.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborent,
An ſit amicitia dignus------- Hor.

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 match of drinking 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 paſt through him in the laſt twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty three hogſheads of october, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of ſmall beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glaſſes of champaign; 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 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. *Bonoſus*, 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, hang'd 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 it ſelf; 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 into jealouſie, and jealouſie into madneſs. It often turns the good-natured man into an ideot, and the cholerick 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 us 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 lædit abſentem*; *He who jeſts upon a man that is drunk, injures the abſent.*

Thus does drunkenneſs act in 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

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.

N° 571. *Friday, July* 23.

-------Cœlum quid quærimus ultra? Luc.

AS 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,

IN your paper of *Friday* the 9th inſtant, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the God-head, 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 coexiſtent, 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!

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,

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

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but, at the ſame time, receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by vertue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with 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 Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures, but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to it ſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *Secondly*, The deplorable condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

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

But

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual Being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of *Job*, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! *Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to my self?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

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

whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of Beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt it ſelf to him in fullneſs of joy.

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

Friday,

N° 574. *Friday, July* 30.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. Hor.

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 into 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 Alchymiſt 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 diſquietudes ariſing out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him eaſie 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 cor-

ruption, 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 conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one 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 within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher rank live in a kind of ſplendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid pleaſures of life, they endeavour to outvy 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 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 that 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 ſuperfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and

will

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 easie; 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 misfortune 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 mainmast, 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 was never 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 our selves, 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; whilst 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, rather silence than satisfie a man. They may show 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 eaſie 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.

N° 575. *Monday, Auguſt* 2.

------Nec morti eſſe locum------ Virg.

A Lewd young fellow ſeeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father,* ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world. True ſon,* ſaid the Hermit; *but what is thy condition if there is?* Man is a creature deſigned for two different ſtates of being, or rather, for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient; his ſecond permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, In which of theſe two lives it is our chief intereſt to make our ſelves happy? or, in other words, Whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to our ſelves 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 our ſelves 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 inhabitans; what

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

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were Beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years? and that the greateſt part of this buſie ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age? How would he be loſt in horrour and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſett 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 ſett 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 perſwaded 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 our ſelves 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 our ſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

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

It

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 a Unite does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so over-set by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue 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 chearfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

Wednesday,

N° 576. *Wednesday, August* 4.

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

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 till two a-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 gayety 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 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? Sin-

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 publick. 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 or 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 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 a-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 perriwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linnen about his head was much more wholsome, 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

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 dialogue 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 lunatick, is a frenzy* hors d'oeuvre; that is, in other words, ſomething which is ſingular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madneſs of a multitude.

N° 579. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 11.

-----Odora canum vis. Virg.

IN the reign of King *Charles* I, the company of Stationers, into whoſe hands the printing of the Bible is committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or blunder in one of their editions: for inſtead of *Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery*, they printed off ſeveral thouſands of copies with *Thou ſhalt commit Adultery*. Archbiſhop *Laud*, to puniſh 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 ſpurious edition of the Bible, and obſerve the Commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the firſt ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives for bearing a part in chriſtian aſſemblies, notwithſtanding 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 chaſt or otherwiſe. They uſed to meet and fawn upon ſuch as were chaſt, careſſing them as the friends of their maſter *Vulcan*; but flew at thoſe who were polluted, and never ceaſed barking at them till 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 was " thought ſhe did it in ſpight of *Venus*, who, upon her return home, al- " ways 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 frighted " away moſt of the votaries. The women of *Sicily* made a ſolemn de- " putation to the Prieſt, by which they acquainted him, that they would " not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unleſs he muz- " zled 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 wonderful (ſays " the Author) to ſee how different the treatment was which the dogs " gave to theſe little Miſſes, from that which they had ſhown 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 famous breed. The young puppy was very troubleſome to the " fair Lady at firſt, inſomuch that ſhe ſollicited her husband to ſend him

" away,

" 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 " till 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 growle 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 promontory 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 in 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 *Honour*, 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.

N° 580. *Friday, Auguſt* 13.

-----Si verbo audacia detur,
Non metuam magni dixiſſe palatia cœli. Ov. Met.

SIR,

" I Conſidered in my two laſt Letters that awful and tremendous " ſubject, the Ubiquity or Omnipreſence 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 hea- " thens, as I might ſhow 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 Divines call his Glorious, and others his Majeſtatic " 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 ſplendors which can affect the imagination of " created Beings.

" It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's preſence " in heaven, whether diſcovered by the light of nature, or by a general " tradition from our firſt parents, prevails among all the nations of the " world, whatſoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. " If you look into *Homer*, that is, the moſt ancient of the *Greek* writers, " you ſee the ſupreme powers ſeated in the heavens, and encompaſſed " with inferior Deities, among whom the Muſes are repreſented as ſing- " ing 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 adulte- " rated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to paſs o- " ver 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 among the figures of the Cherubins, and into which " none but the High-Prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter, after having " made an attonement for the ſins of the people; ſo if we conſider the " whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, " into which the High-Prieſt of our ſalvation entered, and took his place " among Angels and Archangels, after having made a propitiation for the " ſins of mankind.

" With how much skill muſt the throne of God be erected? With " what glorious deſigns is that habitation beautified, which is contrived " and built by him who inſpired *Hyram* with wiſdom? How great muſt

" be

" be the Majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been " employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most " magnificent manner? What must be the Architecture of infinite power " under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be trans- " ported, 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 it self, in comparison " of those splendors which encompass the throne of God.

" As the *Glory* of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so " probably is the *Extent* of it. There is Light behind Light, and Glory " within Glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus ap- " pears in perfect Majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is " not infinite, it may be indefinite; and though not immeasurable in it " self, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. 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 especial manner, and displays himself in the full- " ness of his Glory, among an innumerable company of Angels, and " spirits of just men made perfect?

" This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high, " when we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omniscience have " so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a " scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to ima- " gine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things, these " outward 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 habita- " tion for Beings who are exempt from mortality, 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

" 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 exerted the whole power of harmony! the ſenſes " are faculties of the human ſoul, though they cannot be employed, du- " ring this our vital union, without proper inſtruments in the body. " Why therefore 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 happineſs " hereafter? why ſhould we ſuppoſe that our hearing and ſeeing will not " be gratifyed with thoſe objects which are moſt agreeable to them, and " which they cannot meet with in theſe lower regions 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* ſpeak- " ing of himſelf) *above fourteen years ago* (*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 heaven. 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 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 impoſſible 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 enquiries 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 everlaſt- " ing doors ſhall be opened 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 our ſelves with many other ſpeculations on this " ſubject, from thoſe ſeveral hints which we find of it in the holy Scrip- " tures; 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

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" the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifeſtations of his preſence; whe-
" ther there are not ſolemn times and occaſions, when all the multitude
" of heaven celebrate the preſence of their Maker in more extraordi-
" nary 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 manner than any other
" of the ſeven. Theſe, and the like ſpeculations, we may very innocently
" indulge, ſo long as we make uſe of them to inſpire us with a deſire of
" becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

" I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated on the moſt ſe-
" rious ſubject that can employ the mind of man, the Omnipreſence of
" the Deity; a ſubject which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from our
" meditations. We have conſidered the divine Being, as he inhabits in-
" finitude, 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 bleſt. Such a conſideration ſhould be kept awake
" in us at all times, and in all places, and poſſeſs our minds with a per-
" petual awe and reverence. It ſhould be interwoven with all our
" thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the conſciouſneſs of
" our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldneſs of Philo-
" ſophy, but ought to ſink us into the loweſt proſtration before him,
" who is ſo aſtoniſhingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.

N° 582. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 18.

------Tenet inſanabile multos
Scribendi Cacoethes----- Juv.

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 *Cacoethes*; which is a hard word for a diſeaſe called in plain *Engliſh*, *the itch of writing*. This *Cacoethes* 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

There is however this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indispos'd 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 satyrs 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 your self 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 scriblers 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 a 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 our selves 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, entitled, *William Ramsey's Vindication of Astrology.* This profound Author, among many 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 illumi- "nate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day, but there are te- "nebrificous 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

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 the first magnitude, and point out a knot of Gentlemen who have been dull in consort, 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.

N° 583. *Friday, August* 20.

Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres. Virg.

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

Many of our country Gentlemen in their busie 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 publick, 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 show 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 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 its utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruine. 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 frequenty 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

cunning and ſelfiſh part of mankind. Moſt people are of the humour of an old fellow of a colledge, 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 eaſie 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 has left the impreſſions of his induſtry behind him, in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing conſiderations, I can ſcarce forbear repreſenting the ſubject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue: which, as I have already ſhown, 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 gratifie 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 our ſelves 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 uneaſie 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 genius's 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 oakes 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.

N° 584. *Monday, Auguſt* 23.

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

HILPA was one of the 150 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 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* was 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,

per, 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 250th 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 160th 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 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 *Shalum* looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the ſpace of 70 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 magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the fineſt Landskips 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 appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time 180 years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum *Maſter of mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa *Miſtreſs of the vallies.*

In the 788th year of the Creation.

"WHAT have I not ſuffered, O thou daughter of *Zilpah*, ſince thou "gaveſt thy ſelf away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary "of the light of the ſun, and have been ever ſince covering my ſelf with "woods and foreſts. Theſe threeſcore and ten years have I bewailed the "loſs of thee on the tops of mount *Tirzah*, and ſoothed my melancho-"ly 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 eve-"ry 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 moun-"tain 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 Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I ſhall in my next paper give the anſwer to it, and the ſequel of this ſtory.

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N° 585. *Wednesday, August* 25.

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta------ Virg.

The sequel of the story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE 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* Tirzah.

In the 789th year of the creation.

"WHAT have I to do with thee, O *Shalum?* Thou praisest *Hil-*
" *pa*'s beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the ver-
" dure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of
" her green vallies, than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person?
" The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a plea-
" sant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What
" though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those bree-
" zes of perfumes which flow from the top of *Tirzah:* 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 search-
" est 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 possessions which are fallen to my lot.
" Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multi-
" ply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt
" not *Hilpa* to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.

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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 tun 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. The 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 muſick of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the moſt agreeable conſort 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 of 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 domeſtick utenſils wrought in braſs and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneaſie with himſelf, and was ſorely diſpleaſed at *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 renewed 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 determined her choice. A high tower of wood that ſtood in the city of *Miſh-*

Miſhpach having caught fire by a flaſh of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to aſhes. *Miſhpach* reſolved 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 purchaſed 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 appeared ſo charming in the eyes of *Zilpah*'s daughter, that ſhe no longer refuſed him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raiſed a moſt prodigious pile of Cedar, and of every ſweet ſmelling wood, which reached above 300 cubits in height: he alſo caſt into the pile bundles of myrrh and ſheaves of ſpikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy ſhrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which *Shalum* offered in the day of his eſpouſals: the ſmoke of it aſcended up to Heaven, and filled the whole country with incenſe and perfume.

N° 590. *Monday, September 6.*

------ Aſſiduo 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.

Ov. Met.

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 Speculations of infinite ſpace, we conſider that particular place in which we exiſt, as a kind of

center to the whole expanſion. In our Speculations of eternity, 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 learned 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 eternity that is paſt, and an eternity that is to come. Each of theſe eternities is bounded at the one extream; 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 contradiction. 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 never ſo remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's 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 ſounded by human underſtanding. We are ſure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict our ſelves 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 our ſelves, 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

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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 lye at a certain diſtance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually preſent, and does not alſo lye 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 it ſelf. 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 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 it ſelf; 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 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 ſchool-men, 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 duration 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 propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, 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 incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from eternity after our manner 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 thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation that he makes of his own Being, he intitles himself, *I am that I am*; 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 existence, 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 flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence it self. He only properly exists

ists whose existence is intirely 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 compleat 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 reasonable 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 Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnifie such unutterable 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.

N° 592. *Friday, September* 10.

-----Studium sine divite vena. Hor.

I Look upon the Play-house as a world within it self. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new sett 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 *Salmoneus* behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are

also

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 ſhreaded for that uſe. Mr. *Rimer*'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.

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 my ſelf: 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 vilifie and depreciate every new production that gains applauſe, to deſcry imaginary blemiſhes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what paſs for

beauties

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, *Secondly*, 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 chuſe 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 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* call 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 æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potiùs, quàm iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.

A Critic may have the ſame conſolation in the ill ſucceſs of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Phyſician has at the death of a patient, That he was killed *ſecundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakeſpear* 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 one of them violated? *Shakeſpear* 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.

N° 598. *Friday, September* 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? Juv.

MANKIND 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 fantaſtic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, whilſt they diffuſe a chearfulneſs 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 chearfulneſs 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

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; whilst 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 Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth*'s days, after having retired from court and publick 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, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chuse 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.

N° 600. *Wedneſday, September* 29.

------Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt. Virg.

I Have always taken a particular pleaſure in examining the opinions which men of different religion, 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 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 *Africk*. 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 it ſelf 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 our ſelves in the midſt of ſuch a ſcene as we deſire. If we would be entertained with muſick and the melody of ſounds, the conſort riſes 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 our ſelves converſant among thoſe ſcenes which delight us. Our happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed

ceed from external objects, or from the impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which 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 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 reflexion upon 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 her ſelf in many different ways of action. She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply her ſelf 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 endowed 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 likewiſe may turn it ſelf 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 endowed with any faculties which are to lye uſeleſs and unemployed. The happineſs is to be the happineſs of the whole man, and we may eaſily conceive to our ſelves the happineſs of the Soul, whilſt 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 it ſelf, 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 our ſelves in ſuch abſtracted ſubjects of ſpeculation, not that there is any ſuch diviſion in the Soul it ſelf.

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 endowed with ſeveral latent faculties, which it is not at preſent in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed 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 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

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to gratifie 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 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 our ſelves with rapture and amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our gratitude to him, who has encompaſſed us with ſuch 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,

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.

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GUARDIAN.

By NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

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N° 67. *Thurſday, May* 28. 1713.

——————ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo. Hor.

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 choaked with a grape-ſtone. The ſame redundancy of ſpirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and adminiſters uncommon fewel 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* New-market, *to horſe*. 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 I 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 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* the Second's reign, we diverted our ſelves 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 *Shakeſpear*'s phraſe, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleaſantry 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 the 15th of the 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 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 a-ſleep many a preſent Toaſt, when ſhe lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon 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 my ſelf 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 my ſelf remember King *Charles* the Second 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-Carrero* more than once in ſhort ſatyrical compoſitions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made uſe of *Italian* tunes and ſonnata's 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 others 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, Gilian *of* Croydon, *with* Dolly *and* Molly, *and* Tommy *and* Johny, with many others to be met with in the muſical miſcellanies, entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night.

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As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, 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* the Second'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'Urfey*.

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 my ſelf 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 eaſie 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 chearful, honeſt and good-natured man.

N° 71. *Tueſday, June* 2.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. Hor.

I Queſtion not but my country cuſtomers will be ſurprized 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 day-light, beating about from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, 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 that 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 republick 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 common-wealth. 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 Sirname 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, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain ſnap in his fingers and 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

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 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 meer 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 will not 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 it ſelf: 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 rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the leaſt out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. *Walſingham* had the pleaſanteſt 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 *Shakeſpear*'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, has ſeveral Jack-calls under him, who are his retailers of 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

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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 publick reſort. If there is a whiſpering hole, or any publick-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 *Poſtman*, 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 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.

N. B. *Mr.* Ironſide *has, within five weeks laſt paſt, muſled three Lions, gorged five, and killed one. On* Monday *next the skin of the dead one will be hung up,* in terrorem, *at* Button's *Coffee-houſe over-againſt* Tom's *in* Covent-Garden.

Wedneſday,

N° 96. *Wednesday, July* 1.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ. Virg.

THERE is no maxim in politicks more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes publick merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the publick, 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 publick ceremonies, was the glorious recompence 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 enterprize 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 publick memorials by the title which the Emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependance, 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 stampt 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.

ſtody. 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 publick in a little time is a ſtranger to. The *Romans* took a quite different method in this particular. Their Medals were their current mony. When an action deſerved to be recorded on a coin, it was ſtampt perhaps upon an hundred thouſand pieces of money like our ſhillings, or half-pence, 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* 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 re-coined 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 buſie 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 half-pence 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 publick 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 motto's 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 the whole hiſtory of their preſent King in a regular ſeries of Medals.

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They have failed, as well as the *Engliſh*, in coining ſo ſmall a number of each kind, and thoſe of ſuch coſtly metals, 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 high-way, 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 half-pence 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, if it be thought proper, without the authority of Privy-council.

By this means, Medals, that are, at preſent, only a dead treaſure, or meer 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 publick 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, ſtatues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illuſtrious actions.

N° 97. *Thurſday, July* 2.

------ Miſerum eſt poſt omnia perdere naulum. Juv.

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 applications to one who had buried her husband about a week " before. By the help of ſome of her ſhe friends, who were my rela- " tions, I got into her company when ſhe would ſee no man beſides my " ſelf and her Lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, ſpindle-ſhanked Gen- " tleman, and married to boot, ſo that I had no reaſon to fear him. Up- " on my firſt ſeeing her, ſhe ſaid in converſation within my hearing, that " ſhe thought a pale complexion the moſt agreeable either in man or wo- " man: now you muſt know, Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This " gave me ſome encouragement, ſo that to mend the matter I bought a " fine flaxen long wig that coſt me thirty guineas, and found an oppor- " tunity of ſeeing her in it the next day. She then let drop ſome ex- " preſſions about an agate ſnuff-box. I immediately took the hint and " bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me de- " ſireable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the ſame manner into a Bro- " cade waſtecoat, a ſword knot, a pair of ſilver fringed gloves, and a " diamond ring. But whether out of fickleneſs, or a deſign upon me, I " cannot 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 " my ſelf 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 familiarities 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 ſhown me, which I thought amounted to a pro-

" miſe.

" miſe. If ſhe chanced to drop her fan, ſhe received 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 encouragements 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 thi- " ther 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 cloaths, in which " I was reſolved to receive her final anſwer, which amounted to this, " That ſhe was engaged to another; That ſhe never dreamt I had any " ſuch thing in my head as marriage; and that ſhe thought I had frequent- " ed her houſe only becauſe I loved to be in company with my relati- " ons. 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 exhibi- " ting 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 parti- " cular will very much oblige

Your moſt humble admirer, Simon Softly.

Before I anſwer Mr. *Softly*'s requeſt, I find my ſelf 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 Council that would 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* the Second'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 twelve-month's application unſucceſsful, was reſolved 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 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 wiggs.

Fiddles for a Serenade, with a speaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billetdoux 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 conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-mony to *John Trott* her footman, and Mrs. *Sarah Wheedle* her companion.

A new *Conningsmark* blade to fight *Ned Courtall*.

To *Zelinda*'s woman (Mrs. *Abigal*) 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,

N° 98. *Friday, July* 3.

In ſeſe redit--------- Virg.

THE 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 by 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 muſick 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

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 tryal 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 Republick 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 Publick 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 Publick. *Provoco ad Populum*, I appeal to the people, was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatick 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 Publick 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 Cynick, 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 sounding the publick 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 inlarged 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 or heavy, (tho' 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 into tattle of my self, *more Majorum*, almost the length of a whole *Guardian*. I shall therefore fill up the remaining

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 common-wealth 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 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 public. This head requires ſome time to finiſh, the workman being reſolved 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.

N° 99. *Saturday, July* 4.

Juſtum, et tenacem propoſiti virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolidâ, neque Auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ Hor.

THERE 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

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 publick adminiſtration in his hands, acts like the repreſentative of his Maker, in recompencing 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 thunder-bolt 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 terrifie 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 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 paſt 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 paſt; 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 it ſelf. Whatever paſſion enters into a ſentence or deciſion, ſo far will there be

in

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 my ſelf 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 redreſs; 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 corps 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 the houſe. The peaſant brought out a great deal of coarſe fare, of which the Emperor eat 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 by it in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be ſet before him, of which he now eat ſo heartily? The Sultan, being willing to gratifie 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 there-

" fore for the lights to be extinguiſhed, that I might not be led aſtray
" by partiality or compaſſion, from doing juſtice on the criminal. Upon
" the lighting of the flambeaux a ſecond time, I looked upon the face
" of the dead perſon, and to my unſpeakable joy, found that 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.

N° 100. *Monday, July 6.*

Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet. hoc ubi vidi,
Oſcula ferre humero, quà patet, uſque libet. Ovid.

THERE is a certain female ornament by ſome called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a ſlip of fine linnen 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.

I obſerved this as I was ſitting 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 ſurprized 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 her ſelf 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

If we ſurvey the pictures of our great-grand-mothers in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, we ſee them cloathed 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 a human body, they freed it from thoſe yoaks, I mean thoſe monſtrous linnen ruffs, in which the ſimplicity of their grand-mothers had encloſed 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 alablaſter 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 it ſelf. 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 her ſelf 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 ſawcy familiar

glances, I would entreat my gentle Readers to ſow 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 ſurprizes 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. No body 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 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 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 Law-giver, 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 common-wealth: 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 her ſelf 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,

N° 101. *Tuesday, July 7.*

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur. Virg.

THIS 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 publick, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

SIR,

"SINCE 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 land, lame post-horses by "day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures.

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

"My arrival at *Paris* was at first no less uncomfortable, 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, which "are many of them very extraordinary, 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 "pleasantest 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 removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, rai-"ses woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a par-

"ticular

" ticular 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 di- " verſion. It turns it ſelf 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 " landskips than thoſe about the King's houſes, or with all your deſcrip- " tions raiſe a more magnificent palace than *Verſailles*. I am however ſo " ſingular as to prefer *Fountaine bleau* to all the reſt. It is ſituated a- " mong rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of ſalvage proſpects. " The King has humour'd the Genius of the place, and only made uſe of " ſo much art as is neceſſary to help and regulate Nature, without refor- " ming her too much. The caſcades 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, inſtead of " a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural Mound of rock-work " that ſtrikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is ſome- " thing 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 *Ver-* " *ſailles*. To paſs from works of nature to thoſe of art. In my opinion, " the pleaſanteſt 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 wainſcotted with looking-glaſs. The hiſtory of the preſent " King till the year 16 is painted on the roof by *le Brun*, ſo that his Ma- " jeſty has actions enough by him to furniſh another gallery much longer " than the preſent.

" The painter has repreſented his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty under the fi- " gure of *Jupiter*, throwing thunder-bolts all about the cieling, and ſtri- " king terror into the *Danube* and *Rhine*, that lie aſtoniſhed and blaſted " with lightning a little above the cornice.

" But what makes all theſe ſhows the more agreeable is, the great " kindneſs and affability that is ſhown 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 believe the *Engliſh* are a much wiſer nation, the *French* are " undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I " believe, the moſt agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not

" have

" have more life and 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 pleaſant gay old " age. Beſides, this national fault of being ſo very talkative looks natu- " ral and graceful in one that has grey 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 converſa- " tion; but I muſt deſire you to conſider, that travelling does in this " reſpect lay a little claim to the priviledge 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 believe may be " better learnt 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 pa- " laces, and have now ſeen a great part of the country. I never thought " there had been in the world ſuch an exceſſive magnificence or pover- " ty as I have met with in both together. One can ſcarce conceive the " pomp that appears 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 natural conſtitution, ſuch a perpetual gladneſs of heart and eaſineſs " of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot beſtow on thoſe of other " nations. 'Tis not in the power of want or ſlavery to make 'em mi- " ſerable. There is nothing to be met with 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 ſhow 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 ſhowing themſelves to the beſt advantage. They are al- " ways gay and ſprightly, and ſet off the worſt faces in *Europe* with the " beſt airs. Every one knows how to give her ſelf as charming a look " and poſture as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* could draw her in. I cannot end " my letter without obſerving that from what I have already ſeen of the " world,

" 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 im- " perfections. 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 my ſelf,

SIR, *Yours*, &c.

N° 102. *Wedneſday, July* 8.

------ *Natos ad flumina primùm*
Deferimus, ſævoque gelu duramus et undis. Virg.

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 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* the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the Taylors 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 cloaths were brought home, and tryed upon him, the deformity was removed into the other ſhoulder. Upon which the Taylor begged pardon for the miſtake, and mended it as faſt as he could; but upon a third tryal found him a ſtreight ſhouldered man as one would deſire to ſee, but a little unfortunate in a humpt back. In ſhort, this wandring tumour puzzled all the work-

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 our ſelves 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. *Lock* 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 the mother held in her hand during this immerſion, which by that means loſt the benefit of theſe hardning waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually ſoftning our ſelves by good fires and warm cloaths. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it than the air without doors.

Craſſus is an old lethargick Valetudinarian. For theſe twenty years laſt paſt he has been cloathed 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 thread-bare, he dares not do it leaſt 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 my ſelf. It is indeed the particular diſtinction of the *Ironſides* to be robuſt and hardy, to defie the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worſt. My father lived till a 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 fourſcore. As for my ſelf, 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 my ſelf as a piece of true-tempered *Steele*, and can ſay with the above-mentioned *Scythian*, that I am face, or if my enemies pleaſe, forehead, all over.

N° 103. *Thurſday, July* 9.

Dum flammas Jovis, et ſonitus imitatur Olympi. Virg.

I Am conſidering how moſt of the great *Phænomena*, 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 Vertuoſo's 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 fire-work 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

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, begun to exert his talent upon the ſeveral objects we had before us. I am mightily pleaſed, ſays he, with that burning cypher. 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 do not 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 laught 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 magick, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
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 terrifie 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 entrails 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 flames iſſued out inceſſantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out thunder-bolts, 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 vollies 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 ſhow that there may be a ſort of fable or deſign in a fire-work, which may give an additional beauty to thoſe ſurprizing objects.

I ſeldom ſee any thing that raiſes wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the betterfor 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 wandring through

through thoſe immeaſurable depths of *Ether*, 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 our ſelves, and of all the little works of human Invention.

N° 104. *Friday, July* 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent. Tacit.

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 coun" try, who is deſcended from one of the perſons concerned in the Re" lation, 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 Gen" tleman, 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 Si*" *gonia*, Lord of that place in *Tourraine*. His Brothers were *Philip* and " *Briant*. *Briant*, when very young, was made one of the *French*

" King's

" King's pages, and ſerved him in that Quality when he was taken priſo-
" ner by the *Engliſh*. The King of *England* chanced to ſee the Youth,
" and being much pleaſed with his perſon and behaviour, 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 *Bri-*
" *ant*, 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 haugh-
" ty temper, treated him very inſolently, and more like a criminal than a
" priſoner of war. This *John* reſented ſo highly, that he challenged him
" to a ſingle combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place
" aſſigned them by the King's appointment. Both appeared on the day
" prefixed, and entered the liſts compleatly armed amidſt a great mul-
" titude of Spectators. Their firſt encounters were very furious, and
" the ſucceſs equal on both ſides; till after ſome toil and bloodſhed they
" were parted by the ſeconds 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 ſur-
" prize 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 ori-
" ginal language, not being Herald enough to blazon it in *Engliſh*.

Le Roi d' Angleterre par permiſſion du Roi de France, pour perpétuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d' armes & fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par Ampliation à leurs Armes en une croix d' argent Cantonnée de quatre Coquilles d' or en Champ de Sable, qu' ils avoient Auparavant, une endenteleuſe faite en façons de Croix de guëulle inſerée au dedans de la ditte croix d' argent & 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 ne-
" ver 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 *Europe*.
" But I confeſs I am the more fond of the relation, becauſe it brings to
" mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: tho', at the ſame time,
" I muſt own it is not ſo much the vanity of an *Engliſhman* which puts
" me

" me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occaſion to ſubſcribe
" my ſelf, *SIR, Tours*, &c.

SIR, *Blois, May* 20, *N. S.*

" I Am extremely obliged to you for you laſt kind letter, which was the only *Engliſh* that had been ſpoken to me in ſome months to-
" gether, for I am at preſent forced to think the abſence of my country-
" men my good fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abeſſet.

" This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I ſtaied near
" the *French* court, though I muſt confeſs I would not but have ſeen it, be-
" cauſe I believe it ſhowed me ſome of the fineſt places and of the grea-
" teſt 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 battel. One would fancy ones ſelf to be
" in the inchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with ſo many He-
" roes, and finds ſomething ſo like ſcenes of Magick in the gardens, ſta-
" tues, 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 im-
" poſſible for a learner of a language to find in any nation ſuch advan-
" tages 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 of the morning, as our own
" countrymen at midnight. By what I have ſeen, there is more mirth
" in the *French* converſation, and more wit in the *Engliſh*. You a-
" bound more in jeſts, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed
" extremely proper to tattle 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
" is a clock, or a couple of coblers that are extreamly glad of the honour
" of ſeeing one another.

" The face of the whole country, where I now am, is at this ſeaſon
" pleaſant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place,
" as well as the men, a great deal merrier than thoſe of our own Nati-
" on. I am ſure the *French* Year has got the ſtart of ours more in the
works

" works of nature than in the new ſtile. I have paſt one *March* in my " life without being ruffled by the winds, and one *April* without being " waſhed with rains.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

N° 105. *Saturday, July* 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris:
Perdere nec fætus auſa leæna ſuos.
At teneræ faciunt, ſed non impunè, puellæ;
Sæpe ſuos utero quæ necat, ipſa perit. Ov.

THERE was no part of the ſhow on the Thankſgiving-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 *Maypole* to *Exeter-Change*. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, cloathed 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 human 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 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 it ſelf 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

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 the 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 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 common-wealth 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 gave life to. I ſhall therefore ſhow how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learnt 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 lanthorns, 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 lanthorn, 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 enquiries. The parent or 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.

N° 106. *Monday, July* 13.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Perſ.

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 my ſelf, I ſhall ſet before the Reader, and deſire him to fall on without further ceremony.

SIR,

SIR,

" YOUR two kinſmen and predeceſſors of immortal memory, were " very famous for their dreams and viſions, and contrary to all " other 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 your ſelf, 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 " your ſelf ſhall think fit to gratifie the public with any of your nocturnal " diſcoveries.

" You muſt underſtand, Sir, I had yeſterday been reading and rumi- " nating 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 deceit, that " there is no gueſſing at what he is from his ſpeeches and outward ap- " pearances. I was immediately 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 hypocriſie and diſſimulation on the other? I am my " ſelf very far gone in this paſſion for *Aurelia*, a woman of an unſearch- " able 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 enamour'd.* As I " caſt my eye upon her boſom, it appeared to be all of cryſtal, and ſo " wonderfully tranſparent, that I ſaw every thought in her heart. The " firſt images I diſcovered in it were fans, ſilks, ribbands, laces, and many " other gewgaws, which lay ſo thick together, that the whole heart was " nothing elſe but a toy-ſhop. Theſe all faded away and vaniſhed, when " immediately I diſcerned a long train of coaches and ſix, equipages and " liveries that ran through the heart one after another in very great hur- " ry 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 mattadors. There then followed a quick " ſucceſſion of different ſcenes. A Play-houſe, a Church, a Court, a

" Poppet-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 *Guiney* pig, a ſquirrel and a monkey. I my ſelf, to my " no ſmall joy, brought up the rear of theſe worthy favourites. I was " raviſhed at being ſo happily poſted and in full poſſeſſion of the heart: " but as I ſaw the little figure of my ſelf 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 up- " on 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 diſ- " agreeable 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 ano- " ther out by turns, and diſputed the point for a great while. But at " laſt, to my unſpeakable ſatisfaction, I ſaw my ſelf entirely ſettled in it. " I was ſo tranſported with my ſucceſs, that I could not forbear hugging " my dear piece of cryſtal, when to my unſpeakable mortification I a- " waked, and found my miſtreſs metamorphoſed into a pillow.

" This is not the firſt time I have been thus diſappointed.

" 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 vi- " ſionary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope " and fear. I was very ſanguine till eleven a-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 " cryſtal heart, remembring that confounded ſimile in *Valentinian*, of " a maid *as cold as cryſtal never to be thaw'd.* Beſides, I verily believe " if I had ſlept a little longer, 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 her ſelf 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,

N° 107. *Tuesday, July* 14.

------tentanda via est------ Virg.

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 diverting as a traveller: his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally 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 my self. 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 tinn or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good will 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 publick-spirited persons, in which number I declare my self: 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 sett of " men, in old *Rome*, called by the name of *Nomenclators*, that " is in *English*, men who could call every one by his name. When a " great man stood for any publick office, as that of a Tribune, a Consul, " or a Censor, he had always one of these *Nomenclators* at his elbow, " who

" 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 him for his vote. To come to my purpoſe, I have " with much pains and aſſiduity qualified my ſelf for a *Nomenclator* to " this great city, and ſhall gladly enter upon my office as ſoon as I meet " with ſuitable encouragement. I will let my ſelf out by the week to " any curious country Gentleman 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 pitt, I will call over to " him, in the ſame manner, the whole circle of beauties that are diſpo- " ſed among the boxes, and at the ſame time point out to him the per- " ſons who ogle them from their reſpective ſtations. I need not tell you " that I may be of the ſame uſe in any other publick aſſembly. Nor do " I only profeſs the teaching of names but of things. Upon the ſight of " a reigning beauty, I ſhall mention her admirers, and diſcover her gal- " lantries, if they are of publick notoriety. I ſhall likewiſe mark out e- " very 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 characters, and declared whoſe proper- " ties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good humour, their perſons, ſta- " tions, and titles, ſhall be deſcribed at large.

" I have a wife who is a *Nomenclatreſs*, and will be ready, on any oc- " caſion, to attend the Ladies. She is of a much more communicative " nature than my ſelf, 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 her ſelf, 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 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 publick,

publick, 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, entitled, *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.* N° 297. *founded on Sir* Iſaac Newton's *wonderful diſcoveries, by* Wm. Whiſton, *M. A.*

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq*; *at* Button's *Coffee-houſe near* Covent-Garden.

SIR, *London, July* 11. 1713.

"HAving a diſcovery of conſiderable importance to communicate to "the publick, and finding that you are pleaſed to concern your "ſelf in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we "take the liberty to deſire the inſertion of this letter into your *Guardi-* "*an.* We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the al- "lowing 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 "pretend to; ſince any diſgrace, which in that caſe muſt be expected, "ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely born by our "ſelves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own "names to this paper.

"'Tis well known, Sir, to your ſelf, 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 ſailing 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 north- "ward or ſouthward: the ſeveral methods by lunar Eclipſes, by thoſe "of *Jupiter*'s Satellits, by the appulſes of the moon to fixed ſtars, and "by the even motions of Pendulum clocks and watches, upon how ſo- "lid foundations ſoever they are built, ſtill failing in long voyages at ſea "when they come to be practiſed; and leaving the poor ſailors to the "great inaccuracy of a long-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is ſo

"great,

" 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 publickly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the dis- " covery we have to make as to this matter, is easily intelligible by all, " and readily 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 generally hereby determined to a " greater degree of exactness than the Latitude itself is now usually found " at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the " publick 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 publick shall think fit to bestow for such a dis- " covery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that na- " ture, untill 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 publick as " to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obli- " gation on

His very humble Servants,
Will. Whiston,
Humphry Ditton.

N° 108. *Wednesday, July* 15.

Abjetibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui. Virg.

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 publick any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

Mr.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" I Was very much troubled to ſee the two letters which you lately publiſhed concerning the Short Club. You cannot imagine what " airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themſelves " ſince the reading of thoſe papers. Every 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 o- " ver-grown runt has ſtruck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and con- " tracted 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 talk- " ed familiarly of *Tom Tiptoe*, and pretends to be an intimate acquain- " tance of *Tim. Tuck*. For my part, I ſcorn to ſpeak any thing to the " diminution 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 miniature; daiſie " roots would grow a faſhionable diet. In order therefore to keep our " poſterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aſpiring " race of upſtarts; we have here inſtituted a Tall Club.

" As the ſhort club conſiſts of thoſe who are under 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; conſidering all thoſe as " Neuters 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 ſightly 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 nature 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 member of the club, I am appointed Secretary. If you ſaw " us alltogether you would take us for the ſons of *Anak*. Our meetings " are held like the old *Gothick* 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 ho-
" nour of our club, that it is one of our ſociety who is now finding out
" the longitude. The device of our publick ſeal is a Crane graſping a
" Pigmy in his right foot.

" I know the ſhort club value themſelves very much upon Mr. *Diſtick*,
" 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 exalted as his ſtature, and who is very well
" read in *Longinus* his treatiſe concerning the ſublime. Beſides, I would
" have Mr. *Diſtick* 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 *Elizium*. I ſhall therefore
" confront his *lepidiſſimum 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,
Muſæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem ſuſpicit altis.

" If, after all, this ſociety of little men proceed as they have begun to
" magnifie 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 panniers, and impriſon them in a cup-
" board which we have ſet apart for that uſe, till they have made a pub-
" lick recantation. As for the little bully, *Tim. Tuck*, if he pretends to
" be cholerick, 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* prevent it if he can.

" This is, Sir, the long and the ſhort of the matter. 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 hin-
" dring 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 hu-
" man figure, and reſtore it to its ancient procerity. 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, tho' none more
" than

SIR, Yours &c.

Thurſday

N° 109. *Thurſday, July* 16.

Pugnabat tunicâ ſed tamen illa tegi. Ovid.

I Have received many letters from perſons of all conditions in reference to my late diſcourſe concerning 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 linnen; for that they do not dreſs for an old fellow, who cannot ſee them without a pair of ſpectacles. Another who calls her ſelf *Bubnelia*, vents her paſſion in ſcurrilous terms; an old ninnyhammer, 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 been uſed ill, (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other ſide received great applauſes and acknowledgments 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 into 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 cloaths as fast as 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 further I must go " no body knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may as- " sure your self that all the antiquated necks about town are very much " obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bo- " soms (in which perhaps we vye 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 cotemporaries. In short, we all " of us beg leave to subscribe our selves,

Most venerable NESTOR,

Your most 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 it self 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 GUARDEE,

" THIS comes to you from one of those *Untuckered* Ladies whom you were so sharp upon on *Monday* was sennight. I think my " self 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 indifferent neck. Your fair women " therefore

" therefore thought of this fashion to insult the Olives and the Brunetts. " They know very well that a neck of Ivory does not make so fine a " show as one of Alablaster. 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 up- " on it with another eye when he talks of *Corinna*, and mentions

——— Her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.

" Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since " our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine " many of these Ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, " you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good Father *Nestor* " do not let us alone till you have shortned 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.

N° 110. *Friday, July* 17.

------ Non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura----------

THE candor which *Horace* shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a Critic from a Caviller. 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

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 works 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.

SIR,

* * * \

" even to thoſe of his own Court, but to allude to theſe *Roman* fables " 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 didſt thou not 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 wou'd 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 diſtaff*; and in the following ſpeech utters her paſ- " ſion ſtill more learnedly.

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

" The Emperor of *Barbary* ſhows himſelf acquainted 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 dragons teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.

" *Ovid* ſeems to have been *Muley Molock*'s favourite Author, witneſs " the lines that follow.

She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus *born in thunder.*

" I ſhall conclude my remarks on his part, with that poetical complaint " of his being in love, and leave my Reader to conſider how prettily it " would ſound in the mouth of an Emperor of *Morocco.*

The God of love once more has ſhot his fires
Into my ſoul, and my whole heart receives him.

" *Muley Zeydan* is as ingenious a man as his brother *Muley Molock*; " as where he hints at the ſtory of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

——May we ne'er meet!
For like the twins of Leda, *when I mount*
He gallops down the ſkies——

" As for the *Mufti* we will ſuppoſe that he was bred up a ſcholar, " and not only verſed in the law of *Mahomet*, but acquainted with all " kinds of polite learning. For this reaſon he is not at all ſurprized " 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 " *Wolſey* by name. The Poet ſeems to think he may make every perſon, " in his Play, know as much as himſelf, and talk as well as he could " have done on the ſame occaſion. At leaſt I believe every Reader will " agree with me, that the above-mentioned ſentiments, to which I might " have added ſeveral others, would have been better ſuited to the Court " of *Auguſtus*, than that of *Muley Molock*. I grant they are beautiful in " themſelves, and much more ſo in that noble language which was pe- " culiar to this great Poet. I only obſerve that they are improper for " the perſons who make uſe of them. *Dryden* is indeed generally wrong " in his ſentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between *Octavia* and " *Cleopatra*, and he will be amazed to hear a *Roman* Lady's mouth filled " with ſuch obſcene raillery. If the virtuous *Octavia* departs from her " character, the looſe *Dolabella* is no leſs inconſiſtent with himſelf, when, " all of a ſudden, he drops the *Pagan* and talks in the ſentiments of re- " vealed 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 wou'd rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent——

" I might ſhow ſeveral faults of the ſame nature in the celebrated " *Aurenge-Zebe*. The impropriety of thoughts in the ſpeeches of the

" great

" great *Mogul* 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.

N° III. *Saturday, July* 18.

Hìc aliquis de gente hircoſâ centurionum
Dicat : quod ſatis eſt ſapio mihi ; non ego curo
Eſſe quod Arceſilas, ærumnoſique Solones. Perſ.

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 eaſie to themſelves and uſeful to the world. The greateſt part of our *Britiſh* youth loſe their figure and grow out of faſhion by that 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 that 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 excell 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 justifie 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 Know-
" ledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if
" those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to eve-
" ry body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excell o-
" thers in knowledge than in power. *Farewell.*

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 publick station with suitable 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 mixt 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

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 showed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according 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 kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant King instead of David 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, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thy self long life, neither hast asked riches for thy self, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thy self understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise 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 Solomon 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 her self 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, and that ſince he had placed his heart upon wiſdom; health, wealth, victory and honour ſhould always wait on her as her handmaids.

N° 112. *Monday, July* 20.

——————*udam*
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ. Hor.

THE Philoſophers of King *Charles*'s reign were buſie in finding out the art of flying. The famous Biſhop *Wilkins* was ſo confident of ſucceſs in it, that he ſays he does not queſtion but in the next age it will be as uſual 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 ſo prevailed among the Vertuoſo's 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 ſtory of the great Lady, who at the ſame time was building caſtles in the air for their reception. I always leave ſuch trite quotations to my Reader's private recollection. For which reaſon alſo I ſhall forbear extracting out of Authors ſeveral inſtances of particular perſons who have arrived at ſome perfection in this art, and exhibited ſpecimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Inſtead of this I ſhall preſent my Reader with the following letter from an artiſt, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

"KNowing 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 morn- "ing, and when my wings are on, can go above an 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

" world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next publick " 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 in- " tend 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 my ſelf, and will have journey-men 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 my ſelf. I will fly with " the women upon my back for the firſt fortnight. I ſhall appear at the " next Maſquerade dreſſed up in my feathers and plumage like an *Indian* " Prince, that the Quality may ſee how pretty they will look in their " travelling habits. 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 publick from this invention, as how the roads of *Eng-* " *land* 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 threeſcore and ten years than they could do in a thou- " ſand by the methods now in uſe. I therefore recommend my ſelf 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 ſhould have a couple of lovers make a midnight aſſignation upon the top of the monument, and ſee the Cupola of St. *Paul*'s covered with both ſexes like the outſide of

a

a pidgeon-houſe. Nothing would be more frequent than to ſee a Beau flying in at a garret window, or a Gallant giving chace 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 whore-maſters 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 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 cannot 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 influences 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.

N° 113. *Tueſday, July* 21.

——— Amphora cæpit
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit? Hor.

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 publick as much as my ſelf. 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

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

"I Have lately married a very pretty body, who being something young-
" er and richer than my self, I was advised to go a wooing to her
" in a finer suit of cloaths than I ever 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 my self, according to custom, in
" another suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of coun-
" tenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish
" my cloaths well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk
" the street, and long to be in my old plain geer 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
" dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see my
" self 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 cloaths, for at present every day is
" *Sunday* with me. Now in my mind, Mr. IRONSIDE, this is the wrong-
" est 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 wed-
" ding-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 Ho-
" ney-moon is over. I have observed at a Lord-mayor's feast, that the
" sweetmeats do not make their appearance until 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 something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether 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

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 too. 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 inclinations and underſtanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controuled 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 ſpouſe with ſullenneſs 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. His natural temper and good-breeding hindred 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 a ſort of 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

N° 114. *Wednesday, July* 22.

Alveos accipite, ceris opus infundite.
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet. Phæd.

I Think my self obliged to acquaint the publick, that the Lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button*'s coffee-house in *Russel-street, Covent Garden*, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of 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 antique *Ægyptian* 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 Coffee-house, 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 satyrise 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 intrieguers 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 *Leo*'s 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 li-

on's character, by repreſenting him as ſuch 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, 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 Coffee-man 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 publick and to my ſelf. 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 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 publick as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nouriſhment, as I intend to do for the future.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" YOUR predeceſſor, the *Spectator*, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair ſex, by expoſing their dreſs when-
" ever 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 bot-
" tom is not, I confeſs, altogether the ſame; for whereas before it was
" of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were preſs'd, ſo that
" they ſeem to deny acceſs to any part but the middle. Many are the In-
" conveniences that accrue to her Majeſty's loving ſubjects from the ſaid
" petticoats, as hurting men's ſhins, ſweeping down the ware of induſtri-
" ous females in the ſtreet, *&c.* I ſaw a young Lady fall down, the o-
" ther day, and believe me Sir, ſhe very much reſembled an overturned
" bell without a clapper. Many other diſaſters I could tell you of that
" befal themſelves as well as others, by means of this unweildy garment.
" I wiſh, Mr. GUARDIAN, you would join with me in ſhowing 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 con-
" vinced of their folly.

I am, SIR, your daily Reader and Admirer,

Tom. Plain.

N° 115. *Thurſday, July* 23.

Ingenium par materiæ------ Juv.

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 my ſelf to his taſte.

So Macer *and* Mundungus *ſchool the times,*
And write in rugged proſe the ſofter rules of rhimes.
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 ſhown 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 ſhow 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* the Tenth 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,

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 until it arrived before the Pope's *Villa*.

The repreſentatives of the ancient Poets were diſpoſed in ſtations ſuitable to their reſpective characters. *Statius* was poſted on the higheſt of the two ſummits, 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 terror and curioſity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was ſeated on the other ſummit, 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 buſie about the roots of the mountain, 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, inſomuch 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

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 ſtile and ſpirit of thoſe immortal Authors whom they repreſented. The ſubjects of theſe ſeveral poems, with the judgment paſſed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

N° 116. *Friday, July* 24.

----- Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius------ Hor.

THERE 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 pathetick 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 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 ſhowing 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 my ſelf 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

Doctor is curing diſtempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the *Merry-Andrew* has his ſeparate packet for the meagrims and the tooth-ach.

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 mayeſt be more and more enlightened. Thou giveſt good ad- "vice to the women of this world to cloath themſelves like unto our "friends, and not to expoſe their 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, 1713. "*A placard is publiſhed here, forbidding wo-* "*men of whatſoever quality, to go with naked breaſts; and the Prieſts* "*are ordered not to admit the tranſgreſſors of this law to confeſſion, nor* "*to communion; neither are they to enter the Cathedrals under ſevere* "*penalties.*

"Theſe lines are faithfully copied from the nightly 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 wo- "men in thy own country will liſten to thy admonitions. Otherwiſe "thou art deſired to make him ſtill roar till all the beaſts of the foreſt "ſhall tremble. I muſt again repeat unto thee, friend *Neſtor*, the whole "brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to ſee thee ſo in- "ſpired with the light, as thou mayeſt ſpeedily become a great preacher "of the word. I wiſh it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is praiſe-worthy,

Tom. Tremble.

Tom's *Coffee-houſe in* Birchin lane *the* 23*d day of the month called* July.

It

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I ſhould have the ſame thought 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 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 and my Lion. I am only afraid that our Ladies will take occaſion from hence to ſhow their zeal for the proteſtant religion, and pretend to expoſe their naked boſoms only in oppoſition to Popery.

N° 117. *Saturday, July* 25.

Cura pii Diis ſunt------ Ov.

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 mechans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté Sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit my ſelf with reverence to his holy will. O

Abner,

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 over-looks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle it ſelf 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 encloſed 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 chappel, in which

he uſed to pay his devotions to the Goddeſs 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 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 ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the Temple, who had planted himſelf there for the abovementioned 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, untill, 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,

N° 118. *Monday, July 27.*

——Largitor ingenî
Venter—— Perſ.

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 intention 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 dreſt and "undreſt, I think there is no perſon better qualified than my ſelf 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 intelligence, 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 un-"covered yet more and more; ſo that to tell you truly, Mr. *Ironſide*, I "am in ſome fear leſt my profeſſion ſhou'd in a little become wholly un-

" neceſſary. 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 ta- " ken notice of. This conſiſts of a narrow lace, or a ſmall skirt of fine " ruffled linnen, which runs along the upper part of the ſtays before, and " croſſes 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 communicate 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 alledged 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,

" AS by name, and duty bound, I yeſterday brought in a prey of pa- " per 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 ſepulchers. 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,

" LIONS being eſteemed by Naturaliſts the moſt generous of Beaſts, " the noble and majeſtick appearance they make in Poetry, where- " in they ſo often repreſent the Hero himſelf, made me always think that " name very ill applied to a profligate ſett of men, at preſent going about " ſeeking whom to devour; and though I cannot but acquieſce in your " account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great ſatis- " faction I hear you are about to reſtore them to their former dignity, by " producing one of that ſpecies ſo publick ſpirited, as to roar for refor-

mation

" mation 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 Republick of beaſts up- " on this honour done to their King, I muſt condole with us poor mortals, " who by diſtance of place are rendered incapable of paying 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. ISONSIDE, I " am become a ſuitor to you, to conſtitute an out-riding Lion; or if you " pleaſe a *Jackall* or two, to receive and 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 like- " wiſe neceſſary to ſpecifie, 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 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,

N° 120. *Wedneſday, July* 29.

——— nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her husband to promote. Milton.

A bit for the Lion.

SIR,

"AS 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 before-hand " with them, and make the Lion roar aloud at *Female* irregularities. " Among theſe, I wonder how their *Gaming* has ſo long eſcaped your " notice. You who converſe with the ſober family of the *Lizards*, are " perhaps a ſtranger to theſe Virago's; but what would you ſay, ſhould " you ſee a *Sparkler* ſhaking 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 mid-night, and " alarming the whole ſtreet with a moſt enormous rap, after having ſat up " until that time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of " the female Gameſters, and a great loſer by it both in my reſt and my " pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this 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

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 untill 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 it ſelf 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 we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior Being think, were he ſhown 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 pipps 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 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 uneaſie in her own family, takes but little pleaſure in all the domeſtick innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pamm* than of her husband. My friend *Theophraſtus*, 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, diſpleaſed 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

ing bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that chuſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion? 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 Baſſette, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of Quality gliding by me in her chair at two a-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,

N° 121. *Thursday, July* 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum. Virg.

Roarings of the Lion.

Old NESTOR,

"EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that use-
" ful monument of yours in *Button*'s Coffee-house, I have had
" a restless ambition to imitate the renowned *London* Prentice,
" 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 *ally* in *Holborn*. We look upon
" our selves as the relicks 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 enquiry, 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 retirement. When
" that eminent relation of yours, the *Spectator*, published his weekly pa-
" pers, 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 of 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 ea-
" sily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and
" as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other mens tongues are;
" yet even this mechanick eloquence is only allowed upon the weighti-

" eſt 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 the barbarians. *Ben Johnſon* has gained an " eternal reputation among us by his Play called *The Silent Woman*. Eve- " ry 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 Quakerlike aſſem- " bly 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 ef- " fects. 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. Ano- " ther 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 " debate, we are ſure to have all our arguments at our fingers 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 inſtan- " ces of the ſublime, and (if you will allow me to be free with a name- " ſake 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 *Welſhman*'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* Sena- " tors of old, ſitting with majeſtic ſilence, 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 interpreted as conſent " given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to

Your humble Servant, Ned. Mum.

P. S.

P. S. "We have had but one word ſpoken ſince the foundation, for "which the member was expelled by the old *Roman* cuſtom of bending "back the thumb. He had juſt received the news of the battel of *Hoch-* "*ſtat*, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunate- "ly betrayed into a *lapſus linguæ*. 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 an it were any nightingale.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *July* 28, 1713.

"I Was afraid at firſt you were only in jeſt, and 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 com- "municate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now "you muſt know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to ſuppreſs this "exorbitant growth of the female cheſt, all that is left of my waiſt muſt in- "evitably periſh. 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 laugh- "ed at. I have no hooped petticoat, 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 my ſelf as becomes

Your moſt obedient Ward.

N° 119. *Tuesday, July* 28.

------poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi------- Hor.

THERE is nothing which more shows 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 of all times, every scribler, 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 the 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, threatning 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

take a pleaſur e 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 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 ſtile 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 to 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 load-ſtone, 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 poſſeſt 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. They then fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in 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

ſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eye 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 ſympathetick needle moving of it ſelf to every letter which that of his Correſpondent pointed at: By this means they talk'd together a-croſs a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an inſtant over cities or mountains, ſeas or deſarts.

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 further, 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 ſatiated 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 proluſion ſhall be the work of another day.

Friday,

N° 122. *Friday, July* 31.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aheuea ſigna. Hor.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as faſt as I can, I ſhall here give them the remaining part of *Strada*'s criticiſm on the *Latin* heroic poets. My Readers may ſee the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Thoſe who are acquainted with the Authors themſelves, cannot but be pleaſed to ſee them ſo juſtly repreſented; and as for thoſe who have never peruſed the originals, they may form a judgment of them from ſuch accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will ſhow at leaſt how a man of genius (and none elſe ſhould call himſelf a Critic) can make the drieſt art a pleaſing amuſement.

The ſequel of Strada's *proluſion.*

The Poet who perſonated *Ovid* gives an account of the Chryſo-magnet, or of the Loadſtone, which attracts gold, after the ſame manner as the common Loadſtone attracts iron. The Author, that he might expreſs *Ovid*'s way of thinking, derives this virtue to the Chryſo-magnet from a poetical Metamorphoſis.

As I was ſitting by a well, ſays he, when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father faſtning 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 mankind by throwing ſtones over their heads, the men who roſe from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the ſtones fell. Thoſe which fell in the fields became plowmen 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

were ſeveral that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and ſilver in them. This laſt race of men immediately betook themſelves to the ſearch of theſe precious metals; but nature being diſpleaſed to ſee her ſelf ranſacked, withdrew theſe her treaſures towards the center of the earth. The avarice of man however perſiſted in its former purſuits, and ranſacked 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 incenſed, 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, until 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 had no ſooner given over ſpeaking, but the aſſembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were ſo taken with his eaſie 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, until 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* conſented to ſacrifice their private reſentments to the publick, 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*, until his left arm, that held the ſhield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himſelf ſo ſtunned with a blow he had received, that he

he fell down as dead. The *Portugueſe* ſeeing the condition of his rival, very generouſly flew to his ſuccour, diſperſed the multitudes 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 ſword, cut off by the blow of a ſabre. 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 conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the ſword and the other the ſhield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The *Portugueſe* covered the *German*, while the *German* dealt deſtruction among 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 beſiegers.

When *Statius* ceaſed, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, ſuch as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a ſtile 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 expreſſions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombaſt of his expreſſions. There were however a few ſelect judges who moderated between both theſe extremes, and pronounced upon *Statius*, that there appeared in his ſtile much poetical heat and fire, but withal ſo much ſmoak as ſullied 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 produced himſelf upon this occaſion. His ſubject was 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 for their applauſe, and that if any thing was wanting in

Virgil's poetry, it was to be aſcribed to a deficiency in the art it ſelf, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however ſome envious murmurs and detractions heard among the croud, 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 proluſion ends with the performance of an *Italian* Poet, full of thoſe little witticiſms and conceits which have infected the greateſt part of modern poetry.

N° 123. *Saturday, Auguſt* 1.

——hic murus aheneus eſto
Nil conſcire ſibi——

THERE are a ſort of Knights-errant 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 merit 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 deflowrers 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

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, 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 which 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 juſtifie 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 grand-'mother's kindneſs) had her education with my mother from her in-'fancy; ſo that ſhe is of a ſpirit and underſtanding greatly ſuperior to 'thoſe of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmoſt diſor-'der 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 table, 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 debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortu-'nate 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 'publick in your paper, may perhaps furniſh uſeful reflections to many 'men of figure and quality, who indulge themſelves in a paſſion which 'they poſſeſs but in common with the vileſt part of mankind.

My Lord,

"LAST night I diſcovered the injury you have done to my daughter. "Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that ſhort-lived "ſhameful 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 inevi- " tably 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 dependance, her virtue and reputation. O, my " Lord, ſhould my ſon have practiſed the like on one of your daugh- " ters! —— 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. It is 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 ſu- " ſtenance it was? and muſt my ſon, void of all the advantages of a ge- " nerous education, muſt he, I ſay, conſider: and may your Lordſhip be " excuſed from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title " which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers " the prerogative of brutes. Ever curſed be its falſe luſtre, which could " dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the ex- " alted merits, and godlike virtues of your great anceſtor were honoured " with a Coronet, that it might be a pander to his poſterity, and confer " a privilege of diſhonouring 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 " diligence may keep his poſterity unſpotted, and preſerve 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 horrors of mind I could " be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reve- " rence, and ſounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the " empty title which inſpired you with preſumption to tempt, and over- " awed 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

" 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.

N° 124. *Monday, Auguſt* 3.

Quid fremat in terris violentius? Juv.

More roarings of the Lion.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" BEFORE I proceed to make you my propoſals, it will be neceſſary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together 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 emolument that, in all probability, will accrue to the Pub-
" lick from the roarings of my new erected likeneſs at *Button*'s, hath
" made me deſirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as
" I am told I already am in all parts of my perſon. Wherefore I moſt
" humbly propoſe to you, that (as it is impoſſible for this one Lion to
" roar, either long enough or loud enough againſt all the things that are
" roar-worthy in theſe Realms) you would appoint him a Sub-Lion, as a
" *Præfectus Provinciæ*, in every county in *Great Britain*, and 'tis my
" requeſt, that I may be inſtituted his under-roarer in this univerſity,
" 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 cen-
" ſures of our Magiſtrates, and ſhall communicate my roarings to him
" monthly, or oftner if occaſion requires, to be inſerted in your papers
" *cum privilegio*.

" I ſhall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of
" punning, and may chance to touch upon the riſe and fall of Tuckers;

" but

" but I will roar aloud and ſpare not, to the terror of, at preſent, a very " flouriſhing ſociety of people called *Lowngers*, Gentlemen whoſe obſer- " vations are moſtly 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 " peoples.

" I have, Sir, a Raven that ſhall ſerve, by way of Jackall, to bring me " in proviſions, which I ſhall chaw and prepare for the digeſtion of my " principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my juriſdiction, " that whoever are willing to contribute to this good deſign, if they will " affix their informations to the leg or neck of the aforeſaid Raven or " Jackall, they will be thankfully receiv'd by their (but more particularly

From my Den at——
Colledge in Cambridge.
July 29.

Your) humble Servant

Leo *the Second.*

N. B. The Raven won't bite.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

" HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand, and not queſti- oning but his horn will prove a *Cornu-copiæ* to you, I deſire that " in order to introduce it, you will conſider the following propoſal.

" 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, im- " provement, *&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 with- " out a ſubſcription, wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and " deſire thoſe who have any thing by them relating to that part of natu- " ral hiſtory, to communicate it to,

SIR, your humble Servant,

Humphry Binicorn.

SIR,

" I Humbly beg leave to drop a ſong into your Lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen in- " to my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of ma- " ny of our *Engliſh* Lyricks. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all " thoſe who admire the tranſlations of *Italian* Opera's.

I. *Ob*

I.

Oh the charming month of May
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeſes
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 Zephirs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare———
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale 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 bilking, 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 down-caſt 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 on, &c.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *July* 30.

" I Have always been very much pleaſed with the ſight of thoſe creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our Iſland " for ſhow: I may ſay, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant or " hyghgeen, for ſome years paſt, in this nation, but I have taken their " particular dimenſions, and am able to give a very good deſcription 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 weather; and made what haſte I " could to Mr. *Button*'s, who readily conducted me to his den of ſtate. " He is really a creature of as noble a preſence as I have ſeen, he has gran- " deur and good humour in his countenance, which command both our " love and reſpect; his ſhaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In " ſhort, I do not queſtion but he will prove a worthy *Supporter* of *Bri-* " *tiſh* honour and virtue, eſpecially when aſſiſted by the *Unicorn*: You " muſt think I would not wait upon him without a morſel to gain his fa- " vour, and had provided what I hope would have pleaſed, but was un- " luckily prevented by the preſence of a bear, which conſtantly, as I ap- " proached with my preſent, threw his eyes in my way, and ſtared me " out of my reſolution. I muſt not forget to tell you, my younger daugh- " ter 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 humble ſervant.*

P. N.

" I was a little ſurpriſed, having read ſome of your Lion's roarings, " that a creature of ſuch eloquence ſhould want a tongue, but he has " other qualifications which make good that deficiency.

Friday,

N° 134. *Friday, Auguſt* 14.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis. Hor.

MY 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 meals 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 choaked him with lewdneſs and ribaldry. Some 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 my ſelf 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 depoſite the ſeveral packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the publick. 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 betwixt 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 pretend-"ing to call a bitt of linnen 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 muſt know, Sir, I am a *Turkey* Merchant, and lived ſeveral years "in a country where the women ſhow nothing but their eyes. Upon "my return to *England* I was almoſt out of countenance to ſee my pret-"ty 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 married a very fine woman, who "always goes in the extremity of the faſhion. I was pleaſed to think, as "every married man muſt, 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 my ſelf their proprietor. As in all appearance 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

" 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 continually muffled " up, and concealed in mobbs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but " ſtrips every afternoon to appear in publick. For ought I can find, " when ſhe has thrown aſide half her cloaths, ſhe begins to think herſelf " half dreſt. Now, Sir, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, you have been in " the wrong, to think of reforming this faſhion, by ſhowing the immo- " deſty of it. If you expect to make female proſelytes, you muſt con- " vince them, that, if they would get husbands, they muſt not ſhow All " before marriage. I am ſure, had my wife been dreſſed before I marri- " ed 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 figures of it hung out before the " door. I have often obſerved a curious paſſenger ſo attentive to theſe " objects which he could ſee for nothing, 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 news papers of the regulations which the Pope is now " making among the *Roman* Ladies in this particular; and I hope our " *Britiſh* Dames, notwithſtanding they have the fineſt skins in the world, " will be content to ſhow 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 among us who called themſelves *Adamites*, and appeared " in publick without cloaths. This hereſie may ſpring up in the other " ſex, if you do not put a timely ſtop to it, there being ſo many in all " publick places, who ſhow ſo great an inclination to be *Evites*.

I am, SIR, &c.

N° 135. *Saturday, Auguſt* 15.

----------meâ
Virtute me involvo--------- Hor.

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 befal 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 our ſelves 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 elogiums. 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 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, 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 praiſe-worthy. *Socrates*, after having received ſentence, told his friends, that he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth and not cenſure, and 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

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 choſe 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: No body 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 the 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 of *Epictetus*. If any one ſpeaks ill of thee, conſider whether he has truth on his ſide; and if ſo, reform thy ſelf, that his cenſures may not affect thee. When *Anaximander* was told, that the very boys laught at his ſinging; Ay, ſays he? then I muſt learn to ſing better. But of all the ſayings of 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, It is 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 the 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 ſhow, that there is no happineſs wanting to him who is poſſeſt 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

That admirable Author, having ſhown the virtue of a good conſcience in ſupporting a man under the greateſt tryals 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 it ſelf, 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 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 terrifie 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 buſie 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 uneaſie: 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 earneſts, and ſecret anticipations of his approaching Joy. It ſhall bid his ſoul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its 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 rigors 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 in the world ſhall bid him* adieu, *and the whole creation turn 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,

N° 136. *Monday, Auguſt* 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis. Virg.

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 feavers 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, 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 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* it ſelf, was at laſt taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atome, a grain of ſand, ſays he, that would have been of no ſignificancy 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 revolution, 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

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 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 distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribed the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside feavers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set 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
Croft in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old Gentlewoman of the parish	1

Surfeit

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 headleſs dog with ſawcer eyes	1
Of *October*	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a Knight of the ſhire	1
Old women drowned upon tryal of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's neſt	2
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horſe-pond by a *Will of the Whiſp*	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

N° 137. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 18.

--------ſanctus haberi
Juſtitiæque tenax, factis dictiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem--------- Juv.

HORACE, *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 ſhow that true nobility conſiſts in virtue, not in birth. With ſubmiſſion however to ſo many great authorities, I think they

they have puſhed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the poſterity of thoſe who have raiſed either the intereſt or reputation of their country, and by whoſe labours we our ſelves 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 deſcendant 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 upon 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 diſennobles 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 my ſelf to thoſe whoſe quality ſits 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 to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always diſcuſſing within himſelf. A Gentleman of this turn begun 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 this 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, dependants

or

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 wou'd 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 some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. *Martha Ironside*, who would never marry beneath her self, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest 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 sawcy 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 mony. 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 my ſelf. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation ſhe found ſhe had been ſeated below her ſelf; and would frown upon me for an hour together, i 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 man 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 knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a ſecret among our ſelves. A little before her death ſhe was reciting to me the hiſtory of my fore-fathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironſide*, who had a horſe ſhot under him at *Edghill* fight, I gave an unfortunate *Piſh*, 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.

N° 138. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 19.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore. Virg.

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 ſett of men for its advocates. Inſtead of ſeeing the number of my papers every day encreaſing, 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

ſomething new and unexpected. 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 chuſe for delicacy beſt.
What order, ſo contrived 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* Punick *coaſt, or where*
Alcinous *reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat*
Rough or ſmooth rined, 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 farrago*, 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 my ſelf.

In my yeſterday's paper, I ſhow'd 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 ſhou'd 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 ſhown him the race of Heroes who were to deſcend from him, *Anchiſes* adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

And doubt we yet thro' dangers to purſue
The paths of honour?——— *Mr.* Dryden.

Since

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 ſhows *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 implicitely repreſents as making the moſt conſpicuous figure among them. By this artifice the Poet did not only give his Emperor the greateſt praiſe he cou'd beſtow upon him; but hinder'd his Reader from drawing a parallel, which wou'd 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.

Tho' there have been finer things ſpoken of *Auguſtus* than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that ſubject, he never received a compliment, which, in my 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.

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.
Africk, *and* India, *ſhall his pow'r obey,*
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway,
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.
Where Atlas *turns the rowling heavens around:*
And his broad ſhoulders with their light are crown'd.
At his foreſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian *kingdoms, and* Mæotian *lake.*

Their

Their ſeers behold the tempeſt from afar;
And threatning oracles denounce the war.
Nile *hears him knocking at his ſevenfold gates;*
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephews fates.
Nor Hercules *more lands or labours knew,*
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
Freed Erymanthus *from the foaming boar,*
And dip'd his arrows in Lernæan *gore.*
Nor Bacchus, *turning from his* Indian *war,*
By tygers drawn triumphant in his car.
From Niſus *top deſcending on the plains;*
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to purſue
The paths of honour?———————

I could ſhow 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, ſay 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 ultrà
Eſſe ſinent.

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 compleat term of his life, by juſt ſo many years as make up the life of *David*. *Adam* having lived 930 years, and *David* 70.

This ſtory was invented to ſhow the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the Prophet, who

was

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.

N° 139. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 20.

-------priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis. Virg.

Moſt venerable NESTOR,

"I Find that every body is very 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 them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; " for I obſerve, that your Lion, as you your ſelf have told us, is made " up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long conſidered " with my ſelf how I might expreſs my gratitude 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 a hiſtory of his ſpecies, and extracting out of all Authors " whatever may redound to his reputation. In the proſecution 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 unwor- " thy treatment which he often gives to this King of beaſts, and whom, " if I had time, I could convict of falſhood and forgery in almoſt every " matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your " romance writers are likewiſe a ſet of men whoſe authority I ſhall build " upon very little in this caſe. They all of them are born with a parti- " cular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they do " Giants, where-ever they chance to meet them. There is not one of " the ſeven champions, but when he has nothing elſe to do, encounters " with a Lion, and you may be ſure always gets the better of him. In " ſhort, a Knight-errant lives in a perpetual ſtate of enmity with this no- " ble 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. Af- " ter having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I ſhall begin my Me- " moirs of the Lion with a ſtory related of him by *Aulus Gellius*, and " extracted by him out of *Dion Caſſius*, an hiſtorian of undoubted ve- " racity. It is the famous ſtory of *Androcles* the *Roman* ſlave, which I " premiſe for the ſake of my learned Reader, who needs go no fur- " ther in it if he has read it already.

" *Androcles* was the ſlave of a noble *Roman* who was proconſul of *A-* " *frick*. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his maſter would have " put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to eſcape out of his " hands, and fled into the deſarts of *Numidia*. As he was wandring " 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 ſurprize a huge overgrown Lion entered at the mouth " of the cave, and ſeeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made to- " wards him. *Androcles* gave himſelf for gone; but the Lion, inſtead " of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with " a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. *Androcles*, after hav- " ing 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 ſqueezing the paw very gently, made " a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the " Lion from the great anguiſh he had felt ſome time before. The Li- " on 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. " *Androcles*, after having ſodden the fleſh of it by the ſun, ſubſiſted up- " on it until the Lion had ſupplied 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 Proconſuls of *Africk*, 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 ſurrendring " 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 Amphithe- " atre, as uſual, for the diverſion of the people. This was all perform- " ed accordingly. *Androcles*, after ſuch a ſtrange run of fortune, was " now in the area of the Theatre amidſt thouſands of ſpectators, expe- " cting every moment when his antagoniſt 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 to- " wards 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, diſ- " covered that it was his old *Numidian* friend, and immediately renew- " ed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were ve- " ry ſurpriſing 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 deſarts of *Africk*. " *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 medi-* " *cus leonis. This is the Lion who was the man's hoſt, this is the man* " *who was the Lion's phyſician.*

N° 140. *Friday, Auguſt* 21.

-------quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, vel Neſtoris hernia poſſit. Juv.

I Have lately received a letter from an Aſtrologer in *Moor-fields*, which I have read with great ſatisfaction. He obſerves to me, that my Lion at *Button*'s Coffee-houſe 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 cohabi-

tant)

tant) he had 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 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 foretells the 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 schemes, 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 untuckered 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 my self should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry 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 propension 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 cloathing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great grandmothers the *Briths* 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 her self, and at the same time show 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 country-women. 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 it self 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 publick 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 *the Eighth*, NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Greeting*.

Dear Brother,

" I Have heard, with great ſatisfaction, that you have forbidden your " Prieſts to confeſs any woman, 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 diſcharge his office, as he ought, " who gives an ear to thoſe alluring penitents that diſcover their hearts " and necks to him at the ſame time. I am labouring, as much as in me " lies, to ſtir up the ſame ſpirit of modeſty among the women of this " Iſland, and ſhould be glad we might aſſiſt one another in ſo good a " work. In order to it, I deſire that you will 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 foot 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 ſettled " 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 " ſtature of our *Engliſh* women 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 puzzle your Infallibility to diſcover the " uſe

« uſe of it. Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, it is what we call in this coun-
« try a hooped-petticoat. I ſhall only beg of you to let me know, whe-
« ther you find any garment of this nature among all the relïques of your
« female ſaints, and, in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of
« your twenty thouſand virgin martyrs.

Yours, uſque ad aras,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I muſt not diſmiſs this Letter without declaring my ſelf a good Proteſtant, as I hint in the ſubſcribing part of it. This I think neceſſary to take notice of, leaſt I ſhould be accuſed, by an Author of *unexampled* ſtupidity, for correſponding with the head of the *Romiſh* Church.

N° 152. *Friday, September* 4.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactoſque hymenæos
Exercemus-------- Virg.

THERE 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 ſtile, that in imitating ſuch great Authors I have always excelled my ſelf.

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 *Spencer* is the laſt writer of note who has applied himſelf to it with ſucceſs. 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 *Spencer*, 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* begun 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 of the day, had not he been timely oppoſed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief ingineer 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

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battel 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, begun to think of yielding. When on a ſudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantick ſtature. He acted like a Drawcanſir, 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 the fight in ſuſpence 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

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.

N° 153. *Saturday, September 5.*

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum. Virg.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers it self 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 my self, 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 school-men 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; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions

caſions of this 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 ſupernumerary 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 thorough 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 a hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving 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 her ſelf 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 her ſelf 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 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?

N° 154. *Monday, September 7.*

Omnia transformant ſeſe in miracula rerum. Virg.

I Queſtion not but the following letter will be entertaining to thoſe who were preſent at the late maſquerade, as it will recall 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

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq*;

Per viam Leonis.

SIR,

" I Could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness " of his *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, the gaiety of his masquerades, with " the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight so- " lemnities. 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 provo- " ked to it by a Lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly hu- " mour, 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 impati- " ent to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I drest my " self 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 oftner frequen- " ted these diversions. You must understand I personated a *Devil*, and " that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that " fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more " polite and better bred part of the company. Besides, as from their u- " sual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should, in this Cha- " racter, be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the se- " crets 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 intriguing " 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 pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, " where I found nature turned top-side turvy, women changed into men " and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, cour- " tiers 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 were seve- " ral monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

——————————————*worse*
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgon's and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire. Milton.

" In the middle of the firſt room I met with one dreſt in a *Shrowd.* " 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 con- " ſidered this dreſs would ſerve him another time. This walking coarſe " was followed by a gigantic 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 ſurprized to hear her cry out D——n you, you ſon of a—— " upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a ſudden reſuming " her character, *Verily*, ſays ſhe, *I was to blame, but thou haſt bruiſed* " *me ſorely.* A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been " knocked down by a ſhepherdeſs, for having run my elbow a little in- " advertently into one of her ſides. She ſwore like a trooper, and threat- " ned 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 my ſelf among a " flock of *Batts*, *Owls* and *Lawyers*: But what took up my attention " moſt was, one dreſt in white feathers that repreſented a *Swan.* He " would fain have found out a *Leda* among the fair ſex, and indeed was " the moſt unlucky Bird in the company. I was then engaged in diſ- " courſe with a *running footman*, but as I treated him like what he ap- " peared 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 her ſelf upon that account, ſince it was plain they did " not follow ſo much to look upon her as to ſee themſelves. The next " I obſerved was a *Nun* making an aſſignation with a *Heathen 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 my ſelf before the table, but a *Magician* ſeeing me, " made a circle over my head with his wand, and ſeemed to do me ho- " mage. I was at a loſs to account for his behaviour; until I recollected

" who

" who I was: This however drew the eyes of the ſervants upon me, and " immediately procured me a glaſs of excellent *Champaign*. The *Magi-* " *cian* 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 *Magi-* " *cian*. This ſo enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next " room, where we danced a Rigadoon together. I was here a little of- " fended at a jackanapes of a *Scaramouch*, that cry'd 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 *Bell-* " *man*, cry'd out with a ſuitable voice, *Paſt twelve a 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 regarded " my habit very attentively; and after having 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 quickly let me know the reſt. This " Maſquerade did more for me than a twelve months 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 appearing at ſuch an en- " tertainment.

" 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 publick, and " conſequently 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 particular, 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

" but in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age,
" and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened,
" than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to a-
" ny 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.

N° 155. *Tuesday, September* 8.

------libelli Stoici inter sericos
Jacere pulvillos amant. Hor.

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 methods? why should reason be left to it self 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 domestick 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 over. 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 busie 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

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have the 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 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 ſhe Cynic, who arrived at ſuch a 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

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 this ſearch, *Athenais*, a *Grecian* virgin, accidentally offered her ſelf. 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 *Eudocia*; after which the Emperor publickly 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,

N° 156. *Wednesday, September* 9.

------magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo,
Quem ſtruit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, & illis utitur ante
Quæſitis patiens------- Hor.

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s paper I ſuppoſed a molehill, 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 foot deep, and fit " to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; " and therefore it was covered with old plaiſter, and a great deal of rub- " biſh that fell from the top of the houſe, and from the walls, which, " together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of " a dry and barren ſoil. That place lying to the *South*, and out of the " reach of the wind and rain, beſides the neighbourhood 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 thouſand cares,

" very inconſiderable with reſpect to us, but of the greateſt importance " for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curioſity than all " the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the ad- " mirer and reſtorer of that little common-wealth. This was the only " thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order obſerved among " them, are more perfect than thoſe of the wiſeſt republicks: and there- " fore 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 conveniences. 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 buſie: 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 " ſurprized 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 rea- " ſon of it: there was a pidgeon-houſe not far from thence: pidgeons " and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in " the day-time: It is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I " frequently found pidgeons and birds in that place, when I went to it " in a morning. I quickly delivered them from thoſe robbers: I frighted " the birds away with ſome pieces of paper tied to the end of a ſtring " over the window. As for the pidgeons, I drove them away ſeveral " times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented " 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 misfortune, watching, and looking e- " very way. At laſt, being perſuaded that they had nothing to fear,

" they

" 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 ants-neſt, about half an inch deep;
" and then it goes down ſloping into a place where they have their ma-
" gazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they reſt
" and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very clean-
" ly inſect, and throws out of her neſt all the ſmall remains of the corn
" on which ſhe feeds, as I have obſerved a thouſand times, would fill up
" her 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 inconvenience, 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 in-
" convenience 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 pin-
" cers, lays it 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-
" ed this work almoſt every day, during the heat of the ſun; and though
" the ſun went from the window about three or four a clock in the af-
" ternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth,
" becauſe the ground was very hot, till 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 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 maſtick, which thoſe " inſects could not divide. Thoſe particles ſticking together, could not " come out of any ants-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 that 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 up.

" 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 a clock in the forenoon, remo- " ved 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 fore- " told that there would be no rain upon that day.

" I have ſaid before, that thoſe ants which I did ſo particularly con- " ſider, 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 al- " ways pick out the beſt; but they can make ſhift without it. When " they can get no wheat they take rye, oats, millet, and even crums 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 garret, I ſhut " up the window, and ſtopt all the holes. Though ants are very know- " ing, I do not 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 very much perplexed, and went a great way to " fetch their proviſions. I was not willing for ſome time to make them " more eaſie; 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. Thus " they were ſome time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains:

" they

" 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 appear- " ed 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 " further end of the garden, and 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 burthen 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; whereby one may judge of the ſtrength, and prodigi- " ous 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 neſt, " 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 incre- " dible 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

" 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, 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 look- " ed for. All thoſe experiments may eaſily be made by any one that has " patience enough; they do not require ſo great a patience as that of " Ants: but few people are capable of it.

N° 157. *Thurſday, September* 10.

Go to the ant, thou ſluggard; conſider her ways, and be wiſe.
Solomon.

IT 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 neceſſary 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 neceſſary ſubſiſtance 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 buſie about him; every animal he ſees reproaches him. Let ſuch a man, who lies as a burthen or dead weight upon the ſpecies, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the Commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurprizing 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 proviſi-

" ons.

" ons. 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 incredi- " ble 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 her ſelf 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 buſie 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 " prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up proviſions " againſt the winter: we read it in holy Scripture; a thouſand experi- " ments 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, govern- " ed by the ſame laws, and obſerving the ſame order, and the ſame cu- " ſtoms. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one " of thoſe holes ſeemed to be more knowing and induſtrious than their " neighbours. The ants of that neſt were diſpoſed 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 pre-emi- " nence over them.

" Though the box-full of earth, where the ants had made their ſet- " tlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained ſometimes upon " it, when a certain 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 ſurprized by the rain, they ſhelter them- " ſelves under ſome tile, or ſomething elſe, and do not come out until " the rain is over. The ants of the principal neſt found out a wonder-

" ful

" ful 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 wonderful 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, inſomuch, that the ſlate did not lye 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 ſeve-
" ral pieces of old and dry plaiſter 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 frequent-
" ly to be found under tiles, where they ſettle themſelves to avoid the
" rain. Their neſts are at 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 exerciſing 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 ſettlements 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 it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of
" a terraſs, at a conſiderable diſtance from the box, I found a hole ſwarm-
" ing with ants much larger than all thoſe I had already ſeen; but they
" were not ſo well provided with corn, nor under ſo good a government.
" I made a hole in the box like that of an ants-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 deſtroyed their old neſt, pouring boyling 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 impoſſible to make a fourth ſettlement in
" my box.

" Two

" Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terraſs, I was " very much ſurprized to ſee the ants neſt which I had deſtroyed very " artfully repaired. I reſolved then to deſtroy it entirely, and to ſettle " thoſe ants in my box. To ſucceed in my deſign, I put ſome gun-pow- " der 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 o- " ver, moſt of them went 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 acquainted with their neigh- " bours, and received from them all manner of aſſiſtance out of their " holes. As for the inſide of their neſt, none but themſelves were con- " cerned in it, according to the inviolable laws eſtabliſh'd 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 turn'd out, and ſeverely puniſh'd. " I have often taken an ant out of one neſt, to put her into another; " but ſhe quickly came out, being warmly purſu'd by two or three other " ants. I tried the ſame experiment ſeveral times with the ſame ant; " but at laſt the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I " have often frighted ſome ants with my fingers, and purſued them as " far as another hole: ſtopping all the paſſages to prevent their going 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 himſelf 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 making their eſcape. They ne- " ver fled into another neſt, but at the laſt extremity; and ſometimes ra- " ther choſe to be taken, as I have often experienc'd. It is therefore an " inviolable cuſtom among thoſe inſects, not to go into any other hole " but their own. They do not exerciſe hoſpitality; but they are very rea- " dy 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 inſtance, how they lend, and recover " their loans; whether it be in the ſame quantity, or with uſury; whe- " ther 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 curio- " ſity 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 bids eat " them; but I never ſaw any inſtance of it. They are alſo infeſted 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 du- " ty: nay, ſometimes they kill'd them; which they did in the following " manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pull'd her ſeveral ways, " until ſhe was torn in pieces. Generally ſpeaking they live very quiet- " ly; from whence I infer that they have a very ſevere diſcipline among " themſelves, to keep ſo good an order; or that they are great lovers of " peace, if they have no occaſion for any diſcipline.

" Was there ever a 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 other animals: They frequent- " ly 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 her ſelf, 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 de- " ſtroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there are any left, they will " maintain their ground.

" I

" I had almoſt forgot to tell you, Sir, that *Mercury* has hitherto prov'd " a mortal poiſon for them; and that it is the moſt effectual way of de- " ſtroying thoſe inſects. I can do ſomething for them in this caſe: Perhaps " you will hear in a little time that I have reconcil'd them to *Mercury*.

N° 158. *Friday, September* 11.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna:
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos: ſubigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem. Virg.

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 our ſelves 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 our ſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of Being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on them*, that *they do not know what to do with themſelves*, that *they are at a loſs how to paſs away their time*, with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are 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 diſ-

courſe; 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 my ſelf 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 ſurprized to hear him ask every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, *what they had been doing?* Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. Madam, ſays he, to the firſt of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? Doing? ſays ſhe, really I do not know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pauſe ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. And you, Madam, ſays the judge, that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I think you ſet out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of buſineſs on my hands, ſays ſhe, being taken up the firſt twelve years of my life in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, ſays he, you have employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with her. The next was a plain country woman; Well Miſtreſs, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't pleaſe your Worſhip, ſays ſhe, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband ſeven daughters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, and who I may venture to ſay is as pretty a houſe-wife 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?

years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he, but what good have you been doing? The Lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sower look, presented her self 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 blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifier*, longed to be in his hands, so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she

ſhe had been doing the five and twenty years that ſhe had paſt in the world; I have endeavoured, ſays ſhe, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make my ſelf 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 my ſelf on the oddneſs of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered my ſelf, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

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

Saturday,

N° 159. *Saturday, September* 12.

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos. Hor.

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 ho- " nour 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 is matter of fact.

" About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a Gentle- " man, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient " to live very handsomly upon. He had a wife, and no child but a " 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 cloaths, 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 inferiors. 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 con- " tempt; and when *Molly* gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

" About

" 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, Miſtreſs *Betty* re- " jected 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 reſo- " lution to ſeek his fortune, and forget his Miſtreſs. This was very hap- " py 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 learnt 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 conditi- " on, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what in- " quiry 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 enquiring 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 parlor 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 Miſtreſs ſuch a one? " at which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and ſhe would fain have " retired without giving me an anſweer; 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 di- " ſcern 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

" such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover her " self; 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 a- " gain 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 daugh- " ter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had former- " ly 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 possi- " ble, 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, until 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 companion, than like a ser- " vant.

" 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 pleasure of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has a- " venged 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 burst " which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lift- " ing up his head I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a " smile at the end of my story, and 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 re-'moved that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her cha-'racter that I diſliked, and given me an opportunity of ſhowing her the 'conſtant and ſincere affection, which I profeſſed to her in the time of 'her proſperity.

Yours, R. T.

N° 160. *Monday, September* 14.

Solventur riſu tabulæ, tu miſſus abibis. Hor.

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 ſatyr, and that I have 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 controverſie 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

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 pidgeons that "uſed to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I ſay that "by theſe pidgeons you meant the *Palatines*. He will needs have it that "they were the *Dutch*. We both agree that the papers upon the ſtrings "which frighted them away, were *Pamphlets*, *Examiners*, and the like. "We beg you will ſatisfie us in this particular, becauſe the wager is ve-"ry conſiderable, and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.

Old IRON,

"WHY ſo ruſty? Will you never leave your innuendos? do you think "it hard to find out who is the Tulip in your laſt *Thurſday*'s pa-"per? or can you imagine that three neſts of ants is ſuch a diſguiſe, that "the plaineſt Reader cannot ſee three kingdoms through it? the blow-"ing up of the 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 do not intend to ſtir up a neſt of hornets.

Will. Waſpe.

Dear GUARDIAN,

"CAlling in yeſterday at a Coffee-houſe in the city, I ſaw a very "ſhort corpulent angry man reading your paper about the ants. "I obſerved that he reddened and ſwelled over every ſentence of it. Af-"ter having peruſed it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called "the woman of the Coffee-houſe to him, and asked her, in a magiſteri-"al voice, if ſhe knew what ſhe did in taking in ſuch papers! The wo-"man was in ſuch a confuſion, that I thought it a piece of charity to in-"terpoſe 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 deſerts——He here "grew ſo exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; un-"til after having recovered himſelf, he laid his finger upon the following "ſentence, and read it with a very ſtern voice——*Though ants are ve-*

" *ry 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 perceived 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 eaſie; 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 ſmel-* " *ling 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 ſudden laugh, he threw down his penny " in great wrath, and retir'd 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 diverſifie your " papers with many other pieces of natural hiſtory, whether of inſects or " animals; this being a ſubject which the moſt common reader is capa- " ble 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 mathe- " maticks, or any previous ſcience, to qualifie the reader for the under- " ſtanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a ſhame for men to " be ignorant of theſe worlds of wonders which are tranſacted in the " midſt of them, and not to be acquainted 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 inhabi- " tants 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

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 my self.

Most venerable NESTOR,

"AS you are a person that very eminently distinguish your self in the promotion of the publick 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 *Corn-hill*, over-against *Pope*'s-*Head Alley*, a parcel of *French* wines, full of "the seeds of good humour, chearfulness 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 integrity 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.

N° 161. *Tuesday, September* 15.

----------incoctum generoso pectus honesto. Pers.

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

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, tho' it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, tho' drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *scorns* to do an ill action. The 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 tye, 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 idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have call'd 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

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* wou'd 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 entruſted 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 ſatisfie his creditors; but, like a man of honour, diſpoſed of all the mony 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 acted by falſe notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretick 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 unexperienc'd men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in *Shakeſpear*'s phraſe, *are worn and hackney'd 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 gvery thing as romantick 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,

N° 162. *Wedneſday, September* 16.

Proprium hoc eſſe prudentiæ, conciliare ſibi animos hominum et ad uſus ſuos adjungere. Cicer.

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 him 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 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 ruſtick 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 it ſelf 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 meer Scholar, or Philoſopher, to make himſelf maſter of the ſocial virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaiſance

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, humaniſes the fierce, and diſtinguiſhes a ſociety of civilized perſons from a confuſion of ſavages. In a word, complaiſance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourſe of words and actions, and is ſuited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to conſider, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the order and 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 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 ingenuous 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 may 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 vicious 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 *Barme-* " *cide* was ſitting at his table that ſeemed ready covered for an entertain- " ment. 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. *Schacabac*, who was a man of wit, and reſolved " to comply with the *Barmecide* in all his humours, told him it was ad-

" mirable, and at the ſame time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the " empty ſpoon to his mouth with great pleaſure. The *Barmecide* then " asked him, if he ever ſaw whiter bread? *Schacabac*, who ſaw neither " bread nor meat, If I did not like it, you may be ſure, ſays he, I ſhould " not eat ſo heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, replied the *Bar-* " *mecide*, pray let me help you to this leg of a gooſe. *Schacabac* reach- " ed out his plate, and received nothing on it with great chearfulneſs. " As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary gooſe, and crying up " the ſauce 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 no body'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 *Diſſert*, 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. *Schacabac* at length, " being courteouſly reproached by the *Barmecide*, that he had no ſto- " mach, 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 preſt " to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praiſed the co- " lour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plyed with two or three other " imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vex- " ed with this fantaſtic treat, he pretended to grow fluſtered, and gave " the *Barmecide* a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering " himſelf, Sir, ſays he, I beg ten thouſand padons, but I told you before, " that it was my misfortune to be quarrelſome in my drink. The *Bar-* " *mecide* 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 accommodate " thy ſelf to my humour, we will now eat together in good earneſt. " Upon which, calling for his ſupper, the rice-ſoup, the gooſe, the pi-

" ſtacho-

" ſtacho-lamb, the ſeveral other nice diſhes, with the *Diſſert*, the lo-
" zenges, and all the variety of *Perſian* wines, were ſerved up ſucceſ-
" ſively, one after another; and *Schacabac* was feaſted in reality, with
" thoſe very things which he had before been entertained with in ima-
" gination.

N° 163. *Thurſday, September* 16.

-------miſerum eſt alienâ vivere quadrâ. Juv.

WHEN I am diſpoſed to give my ſelf a day's reſt, I order the Lion to be opened, and ſearch into the 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 family. 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 Phyſician, to a man of quality, expect to be uſed like Gentlemen, and much more may any one of ſo ſuperior a profeſſion. I am by no means for encouraging 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, Doctor *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 controverſie, 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 chuſing, 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 accounted the higheſt ſervant in the houſe, either " out of reſpect to my cloth, or becauſe I lie in the uppermoſt 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 ſanctifie 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 young " Lord is come to the eſtate, I find I am looked upon as a *cenſor morum*, " an obſtacle to mirth and talk, and ſuffered to retire conſtantly, with " *proſperity to the Church* in my mouth. I declare ſolemnly, Sir, that I " have heard nothing, from all the fine Gentlemen who viſit us, more " remarkable, for half a 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 topicks of diſcourſe they went upon, " but, to my great ſurpriſe, have hardly heard a word all the time beſides " the Toaſts. Then they all ſtare full in my face, and ſhew all the acti- " ons of uneaſineſs till I am gone. Immediately 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 con- " verſation 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 diſſert, and " every day eat tart in the face of my patron, but how long I ſhall be in- " veſted 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 publick 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 perhaps will not be the leaſt, and will " lay a very great obligation on your unknown ſervant, *G. W.*

Venerable

Venerable NESTOR,

" I Was very much pleaſed with your paper of the 7th 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, writ- " ten 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 to " overlook wealth and beauty, and if he deſires a happy life, to join him- " ſelf with a woman 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 modò
Inſtructa literis,
Vel talis ut modò
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.
Jucunda ſic erit
Semper, nec unquam erit
Gravis, moleſtave
Vitæ comes tuæ,
Quæ docta 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 plectra perſonat
Et voce (quâ nec eſt
Progne ſororculæ
Suæ ſuavior)
Amæna cantilat
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo,
Docto tamen dies
Nocteſque ducere,
Notare verbula
Mellita maximis
Non abſque gratiis
Ab ore melleo
Semper ſluentia,
Quibus coerceat
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium:
Quibus levaverit
Si quando deprimat
Te mæror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia

Jam

Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum ſcientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuiſſe conjugem,
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curaſſet improbo
Labore fæminam
Referre ruſticam.
Talemque credimus
Naſonis inclitam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine
Fuiſſe filiam.
Talemque ſuſpicor
(Qua nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuiſſe Tulliam:
Taliſque quæ tulit
Gracchos duos, fuit,
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Inſtruxit artibus:
Nec profuit minus
Magiſtra quàm parens.

The ſenſe of this elegant deſcription is as follows,

" May you meet with a wife who is not always ſtupidly ſilent, nor al-
" ways pratling nonſenſe! May ſhe be *Learned*, if poſſible, or at leaſt
" capable of being made ſo! A woman thus accompliſhed will be always
" drawing ſentences and maxims of virtue out of the beſt Authors of an-
" tiquity. 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 delight
" 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 converſation, and be
" ever finding out new beauties in her diſcourſe. She will keep your
" mind in perpetual ſerenity, reſtrain its mirth from being diſſolute, and
" prevent its melancholy from being painful.

" Such was doubtleſs the wife of *Orpheus*; for who would have under-
" gone what he did to have recovered a fooliſh bride? Such was the daugh-
" ter of *Ovid*, who was his rival in poetry. Such was *Tullia* as ſhe is cele-
" brated 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 inſtructer than their parent.

Satur-

N° 165. *Saturday, September* 19.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile------ Hor.

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 pratling 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 improvements 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 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 domeſtick 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 their father, and ſee the daughters either familiarized to his diſcourſe, or every moment bluſhing for him.

The

The very footman will be a fine Gentleman in his Maſter's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchin what he learns in the parlor. 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 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 publick 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 his 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 his 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

hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not 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 publick ceremony. The memory of this 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 shows 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 is more easie to lament than to reform.

N° 166. *Monday, September* 21.

———— *aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.* Ov. Met.

CHARITY 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 intitled to the reward of this virtue 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 ſympathize 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 my ſelf 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 recompenced 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 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 high-ways on this ſide the *Tweed*, and of making all the rivers in *England* navigable.

But

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 my self 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 publick matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burthens 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 home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of cloaths, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of mony which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all 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, some-body 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,

" AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently ſpare, I ſcorn to treſpaſs upon your generous nature, and there-
" fore muſt ingenuouſly confeſs to you, that I know no more of the Philo-
" ſopher's ſtone than you do. I ſhall only tell you for your comfort, that
" I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his mony. They muſt be
" men of wit and parts who are for my purpoſe. This made me apply
" my ſelf to a perſon of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have ſuc-
" ceeded, 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 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 my ſelf, as what the publick, 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.

N° 167. *Tueſday, September* 22.

Fata viam invenient---------- Virg.

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 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*. *Helim* was alſo gover-

nor

nor of the black palace, and chief of the phyſicians to *Alnareſchin* the great King of *Perſia*.

Alnareſchin was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in his 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 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 ſhow thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two ſons remaining, who are 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 after 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 a 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 accompliſh'd 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 *Balſora*, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the King, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of *Helim* the ſight of *Balſora* his fair daughter. The King was ſo enflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for *Helim* the next morning, and told him it was now his deſign to recompence him for all his faithful ſervices:

vices; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter Queen of *Perſia*. *Helim*, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which *Abdallah* bore his daughter, *Far be it*, ſaid he, *from the King of* Perſia *to contaminate the blood of the* Caliphs, *and join himſelf in marriage with the daughter of his Phyſician.* The King, however, was ſo impatient for ſuch a bride, that without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered *Balſora* to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honour which he deſigned her. *Balſora*, who was too modeſt and humble to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the King, was a few moments after brought into his preſence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the King's eye as one of the virgins of *Paradiſe*. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. *Helim* wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the King, that ſo unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. *Balſora* was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of *Abdallah* renewed her affliction every moment; inſomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The King was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw 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 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 *Balſora* 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 *Balſora*. 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 my Reader, that *Helim*,

lim, ſome days after the ſuppoſed death of his daughter, gave the Prince a potion of the ſame nature with that which had laid aſleep *Balſora*.

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 Negroes, who are to take care that no body 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 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 *Tizpa*, 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 preparations 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 linnen whiter than ſnow, that floated

floated on the ground behind them. Upon *Abdallah*'s head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt mirtle, 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 ſhowed 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. He here met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was ſituated on mount *Khacan*. The air on 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 any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old King died, and was ſucceeded by his ſon *Ibrahim*, who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the *Perſian* empire. Though he was for ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, *Helim* durſt not truſt him with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old King. *Ibrahim* was no ſooner mounted

to the throne, but *Helim* ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good-natured and generous a Prince. It ſo happened, that before *Helim* found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new King *Ibrahim*, having been ſeparated from his company in a chaſe, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of mount *Khacan*; he immediately aſcended the hill, and coming to *Helim*'s houſe demanded ſome refreſhments. *Helim* was very luckily there at that time, and after having ſet before the King the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole hiſtory of what had paſt. The King was at once aſtoniſhed and tranſported at ſo ſtrange a relation, and ſeeing his brother enter the room with *Balſora* in his hand, he leaped off from the *Sopha* on which he ſat, and cried out *it is he! it is my* Abdallah! —— having ſaid this he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for ſome time, remained ſilent, and ſhedding tears of joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached *Helim* for depriving him ſo long of ſuch a brother, embraced *Balſora* with the greateſt tenderneſs, and told her, that ſhe ſhould now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other ſide the *Tygris*. 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*. *Abdalla* 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.

The LOVER.

N° 10. *Thurſday, March* 18. 1714.

----Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.

I Have lately been very much teized with the thought of Mrs. *Anne Page*, and the memory of thoſe many cruelties which I ſuffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* ware, againſt which I had unfortunaely declared my averſion. I do not know but this was the firſt occaſion of her coldneſs towards me, which makes me ſick at the very ſight of a *China* diſh ever ſince. This is the beſt introduction I can make for my preſent diſcourſe, which may ſerve to fill up a gap till I am more at leiſure to reſume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more ſurprize me than their paſſions for chalk and *China*. The firſt of theſe maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is viſited with the ſecond, it generally takes poſſeſſion of her for life. *China* veſſels are play-things for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourſcore ſhall be as buſie in cleaning an *Indian* Mandaring, as her great-grand-daughter is in dreſſing her baby.

The common way of puchaſing ſuch trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old ſuits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of *China* have, it ſeems, their factors at this diſtance, who retail out their ſeveral manufactures for caſt cloaths and ſuperannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphoſed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea pot. For this reaſon my friend *Tradewell* in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furniſhed out with *China*, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, ſays he, are above twenty ſuits of cloaths, and on that ſcrutore above a hundred yards of furbelowed ſilk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, ſtays and mantoes,

toes, went to the raiſing of that pyramid. The worſt of it is, ſays he, a ſuit of cloaths is not ſuffered to laſt half its time, that it may be the more vendible; ſo that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of pick-in gthe husband's pocket, who is often purchaſing a great vaſe of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a ſilk gown for his wife. There is likewiſe another inconvenience in this female paſſion for *China*, namely, that it adminiſters to them great matter of wrath and ſorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their ſervants wages in *China* fragments, which their careleſneſs has produced. *If thou haſt a piece of earthen ware, conſider*, ſays *Epictetus, that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very eaſy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore ſo void of reaſon as to be angry or grieved when this comes to paſs.* In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from ſuch additional and ſupernumerary calamities of life, I would adviſe them to forbear dealing in theſe periſhable commodities, till ſuch time as they are philoſophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a *China* cup. I ſhall further recommend to their ſerious conſideration theſe three particulars: Firſt, That all *China* ware is of a weak and tranſitory nature. Secondly, that the faſhion of it is changeable: and Thirdly, that it is of no uſe. And firſt of the firſt: the fragility of *China* is ſuch as a reaſonable Being ought by no means to ſet its heart upon, though at the ſame time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occaſion, that this very conſideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown ſo wanton, that this kind of treaſure becomes the more valuable, the more eaſily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleneſs. There is a kind of oſtentation in wealth, which ſets the poſſeſſors of it upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves in thoſe things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reaſon I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken pleaſure in egg-ſhells, eſpecially in thoſe which are curiouſly ſtained and ſtreaked, and which are ſo very tender, that they require the niceſt hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleneſs of this ware were not ſufficient to make it coſtly, the very faſhion of it is changeable, which brings me to my ſecond particular.

It may chance that a piece of *China* may ſurvive all thoſe accidents to which it is by nature liable, and laſt for ſome years, if rightly ſituated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is ſo ordered that the ſhape of it ſhall grow unfaſhionable, which makes new ſupplies

always neceſſary, and furniſhes employment for life to women of great and generous Souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I my ſelf remember when there were few *China* veſſels to be ſeen that held more than a diſh of Coffee; but their ſize is ſo gradually enlarged, that there are many at preſent, which are capable of holding half a hogſhead. The faſhion of the tea-cup is alſo greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, ſhape and ſize.

But, in the laſt place, *China* ware is of no uſe. Who would not laugh to ſee a ſmith's ſhop furniſhed with anvils and hammers of *China?* the furniture of a Ladies favourite room is altogether as abſurd: you ſee Jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have ſeen horſes and herds of cattel in this fine ſort of Porſelain, not to mention the ſeveral *Chineſe* Ladies who, perhaps, are naturally enough repreſented in theſe frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthern platters, brown juggs, and the like uſeful products of our *Britiſh* potteries, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and diſpoſed of in as beautiful pieces of Architecture; but there is an objection to theſe which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of ſome uſe, and might be taken down on all occaſions to be employed in ſervices of the family, beſides that they are intolerably cheap, and moſt ſhamefully durable and laſting.

N° 39. *Tueſday, May* 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres——— Hor.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many viſits from unfortunate fellow-ſufferers who have been croſſed in love as well as my ſelf.

Will. Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's ſide, is one of thoſe who often repair to me for my advice. *Will.* is a fellow of good ſenſe, but puts it to little other uſe than to torment himſelf. He is a man

man of ſo refined an underſtanding, that he can ſet a conſtruction upon every thing to his own diſadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himſelf abuſed by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination againſt him. In ſhort, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the ſpleen: you may be ſure a man of this humour makes a very whimſical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that paſſion, and by a very curious interpretation of his Miſtreſs's behaviour, has in leſs than three months reduced himſelf to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, ſhe gives him all the encouragement another man could wiſh, but has the mortification to find that her lover ſtill ſowers upon her hands. *Will.* is diſſatisfied with her, whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reſerved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will.* and makes him lie awake all night —— As I was going on with *Will. Wormwood*'s amour, I received a preſent from my Bookſeller, which I found to be *The Characters of* Theophraſtus, tranſlated from the *Greek* into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Budgell.*

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this tranſlation; when I had begun to peruſe it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably ſurpriſed to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, *A diſcontented temper*, which gives a livelier picture of my couſin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him my ſelf. It is as follows,

CHAP. XVII. *A Diſcontented Temper.*

" A diſcontented temper, is *a frame of mind which ſets a man upon* " *complaining without reaſon.* When one of his neighbours who makes " an entertainment, ſends a ſervant to him with a plate of any thing that " is nice, *What*, ſays he, *your Maſter did not think me good enough to* " *dine with him?* He complains of his Miſtreſs at the very time ſhe is " careſſing him; and when ſhe redoubles her kiſſes and endearments, *I* " *wiſh*, ſays he, *all this came from your heart.* In a dry ſeaſon he grum- " bles for want of rain, and when a ſhower falls, mutters to himſelf, *Why* " *could not this have come ſooner?* If he happens to find a purſe of mony, " *Had it been a pot of gold*, ſays he, *it would have been worth ſtooping* " *for.* He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a " a ſlave; and after he has paid his mony for him, *I am ſure*, ſays he, *Thou* " *art good for nothing, or I ſhould not have had thee ſo cheap.* When a meſſen-

" meſſenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought " to bed of a ſon, he anſwers, *That is as much as to ſay, Friend, I am* " *poorer by half to day than I was yeſterday.* Though he has gained a " cauſe with full coſts and damages, he complains that his Council did " not inſiſt upon the moſt material points. If after any misfortune has " befallen him, his friends raiſe a voluntary contribution for him, and de- " ſire him to be merry, *How is that poſſible,* ſays he, *when I am to pay* " *every one of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the bar-* " *gain?*

The inſtances of a diſcontented temper which *Theophraſtus* has here made uſe of, like thoſe which he ſingles out to illuſtrate the reſt of his characters, are choſen with the greateſt nicety, and full of humour. His ſtrokes are always fine and exquiſite, and though they are not ſometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarſe Reader, cannot but give the higheſt pleaſure to every man of a refined taſte, who has a thorough inſight into human nature.

As for the tranſlation, I have never ſeen any of a proſe Author which has pleaſed me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for tranſlators, by preſerving every where the life and ſpirit of his Author, without ſervilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by performances of this nature, ſo often inculcate when they adviſe a tranſlator to find out ſuch particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear ſome analogy to thoſe he ſees in the original, and to expreſs himſelf by ſuch phraſes as his Author would probably have made uſe of, had he written in the language into which he is tranſlated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a ſhort circumſtance, the meaning of *Theophraſtus* is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A tranſlator, who does not thus conſider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with ſuch parallel turns of thoughts and expreſſion as correſpond with one another in both of them, may value himſelf upon being a *faithful interpreter*; but in works of wit and humour will never do juſtice to his Author, or credit to himſelf.

As this is every where a judicious and a reaſonable liberty, I ſee no chapter in *Theophraſtus* where it has been ſo much indulged, and in which it was ſo abſolutely neceſſary, as in the character of the *Sloven*. I find the tranſlator himſelf, though he has taken pains to qualifie it, is ſtill apprehenſive

henſive that there may be ſomething too groſs in the deſcription. The Reader will ſee with how much *Delicacy* he has touched upon every particular, and caſt into ſhades every thing that was ſhocking in ſo nauſeous a figure.

CHAP. XIX. *A SLOVEN.*

" Slovenlineſs is *ſuch a neglect of a man's perſon, as makes him offen-*
" *ſive to other people.* The ſloven comes into company with a dirty pair
" of hands, and a ſet of long nails at the end of them, and tells you for
" an excuſe, that his father and grandfather uſed to do ſo before him.
" However, that he may out-go his fore-fathers, his fingers are covered
" with warts of his own raiſing. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care
" to let you ſee it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well ſuited to one
" another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary man-
" ner, and takes in a meal at a mouthful; which he ſeldom diſpoſes of
" without offending the company. In drinking he generally makes more
" haſte than good ſpeed. When he goes into the bath, you may eaſily
" find him out by the ſcent of his oyl, and diſtinguiſh him when he is
" dreſſed by the ſpots in his coat. He does not ſtand upon decency in
" converſation, but will talk ſmut, though a prieſt and his mother be in
" the room. He commits a blunder in the moſt ſolemn offices of devo-
" tion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a conſort of muſick he
" breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune to himſelf, or if
" he thinks it long, asks the Muſicians *Whether they will never have*
" *done?* He always ſpits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, it
" is ten to one but it is upon the ſervant who ſtands behind him.

The foregoing tranſlation brings to my remembrance that excellent obſervation of my Lord *Roſcommon*'s,

None yet have been with Admiration *read,*
But who (beſide their Learning) *were* well-bred.
Lord Roſcommon's *Eſſay on tranſlated verſe.*

If after this the Reader can endure the filthy repreſentation of the ſame figure expoſed in its worſt light, he may ſee how it looks in the former *Engliſh* verſion, which was publiſhed ſome years ſince, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere.*

Naſtineſs or Slovenlineſs.

" Slovenlineſs is a lazy and beaſtly negligence of a man's own perſon,
" whereby he becomes ſo ſordid, as to be offenſive to thoſe about him.

" You

" You will ſee him come into company when he is covered all over with " a leproſy and ſcurf, and with very long nails, and ſays, thoſe diſtempers " were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him. " He has ulcers in his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes " no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond " remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and moſt part of his body like a " wild beaſt. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath " ſtink ſo that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will alſo " ſnuff up his noſe and ſpit it out as he eats, and uſes to ſpeak with his " mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He " belches in the cup as he is drinking, and uſes naſty ſtinking oyl in the " bath. He will intrude into the beſt company in ſordid ragged cloaths. " If he goes with his mother to the ſouthſayers, he cannot then refrain " from wicked and prophane expreſſions. When he is making his obla- " tions at the temple, he will let the diſh drop out of his hand, and fall " a laughing, as if he had done ſome brave exploit. At the fineſt con- " ſort of muſick he cannot forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude " noiſe; will pretend to ſing along with them, and fall a railing at them " to leave off. Sitting at table, he ſpits full upon the ſervants who wait- " ed there.

I cannot cloſe this paper without obſerving, That if Gentlemen of leiſure and genius would take the ſame pains upon ſome other *Greek* or *Roman* Author, that has been beſtowed upon this, we ſhould no longer be abuſed by our Bookſellers, who ſet their hackney-writers at work for ſo much a ſheet. The world would ſoon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an Author into *Engliſh*, and *Tranſlating* him.

THE

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WAR, AND THE *Necessity of an* Augmentation, *Considered.*

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Eſſay has endeavoured to draw into one continued ſcheme the whole ſtate of the preſent war, and the methods that appear to him the moſt proper for bringing it to a happy concluſion.

After having conſidered that the French are the conſtant and moſt dangerous enemies to the Britiſh nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will ſtill increaſe till their preſent Union with Spain be broken, he ſets forth the ſeveral advantages which this Union has already given France, and taken from Great Britain, in relation to the Weſt-Indies, the woollen manufacture, the trade of the Levant, and the naval power of the two nations.

He ſhews how theſe advantages will ſtill riſe higher after a peace, notwithſtanding our preſent conqueſts, with new additions, ſhould be confirmed to us; as well becauſe the monarchy of Spain would not be weakened by ſuch conceſſions, as becauſe no Guarantee could be found ſufficient to ſecure them to us. For which reaſons he lays it down as a fixt Rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire diſunion of the French and Spaniſh Monarchies.

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove from the progreſs we have already made towards it, and the ſucceſſes we have purchaſed in the preſent war, which are very conſiderable if well purſued, but of no effect if we acquieſce in them.

In order to complete this diſunion in which we have gone ſo far, he would not have us relie upon exhauſting the French Treaſury, attempts on the Spaniſh Indies, Deſcents on France, but chiefly upon out-numbring them in troops, France being already drained of her beſt ſupplies, and the confederates maſters of much greater forces for multitude and ſtrength, both in men and horſe, and provided with Generals of greater fame and abilities.

He then conſiders the wrong meaſures we have hitherto taken in making too ſmall levies after a ſucceſsful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies forces, and hiring them of our confederates; ſhewing

at the same time the inconveniences we suffer from such hired troops, and several advantages we might receive from employing those of our own nation.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a standing body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impression on the Enemy in the present posture of the war, and to secure our selves against a Prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himself.

In the last place, he answers by several considerations those two popular objections, That we furnish more towards the war than the rest of the Allies, and That we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

These are the most material heads of the following Essay, in which there are many other subordinate reflections that naturally grow out of so copious a subject.

November, 1707.

THE
PRESENT STATE *of the* WAR,
AND THE
Neceſſity of an Augmentation, conſidered.

THE *French* are certainly the moſt implacable, and the moſt dangerous enemies of the *Britiſh* nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealouſy of the *Britiſh* power, as well as their proſecutions of commerce, and purſuits of univerſal Monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animoſities and averſions towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of ſubverting our conſtitution, deſtroying our religion, ruining our trade, and ſinking the figure which we make among the nations of *Europe*: Not to mention the particular ties of honour that lie on their preſent King to impoſe on us a Prince, who muſt prove fatal to our country if he ever reigns over us.

As we are thus in a natural ſtate of war, if I may ſo call it, with the *French* nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the moſt inveterate, but moſt formidable of our enemies; and have the greateſt power, as well as the ſtrongeſt inclination, to ruin us. No other ſtate equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearneſs and conveniency of their ſituation, and in the number of friends and well-wiſhers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For theſe reaſons our wars with *France* have always affected us in our moſt tender intereſts, and concerned us more than thoſe we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to ſay, this Kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of ſo great conſequence, as that which now lies upon our hands. Our All is at ſtake, and irretrievably loſt, if we fail of ſucceſs. At other times, if a war ended in a diſhonourable peace, or with equal loſs, we could comfort our ſelves with the hopes of a more favourable juncture, that might ſet the balance right, or turn it to our advantage.

We

We had ſtill the proſpect of forming the ſame alliance, or perhaps ſtrengthning it with new confederacies, and by that means of trying our fortune a ſecond time, in caſe the injuſtice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At preſent, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every *Britiſh* heart muſt tremble at the thought of. There are no ſecond tryals, no wars in reſerve, no new ſchemes of alliance to which we can have recourſe. Should the *French* King be able to bear down ſuch an united force as now makes head againſt him, at a time when *Spain* affords him no greater aſſiſtance; what will he do when the trade of the *Levant* lies at his mercy; when the whole kingdom of *Spain* is ſupplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the *Indies* flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worſe, when this additional ſtrength muſt ariſe in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the States that now make war upon him? It is no wonder therefore that our late King of glorious memory, who, by the confeſſion of his greateſt enemies, was a Prince that perfectly underſtood the intereſts of *Europe*, ſhould in his laſt ſpeech recommend to his Parliament the declaring war againſt *France* in thoſe memorable words: *You have yet an opportunity, by God's bleſſing, to ſecure to you and your poſterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to your ſelves, but will exert the ancient vigour of the* Engliſh *nation: but I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occaſion, you have no reaſon to hope for another.*

We have already a dreadful proof of the increaſe of power that accrues to *France* from its conjunction with *Spain*. So expenſive a war as that which the *French* Monarchy hath been carrying on in ſo many and ſo remote parts at once, muſt long ſince have drained and exhauſted all its ſubſtance, had there not been ſeveral ſecret ſprings, that ſwelled their treaſury from time to time, in proportion as the war has ſunk it. The King's coffers have been often reduced to the loweſt ebb, but have ſtill been ſeaſonably refreſhed by frequent and unexpected ſupplies from the *Spaniſh America*. We hear indeed of the arrival but of very few ſhips from thoſe parts; but as in every veſſel there is ſtowage for immenſe treaſures, when the cargo is pure Bullion, or merchandiſe of as great a value; ſo we find by experience they have had ſuch prodigious ſums of money conveyed to them by theſe ſecret chanels, that they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies, than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is diſtreſſed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations.

During

During the laſt four years, by a modeſt computation, there have been brought into *Breſt* above ſix millions of pounds ſterling in bullion. What then ſhall we ſuppoſe wou'd be the effect of this correſpondence with *America*, might the wealth of thoſe parts come to them on ſquadrons of men of war, and fleets of galeons? If theſe little by-currents, that creep into the country by ſtealth, have ſo great a force, how ſhall we ſtem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? and this certainly will be our caſe, unleſs we find a means to diſſolve the union between *France* and *Spain*. I have dwelt the longer on this conſideration, becauſe the preſent war hath already furniſhed us with the experiment, and ſenſibly convinced us of the increaſe of power, which *France* has received from its intercourſe with the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*.

As there are many who look upon every thing which they do not actually ſee and feel as bare probability and ſpeculation, I ſhall only touch on thoſe other reaſons of which we have already had ſome experience, for our preventing this coalition of intereſts and deſigns in the two monarchies.

The Woollen manufacture is the *Britiſh* ſtrength, the ſtaple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and eſtates muſt ſink together, and all the caſh of the nation be conſumed on foreign merchandize. The *French* at preſent gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and ſince the acceſſion of the *Spaniſh* monarchy, ſupply with cloth, of their own making, the very beſt mart we had in *Europe*. And what a melancholy proſpect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of *Spaniſh* wool to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themſelves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in thoſe places where was the greateſt conſumption of our woollen works, and the moſt conſiderable gain for the *Britiſh* merchant. Notwithſtanding our many ſeaſonable recruits from *Portugal*, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and muſt at laſt be reduced to the greateſt exigencies, if this great ſource be dryed up, and our traffick with *Spain* continue under its preſent diſcouragement.

The trade of the *Levant* muſt likewiſe flouriſh or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the *Spaniſh* monarchy. The late conqueſt of *Naples* will very little alter the caſe, though *Sicily* ſhould follow the fate of her ſiſter kingdom. The *Streight*'s mouth is the key of the *Levant*, and will be always in the poſſeſſion of thoſe who are Kings of *Spain*. We may only add, that the ſame cauſes which ſtraiten the

Britiſh

Britiſh commerce, will naturally enlarge the *French*; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languiſh in the ſame degree as their commerce gathers or loſes ſtrength. And if ſo powerful and populous a nation as that of *France* become ſuperior to us by ſea, our whole is loſt, and we are no more a people. The conſideration of ſo narrow a channel betwixt us, of ſuch numbers of regular troops on the enemy's ſide, of ſo ſmall a ſtanding force on our own, and that too in a country deſtitute of all ſuch forts and ſtrong places as might ſtop the progreſs of a victorious army, hath ſomething in it ſo terrifying, that one does not care for ſetting it in its proper light. Let it not therefore enter into the heart of any one that hath the leaſt zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honour or ſafety of his country, or a well-wiſh for his friends or poſterity, to think of a peace with *France*, till the *Spaniſh* monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the houſe of *Bourbon* diſabled from ever giving the law to *Europe*.

Let us ſuppoſe that the *French* King would grant us the moſt advantageous terms we can deſire; without the ſeparation of the two monarchies they muſt infallibly end in our deſtruction. Should he ſecure to us all our preſent acquiſitions; ſhould he add two or three frontier-towns to what we have already in *Flanders*; ſhould he join the kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Sardinia* to *Milan* and *Naples*; ſhould he leave King *Charles* in the peaceable poſſeſſion of *Catalonia*; ſhould he make over to *Great Britain* the town and harbour of *Cadiz*, as well as that of *Gibraltar*, and at the ſame time reſign his conqueſts in *Portugal*; it would all be of no effect towards the common ſafety of *Europe*, while the bulk of the *Spaniſh* continent and the riches of *America* remain in the poſſeſſion of the *Bourbon* family.

Boccalini when he weighs the States of *Europe* in his political balance, after having laid *France* in one ſcale, throws *Spain* into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counter-poiſe. The *Spaniards* upon this, ſays he, begun to promiſe themſelves the honour of the ballance; reckoning that if *Spain* of it ſelf weighed ſo well, they could not fail of ſucceſs when the ſeveral parts of the monarchy were lumped in the ſame ſcale. Their ſurpriſe was very great when upon the throwing in of *Naples* they ſaw the ſcale riſe, and was greater ſtill when they found that *Milan* and *Flanders* had the ſame effect. The truth of it is, theſe parts of the *Spaniſh* monarchy are rather for ornament than ſtrength. They furniſh out Vice-royalties for the Grandees, and poſts of honour for the noble families; but in a time of war are incumbrances to the main body of the kingdom,

kingdom, and leave it naked and expoſed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we therefore continue in the poſſeſſion of what we have already made our ſelves maſters, with ſuch additions as have been mentioned, we ſhould have little more than the excreſcencies of the *Spaniſh* monarchy. The ſtrength of it will ſtill join it ſelf to *France*, and grow the cloſer to it by its diſunion from the reſt. And in this caſe the advantages which muſt ariſe to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the *Spaniſh* dominions, would in a very few years not only repair all the damages they have ſuſtained in the preſent war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its moſt flouriſhing periods.

The *French* King hath often entered on ſeveral expenſive projects, on purpoſe to diſſipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immenſe ſums on architecture, gardening, water-works, painting, ſtatuary, and the like, to diſtribute his treaſures among his people, as well as to humour his pleaſures and his ambition: but if he once engroſſes the commerce of the *Spaniſh Indies*, whatever quantities of gold and ſilver ſtagnate in his private coffers, there will be ſtill enough to carry on the circulation among his ſubjects. By this means in a ſhort ſpace of time he may heap up greater wealth than all the Princes of *Europe* joined together; and in the preſent conſtitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the ſame thing. Let us therefore ſuppoſe that after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring State; to revive the pretenſions of *Spain* upon *Portugal*, or attempt the taking thoſe places which were granted us for our ſecurity; what reſiſtance, what oppoſition can we make to ſo formidable an enemy? Should the ſame alliance riſe againſt him that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the States engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy who is now able to keep them at a ſtand, will have received ſo many new acceſſions of ſtrength.

But I think it is not to be imagined that in ſuch a conjuncture as we here ſuppoſe, the ſame confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down ſo exorbitant a power. Some might be bought into his intereſts by money, others drawn over by fear, and thoſe that are liable to neither of theſe impreſſions, might not think their own intereſt ſo much concerned as in the preſent war; or if any appeared in a diſpoſition to enter into ſuch a confederacy, they might be cruſhed ſeparately before they could concert meaſures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the preſent alliance can be aſcribed to nothing elſe but the clear and evident conviction which every member of it is under, that if it ſhould once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing by all the joint efforts of ſuch an union. Let us therefore agree on this as a fixt rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms againſt *France*, till we have utterly disjoyned her from the *Spaniſh* monarchy. Let this be the firſt ſtep of a publick treaty, the baſis of a general peace.

Had the preſent war indeed run againſt us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of frenzy, or a mixture of obſtinacy and deſpair, to be determined on ſo impracticable an undertaking. But on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and are come within view of the end that we have been ſo long driving at. We remain victorious in all the ſeats of war. In *Flanders* we have got into our hands ſeveral open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, diſpoſſeſſed him of his ſtrong holds, and ruined his allies in *Germany*. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but poſſeſſed our ſelves of the kingdom of *Naples*, the dutchy of *Milan*, and the avenue of *France* in *Italy*. The *Spaniſh* war hath given us a haven for our ſhips, and the moſt populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In ſhort, we have taken all the outlying parts of the *Spaniſh* monarchy, and made impreſſions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the *French* from all their advanced poſts in *Europe*, and driven them into their laſt entrenchments. One vigorous puſh on all ſides, one general aſſault will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and ſurrender themſelves at diſcretion. Another *Blenheim* or *Ramillies* will make the confederates maſters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithſtanding the advantages already gained are very conſiderable if we purſue them, they will be of no effect unleſs we improve them towards the carrying of our main point. The enemy ſtaggers; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet; but if you allow him reſpite, he will recover his ſtrength, and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him ſeveral repeated wounds that have enfeebled him, and brought him low; but they are ſuch as time will heal, unleſs you take advantage from his preſent weakneſs to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in *Cæſar*'s character, and what comes home to our preſent purpoſe, that he thought nothing at all was done, while any thing remained undone. In ſhort, we have been tugging a great while

againſt

againſt the ſtream, and have almoſt weathered our point; a ſtretch or two more will do the work; but if inſtead of that we ſlacken our arms, and drop our oars, we ſhall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence we firſt ſet out.

After having ſeen the neceſſity of an entire ſeparation of the kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*, our ſubject naturally leads us into the conſideration of the moſt proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered our ſelves with the proſpect of reducing *France* to our own terms by the want of money among the people, and the exigencies of the publick treaſury; but have been ſtill diſappointed by the great ſums imported from *America*, and the many new expedients which the Court hath found out for its relief. A long conſumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance, than diſable *France* from maintaining ſufficient armies to oppoſe it. An arbitrary government will never want money, ſo long as the people have it; and ſo active a people will always have it, whilſt they can ſend what merchandiſes they pleaſe to *Mexico* and *Peru*. The *French* ſince their alliance with *Spain* keep thirty ſhips in conſtant motion between the weſtern ports of *France* and the ſouth ſeas of *America*. The King himſelf is an adventurer in this traffick, and beſides the ſhare that he receives out of the gains of his ſubjects, has immenſe ſums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may further conſider, that the *French* ſince their abandoning *Bavaria* and *Italy* have very much retrenched the expence of the war, and lay out among themſelves all the money that is conſumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the moſt probable way of bringing *France* to reaſon would be by the making an attempt upon the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*, and by that means to cut off all communication with this great ſource of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This I muſt confeſs carries ſo promiſing an appearance, that I would by no means diſcourage the attempt: but at the ſame time I think it ſhould be a collateral project, rather than our principal deſign. Such an undertaking (if well concerted, and put into good hands) would be of infinite advantage to the common cauſe: but certainly an enterpriſe that carries in it the fate of *Europe*, ſhould not turn upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befal a naval expedition.

Others there are that have long deceived themſelves with the hopes of an inſurrection in *France*, and are therefore for laying out all our

ſtrength on a deſcent. Theſe, I think, do not enough conſider the natural love which the groſs of mankind have for the conſtitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflexion, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been uſed from his infancy, as of cold climates or barren countries, in which he hath been born and bred. Beſides, there is a kind of ſluggiſh reſignation, as well as poorneſs and degeneracy of ſpirit, in a ſtate of ſlavery, that we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themſelves out of it; as we find in hiſtory inſtances of perſons who after their priſons have been flung open, and their fetters ſtruck off, have choſen rather to languiſh in their dungeons, than ſtake their miſerable lives and fortunes upon the ſucceſs of a revolution. I need not inſtance the general fate of deſcents, the difficulty of ſupplying men and proviſions by ſea againſt an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which it is impoſſible to ſecure thoſe conqueſts that are often made in the firſt onſets of an invaſion. For theſe and other reaſons I can never approve the nurſing up commotions and inſurrections in the enemy's country, which for want of the neceſſary ſupport are likely to end in the maſſacre of our friends and the ruin of their families.

The only means therefore for bringing *France* to our conditions, and what appears to me, in all human probability, a ſure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert it ſelf as much to annoy the enemy, as they themſelves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and in one ſummer overſet the whole power of *France*.

The *French* monarchy is already exhauſted of its beſt and braveſt ſubjects. The flower of the nation is conſumed in its wars: the ſtrength of their armies conſiſts at preſent of ſuch as have ſaved themſelves by flight from ſome or other of the victorious confederates; and the only proper perſons to recruit them are but the refuſe of thoſe who have been already picked out for the ſervice. Mareſchal *de Vauban*, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of *France*, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions leſs at the peace of *Ryſwick*, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath as yet laſted but ſix, yet conſidering that their armies are more ſtrong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the preſent war; and that their loſſes ſuſtained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a mode-

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rate computation, ſuppoſe that the preſent war hath not been leſs prejudicial than the foregoing one in the ravage which it has made among the people. There is in *France* ſo great a diſproportion between the number of males and females; and among the former, between thoſe who are capable of bearing arms, and ſuch as are too young, ſickly, or decrepit for the ſervice; and at the ſame time ſuch vaſt numbers of Eccleſiaſticks, ſecular and religious, who live upon the labours of others, that when the ſeveral trades and profeſſions are ſupplied, you will find moſt of thoſe that are proper for war abſolutely neceſſary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their ſuperfluous hands, and every new levy they make muſt be at the expence of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand Alliance have innumerable ſources of recruits, not only in *Britain* and *Ireland*, the *United Provinces*, and *Flanders*; but in all the populous parts of *Germany* that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants. We may add, that the *French* have only *Switzerland*, beſides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a ſingle regiment: whereas the Allies have not only the ſame reſſource, but may be ſupplied for mony from *Denmark* and other neutral States. In ſhort, the Confederates may bring to the field what forces they pleaſe, if they will be at the charge of them: but *France*, let her wealth be what it will, muſt content herſelf with the product of her own country.

The *French* are ſtill in greater ſtreights for ſupplies of horſe than men. The breed of their country is neither ſo good nor numerous as what are to be found in moſt of the countries of the Allies. They had laſt ſummer about threeſcore thouſand in their ſeveral armies, and could not perhaps bring into the field thirty thouſand more, if they were diſpoſed to make ſuch an augmentation.

The *French* horſe are not only few, but weak in compariſon of ours. Their cavalry in the battle of *Blenheim* could not ſuſtain the ſhock of the *Britiſh* horſe. For this reaſon our late way of attacking their troops ſword in hand is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robuſt, and our horſes of a ſtronger make than the *French*; and in ſuch attacks it is the weight of the forces, ſuppoſing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The *Engliſh* ſtrength turned very much to account in our wars againſt the *French* of old, when we uſed

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to gall them with our long bows, at a greater diſtance than they could ſhoot their arrows: this advantage we loſt upon the invention of fire-arms, but by the preſent method our ſtrength as well as bravery may again be of uſe to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to ſend what numbers we are able into the field, becauſe our Generals at preſent are ſuch as are likely to make the beſt uſe of them, without throwing them away on any freſh attempts or ill-concerted projects. The Confederate armies have the happineſs of being commanded by perſons who are eſteemed the greateſt leaders of the preſent age, and are perhaps equal to any that have preceded them. There is a ſort of reſemblance in their characters; a particular ſedateneſs in their converſation and behaviour, that qualifies them for council, with a great intrepidity and reſolution that fits them for action. They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noiſe and heat in the ordinary circumſtances of life; but ſhews it ſelf ſufficiently in all great enterpriſes that require it. It is true, the General upon the *Rhine* hath not had the ſame occaſions as the others to ſignalize himſelf; but if we conſider the great vigilance, activity and courage, with the conſummate prudence, and the nice ſenſe of honour which appears in that Prince's character, we have great reaſon to hope, that as he purchaſed the firſt ſucceſs in the preſent war, by forcing into the ſervice of the Confederates an army that was raiſed againſt them in the very heart of the Empire, he will give one of the finiſhing ſtrokes to it, and help to conclude the great work which he ſo happily begun. The ſudden check that he gave to the *French* army the laſt campaign, and the good order he eſtabliſhed in that of the *Germans*, look like happy preſages of what we may expect from his conduct. I ſhall not pretend to give any character of the Generals on the enemies ſide; but I think we may ſay this, that in the eyes of their own nation they are inferior to ſeveral that have formerly commanded the *French* armies. If then we have greater numbers than the *French*, and at the ſame time better Generals, it muſt be our own fault if we will not reap the fruit of ſuch advantages.

It would be loſs of time to explain any further our ſuperiority to the enemy in numbers of men and horſe. We ſee plainly that we have the means in our hands, and that nothing but the application of them is wanting. Let us only conſider what uſe the enemy would make of the advantage we have mentioned, if it fell on their ſide; and is it not very ſtrange that we ſhould not be as active and induſtrious for our ſecurity, as they would

would certainly be for our deſtruction? But before we conſider more diſtinctly the method we ought to take in the proſecution of the war, under this particular view, let us reflect a little upon thoſe we have already taken in the courſe of it for theſe ſix years paſt.

The Allies after a ſucceſsful ſummer are too apt, upon the ſtrength of it, to neglect their preparations for the enſuing campaign, while the *French* leave no art nor ſtratagem untried to fill up the empty ſpaces of their armies, and ſwell them to an equal bulk with thoſe of the Confederates. By this means our advantage is loſt, and the fate of *Europe* brought to a ſecond deciſion. It is now become an obſervation, that we are to expect a very indifferent year after a very ſucceſsful one. *Blenheim* was followed by a ſummer that makes no noiſe in the war. *Ramillies*, *Turin*, and *Barcelona*, were the parents of our laſt campaign. So many dreadful blows alarmed the enemy, and raiſed their whole country up in arms. Had we on our ſide made proportionable preparations, the war by this time had been brought to a happy iſſue. If after having gained the great victories of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, we had made the ſame efforts as we ſhould have done had we loſt them, the power of *France* could not have withſtood us.

In the beginning of the winter we uſually get what intelligence we can of the force which the enemy intends to employ in the campaigns of the ſucceeding year, and immediately caſt about for a ſufficient number of troops to face them in the field of battle. This, I muſt confeſs, would be a good method if we were engaged in a defenſive war. We might maintain our ground with an equal number of forces; but our buſineſs is not only to ſecure what we are already in poſſeſſion of; we are to wreſt the whole *Spaniſh* Monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country by dint of arms. We ſhould therefore put forth all our ſtrength, and without having an eye to his preparations, make the greateſt puſh that we are able on our own ſide. We are told that the enemy at preſent thinks of raiſing threeſcore thouſand men for the next ſummer; if we regulate our levies in that view, we do nothing; let us perform our utmoſt, as they do, and we ſhall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power at leaſt to be four times as ſtrong as the *French*, but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their ſuperiority?

It ſeems therefore to be the buſineſs of the Confederates to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horſe; and by that means

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to out-number the enemy in all rencounters and engagements. For the ſame reaſon it muſt be for the intereſt of the Allies to ſeek all opportunities of battle, becauſe all loſſes on the oppoſite ſide are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; beſides that the *French* do their buſineſs by lying ſtill, and have no other concern in the war than to hold faſt what they have already got into their hands.

The miſcarriage of the nobleſt project that ever was formed in *Europe*, can be aſcribed to nothing elſe but our want of numbers in the ſeveral quarters of the war. If our armies on all ſides had begun to buſie and inſult the enemy, at the ſame time that the forces marched out of *Piemont*, *Toulon* had been at preſent in the hands of the Duke of *Savoy*. But could that Prince ever have imagined that the *French* would have been at liberty to detach whole armies againſt him? or will it appear credible to poſterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force of ſo many populous and powerful nations, *France* could ſend ſo great a part of its troops to one ſeat of the war, without ſuffering in any of the reſt? Whereas it is well known, that if the Duke of *Savoy* had continued before *Toulon* eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of ſixty thouſand men, which was more than double the number of his own; and yet the enemy was ſtrong enough every where elſe to prevent the Confederates from making any impreſſion upon them. However, let us fall into the right meaſures, and we may hope that the ſtroke is only deferred. The Duke of *Savoy* hath ſecured a paſſage into *Dauphiny*, and if the Allies make ſuch efforts in all parts, as we may reaſonably expect from them, that Prince may ſtill make himſelf Maſter of the *French* dominions on the other ſide of the *Rhone*.

There is another part of our conduct which may perhaps deſerve to be conſidered. As ſoon as we have agreed with the States General upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negotiate with ſome or other of the *German* Princes, who are in the ſame confederacy, to furniſh out our quota in Mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance; Firſt, as it may have an ill influence on the reſolutions of thoſe Princes in the Diet of the Empire, who may be willing to ſettle as ſmall a quota as they can for themſelves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have ſettled. This actually happened in the laſt campaign, when we are told the *Germans* excuſed themſelves for their want of troops upon the *Rhine*, as having already put moſt of their forces into the *Britiſh* and *Dutch* ſervice. Such an excuſe, indeed, is very unjuſt,

unjuſt, but it would be better to give them no occaſion of making it; and on ſuch occaſions to conſider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reaſon.

It might therefore be for our advantage that all the foreign troops in the *Britiſh* pay ſhould be raiſed in neutral countries. *Switzerland* in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great uſe to us; not only in reſpect of the reinforcements which we might draw from thence, but becauſe ſuch a draught of forces would leſſen the number of thoſe that might otherwiſe be employed in the *French* ſervice. The bulk of our levies ſhould nevertheleſs be raiſed in our own country, it being impoſſible for neutral States to furniſh both the *Britiſh* and *Dutch* with a ſufficient number of effective men; beſides that the *Britiſh* ſoldiers will be more at the diſpoſal of their General, and act with greater vigour under the conduct of one for whom they have ſo juſt a value, and whom they do not conſider only as their leader, but as their country-man. We may likewiſe ſuppoſe that the ſoldiers of a neutral ſtate, who are not animated by any national intereſt, cannot fight for pay with the ſame ardour and alacrity, as men that fight for their Prince and country, their wives and children.

It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider whether the military Genius of the *Engliſh* nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring ſtates, if it hath no occaſion to exert it ſelf. Minds that are altogether ſet on trade and profit, often contract a certain narrowneſs of temper, and at length become uncapable of great and generous reſolutions. Should the *French* ever make an unexpected deſcent upon us, we might want ſoldiers of our own growth to riſe up in our defence; and might not have time to draw a ſufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of *Germany*. It is generally ſaid, that if King *Charles* II. had made war upon *France* in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it by the many veterans which were ſcattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to ſervice in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we ſhall never have ſuch another nurſery of ſoldiers; but if the preſent war gives a more military turn to all other nations of *Europe*, than to our own, it is to be feared we may loſe in ſtrength, what we gain in number. We may apply the ſame conſideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in *Scotland* or *Ireland*, may not thoſe two parts of the *Britiſh* monarchy, after the disbanding of the preſent army, be too powerful for the reſt, in caſe of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at preſent.

However, as theſe conſiderations do not concern the more eſſential part of our deſign, it is ſufficient to have mentioned them.

The ſparing of our ſelves in ſo important a conjuncture, when we have but this ſingle opportunity left for the preſerving every thing that is precious amongſt us, is the worſt ſort of management that we can poſſibly fall into. The good husbandry of one age may intail an endleſs expence upon all poſterity. We muſt venture the ſacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at preſent, if we will effectually ſecure both for the future. The *Britiſh* Kingdom is ſo well ſtock'd with people, and ſo much abounds in horſe, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmoſt uſe of it, to humble *France*, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more diſagreeable thought to the people of *Great Britain* than that of a ſtanding army. But if a peace be made before the diſunion of *France* and *Spain*, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a ſettled body of numerous forces indiſpenſable for the ſafety of our country. We have it therefore in our choice to raiſe ſuch a ſtrong reinforcement of troops as at preſent may be ſufficient, in conjunction with thoſe of the allies, for breaking the ſtrength of the enemy; or when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot ſuch an army as will be neceſſary for preventing his attempts upon us,

It is to be hoped that thoſe who would be the moſt zealous againſt keeping up a conſtant body of regular troops after a general peace, will the moſt diſtinguiſh themſelves for the promoting an augmentation of thoſe which are now on foot; and by that means take care that we ſhall not ſtand in need of ſuch an expedient.

We are indeed obliged by the preſent ſituation of our affairs to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the *French* are retired within their lines, and have collected all their ſtrength into a narrow compaſs, we muſt have greater numbers to charge them in their intrenchments, and force them to a battle. We ſaw the laſt campaign that an army of fourſcore thouſand of the beſt troops in *Europe*, with the Duke of *Marlborough* at the head of them, could do nothing againſt an enemy that were too numerous to be aſſaulted in their camps, or attacked in their ſtrong holds.

There is another conſideration which deſerves our utmoſt attention. We know very well, that there is a Prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war, in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to ſide with either party. I cannot preſume to gueſs how far

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our miniſters may be informed of his deſigns: but unleſs they have very ſtrong aſſurances of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not oppoſing it; they cannot be too circumſpect and ſpeedy in taking their precautions againſt any contrary reſolution. We ſhall be unpardonable, if after ſuch an expence of blood and treaſure, we leave it in the power of any ſingle Prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the poſture of our affairs in the laſt campaign, this Prince could have turn'd the ballance on either ſide; but it is to be hoped the liberties of *Europe* will not depend any more on the determination of one man's will. I do not ſpeak this becauſe I think there is any appearance of that Prince's uniting himſelf to *France*. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great ſentiments of honour, I think it is not improbable we ſhould draw him over to the confederacy, if we preſs him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his ſenſe of glory, will both have their effect on a Prince who hath already diſtinguiſhed himſelf by being a patron of proteſtants, and guarantee of the *Weſtphalian* treaty. And if his intereſt hath any part in his actions, the Allies may make him greater offers than the *French* King can do in the preſent conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the Empire; doubtful ſucceſſions, to which the King of *Sweden* ſeems to have very juſt pretenſions; and at the ſame time a great title not yet diſpoſed of, and a ſeat of war on the *Moſelle*, where none of our generals have ſignalized themſelves. It would be preſumption to be particular in any propoſals on ſuch an occaſion; it is enough to have ſhewn in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wiſdom of the confederates may make uſe.

Common ſenſe will direct us, when we ſee ſo warlike a Prince at the head of ſo great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendſhip, or ſecure our ſelves againſt the force of his arms. We are ſure, whatever numbers of troops we raiſe, we ſhall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain, that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may ſpare us the expence of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parſimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is ſtill a great popular objection, which will be made to every thing that can be urged on this ſubject. And indeed it is ſuch a one as falls ſo much in with the prejudices and little paſſions of the multitude, that when it is turned and ſet off to advantage by ill-deſigning men, it

throws a damp on the publick ſpirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous reſolutions for its honour and ſafety. In ſhort, we are to be told, that *England* contributes much more than any other of the Allies, and that therefore it is not reaſonable ſhe ſhould make any addition to her preſent efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not ſee any tolerable colour for ſuch a concluſion. Suppoſing among a multitude embarqued in the ſame veſſel, there are ſeveral that in the fury of a tempeſt will rather periſh than work for their preſervation; would it not be madneſs in the reſt to ſtand idle, and rather chuſe to ſink together than do more than comes to their ſhare? Since we are engaged in a work ſo abſolutely neceſſary for our welfare, the remiſneſs of our Allies ſhould be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than ſlacken them. If we muſt govern our ſelves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity of the common enemy, than the ſupineneſs and negligence of our friends.

We have indeed a much greater ſhare in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The *French* King makes at us directly, keeps a King by him to ſet over us, and hath very lately augmented the ſalary of his court, to let us ſee how much he hath that deſign at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, ſhould they ever fall into his hands, would loſe their religion or form of government, or interfere at preſent with him in matters of commerce. The *Dutch*, who are likely to be the greateſt loſers after the *Britains*, have but little trade to the *Levant* in compariſon with ours, have no conſiderable plantations or commerce in the *Weſt-Indies*, or any woollen-manufactures for *Spain*; not to mention the ſtrong barrier they have already purchaſed between *France* and their own country.

But after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the ſame complaint, and fancies it ſelf the greateſt ſufferer by the war. Indeed in ſo common a preſſure, let the weight be never ſo equally diſtributed, every one will be moſt ſenſible of that part which lies on his own ſhoulders. We furniſh, without diſpute, more than any other branch of the alliance: but the queſtion is, whether others do not exert themſelves in proportion according to their reſpective ſtrength. The Emperor, the King of *Pruſſia*, the Elector of *Hannover*, as well as the States of *Holland* and the Duke of *Savoy*, ſeem at leaſt to come up to us. The greateſt powers in *Germany* are borrowing mony where they can get it, in order to maintain their ſtated Quota's, and go thorough their part of the expence: and if any of the Circles have been negligent,

negligent, they have paid for it much more in their late contributions, than what would have furniſhed out their ſhares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furniſhing greater ſupplies to the war than it doth at preſent. To this we might anſwer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it ſhould be an argument for enforcing rather than diminiſhing our preſent efforts againſt *France*. The ſinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occaſion far greater impoſitions, than thoſe which are now laid upon us. Whereas the ſeaſonable expence of part of our riches, will not only preſerve the reſt; but by the right uſe of them procure vaſt additions to our preſent ſtock. It may be neceſſary for a perſon languiſhing under an ill habit of body to loſe ſeveral ounces of blood, notwithſtanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining maſs, and draw into it freſh ſupplies.

But we can by no means make this conceſſion, to thoſe who ſo induſtriouſly publiſh the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the ſame extent in *Europe*. *France*, notwithſtanding the goodneſs of its climate, the fertility of its ſoil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbours, both for the *Ocean* and *Mediterranean*, and its preſent correſpondence with the *Weſt-Indies*, is not to compare with *Great Britain* in this particular. I ſhall tranſcribe word for word the paſſage of a late celebrated *French* Author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the Reader to make the counter-part of the parallel between the two nations.

" According to all the inquiries that I have been able to make during " ſeveral years, in which I have applied my ſelf to this ſort of remarks, " I have obſerved, that about a tenth part of the people of this kingdom " are reduced to beggary, and are actual beggars. That among the nine " other parts, five are not in a condition to give alms or relief to thoſe " aforementioned, being very near reduced themſelves to the ſame miſe- " rable condition. Of the four other remaining parts, three are very " uneaſy in their circumſtances, and embaraſſed with debts and law- " ſuits. In the tenth part, I reckon the Soldiers, Lawyers, Eccleſiaſticks, " Merchants and ſubſtantial Citizens, which cannot make up more than a " hundred thouſand families. And I believe I ſhould not be miſtaken, if " I ſhould ſay, that there are not above ten thouſand of theſe families, " who are very much at their eaſe: and if out of theſe ten thouſand

" we

" we ſhould take the men that are employed in publick buſineſs, with " their dependents and adherents, as alſo thoſe whom the King ſupports " by his bounty, with a few Merchants, the number of thoſe who re- " main will be ſurpriſingly little. *Dixme Royale.*

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people; for ſo many the Author reckons in that kingdom. How can we ſee ſuch a multitude of ſouls caſt under ſo many ſubdiviſions of miſery, without reflecting on the abſurdity of a form of government that ſacrifices the eaſe and happineſs of ſo many reaſonable Beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at preſent.

If we run over the other nations of *Europe* that have any part in the preſent war, we ſhall only paſs through ſo many different ſcenes of poverty. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Savoy* are reduced to great extremities. *Germany* is exhauſted to the laſt degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all ſhe had left. *Holland* indeed flouriſhes above the reſt in wealth and plenty: but if we conſider the infinite induſtry and penuriouſneſs of that people, the coarſeneſs of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleaſure and exceſs, it is no wonder that notwithſtanding they furniſh as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not ſo many overgrown eſtates as in monarchies, the wealth of the country is ſo equally diſtributed, that moſt of the community are at their eaſe, though few are placed in extraordinary points of ſplendor and magnificence. But notwithſtanding theſe circumſtances may very much contribute to the ſeeming proſperity of the *United Provinces*, we know they are indebted many millions more than their whole republick is worth, and if we conſider the variety of taxes and impoſitions they groan under at a time when their private diſſenſions run high, and ſome of the wealthieſt parts of the government refuſe to bear their ſhare in the publick expence, we ſhall not think the condition of that people ſo much to be envied as ſome amongſt us would willingly repreſent it.

Nor is *Great Britain* only rich as ſhe ſtands in compariſon with other States, but is really ſo in her own intrinſick wealth. She had never more ſhips at ſea, greater quantities of merchandiſe in her warehouſes, larger receipts of cuſtoms, or more numerous commodities riſing out of her manufactures than ſhe has at preſent. In ſhort, ſhe ſits in the midſt of a mighty affluence of all the neceſſaries and conveniencies of life. If our ſilver and gold diminiſhes, our publick credit continues unimpaired, and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to ſupply our ſelves.

The

The old *Roman* General, when he heard his army complain of thirſt, ſhewed them the ſprings and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own caſe: the rout of a *Spaniſh* army would make us maſters of the *Indies*.

If Prince *Eugene* takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in *Catalonia*, and meets with that ſupport from the alliance which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair proſpect of reducing *Spain* to the entire obedience of the houſe of *Auſtria*. The *Sileſian* fund (to the immortal reputation of thoſe generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that Prince to make a conqueſt of *Italy*, at a time when our affairs were more deſperate there, than they are at preſent in the kingdom of *Spain*.

When our Parliament has done their utmoſt, another publick-ſpirited project of the ſame nature, which the common enemy could not foreſee nor prepare againſt, might in all probability ſet King *Charles* upon the throne for which he hath ſo long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the *Spaniſh* continent.

Let us therefore exert the united ſtrength of our whole Iſland, and by that means put a new life and ſpirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or increaſe their preparations according to the example that is ſet them. We ſee the neceſſity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reaſon, or reſcue our country from the miſeries that may befal it; and we find our ſelves in a condition of making ſuch an augmentation as, by the bleſſing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorouſly, we ſhall gain for our ſelves and our poſterity a long, a glorious and a laſting peace; but if we neglect ſo fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treaſures, when it will be too late; and ſhall be tormented with one of the moſt melancholy reflexions of an afflicted heart, That it was once in our power to have made our ſelves and our children happy.

THE

THE LATE

TRYAL *and* CONVICTION

OF

Count *TARIFF.*

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Count TARIFF.

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THE LATE

Tryal and Conviction of Count TARIFF.

THE whole Nation is at preſent very inquiſitive after the proceedings in the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, Plaintiff, and Count *Tariff*, Defendant; as it was tried on the 18th of *June*, in the thirteenth year of her Majeſty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I ſhall therefore give my countrymen a ſhort and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, muſt in the firſt place premiſe ſome particulars relating to the perſon and character of the ſaid Plaintiff Goodman *Fact*.

Goodman *Fact* is allowed by every body to be a plain-ſpoken perſon, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his averſion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetorick, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaiſance. He flatters no body. Yet ſo great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the fineſt orator, and deſtroys the beſt-contrived argument, as ſoon as ever he gets himſelf to be heard. He never applies to the paſſions or prejudices of his audience: when they liſten with attention and honeſt minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a ſuit of *Engliſh* broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was ſubſtantial, honeſt, home-ſpun ware. His cane indeed came from the *Eaſt-Indies*, and two or three little ſuperfluities from *Turkey*, and other parts. It is ſaid that he encouraged himſelf with a bottle of neat *Port*, before he appeared at the tryal. He was huzzaed into the Court by ſeveral thouſands of *Weavers*, *Clothiers*, *Fullers*, *Dyers*, *Packers*, *Calenders*, *Setters*, *Silk-men*, *Spinners*, *Dreſſers*, *Whitſters*, *Winders*, *Mercers*, *Throwſters*, *Sugar-bakers*, *Diſtillers*, *Drapers*, *Hoſiers*, *Planters*, *Merchants*, and *Fiſhermen*; who all unanimouſly declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend *Fact* did not gain his cauſe.

Every body was over-joyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no ſooner made his appearance in Court, but ſeveral of his friends fell a weeping at the ſight of him: for indeed he had not been ſeen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited againſt Count *Tariff* was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the ſaid Count had given in falſe and fraudulent reports in the name of the Plaintiff.

II. That the ſaid Count had tampered with the ſaid Plaintiff, and made uſe of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the ſaid Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the ſaid Plaintiff, having miſrepreſented him in many cunningly-deviſed ſpeeches, as a perſon in the *French* intereſt.

IV. That the ſaid Count had averred in the preſence of above five hundred perſons, that he had heard the Plaintiff ſpeak in derogation of the *Portugueſe*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Hollanders*, and others; who were the perſons whom the ſaid Plaintiff had always favoured in his diſcourſe, and whom he ſhould always continue to favour.

V. That the ſaid Count had given a very diſadvantageous relation of three great farms, which had long flouriſhed under the care and ſuperintendency of the Plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the ſaid farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of ſtrangers. That he would have leſſened and deſtroyed the produce of the ſaid farms.

That by theſe and many other wicked devices he would have ſtarved many honeſt day-labourers; have impoveriſhed the owner, and have filled his farms with beggars, *&c.*

VII. That the ſaid Count had either ſunk or miſ-laid ſeveral books, papers, and receipts, by which the Plaintiff might ſooner have found means to vindicate himſelf from ſuch calumnies, aſperſions, and miſrepreſentations.

In all theſe particulars Goodman *Fact* was very ſhort but pithy: for, as I ſaid before, he was a plain home-ſpun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had further ſo much of the Quaker in him, that he never ſwore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was obſerved, that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the Plaintiff all the while he was ſpeaking: but though he was not ſo impudent as the Count, he was every whit as ſturdy; and when it came to the Count's

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turn to ſpeak, old *Fact* ſo ſtared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often ſtruck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue, in the middle of his diſcourſe.

More witneſſes appeared on this occaſion to atteſt Goodman *Fact*'s veracity than ever were ſeen in a court of juſtice. His cauſe was pleaded by the ableſt men in the kingdom; among whom was a Gentleman of *Suffolk* who did him ſignal ſervice.

Count *Tariff* appeared juſt the reverſe of Goodman *Fact*. He was dreſſed in a fine brocade waſtcoat, curiouſly embroidered with Flower-de-luces. He wore alſo a broad-brimmed hat, a ſhoulder-knot, and a pair of ſilver-clocked ſtockins. His ſpeeches were accompanied with much geſture and grimace. He abounded in empty phraſes, ſuperficial flouriſhes, violent aſſertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* aſſurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would moſt certainly have carried his cauſe, had he dealt with any one antagoniſt in the world beſides Goodman *Fact*.

The Count being called upon to anſwer to the charge which had been made againſt him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, viz. by railing and calling names.

He in the firſt place accuſed his adverſary of *Scandalum magnatum*, and of ſpeaking againſt his ſuperiors with ſaucineſs and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at Court, he was a little ſtartled at this accuſation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impoſſible for any of his family to be either faucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the Court, that is, TO SPEAK THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The Count in the next place aſſured the Court, that his antagoniſt has taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not FACT but FACTION. The Count was ſo pleaſed with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every ſentence; calling his antagoniſt's aſſertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the ſons of faction; the teſtimonies of his witneſſes, the dictates of faction: nay, with ſuch a degree of impudence did he puſh this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of ſuch a ſtarving multitude, the CLAMOURS OF FACTION.

As ſoon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the Court that FACT was not an *Engliſhman* by birth, but that he

was

was of *Dutch* extraction, and born in *Holland*. In conſequence of this aſſertion he began to rally the poor Plaintiff, under the title of MYNHEER VAN FACT; which took pretty well with the ſimpletons of his party, but the men of ſenſe did not think the jeſt worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finiſhed his ſpeech, he deſired leave to call in his witneſſes, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible to ſee his face. He ſpoke in the ſpirit, nay in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his aſſertions. Being asked his name; he ſaid the world called him MERCATOR: but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reaſons he was obliged to conceal. The Court found him ſuch a falſe, ſhuffling, prevaricating raſcal, that they ſet him aſide as a perſon unqualified to give his teſtimony in a Court of Juſtice; adviſing him at the ſame time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering ſuch notorious falſhoods as he had then publiſhed. The witneſs however perſiſted in his contumacy, telling them he was very ſorry to find, that notwithſtanding what he had ſaid, they were reſolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witneſs, who ſpoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff*. This was a tall, black, bluſtering perſon, dreſſed in a *Spaniſh* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Golillio* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* ſticking out by his ſide: his garments were ſo covered with tinſel and ſpangles, that at a diſtance he ſeemed to be made up of ſilver and gold. He called himſelf DON ASSIENTO, and mentioned ſeveral nations that had ſought his friendſhip; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into theſe parts to enrich every one that heard him. The Court was at firſt very well pleaſed with his figure, and the promiſes he made them; but upon examination found him a true *Spaniard*: nothing but ſhow and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithſtanding the boaſts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon caſting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his eſtate, he was worſe than nothing.

There appeared another witneſs in favour of the Count, who ſpoke with ſo much violence and warmth, that the Court begun to liſten to him very attentively; till upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the poſt, being kept in pay, to give his teſtimony on all occaſi-

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ons where it was wanted. This was the EXAMINER; a perſon who had abuſed almoſt every man in *England*, that deſerved well of his country. He called Goodman *Fact* a lyar, a ſeditious perſon, a traytor, and a rebel; and ſo much incenſed the honeſt man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that ſo foul-mouthed a witneſs never appeared in any cauſe. Seeing ſeveral perſons of great eminence, who had maintained the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, he called them ideots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheiſts, apoſtates, fiends, and devils: never did man ſhow ſo much eloquence in ribaldry. The Court was at length ſo juſtly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who ſpared no age, nor ſex, nor profeſſion, which had ſhown any friendſhip or inclination for the Plaintiff, that ſeveral began to whiſper to one another, it was high time to bring him to puniſhment. But the witneſs over-hearing the word *Pillory* repeated twice or thrice, ſlunk away privately, and hid himſelf among the people.

After a full hearing on both ſides, Count *Tariff* was caſt, and Goodman *Fact* got his cauſe; but the Court ſitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him coſts, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honeſt man immediately retired, after having aſſured his friends, that at any time when the Count ſhould appear on the like occaſion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their aſſiſtance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman *Fact*'s ſucceſs created in the city of *London*; there was nothing to be ſeen or heard the next day, but ſhaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had eſcaped; and gratitude to thoſe who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like publick demonſtrations of joy.

THE

THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

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The WHIG-EXAMINER.

N° 1. *Thurſday, September* 14. 1710.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, & cum ſolia iſta diemque
Oderit ---------

THE deſign of this work is to cenſure the writings of others, and to give all perſons a rehearing, who have ſuffered under any unjuſt ſentence of the *Examiner*. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner*: at leaſt his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critic that has diſcovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his buſineſs to laſh the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himſelf; as the hangman is generally a worſe malefactor, than the criminal that ſuffers by his hand. To prove what I ſay, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. *Garth*'s Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the firſt: Did ever an advocate for a party open with ſuch an unfortunate aſſertion? *The collective body of the Whigs have already engroſſed our riches:* That is, in plain Engliſh, the Whigs are poſſeſſed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for theſe ſix weeks? Is there any thing more reaſonable, than that thoſe who have all the riches of the nation in their poſſeſſion, or if he likes his own phraſe better, as indeed I think it is ſtronger, that thoſe who have already *engroſſed* our riches, ſhould have the management of our publick Trea-

ſure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: *Their repreſentative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a Monopoly of our ſenſe.* Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing, it is this, That to prevent ſuch a Monopoly of ſenſe, he is reſolved to deal in it himſelf by retail, and ſell a pennywotth of it every week. In what follows, there is ſuch a ſhocking familiarity both in his railleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has ſo much of the pedant, and ſo little of the converſation of men in it, that I ſhall paſs it over, and haſten to the riddles, which are as follows.

The RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monſter, that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready Wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle riddle ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus *was reſolved to go,*
And try what ſtrength of parts could do:
Says Sphinx, *On this depends your fate;*
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, ſaid he, who weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: As years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts the ſtick.
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

The firſt part of this little myſtical Poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himſelf the trouble of explaining it; but as for the expoſition of the ſecond, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks

walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he ſolves, as our forefathers have done for theſe two thouſand years; and not according to *Rabelais*, who gives another reaſon why a man is ſaid to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the ſecond riddle: What creature, ſays he, is it that firſt uſes four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loſes one leg, then gets two legs, and at laſt runs away upon four legs? Were I diſpoſed to be ſplenatick, I ſhould ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles *ſo wild, ſo childiſh, or ſo flat:* But though I dare not go ſo far as that, I ſhall take upon me to ſay, that the Author has ſtollen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs ſat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and ſnatched away one leg; up ſtarted two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This Enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuouſly with my Reader than the abovementioned Enigmatiſt has done, I ſhall preſent him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a ſervant maid, three legs is a joint ſtool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripode; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the expoſition of our firſt and third riddles upon legs; let us here if you pleaſe, endeavour to find out the meaning of our ſecond, which is thus in the Author's words:

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was propoſed by *Oedipus* to the Sphinx, after he had given his ſolution to that which the Sphinx had propoſed to him. This *Oedipus*, you muſt underſtand, though the people did not believe it, was ſon to a King of *Thebes*, and bore a particular grudge to the Tre——r of that Kingdom; which made him ſo bitter upon *H. L.* in this Enigma.

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being *weak by nature*, as he admirably expreſſes it, could not walk as ſoon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white ſtaff in Queen *Jocaſta*'s court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now it ſo happened that the Treaſurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, *Then loſes one*——Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good ſucceſs.

What ſtranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three?
Then loſes one———

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I muſt confeſs has kept me awake for theſe three nights;

———*Then gets two more,*
And runs away at laſt on four.

I at laſt thought the treaſurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and ſo ran away on four legs, *viz.* two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature conſideration do find that the words *(Then gets two more)* are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verſe, and to ſignify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, ſhould be *rides*. I ſhall therefore reſtore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain it ſelf.

Oedipus ſpeaks:
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gains two more,
And rides away at laſt on four?

I muſt now inform the Reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, ſo that it was eaſy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horſeback, an advantage that a *Britiſh* Stateſman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he muſt do it *in an open boat*; for to ſay of an *Engliſhman* in this ſenſe, that he runs away on all four, would be as abſurd as to ſay, he clapped

ſpurs

ſpurs to his horſe at St. *James*'s gate, and galloped away to the *Hague*.

Before I take my farewel of this ſubject, I ſhall adviſe the Author for the future to ſpeak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known ſubject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syriſca*'s ladle was loſt in one hole, and *Hans Carvel*'s finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he muſt conſider that his jeſt is loſt to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the ſecret. This is making darker ſatyrs than ever *Perſius* did. After this curſory view of the *Examiner*'s performance, let us conſider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he paſſes upon the Doctor's conſidering the Treaſurer in ſeveral different views, is that which might, fall upon any Poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diverſity of thoughts and alluſions: and tho' it may appear a pleaſant ridicule to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundleſs and unjuſt. I do likewiſe diſſent with the *Examiner*, upon the phraſes of *paſſions being poiſed*, and of the *retrieving merit from dependence*, which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the ſame cavilling ſpirit that finds fault with that expreſſion of the *pomp of peace among the woes of war*, as well as of *offering unasked*. As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I muſt confeſs they have been formerly uſed to repreſent the fate of raſh ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author ſhould deprive us of thoſe particular Similes for the future. The next Criticiſm upon the ſtars, ſeems introduced for no other reaſon but to mention Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuſe. But I ſhall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing it ſelf up to the ſize of an Ox:

——*Non ſi te ruperis, inquit,*
Par eris——

The alluſion to the victim may be a Gallimatia in French politicks, but is an apt and noble alluſion to a true Engliſh ſpirit. And as for the *Examiner*'s remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man wou'd laugh to ſee impotent malice ſo little able to contain it ſelf) one cannot but obſerve in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the ſame paper, who always murder where they rob. The laſt obſervation is upon the line, *Ingratitude's a weed of every clime.* Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which *Dryden* only terms the *growth*, of every Clime. But, for God-ſake, why ſo much tenderneſs for ingratitude?

But

But I ſhall ſay no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent aſſertions muſt paſs for arguments: and I do not queſtion but the ſame, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Diſpenſary* was no Poet, will very ſuddenly undertake to ſhew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

N° 2. *Thurſday, September* 21.

--------Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares------

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarles* have paſſed through ſeveral editions, and pleaſe as many Readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotſon:* The *Examiner* had not written two half ſheets of paper, before he met with one that was aſtoniſhed at *the force he was maſter of,* and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State-ſubjects, as *encroaching on the province that belonged to him,* and treating of things *that deſerved to paſs under his pen.* The ſame humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furniſh mankind with an *Antidote to the poyſon that is ſcattered through the nation.* This crying up of the *Examiner*'s Antidote, puts me in mind of the firſt appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the ſtreets of *Paris.* A little boy walked before him, publiſhing, with a ſhrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes ſortes de maladies, My father cures all ſorts of diſtempers:* To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and compoſed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai, The child ſays true.*

That the Reader may ſee what party the Author of this Letter is of, I ſhall ſhew how he ſpeaks of the *French* King and the Duke of *Anjou,* and how of our greateſt Allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. *In the mean while the* French *King has withdrawn his troops from* Spain, *and has put it out of his power to reſtore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to deſire to do it. The Duke of* Anjou *has had leiſure to take off thoſe whom he ſuſpected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increaſe and form his troops, and*

above

above all, to rouze that ſpirit in the Spaniſh *nation, which a ſucceſſion of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled aſleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the preſent foot, inſtead of regaining* Spain, *we ſhall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and ſupport the grandfather in his declining years; by whoſe arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld.* What expreſſions of tenderneſs, duty, and ſubmiſſion! The Panegyrick on the Duke of *Anjou*, is by much the beſt written part of this whole Letter; the Apology for the *French* King is indeed the ſame which the *Poſt-boy* has often made, but worded with greater deference and reſpect to that great Prince. There are many ſtrokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in ſeveral parts of this notable Epiſtle; I ſhall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expreſſed for the Miniſtry, by their humble applications to Her Majeſty, in theſe words.

Not daunted yet, they reſolve to try a new expedient, and the intereſt of Europe *is to be repreſented as inſeparable from that of the Miniſters.*

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod uſquam eſt;
Flectere ſi nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, *and the Court of* Vienna, *are called in as confederates to the Miniſtry.* This, in the mildeſt *Engliſh* it will bear, runs thus. *They are reſolved to look for help where-ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it*; That is, to the members of the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the Court of *Vienna*. The *French* King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning *Engliſhman*; but I am very much ſurprized to ſee the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the Court of *Vienna*, in ſuch company. We may ſtill ſee this Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country: ſpeaking of *the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J——to*, which every one knows comprehends the *Whigs*, in their utmoſt extent; he adds, in oppoſition to them, *For the Queen and the whole body of the* Britiſh *nation*,——

Nos Numerus ſumus.

In Engliſh,

We are Cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the *Britiſh* nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an Author can be ſo diſreſpectful to Her Majeſty, as to ſeparate Her in ſo ſaucy a manner from that part of her people, who according to the *Examiner* himſelf, *have engroſſed the riches of the nation*; and all this to join her, with ſo much impudence, under the common denomination of *We*; that is, *WE Queen and Tories* are cyphers. *Nos numerus ſumus* is a ſcrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal *Woolſey*'s *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the ſame particle W E, uſed with great emphaſis and ſignificancy in the eighth page of this Letter; *But nothing deciſive, nothing which had the appearance of earneſt, has been ſo much as attempted, except that wiſe expedition to* Thoulon, *which WE ſuffered to be defeated before it began*. Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed ſeveral ſtories of diſcoveries made, by letters and meſſengers that were ſent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we now ſhall conſider his performance, under the three heads of Wit, Language, and Argument. The firſt laſh of his Satyr falls upon the *Cenſor* of *Great-Britain*, who, ſays he, reſembles the famous *Cenſor* of *Rome*, in nothing but eſpouſing the *cauſe of the vanquiſhed*. Our Letter-writer here alludes to that known verſe in *Lucan*,

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

The Gods eſpouſed the cauſe of the conquerors, but Cato *eſpouſed the cauſe of the vanquiſhed*. The misfortune is, that this verſe was not written of *Cato* the *Cenſor*, but of *Cato* of *Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquiſhed, reſembles the younger *Cato*, who was not a *Roman Cenſor*, I do not well conceive, unleſs it be in ſtrugling for the liberty of his country. To ſay therefore, that the *Cenſor* of *Great-Britain* reſembles that famous *Cenſor* of *Rome in nothing but eſpouſing the cauſe of the vanquiſhed*; is juſt the ſame as if one ſhould ſay, in regard to the many obſcure truths and ſecret hiſtories that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of theſe new revelations, reſembles the ancient Author of the Revelations *in nothing but venturing his head*. Beſides that there would be no ground for ſuch a reſemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, ſhould he thus miſtake one St. *John* for another, and apply that to St. *John* the Evangeliſt which relates to St. *John* the Baptiſt, who died many years before him?

Another

Another ſmart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a ſudden into a vein of poetry; and inſtead of writing a Letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in theſe ſtrong lines: *Paint, Sir, with that force which you are maſter of, the preſent ſtate of the war abroad; and expoſe to the publick view thoſe principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, ſo different from thoſe upon which it was originally entered into. Collect ſome few of the indignities which have been this year offered to Her Majeſty, and of thoſe unnatural ſtruggles which have betrayed the weakneſs of a ſhattered conſtitution.* By the way, a man may be ſaid to paint a battle, or if you pleaſe, a war; but I do not ſee how it is poſſible to paint the preſent ſtate of a war. So a man may be ſaid to deſcribe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural ſtruggles; but to collect the things themſelves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *Engliſh* proſe. Well, but what will be the uſe of this picture of a ſtate of the war? and this collection of indignities and ſtruggles? It ſeems the chief deſign of them is to make a dead man bluſh, as we may ſee in thoſe inimitable lines which immediately follow: *And when this is done,* D-—n *ſhall bluſh in his grave among the dead,* W-—le *among the living, and even* Vol——e *ſhall feel ſome remorſe.* Was there ever any thing, I will not ſay ſo ſtiff and ſo unnatural, but ſo brutal and ſo ſilly! this is downright hacking and hewing in Satyr. But we ſee a maſterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any reſpect to a Dutcheſs of *Great-Britain*, a Princeſs of the Empire, and one who was a boſom friend of her Royal Miſtreſs, he calls a great Lady *an inſolent woman, the worſt of her ſex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague*; and applies to her a line which *Virgil* writ originally upon *Alecto*. One would think this foul-mouthed writer muſt have received ſome particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her husband; and theſe the world ſhall be ſoon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the preſs, entitled, *An Eſſay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.* This Author is ſo full of Satyr, and is ſo angry with every one that is pleaſed with the Duke of *Marlborough*'s victories, that he goes out of his way to abuſe one of the Queen's ſinging men, who it ſeems did his beſt to celebrate a thankſgiving day in an Anthem; as you may ſee in that paſſage: *Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzza'd round bonefires, the Stentor of the chappel has ſtrained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of* S——n *has deafned his audience from the pulpit.* Thus you ſee how

like a true ſon of the High-Church, he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach ſedition, he is received by ſome men as a Confeſſor ; but if he cries aloud, and ſpares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greateſt publick bleſſings that ever were beſtowed on a ſinful nation, he is reviled as a *Stentor*.

I promiſed in the next place to conſider the Language of this excellent Author, who I find takes himſelf for an Orator. In the firſt page he cenſures ſeveral for the poiſon which they *profuſely ſcatter* through the nation ; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, for *ſquandering away their poiſon*. In the ſecond he talks of *carrying probability through the thread of a fable*; and in the third, *of laying an odium at a man's door*. In the fourth he riſes in his expreſſions ; where he ſpeaks of thoſe who would perſuade the people, that *the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J——to, are the only objects of the confidence of the Allies, and of the fears of the enemies*. I would adviſe this Author to try the beauty of this expreſſion. Suppoſe a foreign Miniſter ſhould addreſs Her Majeſty in the following manner, (for certainly it is Her Majeſty only to whom the ſenſe of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are *the object of the confidence of the Allies* ; or, Madam, your Majeſty is *the only object of the fears of the enemies*. Would a man think that he had learned *Engliſh* ? I would have the Author try, by the ſame rule, ſome of his other phraſes, as *Page 7.* where he tells us, *That the ballance of power in* Europe *would be ſtill precarious*. What would a tradeſman think, if one ſhould tell him in a paſſion, that his *ſcales were precarious* ; and mean by it, that they were *not fixed* ? In the thirteenth page he ſpeaks of certain *profligate wretches, who having uſurped the Royal Seat, reſolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to loſe their place in it*. A plain-ſpoken man would have left the *Chariot* out of this ſentence, and ſo have made it good *Engliſh*. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of ſpeech, but of metaphor ; it being impoſſible for a man to have a place in the Chariot which he drives. I would therefore adviſe this Gentleman, in the next edition of his Letter, to change the *Chariot* of government into the *Chaiſe* of government, which will ſound as well, and ſerve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very ſmall work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this Letter-writer very much excels. This is called by ſome an *Anti-climax*,

an

an inſtance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her, *That ſhe has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to* Holland, *and a jeſt to the whole world.* I never met with ſo ſudden a downfal in ſo promiſing a ſentence; *a jeſt to the whole world* gives ſuch an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and ſurprized to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have obſerved more than two couplets of verſes that have been written in this figure; the firſt are thus quoted by Mr. *Dryden:*

Not only London *ecchoes with thy fame,*
But alſo Iſlington *has heard the* ſame.

The other are in *French.*

Allez vous, luy dit il, ſans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laiſſé votre honneur & vos gans.

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. *Mankind remains convinced, that a Queen poſſeſſed of all the virtues requiſite to bleſs a nation, or make a private family happy, ſits on the throne.* Is this Panegyrick or Burleſque? To ſee ſo glorious a Queen celebrated in ſuch a manner, gives every good ſubject a ſecret indignation; and looks liker *Scarron*'s character of the great Queen *Semiramis*, who, ſays that Author, " was the Founder of *Babylon*, Conqueror of the *Eaſt*, and an " excellent Houſewife.

The third ſubject being the argumentative part of this Letter, I ſhall leave till another occaſion.

Thurſday,

N° 3. *Thurſday, September* 28.

——Non defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget.—— Virg.

I Was once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his ſtory out, was called away by buſineſs. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately reaſſumed the thread of his ſtory, and began his ſalutation with, *but Sir, as I was telling you.* The ſame method has been made uſe of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote*, who inſerts ſeveral novels in his works, and after a parentheſis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his ſtory. *Hudibras* has broke off the *Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle.* The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the courſe of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's reſpite; as the *Examiner*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewiſe done.

This may ſerve as an apology for my poſtponing the examination of the argumentative part of *the Letter to the Examiner* to a further day, though I muſt confeſs, this was occaſioned by a Letter which I received laſt poſt. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

" *Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleaſure, bred up in the ſchool of " *Socrates*; and one of the beſt Orators of his age, notwithſtanding he " lived at a time when learning was at its higheſt pitch: he was likewiſe " very famous for his military exploits, having gained great conqueſts " over the *Lacedæmonians*, who had formerly been the confederates of " his country-men againſt the great King of *Perſia*, but were at that " time in alliance with the *Perſians*. He had been once ſo far miſre- " preſented and traduced by the malice of his enemies, that the Prieſts " curſed him. But after the great ſervices which he had done for his " country, they publickly repealed their curſes, and changed them into " applauſes and benedictions. " *Plu-*

" *Plutarch* tells us, in *the life of* Alcibiades, that one *Taureas*, an ob-
" ſcure man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be
" conferred by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommen-
" ded himſelf to the *Athenians* by an oration. The ſpeech which *Alci-*
" *biades* made on that occaſion, has been lately diſcovered among the
" Manuſcripts of *King*'s-*college* in *Cambridge*; and communicated to me
" by my learned friend Dr. *B——ley*; who tells me, that by a marginal
" note it appears, that this *Taureas*, or, as the Doctor rather chuſes to
" call him, *Toryas*, was an *Athenian* Brewer. This ſpeech I have tranſla-
" ted literally, changing very little in it, except where it was abſolutely
" neceſſary to make it underſtood by an *Engliſh* Reader. It is as follows.

" IS it then poſſible, O ye *Athenians*, that I who hitherto have had
" none but Generals to oppoſe me, muſt now have an artiſan for
" my antagoniſt? That I who have overthrown the Princes of *Lacedæ-*
" *mon*, muſt now ſee my ſelf in danger of being defeated by a Brewer?
" What will the world ſay of the Goddeſs that preſides over you, ſhould
" they ſuppoſe you follow her dictates? would they think ſhe acted like
" herſelf, like the great *Minerva?* would they now ſay, ſhe inſpires her
" ſons with wiſdom? or would they not rather ſay, ſhe has a ſecond time
" choſen owls for her favourites? But O ye men of *Athens*, what has
" this man done to deſerve your voices? You ſay he is honeſt; I believe
" it, and therefore he ſhall brew for me. You ſay he is aſſiduous in his
" calling: and is he not grown rich by it? let him have your cuſtom, but
" not your votes: you are now to caſt your eyes on thoſe who can detect
" the artifices of the common enemy, that can diſappoint your ſecret
" foes in Council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not avail my
" competitor, that he has been tapping his liquors, while I have been ſpil-
" ling my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you, while I have
" been reaping lawrels. Have I not born the duſt and heat of the day,
" while he has been ſweating at the furnace? behold theſe ſcars, behold
" this wound which ſtill bleeds in your ſervice; what can *Taureas* ſhew
" you of this nature? What are his marks of honour? Has he any other
" wound about him, except the accidental ſcaldings of his wort, or brui-
" ſes from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O *Athenians*, let it not be ſaid,
" that your Generals have conquered themſelves into your diſpleaſure,
" and loſt your favour by gaining you victories. Shall thoſe atchieve-
" ments that have redeemed the preſent age from ſlavery, be undervalu-
" ed by thoſe who feel the benefits of them? Shall thoſe names that have

" made

" made your city the glory of the whole earth, be mentioned in it with " obloquy and detraction? Will not your poſterity bluſh at their fore- " fathers, when they ſhall read in the annals of their country, that *Alci-* " *biades* in the 90th Olympiad, after having conquered the *Lacedæmonians*, " and recovered *Byzantium*, contended for a prize againſt *Taureas* the " Brewer? The competition is diſhonourable, the defeat would be ſhame- " ful. I ſhall not however ſlacken my endeavours for the ſecurity of my " country. If ſhe is ungrateful, ſhe is ſtill *Athens*. On the contrary, as " ſhe will ſtand more in need of defence, when ſhe has ſo degenerate a " people; I will purſue my victories, till ſuch time as it ſhall be out of " your power to hurt your ſelves, and that you may be in ſafety even un- " der your preſent leaders. But oh! thou genius of *Athens*, whither art " thou fled? Where is now the race of thoſe glorious ſpirits that periſh- " ed at the battel of *Thermopylæ*, and fought upon the plains of *Mara-* " *thon*? Are you weary of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath " which you took at *Agraulos*, *That you would look upon the bounds of* " Attica *to be thoſe ſoils only which are incapable of bearing wheat and* " *barley, vines and olives?* Conſider your enemies the *Lacedæmonians*; " did you ever hear that they preferred a Coffee-man to *Ageſilaus?* No, " though their Generals have been unfortunate, though they have loſt ſe- " veral battels, though they have not been able to cope with the troops " of *Athens*, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condo- " led, nay celebrated and extolled, by their fellow citizens. Their Gene- " rals have been received with honour after their defeat, yours with ig- " nominy after conqueſt. Are there not men of *Taureas*'s temper and " character, who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great King " of *Perſia?* who have been *againſt* entring into a war with him, or *for* " making a peace upon baſe conditions? that have grudged thoſe contri- " butions which have ſet our country at the head of all the governments " of *Greece?* that would diſhonour thoſe who have raiſed her to ſuch a " pitch of glory? that would betray thoſe liberties which your fathers in " all ages have purchaſed or recovered with their blood? and would pro- " ſecute your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as of late " years we have attacked the common enemy? I ſhall trouble you no " more, O ye men of *Athens*; you know my actions, let my antagoniſt " relate what he has done for you. Let him produce his vatts and tubs, " in oppoſition to the heaps of arms and ſtandards which were employed " againſt you, and which I have wreſted out of the hands of your enemies. " And when this is done, let him be brought into the field of election

" upon

" upon his dray-cart; and if I can finiſh my conqueſt ſooner, I will not " fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O ye Gods! let " not the King of *Perſia* laugh at the fall of *Alcibiades!* Let him not " ſay, *the* Athenians *have avenged me upon their own Generals*; or let " me be rather ſtruck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian*, than diſgra- " ced by the voices of my fellow-citizens.

N° 4. *Thurſday, October* 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum. Sal.

HUdibras has defined nonſenſe (as *Cowley* does wit) by negatives. Nonſenſe (ſays he) is that which is neither true nor falſe. Theſe two great properties of nonſenſe, which are always eſſential to it, give it ſuch a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either anſwered or contradicted. It ſtands upon its own baſis like a rock of adamant, ſecured by its natural ſituation againſt all conqueſts or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal ſtrength. Its queſtions admit of no reply, and its aſſertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh colours in the midſt of darkneſs, as to find out what to approve and diſapprove in nonſenſe: you may as well aſſault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obſcurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonſenſe, than in the moſt abſtruſe and profound tract of ſchool-divinity.

After this ſhort panegyrick upon nonſenſe, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Rearder, as *Eraſmus*'s *Encomium of folly*; I muſt here ſolemnly proteſt, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagoniſt, or to reflect any praiſe in an oblique manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner:* I have no private conſiderations to warp me in this controverſy, ſince my firſt entring upon it. But before I proceed any fur-

ther, becauſe it may be of great uſe to me in this diſpute, to ſtate the whole nature of nonſenſe; and becauſe 'tis a ſubject entirely new, I muſt take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz*, high nonſenſe and low nonſenſe.

Low nonſenſe is the talent of a cold phlegmatick temper, that in a poor diſpirited ſtyle creeps along ſervilely through darkneſs and confuſion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way ſoftly amongſt ſelf-contradictions, and grovels in abſurdities.

Videri vult pauper, & eſt pauper.

He has neither wit nor ſenſe, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonſenſe bluſters and makes a noiſe, it ſtalks upon hard words, and rattles through polyſyllables. It is loud and ſonorous, ſmooth and periodical. It has ſomething in it like manlineſs and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* in the play called *the neſt of fools*. In a word, your high nonſenſe has a majeſtick appearance, and wears a moſt tremendous garb, like *Æſop*'s aſs clothed in a lion's skin.

When *Ariſtotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his ſucceſſor in his ſchool, two of his ſcholars being Candidates for it; he called for two different ſorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that ſhewed themſelves in the ſtyle and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been repreſented by *wine*; I ſhall repreſent thoſe kinds of writings we are now ſpeaking of, by *ſmall-beer*.

Low nonſenſe is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, taſteleſs, and inſipid. High nonſenſe is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more ſtrength and ſpirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the paſſions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonſenſe in every *Grub-ſtreet* production; but I think there are none of our preſent writers who have hit the ſublime in nonſenſe, beſides Dr. *S———l* in divinity, and the Author of this letter in politicks; between whoſe characters in their reſpective profeſſions, there ſeems to be a very nice reſemblance.

There is ſtill another qualification in nonſenſe which I muſt not paſs over, being that which gives it the laſt finiſhing and perfection, and eminently diſcovers it ſelf in the letter to the Examiner.—— This is when an Author without any meaning, ſeems to have it; and ſo impoſes upon us by

by the ſound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they ſignify ſomething. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the ſame deluſion; but after having read it, let him conſider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately diſcover the deceit. I did not indeed at firſt imagine there was in it ſuch a jargon of ideas, ſuch an inconſiſtency of notions, ſuch a confuſion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the ſenſe, which in ſome places he ſeems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer peruſal of it: Nevertheleſs, as no body writes a book without meaning ſomething, though he may not have the faculty of writing conſequentially, and expreſſing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would ſay, had he the gift of utterance. The Syſtem of his politicks, when diſembroiled and cleared of all thoſe incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Miniſtry is conſidered firſt of all in reſpect to foreign affairs, and ſecondly to domeſtick: As to the firſt, he tells us, that *the motives which engaged* Britain *in the preſent war, were both wiſe and generous*; ſo that the Miniſtry is cleared as to that particular. Theſe motives he tells us, *were to reſtore the* Spaniſh *monarchy to the houſe of* Auſtria, *and to regain a barrier for* Holland. *The laſt of theſe two motives*, he ſays, *was effectually anſwered by the reduction of the* Netherlands *in the year* 1706, *or might have been ſo by the conceſſions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.* So that the Miniſtry are here blamed for not contenting themſelves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the conceſſions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entring into the war, *viz. The reſtoring the* Spaniſh *monarchy to the houſe of* Auſtria, he tells us, *remained ſtill in its full force*; *and we were told*, ſays he, *that though the barrier of* Holland *was ſecured, the trade of* Britain *and the ballance of power in* Europe *would be ſtill precarious:* Spain *therefore muſt be conquered.* He then loſes himſelf in matter foreign to his purpoſe: But what he endeavours in the ſequel of his diſcourſe, is to ſhew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the *Spaniſh* monarchy; *that the whole ſtreſs of the war has been wantonly laid where* France *is beſt able to keep us at bay*; that the *French* King has made it impoſſible for himſelf to give up *Spain*, and that the Duke of *Anjou* has made it as impoſſible for us to conquer it: Nay, *that inſtead of regaining* Spain, *we ſhall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and ſupport the Grandfather in his declining years, by whoſe arms in the days of his infan-*

cy he was upheld. He then intimates to us, that the *Dutch* and the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of *Bourbon* in the quiet possession of the *Spanish* Monarchy.

This strange huddle of politicks has been so fully answered by General *Stanhope*, that if the Author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the *French* King or the Duke of *Anjou* have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in *Spain*, notwithstanding *the little care the Emperor takes to support King* Charles, notwithstanding the *Dutch* might have been contented *with a larger and better countrey than their own already conquered for them*, that victorious General at the head of *English* and *Dutch* forces, in conjunction with those of the Emperor, has wrested *Spain* out of the hands of the house of *Bourbon*; and added the conquest of *Navarre*, *Arragon*, and *Castile*, to those of *Catalonia*, *Bavaria*, *Flanders*, *Mantua*, *Milan*, *Naples*, *Sicily*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Sardinia*. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: They puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling Author of this letter say, that the Ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of *Spain*, when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The Letter-writer says, *that the* Dutch *had gained a good barrier after the battel of* Ramillies *in the year* 1706. But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Brussels*, *Ghent* and *Bruges*, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great General on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. *But*, says the Letter-writer, *the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place:* But if the laying the stress of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole strength of *France*; if it weakened *Spain*, and left it exposed to an equal force; if *France*, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as *England* could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The

The Author in this confuſed diſſertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by theſe conqueſts, and put us out of humour with our chief Allies, the Emperor and the *Dutch*. He tells us, *they hoped* England *would have been taken care of, after having ſecured a barrier for* Holland: As if *England* were not taken care of by this very ſecuring a barrier for *Holland*; which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. *Waller* expreſſes it, our *outguard on the continent*; and which if it had fallen into the hands of the *French*, would have made *France* more ſtrong by ſea than all *Europe* beſides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders*, by opening our trade into the *Levant*, by ſecuring ports for us in *Gibralter*, *Minorca* and *Naples*, and by that happy proſpect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England* than any conqueſt we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demoliſhing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the laſt Parliament, and which we never ſo much as propoſed to our ſelves at our firſt engaging in this war.

As for this Author's aſperſions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have ſometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of ſtate. Had not he been looked upon as an inſignificant ſcribler, he muſt have occaſioned remonſtrances and memorials: Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below reſentment. This puts me in mind of an honeſt *Scotchman*, who as he was walking along the ſtreets of *London*, heard one calling out after him *Scot*, *Scot*, and caſting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language againſt that antient nation: *Sawny* turned about in a great paſſion, and found, to his ſurprize, that the perſon who abuſed him was a ſaucy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his ſword, and told him, were he a man as he was a green-gooſe, he would have run him through the womb.

The next head our Politician goes upon, relates to our domeſtick affairs; where I am extremely at a loſs to know what he wou'd be at: All that I can gather from him is, that *the Queen had grieved her ſubjects* in making choice of ſuch men for her Miniſters, as raiſed the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in theſe our days.

Thurſday,

N° 5. *Thurſday, October* 12.

Parere jam non ſcelus eſt. Martial.

WE live in a nation where at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle head that does not teem with politicks. The whole Iſland is peopled with Stateſmen, and not unlike *Trinculo*'s Kingdom of Vice-roys. Every man has contrived a ſcheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-ſubjects, which they may follow and be ſafe.

After this ſhort preface, by which, as an Engliſhman, I lay in my claim to be a Politician; I ſhall enter on my diſcourſe.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of *Great-Britain*, as well as all thoſe that pay ſcot and lot, for about theſe ſix months laſt paſt, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, juſt and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleaſes, may drive away or plunder, impriſon or kill, without oppoſition or reſiſtance. This is the true ſtate of the controverſy relating to *paſſive-obedience* and *non-reſiſtance*. For I muſt obſerve, that the Advocates for this doctrine have ſtated the caſe in the ſofteſt and moſt palatable terms that it will bear: And we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a queſtion; and that many a motion will paſs with a *nemine contradicente* in ſome words, that would have been as unanimouſly rejected in others. *Paſſive obedience* and *non-reſiſtance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-ſpirited ſound: They have reſpect but to one ſide of the relation between the ſoveraign and the ſubject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but thoſe of peace, tranquillity, and reſignation. To ſhew this doctrine in thoſe black and odious colours that are natural to it, we ſhould conſider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the people: The queſtion will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether reſiſtance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms againſt our Prince; but whether the Engliſh form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our conſtitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and deſpotical.

It

It is impoſſible to ſtate the meaſures of *Obedience*, without ſettling the extent of *Power*; or to deſcribe the *Subject*, without defining the *King*. An arbitrary Prince is in juſtice and equity the maſter of a non-reſiſting people; for where the power is uncircumſcribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Paſſive-obedience* and *non-reſiſtance* are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the Will of a *Grand Signior* or a *Mogul*. The ſame power which thoſe Princes enjoy in their reſpective governments, belongs to the legiſlative body in our conſtitution; and that for the ſame reaſon; becauſe no body of men is ſubject to laws, or can be controuled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they ſhall think fit. Were our legiſlature veſted in the perſon of our Prince, he might doubtleſs wind and turn our conſtitution at his pleaſure; he might ſhape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppreſs, perſecute, or deſtroy, and no man ſay to him, what doſt thou?

If therefore we would rightly conſider our form of government, we ſhould diſcover the proper meaſures of our duty and obedience; which can never riſe too high to our Sovereign, whilſt he maintains us in thoſe rights and liberties we were born to. But to ſay that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and aſſert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the *Engliſh* nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we muſt upon no pretence reſiſt, but remain altogether paſſive; nay, that in ſuch a caſe we muſt all loſe our lives unjuſtly rather than defend them: this, I ſay, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; ſince it is plain, that ſuch a paſſive ſubjection, ſuch an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legiſlative body.

Were theſe ſmooth enſnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controverſy of Non-reſiſtance ſet in this juſt light, we ſhould have wanted many thouſands of hands to ſome late Addreſſes. I would fain know what Free-holder in *England* would have ſubſcribed the following Addreſs, had it been offered to him; or whether Her Majeſty, who values the rights of her ſubjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the ſenſe of many Addreſſes, when taken out of ſeveral artificial qualifying expreſſions, and expoſed in their true and genuine light.

Madam,

Madam,

" IT is with unſpeakable grief of heart, that we hear a ſet of men " daily preaching up among us, that pernicious and damnable do- " ctrine of ſelf-preſervation ; and boldly affirming, as well in their pub- " lick writings, as in their private diſcourſes, that it is lawful to reſiſt a " tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We " have the utmoſt horror and deteſtation of theſe diabolical principles, " that may induce your people to riſe up in vindication of their rights " and freedoms, whenever a wicked Prince ſhall make uſe of his Royal " authority to ſubvert them. We are aſtoniſhed at the bold and impious " attempts of thoſe men, who under the reign of the beſt of Sovereigns, " would avow ſuch dangerous tenets as may ſecure them under the worſt. " We are reſolved to beat down and diſcountenance theſe ſeditious no- " tions, as being altogether republican, jeſuitical, and conformable to the " practice of our rebellious fore-fathers ; who in all ages, at an infinite " expence of blood and treaſure, aſſerted their rights and properties, " and conſulted the good of their poſterity by reſiſtance, arms, and " pitched battles, to the great trouble and diſquiet of their lawful Prince. " We do therefore in the moſt humble and dutiful manner ſolemnly pro- " teſt and declare, that we will never reſiſt a Sovereign that ſhall think " fit to deſtroy our *Magna Charta*, or invade thoſe rights and liberties " which thoſe traytors procured for us ; but will venture our lives and " fortunes againſt ſuch of our fellow-ſubjects who think they may ſtand " up in defence of them.

It happens very unluckily that there is ſomething ſo ſupple and inſinuat- ing in this abſurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear : for which reaſon the publiſhers of it have always been the favourites of weak Kings. Even thoſe who have *no inclination* to do hurt to others, ſays the famous Satyriſt, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleaſed. Honeſt men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they ſhall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with ſuch baſe and abject flatterers ; and are therefore always in danger of being the laſt in the Royal favour. Nor indeed would that be unreaſonable, if the profeſſors of Non-reſiſtance and Paſſive-obedience would ſtand to their principle : but inſtead of that, we ſee they never fail to exert themſelves againſt an arbitrary power, and to caſt off the oppreſſion when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late Revolution riſe up unanimouſly with thoſe who always de-

clared

clared their ſubjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to poſts of truſt and honour, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-ſubjects, what was the behaviour of theſe men of meek and reſigned principles? Did not the *Church-Memorial*, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and ſentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be ſafe for Her to rely upon their doctrines of Paſſive-obedience and Non-reſiſtance, for that *nature might rebel againſt principles?* Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practiſe Non-reſiſtance to a Prince that pleaſes them, and Paſſive-obedience when they ſuffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the Prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a ſcratching his head, and tells him, Why yes, truly, he had taken ſuch an oath, *but it was a hard thing that an oath ſhould be a man's maſter.* This is in effect the language of the Church in the above-mentioned Memorial. Men of theſe ſoft peaceable diſpoſitions in times of proſperity, put me in mind of *Kirke*'s *Lambs*; for that was the name he uſed to give his dragoons that had ſignalized themſelves above the reſt of the army by many military atchievements among their own country-men.

There are two or three fatal conſequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The firſt of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleaſes with impunity, he will be leſs careful and cautious of doing what he ſhould do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a ſaying of *Thales* the wiſe *Mileſian*, *That of all wild beaſts a tyrant is the worſt, and of all tame beaſts a flatterer.* They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exiſt together. Perſuade a Prince that he is irreſiſtible, and he will take care not to let ſo glorious an attribute lie dead and uſeleſs by him. An arbitrary power has ſomething ſo great in it, that he muſt be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This conſequence of the doctrine I have been ſpeaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no leſs deſtructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very viſibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the aſſurances of his people, that they would never reſiſt him upon any pretence whatſoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the reſtraint of laws, by diſpenſing

with them, and taking on him that power which was veſted in the whole legiſlative body. And what was the dreadful end of ſuch a proceeding? It is too freſh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the profeſſors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The ſame perſons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the puniſhment. They aſſure him they will never reſiſt, but retain their obedience under the utmoſt ſufferings: he tries them in a few inſtances, and is depoſed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James*'s reign the Quakers preſented an Addreſs, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of thoſe times. But notwithſtanding the uncourtlineſs of their phraſes, the ſenſe was very honeſt. The Addreſs was as follows, to the beſt of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may ſerve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

"THESE are to teſtify to thee our ſorrow for our friend *Charles*,
" whom we hope thou wilt follow in every thing that is good.
" We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land any more than
" we, and therefore may reaſonably expect that thou wilt give us the ſame
" liberty that thou takeſt thy ſelf.
" We hope that in this and all things elſe thou wilt promote the good
" of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may
" be long and proſperous.

Had all King *James*'s ſubjects addreſſed him with the ſame integrity; he had, in all probability, ſat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

THE

THE FREE-HOLDER.

UNIVERSITÄTS-
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PADERBORN



FREE-HOLDER.

THE

N° 1. *Friday, December* 23. 1715.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi ſentire quæ velis, et quæ ſentias dicere licet. Tacit.

THE arguments of an Author loſe a great deal of their weight, when we are perſuaded that he only writes for argument's ſake, and has no real concern in the cauſe which he eſpouſes. This is the caſe of one, who draws his pen in the defence of property, without having any; except, perhaps, in the copy of a libel, or a ballad. One is apt to ſuſpect, that the paſſion for liberty, which appears in a grub-ſtreet patriot, ariſes only from his apprehenſions of a goal; and that, whatever he may pretend, he does not write to ſecure, but to get ſomething of his own.

own. Should the Government be overturned, he has nothing to lose but an old ſtandiſh.

I queſtion not but the Reader will conceive a reſpect for the Author of this paper, from the title of it; ſince, he may be ſure, I am ſo conſiderable a man, that I cannot have leſs than forty ſhillings a year.

I have rather choſen this title than any other, becauſe it is what I moſt glory in, and what moſt effectually calls to my mind the happineſs of that Government under which I live. As a *Britiſh* Free-holder, I ſhould not ſcruple taking place of a *French* Marquis; and when I ſee one of my countrymen amuſing himſelf in his little cabbage-garden, I naturally look upon him as a greater perſon than the owner of the richeſt vineyard in *Champagne*.

The Houſe of Commons is the repreſentative of men in my condition. I conſider my ſelf as one who give my conſent to every law which paſſes: a Free-holder in our Government being of the nature of a Citizen of *Rome* in that famous Common-wealth; who, by the election of a Tribune, had a kind of remote voice in every law that was enacted. So that a Free-holder is but one remove from a Legiſlator, and for that reaſon ought to ſtand up in the defence of thoſe laws, which are in ſome degree of his own making. For ſuch is the nature of our happy conſtitution, that the bulk of the people virtually give their approbation to every thing they are bound to obey, and preſcribe to themſelves thoſe rules by which they are to walk.

At the ſame time that I declare I am a Free-holder, I do not exclude my ſelf from any other title. A Free-holder may be either a Voter, or a Knight of the ſhire; a Wit, or a Fox-hunter; a Scholar, or a Soldier; an Alderman, or a Courtier; a Patriot, or a Stock-jobber. But I chuſe to be diſtinguiſhed by this denomination, as the Free-holder is the baſis of all other titles. Dignities may be grafted upon it; but this is the ſubſtantial ſtock, that conveys to them their life, taſte, and beauty; and without which they are no more than bloſſoms, that would fall away with every ſhake of wind.

And here I cannot but take occaſion to congratulate my country upon the increaſe of this happy tribe of men, ſince, by the wiſdom of the preſent Parliament, I find the race of Free-holders ſpreading into the remoteſt corners of the Iſland. I mean that Act which paſſed in the late Seſſion for the encouragement of loyalty in *Scotland*: by which it is provided, *That all and every Vaſſal and Vaſſals in* Scotland, *who ſhall continue peaceable, and in dutiful allegiance to his Majeſty, his Heirs and Succeſſors,*

ceſſors, holding lands or tenements of any offender [guilty of High-treaſon] *who holds ſuch lands or tenements immediately of the Crown, ſhall be veſted and ſeized, and are hereby enacted and ordained to hold the ſaid lands or tenements of his Majeſty, his Heirs and Succeſſors, in fee and heritage for ever, by ſuch manner of holding, as any ſuch offender held ſuch lands or tenements of the Crown,* &c.

By this means it will be in the power of a Highlander to be at all times a good tenant, without being a rebel; and to deſerve the character of a faithful ſervant, without thinking himſelf obliged to follow his Maſter to the gallows.

How can we ſufficiently extol the goodneſs of his preſent Majeſty, who is not willing to have a ſingle ſlave in his dominions! or enough to rejoice in the exerciſe of that loyalty, which, inſtead of betraying a man into the moſt ignominious ſervitude, (as it does in ſome of our neighbouring kingdoms) entitles him to the higheſt privileges of freedom and property! It is now to be hoped, that we ſhall have few Vaſſals, but to the laws of our country.

When theſe men have a taſte of property, they will naturally love that conſtitution from which they derive ſo great a bleſſing. There is an unſpeakable pleaſure in calling any thing one's own. A Free-hold, though it be but in ice and ſnow, will make the owner pleaſed in the poſſeſſion, and ſtout in the defence of it; and is a very proper reward of our allegiance to our preſent King, who (by an unparallelled inſtance of goodneſs in a Sovereign, and infatuation in ſubjects) contends for the freedom of his people againſt themſelves; and will not ſuffer many of them to fall into a ſtate of ſlavery, which they are bent upon with ſo much eagerneſs and obſtinacy.

A Free-holder of *Great Britain* is bred with an averſion to every thing that tends to bring him under a ſubjection to the arbitrary will of another. Of this we find frequent inſtances in all our hiſtories; where the perſons, whoſe characters are the moſt amiable, and ſtrike us with the higheſt veneration, are thoſe who ſtood up manfully againſt the invaſions of civil liberty, and the complicated tyranny which Popery impoſes upon our bodies, our fortunes, and our minds. What a deſpicable figure then muſt the preſent mock-patriots make in the eyes of poſterity, who venture to be hanged, drawn and quartered, for the ruin of thoſe civil rights which their anceſtors rather than part with, choſe to be cut to pieces in the field of battel? And what an opinion will after-ages entertain of their

religion

religion who bid fair for a gibbet, by endeavouring to bring in a superſtition, which their forefathers periſhed in flames to keep out?

But how inſtructive ſoever the folly of theſe men may prove to future times, it will be my buſineſs more immediately to conſult the happineſs of the age in which I live. And ſince ſo many profligate writers have endeavoured to varniſh over a bad cauſe, I ſhall do all in my power to recommend a good one, which indeed requires no more than barely to explain what it is. While many of my gallant countrymen are employed in purſuing rebels half diſcomfited through the conſciouſneſs of their guilt, I ſhall labour to improve thoſe victories to the good of my fellow-ſubjects; by carrying on our ſucceſſes over the minds of men, and by reconciling them to the cauſe of their King, their Country, and their Religion.

To this end, I ſhall in the courſe of this paper (to be publiſhed every *Monday* and *Friday*) endeavour to open the eyes of my countrymen to their own intereſt, to ſhew them the privileges of an *Engliſh* Free-holder, which they enjoy in common with my ſelf, and to make them ſenſible how theſe bleſſings are ſecured to us by his Majeſty's title, his adminiſtration, and his perſonal character.

I have only one requeſt to make to my Readers, that they will peruſe theſe papers with the ſame candour and impartiality in which they are written; and ſhall hope for no other prepoſſeſſion in favour of them, than what one would think ſhould be natural to every man, a deſire to be happy, and a good will towards thoſe, who are the inſtruments of making them ſo.

Monday,

N° 2. *Monday, December* 26.

Non de domino, ſed de parente loquimur. Intelligamus ergo bona noſtra, dignoſque nos illius uſu probemus; atque identidem cogitemus, ſi majus principibus præſtemus obſequium, qui ſervitute civium, quam qui libertate lætantur. Plin.

HAving in my firſt paper ſet forth the happineſs of my ſtation as a Free-holder of *Great Britain*, and the nature of that property which is ſecured to me by the laws of my country; I cannot forbear conſidering, in the next place, that perſon who is entruſted with the guardianſhip and execution of thoſe laws. I have lived in one reign, when the Prince, inſtead of invigorating the laws of our country, or giving them their proper courſe, aſſumed a power of diſpenſing with them: and in another, when the Sovereign was flattered by a ſet of men into a perſuaſion, that the regal Authority was unlimited and uncircumſcribed. In either of theſe caſes, good laws are at beſt but a dead letter; and by ſhewing the people how happy they ought to be, only ſerve to aggravate the ſenſe of their oppreſſions.

We have the pleaſure at this time to ſee a King upon the throne, who hath too much goodneſs to wiſh for any power, that does not enable him to promote the welfare of his ſubjects; and too much wiſdom to look upon thoſe as his friends, who would make their court to him by the profeſſion of an obedience, which they never practiſed, and which has always proved fatal to thoſe Princes, who have put it to the tryal. His Majeſty gave a proof of his ſovereign virtues, before he came to the exerciſe of them in this kingdom. His inclination to juſtice led him to rule his *German* ſubjects in the ſame manner, that our conſtitution directs him to govern the *Engliſh*. He regarded thoſe which are our civil liberties, as the natural rights of mankind; and therefore indulged them to a people, who pleaded no other claim to them than from his known goodneſs and humanity. This experience of a good Prince, before we had the

happineſs to enjoy him, muſt give great ſatisfaction to every thinking man, who conſiders how apt Sovereignty is to deprave human nature; and how many of our own Princes made very ill figures upon the Throne, who, before they aſcended it, were the favourites of the people.

What gives us the greateſt ſecurity in the conduct of ſo excellent a Prince is That conſiſtency of behaviour, whereby he inflexibly purſues thoſe meaſures which appear the moſt juſt and equitable. As he hath the character of being the moſt prudent in laying proper ſchemes; he is no leſs remarkable for being ſteady in accompliſhing what he has once concerted. Indeed, if we look into the hiſtory of his preſent Majeſty, and reflect upon that wonderful ſeries of ſucceſſes which have attended him, I think they cannot be aſcribed to any thing ſo much as to his uniformity and firmneſs of mind, which has always diſcovered it ſelf in his proceedings. It was by this that he ſurmounted thoſe many difficulties which lay in the way to his ſucceſſion; and by which, we have reaſon to hope, he will daily make all oppoſition fall before him. The fickle and unſteady politicks of our late *Britiſh* Monarchs, have been the perpetual ſource of thoſe diſſenſions and animoſities which have made the nation unhappy: Whereas the conſtant and unſhaken temper of his preſent Majeſty, muſt have a natural tendency to the peace of his government, and the unanimity of his people.

Whilſt I am enumerating the publick virtues of our Sovereign, which are ſo conducive to the advantage of thoſe who are to obey him, I cannot but take notice, that his Majeſty was bred up from his infancy with a love to this our nation, under a Princeſs, who was the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age, and particularly famous for her affection to the *Engliſh*. Our countrymen were dear to him, before there was any proſpect of their being his ſubjects; and every one knows, that nothing recommended a man ſo much to the diſtinguiſhing civilities of his Court, as the being born in *Great Britain*.

To the fame of his Majeſty's civil virtues, we may add the reputation he has acquired by his martial atchievements. It is obſerved by Sir *William Temple*, that the *Engliſh* are particularly fond of a King who is valiant: upon which account his Majeſty has a title to all the eſteem that can be paid the moſt warlike Prince; though at the ſame time, for the good of his Subjects, he ſtudies to decline all occaſions of military glory; and chuſes rather to be diſtinguiſhed as the Father, than as the Captain of his people. I am glad his rebellious ſubjects are too inconſiderable to put him upon exerting that courage and conduct, which raiſed him ſo great

great a reputation in *Hungary* and the *Morea*, when he fought againſt the enemies of Chriſtianity; and in *Germany* and *Flanders*, where he cõmanded againſt the great diſturber of the peace of *Europe*. One would think there was reaſon for the opinion of thoſe, who make perſonal courage to be an hereditary virtue, when we ſee ſo many inſtances of it in the line of *Brunſwick*. To go no farther back than the time of our preſent King, where can we find, among the ſoveraign houſes of *Europe*, any other family, that has furniſhed ſo many perſons of diſtinguiſhed fortitude? Three of his Majeſty's brothers have fallen gloriouſly in the field, fighting againſt the enemies of their native country: And the bravery of his royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, is ſtill freſh in our memory, who fought, with the ſpirit of his father, at the battel of *Audenarde*, when the children of *France*, and the Pretender, fled before him.

I might here take notice of his Majeſty's more private virtues, but have rather choſen to remind my countrymen of the publick parts of his character, which are ſupported by ſuch inconteſtable facts as are univerſally known and acknowledged.

Having thus far conſidered our happineſs in his Majeſty's civil and military character, I cannot forbear pleaſing my ſelf with regarding him in the view of one, who has been always fortunate. *Cicero* recommends *Pompey* under this particular head to the *Romans*, with whom the character of being fortunate was ſo popular, that ſeveral of their Emperors gave it a place among their titles. Good fortune is often the reward of virtue, and as often the effect of prudence. And whether it proceeds from either of theſe, or from both together, or whatever may be the cauſe of it, every one is naturally pleaſed to ſee his intereſts conducted by a perſon who is uſed to good ſucceſs. The eſtabliſhment of the Electoral dignity in his Majeſty's family, was a work reſerved for him finally to accompliſh. A large acceſſion of dominion fell to him, by his ſucceeding to the Dukedom of *Zell*, whereby he became one of the greateſt Princes of *Germany*; and one of the moſt powerful perſons, that ever ſtood next heirs to the throne of *Great Britain*. The Dutchy of *Bremen*, and the Biſhoprick of *Oſnaburg*, have conſiderably ſtrengthned his intereſts in the Empire, and given a great additional weight to the Proteſtant cauſe. But the moſt remarkable interpoſitions of providence, in favour of him, have appeared in removing thoſe ſeemingly invincible obſtacles to his ſucceſſion; in taking away, at ſo critical a juncture, the perſon who might have proved a dangerous enemy; in confounding the ſecret and open attempts of his traiterous ſubjects; and in giving him the delightful pro-

ſpect of tranſmitting his power through a numerous and ſtill encreaſing progeny.

Upon the whole, it is not to be doubted but every wiſe and honeſt ſubject will concur with Providence in promoting the glory and happineſs of his preſent Majeſty, who is endowed with all thoſe Royal virtues, that will naturally ſecure to us the national bleſſings, which ought to be dear and valuable to a free people.

N° 3. *Friday, December* 30.

Quibus otio vel magnifice, vel molliter vivere copia erat, incerta pro certis, bellum quam pacem, malebant. Sall.

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 to 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 fact. Many a gallant young fellow has been killed in battel before he came to the third page of his ſecret hiſtory; when ſeveral, who have taken more care of their perſons, have lived 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 ſeems to be a faithful narrative of that wonderful expedition, which drew upon it the eyes of all *Europe*,

" HAving thus concerted measures for a rising, we had a general meeting over a bowl of 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 insurrection 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 a- " greed to rebel first, and to find out reasons for it afterwards. It was in- " deed easy to guess at several grievances of a private nature, which in- " fluenced particular persons. One of us had spent his fortune: Another " was a younger brother: A third had the incumbrance of a father upon " his estate. But that which principally disposed us in favour of the Che- " valier was, that most of the company had been obliged to take the " abjuration oath against their will. Being at length thoroughly inflamed " with zeal and punch, we resolved to take horse the next morning; which " we did accordingly, having been joined by a considerable reinforce- " ment of *Roman Catholicks*, 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 As- " sociate, who was a fidler by profession, and brought in with him a bo- " dy 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 " needs say, I gained my commission by my horse's virtues, not my own; " having leapt over a six-bar gate at the head of the cavalry. My Gene- " ral, 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* " *enemies palisadoes*. 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. Not- " withstanding the Magistracy was generally against us, we could disco- " ver many friends among our spectators; particularly in two or three bal- " conies, which were filled with several tawdry females, who are known " by the ancient name of *Harlots*. This sort of Ladies received us every " where with great demonstrations of joy, and promised to assist us with " their prayers. After these signal successes in the North of *England*, it " was thought advisable by our General to proceed towards our *Scotch* " confederates.

" confederates. During our first days march I amused my self with con-
" sidering what post I should accept of under *James* the third, when we
" had put him in possession of the *British* dominions. Being a great lo-
" ver of country sports, I absolutely determined not to be a Minister of
" state, nor to be fobbed off with a garter; untill at length passing by a
" noble country-seat which belongs to a *Whig*, I resolved to beg it; and
" pleased my self the remainder of the day with several alterations I inten-
" ded to make in it. For though the situation was very delightful, I nei-
" ther liked the front of the house, nor the avenues that led to it. We
" were indeed so confident 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 dis-
" pute which of them should be Governor of *Portsmouth*. A *Popish*
" priest about the same time gave great offence to a *Northumberland*
" Squire, whom he threatned 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 up 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 pro-
" clamation at our entrance, 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 principally upon two
" heads. Under the first he proved to us, that the breach of publick
" 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 Soveraign 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 *Kelso*; but by the way had like to have
" lost our General, and some of our most active officers. For a fox un-
" luckily crossing the road, drew off a considerable detachment, who
" clapped spurs to their horses, and pursued him with whoops and hol-
" lows till we had lost sight of them. A covey of partridges springing in
" our front, put our Infantry into disorder on the same day. It was not
" long after this that we were joined by our friends from the other side of
" the

" 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 returned to us " with intelligence, that the duſt was raiſed by a great drove of black " cattel. This news was not a little welcome to us, the army of both " nations being very hungry. We quickly formed our ſelves, and re- " ceived orders for the attack, with poſitive inſtructions to give no quar- " ter. 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 to- " wards 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 frighting 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 " *Popiſh* Lords and Gentlemen, who toaſted many loyal healths and con- " fuſions, and wept very plentifully for the danger of the Church. We " ſat till midnight, and at our parting reſolved to give the enemy battel; " but the next morning changed our reſolutions, and proſecuted our " march with indefatigable 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. Orders 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 re- " treat. But before we could give the word, the train-bands, taking " advantage of our delay, fled firſt. We arrived at *Preſton* without any " memorable adventure; 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 thought 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,

N° 4. *Monday, January* 2. 1716.

Ne ſe mulier extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque bellorum caſus putet, ipſis incipientis matrimonii auſpiciis admonetur, venire ſe laborum periculorumque ſociam, idem in pace, idem in prælio paſſuram auſuramque. Sic vivendum, ſic pereundum.

Tacit.

IT is with great ſatisfaction I obſerve, that the women of our Iſland, who are the moſt eminent for 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 penſible 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

There are many reaſons why the women of *Great Britain* ſhould be on the ſide of the Free-holder, 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. 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 domeſtick 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 politicks of the men ſo diminiſh the baſis of the female figure, as to unqualify a woman for an evening walk or country dance. In the *Eaſt-Indies*, a widow, who has any regard to her character, throws her ſelf 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 a 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 her ſelf happy if ſhe can get but 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 deſpotick 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 the beautiful, whom nature ſeems to have formed for it, but among the old and withered matrons, known by the frightful name of *Gouvernantes* and *Duegna's*. If any ſhould alledge 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 have pretended to demonſtrate, that the *Roman Catholick* religion could never ſpread in a nation, where women would 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 ſallowneſs 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 country-women 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 ſightly 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 skull-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, that the laws relating to them are ſo favourable, that one would think they themſelves had given votes in enacting them. All the honours and indulgences of ſociety are due to them by our 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 our 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 hiſto-

ry,

ry, 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.

N° 5. *Friday, January 6.*

Omnium 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.

THERE 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 publick-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 not 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. 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 cloathed 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 *Swiſs* 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 politicks, 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 theſe 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,

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 child. In the ſame manner, though our love ſhould reach to the whole ſpecies, a greater proportion of it ſhould exert it ſelf 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 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 Embaſſador; 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 farther 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 antient 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 battel, 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 others 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 my ſelf therefore in ſo wide and beaten a field, I ſhall chuſe ſome inſtances from Holy Writ,

Writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature, as much as any 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 *Jeruſalem*, 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 parallelled 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 kinſmen, who are* Iſraelites. This inſtance naturally brings to mind the ſame heroic temper of ſoul in the great *Jewiſh* Law-giver, 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. 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 *Haſael* 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 pathetick language of Scripture, *Eliſha ſettled his countenance ſtedfaſtly upon him, until he was aſhamed: and* Haſael *ſaid, Why weepeth my Lord? And he ſaid, Becauſe I know the evil*

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* Haſael *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 a 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 publick, 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 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 ballance, 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 bigotted *Roman-catholick*, or that our civil rights could be protected by one who has been trained up in the politicks 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

the arguments for our ſteady, loyal, and affectionate adherence to King *George*, are ſo evident from this ſingle topic, that if every *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.

N° 6. *Monday, January* 9.

Fraus enim aſtringit, non diſſolvit perjurium. Cic.

AT 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 engagement 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. Raillery 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 ſalvo's or evaſions, they would do well to conſider thoſe maxims, in which all caſuiſts are agreed, who have 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

cur with their lips in the form of these publick 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 hainous, as they are premeditated frauds (which it is the chief 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 abovementioned. 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 Politicks; and that, as in my last paper, it was not unseasonable to prove the love of our countrey 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 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 among the greatest 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 supream Being, and the welfare of society, are so highly concerned. For this reason, *Pythagoras* to his first precept of honouring the immortal Gods, immediately subjoyns 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 I ſhall only produce the following inſtance. Several *Romans* this 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 may farther ſee the juſt ſenſe the heathens had of the crime of perjury, from the penalties which they inflicted on the perſons guilty of it. Perjury among the *Scythians* was a capital crime; and among the *Egyptians* alſo was puniſhed with death, as *Diodorus Siculus* relates, 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. 'Tis 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 ſtinted 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 falſhood 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 it ſelf, the great ſearcher of hearts, who will not let fraud and falſhood 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

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 by us, has in it all the aggravating circumſtances, which can attend that crime. We take them before the Magiſtrates of publick juſtice; are reminded by the ceremony, that it is a part of that obedience which we learn from the goſpel; expreſly 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 other 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 enterprize 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 tragick Poet, tho' famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a perſon, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, reply'd, *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 publickly accuſed, and brought upon his tryal, 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 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 en-

deavour to alienate from him the hearts of his ſubjects; or to inſpire the people with diſaffection to his government, cannot be thought to be true to the oath they have taken. And as for thoſe, who by concerted falſhoods 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 compleated 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 it ſelf 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 tendred 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 traytor 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 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 tyed 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.

Friday,

N° 7. *Friday, January* 13.

Veritas pluribus modis infracta: Primum inscitiâ reipublicæ, ut alienæ; mox libidine assentandi, aut rursus odio adversus dominantes. Obtrectatio & livor pronis auribus accipiuntur: quippe adulationi fœdum crimen servitutis, malignitati falsa species libertatis inest. Tac.

THERE is no greater sign of a bad cause, than when the Patrons of it are reduced to the necessity of making use of the most wicked artifices to support it. Of this kind are the falshoods and calumnies, which are invented and spread abroad by the enemies to our King and country. This spirit of malice and slander does not discover it self in any instances so ridiculous, as in those, by which seditious men endeavour to depreciate his Majesty's person and family; without considering, that his Court at *Hanover* was always allowed to be one of the politest in *Europe*, and that, before he became our King, he was reckoned among the greatest Princes of *Christendom*.

But the most glorious of his Majesty's Predecessors was treated after the same manner. Upon that Prince's first arrival, the inconsiderable party, who then laboured to make him odious to the people, gave out, That he brought with him twenty thousand *Laplanders*, cloathed in the skins of bears, all of their own killing; and that they mutinied because they had not been regaled with a bloody battel within two days after their landing. He was no sooner on the Throne, than those, who had contributed to place him there, finding that he had made some changes at Court which were not to their humour, endeavoured to render him unpopular by mis-representations of his person, his character, and his actions. They found that his nose had a resemblance to that of *Oliver Cromwell*, and clapt him on a huge pair of Mustachoes to frighten his people with: His mercy was fear; his justice was cruelty; his temperance, oeconomy, prudent behaviour, and application to business, were

Dutch

Dutch virtues; and ſuch as we had not been uſed to in our *Engliſh* Kings. He did not fight a battel, in which the *Tories* did not ſlay double the number of what he had loſt in the field; nor ever raiſed a Siege or gained a victory, which did not coſt more than 'twas worth. In ſhort, he was contriving the ruin of his Kingdom; and in order to it advanced Dr. *Tillotſon* to the higheſt ſtation of the Church, my Lord *Somers* of the Law, Mr. *Mountague* of the Treaſury, and the Admiral at *la Hogue* of the Fleet. Such were the calumnies of the party in thoſe times, which we ſee ſo faithfully copied out by men of the ſame principles under the reign of his preſent Majeſty.

As the ſchemes of theſe Gentlemen are the moſt abſurd and contradictory to common ſenſe, the means by which they are promoted muſt be of the ſame nature. Nothing but weakneſs and folly can diſpoſe *Engliſhmen* and *Proteſtants* to the intereſts of a *Popiſh Pretender*: And the ſame abilities of mind will naturally qualify his adherents to ſwallow the moſt palpable and notorious falſhoods. Their ſelf-intereſted and deſigning leaders cannot deſire a more ductile and eaſy people to work upon. How long was it before many of this ſimple, deluded tribe were brought to believe that the *Highlanders* were a Generation of men that could be conquered! The rabble of the Party were inſtructed to look upon them as ſo many *Giants* and *Saracens*; and were very much ſurprized to find, that every one of them had not with his broad ſword mowed down at leaſt a Squadron of the King's forces. There were not only publick rejoicings in the camp at *Perth*, but likewiſe many private congratulations nearer us, among theſe well-wiſhers to their countrey, upon the victories of their friends at *Preſton*; which continued till the Rebels made their ſolemn Cavalcade from *Highgate*. Nay, there were then ſome of theſe wiſe Partiſans, who concluded, the Government had hired two or three hundred hale men, who looked like Fox-hunters, to be bound and pinioned, if not to be executed, as Repreſentatives of the pretended captives. Their victories in *Scotland* have been innumerable; and no longer ago than laſt week, they gained a very remarkable one, in which the *Highlanders* cut off all the *Dutch* forces to a man; and afterwards diſguiſing themſelves in their habits, came up as friends to the King's troops, and put them all to the ſword. This ſtory had a great run for a day or two; and I believe one might ſtill find out a whiſper among their ſecret intelligence, that the Duke of *Mar* is actually upon the road to *London*, if not within two days march of the town. I need not take notice, that their ſucceſſes in the battel of *Dumblain* are magnified among ſome of them

them to this day; though a *Tory* may very well say with King *Pyrrhus*, *That such another victory would undo them.*

But the most fruitful source of falshood and calumny, is that which, one would think, should be the least apt to produce them; I mean a pretended concern for the safety of our established religion. Were these people as anxious for the doctrines, which are essential to the Church of *England*, as they are for the nominal distinction of adhering to its interests, they would know, that the sincere observation of publick oaths, allegiance to their King, submission to their Bishops, zeal against Popery, and abhorrence of Rebellion, are the great points that adorn the character of the Church of *England*, and in which the authors of the reformed religion in this nation have always gloried. We justly reproach the *Jesuits*, who have adapted all christianity to temporal and political views, for maintaining a position so repugnant to the laws of nature, morality and religion, That an evil may be committed, for the sake of good, which may arise from it. But we cannot suppose even this principle, (as bad a one as it is) should influence those persons, who, by so many absurd and monstrous falshoods, endeavour to delude men into a belief of the danger of the Church. If there be any relying on the solemn declarations of a Prince, famed for keeping his word, constant in the publick exercises of our religion, and determined in the maintenance of our laws, we have all the assurances that can be given us, for the security of the established Church under his government. When a leading man therefore begins to grow apprehensive for the Church, you may be sure, that he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one. It is pleasant on these occasions, to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for his religion, and converting his spleen into zeal. These narrow and selfish views have so great an influence in this city, that, among those who call themselves the landed interest, there are several of my fellow Free-holders, who always fancy the Church in danger upon the rising of Bank-stock. But the standing absurdities, without the belief of which no man is reckoned a staunch Churchman, are, That there is a Calves-head club; for which, (by the way) some pious *Tory* has made suitable hymns and devotions: that there is a confederacy among the greatest part of the Prelates to destroy Episcopacy; and that all, who talk against *Popery*, are *Presbyterians* in their hearts. The emissaries of the party are so diligent in spreading ridiculous fictions of this kind, that at present, if we may credit common report, there are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the Churches in *London* are

are ſhut up; and that if any Clergyman walks the ſtreets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by ſome ſturdy Schiſmatick.

We may obſerve upon this occaſion, that there are many particular falſhoods ſuited to the particular climates and latitudes in which they are publiſhed, according as the ſituation of the place makes them leſs liable to diſcovery: there is many a lye, that will not thrive within a hundred miles of *London:* nay, we often find a lye born in *Southwark*, that dies the ſame day on this ſide the water: and ſeveral produced in the loyal ward of *Port-ſoken* of ſo feeble a make, as not to bear carriage to the *Royal-Exchange*. However, as the mints of calumny are perpetually at work, there are a great number of curious inventions iſſued out from time to time, which grow current among the party, and circulate through the whole kingdom.

As the deſign of this paper is not to exaſperate, but to undeceive my countrymen, let me deſire them to conſider the many inconveniencies they bring upon themſelves by theſe mutual intercourſes of credulity and falſhood. I ſhall only remind the credulous of the ſtrong deluſion they have by this means been led into the greateſt part of their lives. Their hopes have been kept up by a ſucceſſion of lies for near thirty years. How many perſons have ſtarved in expectation of thoſe profitable employments, which were promiſed them by the authors of theſe forgeries! how many of them have died with great regret, when they thought they were within a month of enjoying the ineſtimable bleſſings of a popiſh and arbitrary reign!

I would therefore adviſe this blinded ſet of men, not to give credit to thoſe perſons, by whom they have been ſo often fooled and impoſed upon; but on the contrary, to think it an affront to their parts, when they hear from any of them ſuch accounts, as they would not dare to tell them, but upon the preſumption that they are ideots. Or if their zeal for the cauſe ſhall diſpoſe them to be credulous in any points that are favourable to it, I would beg of them not to venture wagers upon the truth of them: and in this preſent conjuncture, by no means to ſell out of the Stocks upon any news they ſhall hear from their good friends at *Perth*. As theſe party fictions are the proper ſubjects of mirth and laughter, their deluded believers are only to be treated with pity or contempt. But as for thoſe incendiaries of figure and diſtinction, who are the inventors and publiſhers of ſuch groſs falſhoods and calumnies, they cannot be regarded by others, but with the utmoſt deteſtation and abhorrence; nor, one would think, by themſelves, without the greateſt remorſe and compun-

compunction of heart; when they consider, that in order to give a spirit to a desperate cause, they have, by their false and treacherous insinuations and reports, betrayed so many of their friends into their destruction.

N° 8. *Monday, January* 16.

Adveniet qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redarguerit. Virg.

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 publick. 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 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 Neck-lace. 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 to have been naturally designed for a *Whig* Lady: but then it is so often flushed with rage, or sowered 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 chearfulness 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 mean time, what may we not hope from a cause, which is recommended by all the allurement 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 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 as 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 harms 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 finds 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 or pin-money. So that it is as unnatural for a Dowager, as a Freeholder, to be an enemy to our constitution.

As

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 women reflect upon the glory acquired by the wife of *Coriolanus*, who, when her husband, after long exile, was returning into his country with fire and ſword, diverted him from ſo cruel and unnatural an enterprize. And let thoſe who have out-lived their husbands, never forget their country-woman *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, chuſe 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.

"WE the Conſorts, Relicts, and Spinſters of the Iſle of *Great Bri-*
" *tain*, whoſe names are under-written, being moſt paſſionately
" offended at the falſhood and perfidiouſneſs of certain faithleſs men, and
" at the lukewarmth and indifference of others, have entered into a vo-
" luntary Aſſociation for the good and ſafety of our conſtitution. And
" we do hereby engage our ſelves 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
" other feature, whether natural or acquired. We promiſe publickly and
" openly to avow the loyalty of our principles in every word we ſhall
" utter, and every patch we ſhall ſtick on. We do farther promiſe, to
" annoy the enemy with all the flames, darts and arrows with which na-
" ture has armed us; never to correſpond with them by ſigh, ogle, or
" billet-doux; not to have any intercourſe with them either in ſnuff or
" tea; nor to accept the civility of any man's hand, who is not ready

" 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 coun- " try, rather than appear the friends of a foreign intereſt in the richeſt " *French* brocade. And forgetting all private feuds, jealouſies and ani- " moſities, we do unanimouſly oblige our ſelves, 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. *Motteux's*, where atten- dance will be given to the ſubſcribers, who are to be ranged in their re- ſpective columns, as maids, wives, and widows.

N° 9. *Friday, January* 20.

Conſilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
Et perdunt operam, et deridentur turpiter. Phædr.

THOUGH I have already ſeen, in *The Town-Talk*, a Letter from a celebrated *Engliſh*-Man to the Pretender, which is indeed an excellent anſwer to his Declaration, the title of this paper obliges me to publiſh the following piece, which conſiders it in different lights.

The Declaration of the Free-Holders of Great-Britain, *in anſwer to that of the Pretender.*

WE, by the Mercy of God, Free-Holders of *Great-Britain*, to the popiſh Pretender, who ſtiles himſelf King of *Scotland* and *England*, and Defender of our Faith, DEFIANCE. Having ſeen a libel, which you have lately publiſhed againſt the King and people of theſe realms under the title of a DECLARATION, We, *in juſtice to the ſentiments of our own hearts*, have thought fit to return you the following anſwer; wherein we ſhall endeavour to reduce to method the ſeveral particulars, which you have contrived to throw together with much malice, and no leſs confuſion.

We

We believe you ſincere in the firſt part of your declaration, where you own it would be a great ſatisfaction to you to be placed upon the throne by our endeavours: but you diſcourage us from making uſe of them, by declaring it to be your right *both by the laws of God and man.* As for the laws of God, we ſhould think our ſelves great tranſgreſſors of them, ſhould we for your ſake rebel againſt a Prince, who, under God, is the moſt powerful defender of that religion which we think the moſt pleaſing to him: and as for the laws of man, we conceive thoſe to be of that kind, which have been enacted from time to time for near thirty years paſt againſt you and your pretenſions, by the Legiſlature of this kingdom.

You afterwards proceed to invectives againſt the Royal Family: which we do aſſure you is a very unpopular topick, except to your few deluded friends among the rabble.

You call them *Aliens to our country,* not conſidering that King *George* has lived above a year longer in *England* than ever you did. You ſay they are *diſtant in blood,* whereas no body ever doubted that King *George* is great grandſon to King *James* the Firſt, though many believe that you are not ſon to King *James* the Second. Beſides, all the world acknowledges he is the neareſt to our Crown of the Proteſtant blood, of which you cannot have one drop in your veins, unleſs you derive it from ſuch parents as you do not care for owning.

Your next argument againſt the Royal family, is, that they are *ſtrangers to our language:* but they muſt be ſtrangers to the *Britiſh* Court who told you ſo. However you muſt know, that we plain men ſhould prefer a King who was a ſtranger to our language, before one who is a ſtranger to our laws and religion: for we could never endure *French* ſentiments, though delivered in our native dialect; and ſhould abhor an arbitrary Prince, though he tyrannized over us in the fineſt *Engliſh* that ever was ſpoken. For theſe reaſons, Sir, we cannot bear the thought of hearing a man, that has been bred up in the politicks of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, talk intelligibly from the *Britiſh* throne; eſpecially when we conſider, however he may boaſt of his ſpeaking *Engliſh,* he ſays his prayers in an unknown tongue.

We come now to the grievances for which, in your opinion, we ought to take up arms againſt our preſent Sovereign. The greateſt you ſeem to inſiſt upon, and which is moſt in the mouths of your party, is the Union of the two kingdoms; for which his Majeſty ought moſt certainly to be depoſed, becauſe it was made under the reign of her, whom you call your *Dear ſiſter of glorious memory.* Other grievances which you hint at under his Majeſty's adminiſtration, are, the murder of King *Charles* the

Firſt,

First, who was beheaded before King *George* was born; and the sufferings of King *Charles* the Second, which perhaps his present Majesty cannot wholly clear himself of, because he came into the world a day before his Restoration.

As on the one side you arraign his present Majesty by this most extraordinary retrospect, on the other hand you condemn his Government by what we may call the spirit of Second Sight. You are not content to draw into his reign those mischiefs that were done a hundred years ago, unless we anticipate those that may happen a hundred years hence. So that the keenest of your arrows either fall short of him, or fly over his head. We take it for a certain sign that you are at a loss for present grievances, when you are thus forced to have recourse to your *future prospects, and future miseries.* Now, Sir, you must know, that we Free-holders have a natural aversion to hanging, and do not know how to answer it to our wives and families, if we should venture our necks upon the truth of your prophecies. In our ordinary way of judging, we guess at the King's future conduct by what we have seen already; and therefore beg you will excuse us if for the present we defer entring into a rebellion, to which you so graciously invite us. When we have as bad a prospect of our King *George*'s reign, as we should have of yours, then will be your time to date another declaration from your Court at *Commerci:* which, if we may be allowed to prophecy in our turn, cannot possibly happen before the hundred and fiftieth year of your reign.

Having considered the past and future grievances mentioned in your declaration, we come now to the present; all of which are founded upon this supposition, That whatever is done by his Majesty or his Ministers to keep you out of the *British* throne, is a grievance. These, Sir, may be grievances to you, but they are none to us. On the contrary, we look upon them as the greatest instances of his Majesty's care and tenderness for his people. To take them in order: The first relates to the Ministry; who are chosen, as you observe very rightly, out of the worst, and not the best of *your* subjects. Now, Sir, can you in conscience think us to be such fools as to rebel against the King, for having employed those who are his most eminent friends, and were the greatest sufferers in his cause before he came to the crown; and for having removed a General who is now actually in arms against him, and two Secretaries of State, both of whom have listed themselves in your service; or because he chose to substitute in their places such men who had distinguished themselves by their zeal against you, in the most famous battels, negotiations, and debates.

The

The second grievance you mention, is, that the glory of the late Queen has suffered, who, you insinuate, *had secured to you the enjoyment of that inheritance out of which you had been so long kept.* This may indeed be a reason why her memory should be precious with you: but you may be sure we shall think never the better of her, for her having your good word. For the same reason it makes us stare, when we hear it objected to his present Majesty, *That he is not kind to Her faithful servants*; since, if we can believe what you your self say, it is impossible they should be *His faithful servants.* And by the way, many of your private friends here wish you would forbear babbling at that rate: For, to tell you a secret, we are very apt to suspect that any *English* man, who deserves your praise, deserves to be hanged.

The next grievance, which you have a mighty mind to redress among us, is the Parliament of *Great Britain*, against whom you bring a stale accusation which has been used by every minority in the memory of man; namely, that it was procured by unwarrantable influences and corruptions. We cannot indeed blame you for being angry at those, who have set such a round price upon your head. Your accusation of our High Court of Parliament, puts us in mind of a story, often told among us *Free-holders*, concerning a rattle-brained young fellow, who being indicted for two or three pranks upon the high-way, told the Judge he would swear the peace against him, for putting him in fear of his life.

The next grievance is such a one, that we are amazed how it could come into your head. Your words are as follow. *Whilst the principal powers engaged in the late wars do enjoy the blessings of peace, and are attentive to discharge their debts, and ease their people,* Great Britain *in the midst of peace, feels all the load of war.* New debts *are contracted,* new armies *are raised at home,* Dutch *forces are brought into these kingdoms.* What in the name of wonder do you mean? Are you in earnest, or do you design to banter us? Whom is the nation obliged to for all this load of war that it feels? Had you been wise enough to have slept at *Barle-duc* in a whole skin, we should not have contracted new debts, raised new armies, or brought over *Dutch* forces to make an example of you.

The most pleasant grievance is still behind, and indeed a most proper one to close up this. *King* George *has taken possession of the Dutchy of* Bremen, *whereby a door is opened to let in an inundation of foreigners from abroad, and to reduce these nations to the state of a Province to one of the most inconsiderable Provinces of the Empire.* And do you then really believe the mob-story, that King *George* designs to make a bridge

of

of boats from *Hannover* to *Wapping?* We would have you know that ſome of us read *Baker*'s Chronicle, and do not find that *William* the Conqueror ever thought of making *England* a Province to his native Dutchy of *Normandy*, notwithſtanding it lay ſo much more convenient for that purpoſe: nor that King *James* the Firſt had ever any thoughts of reducing this nation to the ſtate of a Province to his ancient kingdom of *Scotland*, though it lies upon the ſame Continent. But pray how comes it to paſs that the Electorate of *Hannover* is become all of a ſudden one of the moſt inconſiderable provinces of the Empire? If you undervalue it upon the account of its religion, you have ſome reaſon for what you ſay; though you ſhould not think we are ſuch ſtragers to maps, and live ſo much out of the world, as to be ignorant that it is for power and extent the ſecond Proteſtant ſtate in *Germany*; and whether you know it or no, the Proteſtant religion in the Empire, is looked upon as a ſufficient balance againſt Popery. Beſides, you ſhould have conſidered that in your declaration upon the King's coming to the throne of *Great Britain*, you endeavoured to terrify us from receiving him, by repreſenting him *as a powerful foreign Prince, ſupported by a numerous army of his own ſubjects.* Be that as it will; we are no more afraid of being a province to *Hannover*, than the *Hannoverians* are apprehenſive of being a province to *Bremen.*

We have now taken notice of thoſe great evils which you are come to reſcue us from: but as they are ſuch as we have neither felt or ſeen, we deſire you will put your ſelf to no farther trouble for our ſakes.

You afterwards begin a kind of *Te Deum*, before the time, in that remarkable ſentence, *We adore the wiſdom of the Divine Providence, which has opened a way to our Reſtoration, by the ſucceſs of thoſe very meaſures that were laid to diſappoint us for ever.* We are at a loſs to know what you mean by this devout jargon: but by what goes before and follows, we ſuppoſe it to be this: That the coming of King *George* to the Crown, has made many malecontents, and by that means opened a way to your Reſtoration; whereas you ſhould conſider, that if he had not come to the Crown, the way had been open of it ſelf. In the ſame pious paragraph, *You moſt earneſtly conjure us to purſue thoſe methods for your Reſtoration, which the finger of God ſeems to point out to us.* Now the only methods which we can make uſe of for that end, are Civil war, rapine, bloodſhed, treaſon and perjury; methods which we Proteſtants do humbly conceive, can never be pointed out to us by the finger of God.

The

The reſt of your Declaration contains the encouragements you give us to rebel. Firſt, you promiſe to ſhare with us *all dangers and difficulties* which we ſhall meet with in this worthy enterprize. You are very much in the right of it: You have nothing to loſe, and hope to get a Crown: We do not hope for any new Free-holds, and only deſire to keep what we have. As therefore you are in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to make your ſelf our maſter, we ſhall think our ſelves as much in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to hinder you from being ſo.

Secondly, You promiſe to *refer your and our intereſt to a* Scotch *Parliament*, which you are reſolved to call immediately. We ſuppoſe you mean if the froſt holds. But, Sir, we are certainly informed there is a Parliament now ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, that are buſy at preſent in taking care both of the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* intereſt, and have actually done every thing which you would *let* be done by our Repreſentatives in the high-lands.

Thirdly, *You promiſe that if we will rebel for you againſt our preſent Sovereign, you will remit and diſcharge all crimes of high-treaſon, miſpriſion, and all other crimes and offences whatſoever, done or committed againſt you or your father.* But will you anſwer in this caſe that King *George* will forgive us? Otherwiſe we beſeech you to conſider what poor comfort it would be for a *Britiſh* Free-holder to be conveyed up *Holbourn* with your pardon in his pocket. And here we cannot but remark, that the conditions of your general pardon are ſo ſtinted, as to ſhew that you are very cautious leſt your good-nature ſhould carry you too far. You exclude from the benefit of it, all thoſe who do not *from the time of your landing lay hold on mercy, and return to their duty and allegiance.* By this means all neuters and lookers-on are to be executed of courſe: And by the ſtudied ambiguity in which you couch the terms of your gracious pardon, you ſtill leave room to gratify your ſelf in all the pleaſures of tyranny and revenge.

Upon the whole, we have ſo bad an opinion of rebellion, as well as of your motives to it, and rewards for it, that you may reſt ſatisfied, there are few Free-holders on this ſide the *Forth* who will engage in it: and we verily believe that you will ſuddenly take a reſolution in your cabinet of *Highlanders* to ſcamper off with your new crown, which we are told the Ladies of thoſe parts have ſo generouſly clubbed for. And you may aſſure your ſelf that it is the only one you are like to get by this notable expedition. And ſo we bid you heartily farewel.

Dated Jan. 19. *in the ſecond year of our publick happineſs.*

N° 10. *Monday, January* 23.

Potior visa est periculosa libertas quieto servitio. Sall.

ONE may venture to affirm, that all honest and disinterested *Britons* of what party soever, if they understood one another, are of the same opinion 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 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 countrey*; which exclude all pretensions to an arbitrary, tyrannick, despotick power. Those, who have the misfortune to live under such a power, who 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 Soveraign.

And here it very much imports us to consider, that arbitrary power naturally tends to make a man a bad Soveraign, 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

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 Soveraign 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 twelve-month 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 faſt, 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 been all 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 ends of Government, the preſervation of their lives, the ſecurity of their fortunes, and the determinations 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 *Alcaydes*, or governours of provinces about him, ſtanding bare foot, 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, 'till he had entertained him with the ſlaughter of two or three of his liege ſubjects, whom he very dexterouſly put to death with the tilt of his launce. 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 executions; 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 Countreyman 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 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 baſtinado'd 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 Governours of Towns and Provinces, who formed themſelves upon the example of their *Grand Monarque*, practiſed rapine, violence, extortion, and all the arts of deſpotick Government in their reſpective diſtricts, that they might be the better enabled to make him their yearly preſents. For the greateſt of his Viceroys could only

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 Soveraign. That he might make a right uſe of theſe prodigious treaſures, which flowed in to 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 mony, 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 *Muley 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 *Alcaydes* at the head of his ſervants, who were driving a great flock of ſheep to market. The Emperor asked whoſe they were: the *Alcayde* 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 launce, 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 *Alcaydes* complaining to him of a wife, whom he had received from his Majeſty's hands, 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 high-ways of robbers, with which they uſed to be very much infeſted. But his me

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thod was to ſlay man, woman and child, who lived within a certain diſtance from the place, where the robbery was committed. This extraordinary piece of juſtice could not but have its effect, by making every road in his Empire unſafe for the profeſſion of a free-booter.

I muſt not omit this Emperor's reply to Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel*, who had taken ſeveral of his ſubjects by way of reprizal 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 couragious 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 *French* man, 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 that 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 fail 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,

N° 11. *Friday, January* 27.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

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 beſpoken by one of their leaders. This ſett 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 miſ-becoming her, both as a woman and a ſubject. In anſwer therefore to ſuch diſloyal termagants, I ſhall repeat to them a ſpeech of the honeſt and blunt Duke *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

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 *Raffling* 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 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, and diſcovered as fine a ſett as ever eye beheld. Another, who was a tall lovely prude, holding up her head in a moſt majeſtick 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 handſom 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

In the column of wives, the first that 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 enquiry 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 widows 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 raised 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 very 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 their principles as well as their charms, they raise the sentiments of their country-men, and inspire them at the same time both with loyalty and love. What numbers of proselytes may we not expect, when the most amiable of the *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 battels 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 atchievements from the influence of this beautiful breast-knot?

N° 12. *Monday, January* 30.

Quapropter, de summâ salute vestrâ, P. C. de vestris conjugibus ac liberis, de aris ac focis, de fanis ac templis, de totius urbis tectis ac sedibus, de imperio, de libertate, de salute patriæ, deque universâ republicâ decernite diligenter, ut instituistis, ac fortiter. Cic.

THIS day having been set apart by publick authority to raise in us an abhorrence of the *Great Rebellion*, which involved this nation in so many calamities, and ended in the murder of their Sovereign; it may not be unseasonable to shew the guilt of rebellion in general, and of that rebellion in particular which is stirred up against his present Majesty.

That rebellion is one of the most heinous crimes which it is in the power of man to commit, may appear from several considerations. *First*, as it destroys the end of all government, and the benefits of civil society. Government was instituted for maintaining the peace, safety, and happiness of a people. These great ends are brought about by a general conformity and submission to that frame of laws which is established in every community, for the protection of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty. As on the one side men are secured in the quiet possession of their lives, properties, and every thing they have a right to: so on the other side, those who offer them any injury in these particulars, are subject to penalties proportioned to their respective offences. Government therefore mitigates the inequality of power among particular persons, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightiest of his fellow-subjects; since he has the force of the whole community on his side, which is able to controul the insolence or injustice of any private oppressor. Now rebellion disappoints all these ends and benefits of government, by raising a power in opposition to that authority which has been established among a people for their mutual welfare and defence.

defence. So that rebellion is as great an evil to ſociety, as government itſelf is a bleſſing.

In the next place, rebellion is a violation of thoſe engagements, which every government exacts from ſuch perſons as live under it; and conſequently, the moſt baſe and pernicious inſtance of treachery and perfidiouſneſs. The guilt of rebellion increaſes in proportion as theſe engagements are more ſolemn and obligatory. Thus if a man makes his way to rebellion through perjury, he gives additional horrors to that crime, which is in itſelf of the blackeſt nature.

We may likewiſe conſider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedneſs than any other crime we can commit. It is big with rapine, ſacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildeſt effects, as it impoveriſhes the publick; ruins particular families; begets and perpetuates hatreds among fellow-ſubjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the ſeat of war and deſolation, and expoſes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In ſhort, as it is impoſſible for it to take effect, or to make the ſmalleſt progreſs, but through a continued courſe of violence and bloodſhed; a robber or a murderer looks like an innocent man, when we compare him with a rebel.

I ſhall only add, that as in the ſubordination of a government the King is offended by any inſults or oppoſitions to an inferior Magiſtrate; ſo the ſovereign Ruler of the univerſe is affronted by a breach of allegiance to thoſe whom he has ſet over us; Providence having delegated to the ſupream Magiſtrate in every country the ſame power for the good of men, which that ſupream Magiſtrate transfers to thoſe ſeveral officers and ſubſtitutes who act under him, for the preſerving of order and juſtice.

Now if we take a view of the preſent rebellion which is formed againſt his Majeſty, we ſhall find in it all the guilt that is naturally inherent in this crime, without any ſingle circumſtance to alleviate it. Inſurrections among a people to reſcue themſelves from the moſt violent and illegal oppreſſions; to throw off a tyranny that makes property precarious, and life painful; to preſerve their laws and their religion to themſelves and their poſterity; are excuſed from the neceſſity of ſuch an undertaking, when no other means are left for the ſecurity of every thing that is dear and valuable to reaſonable creatures. By the frame of our conſtitution, the duties of protection and allegiance are reciprocal; and as the ſafety of a community is the ultimate end and deſign of government, when this, inſtead of being preſerved, is manifeſtly deſtroyed, civil ſocieties are excuſable before God and man, if they endeavour to recover themſelves

ſelves out of ſo miſerable a condition. For in ſuch a caſe government becomes an evil inſtead of a bleſſing, and is not at all preferable to a ſtate of anarchy and mutual independence. For theſe reaſons, we have ſcarce ever yet heard of an inſurrection that was not either coloured with grievances of the higheſt kind, or countenanced by one or more branches of the legiſlature. But the preſent rebellion is formed againſt a King, whoſe right has been eſtabliſhed by frequent Parliaments of all parties, and recognized by the moſt ſolemn oaths; who has not been charged with one illegal proceeding; who acts in perfect concert with the Lords and Commons of the realm; who is famed for his equity and goodneſs, and has already very much advanced the reputation and intereſt of our country. The guilt therefore of this rebellion has in it all the moſt aggravating circumſtances; which will ſtill appear more plainly, if we conſider in the firſt place the real motives to it.

The rebellion, which was one of the moſt flagitious in itſelf, and deſcribed with the moſt horror by hiſtorians, is that of *Catiline* and his aſſociates. The motives to it are diſplayed at large by the *Roman* writers, in order to inſpire the Reader with the utmoſt deteſtation of it. *Catiline*, the chief of the rebellion, had been diſappointed in his competition for one of the firſt offices in the government, and had involved himſelf in ſuch private debts and difficulties, as nothing could extricate him out of, but the ruin of an adminiſtration that would not entruſt him with poſts of honour or profit. His principal accomplices were men of the ſame character, and animated by the ſame incentives. They complained that power was lodged in the hands of the worſt, to the oppreſſion of the beſt; and that places were conferred on unworthy men, to the excluſion of themſelves and their friends. Many of them were afraid of publick juſtice for paſt crimes, and ſome of them ſtood actually condemned as traytors to their country. Theſe were joined by men of deſperate fortunes, who hoped to find their account in the confuſions of their country, were applauded by the meaneſt of the rabble, who always delighted in change, and privately abetted by perſons of a conſiderable figure, who aimed at thoſe honours and preferments which were in the poſſeſſion of their rivals. Theſe are the motives with which *Catiline*'s rebellion is branded in hiſtory, and which are expreſly mentioned by *Salluſt*. I ſhall leave it to every unprejudiced Reader to compare them with the motives which have kindled the preſent rebellion in his Majeſty's dominions.

As this Rebellion is of the moſt criminal nature from its motives, ſo it is likewiſe if we conſider its conſequences. Should it ſucceed, (a ſuppoſition

ſition which, God be thanked, is very extravagant) what muſt be the natural effects of it upon our Religion! What could we expect from an army, bleſt by the Pope, headed by a zealous *Roman-Catholick*, encouraged by the moſt bigotted Princes of the Church of *Rome*, ſupported by contributions not only from theſe ſeveral Potentates, but from the wealthieſt of their convents, and officered by *Iriſh* Papiſts and out-laws! Can we imagine that the *Roman-Catholicks* of our own nation would ſo heartily embark in an enterprize, to the viſible hazard of their lives and fortunes, did they only hope to enjoy their Religion under thoſe laws which are now in force? In ſhort, the danger to the Proteſtant cauſe is ſo manifeſt, that it would be an affront to the underſtanding of the reader to endeavour farther to prove it.

Arbitrary power is ſo interwoven with Popery, and ſo neceſſary to introduce it, ſo agreeable to the education of the Pretender, ſo conformable to the principles of his adherents, and ſo natural to the inſolence of conquerors, that ſhould our invader gain the ſovereign power by violence, there is no doubt but he would preſerve it by tyranny. I ſhall leave to the Reader's own conſideration, the change of property in general, and the utter extinction of it in our national funds, the inundation of Nobles without eſtates, Prelates without biſhopricks, officers civil and military without places; and in ſhort, the ſeveral occaſions of rapine and revenge, which would neceſſarily enſue upon ſuch a fatal Revolution. But by the bleſſing of Providence, and the wiſdom of his Majeſty's adminiſtration, this melancholy proſpect is as diſtant as it is dreadful.

Theſe are the conſequences which would neceſſarily attend the ſucceſs of the preſent Rebellion. But we will now ſuppoſe that the event of it ſhould for ſome time remain doubtful. In this caſe we are to expect all the miſeries of a civil war: Nay, the armies of the greateſt foreign Princes would be ſubſiſted, and all the battels of *Europe* fought in *England*. The Rebels have already ſhewn us, that they want no inclination to promote their cauſe by fire and ſword, where they have an opportunity of practiſing their barbarities. Should ſuch a fierce and rapacious Hoſt of men, as that which is now in the Highlands, fall down into our countrey, that is ſo well peopled, adorned and cultivated, how would their march be diſtinguiſhed by ravage and devaſtation! might not we ſay of them in the ſublime and beautiful words of the Prophet, deſcribing the progreſs of an enraged army from the North; *Before them is as the garden of* Eden, *and behind them as the deſolate wilderneſs; yea, and nothing ſhall eſcape them.*

What

What then can we think of a party, who would plunge their native countrey into ſuch evils as theſe; when the only avowed motive for their proceedings is a point of Theory, that has been already determined by thoſe who are proper judges, and in whoſe determination we have ſo many years acquieſced. If the calamities of the nation in general can make no impreſſion on them, let them at leaſt, in pity to themſelves, their friends and dependents, forbear all open and ſecret methods of encouraging a Rebellion, ſo deſtructive, and ſo unprovoked. All human probabilities are againſt them; and they cannot expect ſucceſs, but from a miraculous interpoſition of the Almighty. And this we may with all Chriſtian humility hope, will not turn againſt us, who obſerve thoſe oaths which we have made in his preſence; who are zealous for the ſafety of that Religion, which we think moſt acceptable in his ſight; and who endeavour to preſerve that conſtitution which is moſt conducive to the happineſs of our countrey.

N° 13. *Friday, February* 3.

Ignavum fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent. Virg.

THE moſt common, and indeed the moſt natural diviſion of all offences, is into thoſe of omiſſion and commiſſion. We may make the ſame diviſion of that particular ſet of crimes which regard human ſociety. The greateſt crime which can be committed againſt it is Rebellion; as was ſhewn in my laſt paper. The greateſt crime of omiſſion, is an indifference in the particular members of a ſociety, when a Rebellion is actually begun among them. In ſuch a juncture, though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon Government, he is highly culpable, if he does not uſe all the means that are ſuitable to his Station for reducing the community into its former ſtate of peace and good order.

Our obligation to be active on ſuch an occaſion appears from the nature of civil Government; which is an inſtitution, whereby we are all confederated together for our mutual defence and ſecurity. Men who profeſs

profeſs a ſtate of neutrality in times of publick danger, deſert the common intereſt of their fellow-ſubjects; and act with independence to that conſtitution into which they are incorporated. The ſafety of the whole requires our joint endeavours. When this is at ſtake, the indifferent are not properly a part of the community; or rather are like dead limbs, which are an incumbrance to the body, inſtead of being of uſe to it. Beſides that, the protection which all receive from the ſame Government, juſtly calls upon the gratitude of all to ſtrengthen it, as well as upon their ſelf-intereſt to preſerve it.

But farther; If men, who in their hearts are friends to a Government, forbear giving it their utmoſt aſſiſtance againſt its enemies, they put it in the power of a few deſperate men to ruin the welfare of thoſe who are much ſuperior to them in ſtrength, number and intereſt. It was a remarkable law of *Solon*, the great Legiſlator of the *Athenians*, that any perſon who in the civil tumults and commotions of the Republick remained neuter, or an indifferent ſpectator of the contending parties, ſhould, after the re-eſtabliſhment of the publick peace, forfeit all his poſſeſſions, and be condemned to perpetual baniſhment. This law made it neceſſary for every Citizen to take his party, becauſe it was highly probable the Majority would be ſo wiſe as to eſpouſe that cauſe which was moſt agreeable to the publick Weal, and by that means hinder a ſedition from making a ſucceſsful progreſs. At leaſt, as every prudent and honeſt man, who might otherwiſe favour any indolence in his own temper, was hereby engaged to be active, ſuch a one would be ſure to join himſelf to that ſide which had the good of their country moſt at heart. For this reaſon their famous Law-giver condemned the perſons who ſat idle in diviſions ſo dangerous to the Government, as Aliens to the community, and therefore to be cut off from it as unprofitable members.

Further; Indifference cannot but be criminal, when it is converſant about objects which are ſo far from being of an indifferent nature, that they are of the higheſt importance to our ſelves and our countrey. If it be indifferent to us whether we are free ſubjects or ſlaves; whether our Prince be of our own Religion, or of one that obliges him to extirpate it; we are in the right to give our ſelves no trouble in the preſent juncture. A man governs himſelf by the dictates of virtue and good ſenſe, who acts without zeal or paſſion in points that are of no conſequence: But when the whole community is ſhaken, and the ſafety of the publick endangered, the appearance of a Philoſophical or an affected indolence muſt ariſe either from ſtupidity, or perfidiouſneſs.

When

When in the diviſion of parties among us, men only ſtrove for the firſt place in the Prince's favour; when all were attached to the ſame form of government, and contended only for the higheſt offices in it; a prudent and an honeſt man might look upon the ſtruggle with indifference, and be in no great pain for the ſucceſs of either ſide. But at preſent the conteſt is not in reality between *Whigs* and *Tories*, but between *Loyaliſts* and *Rebels*. Our country is not now divided into two parties, who propoſe the ſame end by different means; but into ſuch as would preſerve, and ſuch as would deſtroy it. Whatever denominations we might range our ſelves under in former times, men who have any natural love to their country, or ſenſe of their duty, ſhould exert their united ſtrength in a cauſe that is common to all parties, as they are Proteſtants and *Britons*. In ſuch a caſe, an avowed indifference is treachery to our fellow-ſubjects; and a lukewarm allegiance may prove as pernicious in its conſequences as treaſon.

I need not repeat here what I have proved at large in a former paper, that we are obliged to an active obedience by the ſolemn oaths we have taken to his Majeſty; and that the neutral kind of indifference, which is the ſubject of this paper, falls ſhort of that obligation they lie under, who have taken ſuch oaths; as will eaſily appear to any one who conſiders the form of thoſe ſacred and religious engagements.

How then can any man anſwer it to himſelf, if, for the ſake of managing his intereſt or character among a party, or out of any perſonal pique to thoſe who are the moſt conſpicuous for their zeal in his Majeſty's ſervice, or from any other private and ſelf-intereſted motive, he ſtands as a looker-on when the government is attacked by an open rebellion? eſpecially when thoſe engaged in it, cannot have the leaſt proſpect of ſucceſs, but by the aſſiſtance of the ancient and hereditary enemies to the *Britiſh* nation. It is ſtrange that theſe lukewarm friends to the government, whoſe zeal for their Sovereign riſes and falls with their credit at Court, do not conſider, before it be too late, that as they ſtrengthen the rebels by their preſent indifference, they at the ſame time eſtabliſh the intereſt of thoſe who are their rivals and competitors for publick poſts of honour. When there is an end put to this rebellion, theſe Gentlemen cannot pretend to have had any merit in ſo good a work: and they may well believe the nation will never care to ſee thoſe men in the higheſt offices of truſt, who when they are out of them, will not ſtir a finger in its defence.

Monday,

N° 14. *Monday, February 6.*

Periculoſum eſt credere, et non credere:
Utriuſque exemplum breviter exponam rei.
Hippolytus obiit, quia novercæ creditum eſt:
Caſſandræ quia non creditum, ruit Ilium.
Ergo exploranda eſt veritas multùm priùs,
Quàm ſtulta pravè judicet ſententia. Phædr.

HAving in the ſeventh paper conſidered many of thoſe falſhoods, by which the cauſe of our Malecontents is ſupported; I ſhall here ſpeak of that extravagant credulity, which diſpoſes each particular member of their party to believe them. This ſtrange alacrity in believing abſurdity and inconſiſtence may be called the *Political faith* of a Tory.

A perſon who is thoroughly endowed with this political faith, like a man in a dream, is entertained from one end of his life to the other with objects that have no reality or exiſtence. He is daily nouriſhed and kept in humour by fiction and deluſion; and may be compared to the old obſtinate Knight in *Rabelais*, that every morning ſwallowed a Chimera for his breakfaſt.

This political faith of a Malecontent is altogether founded on hope. He does not give credit to any thing becauſe it is probable, but becauſe it is pleaſing. His wiſhes ſerve him inſtead of reaſons, to confirm the truth of what he hears. There is no report ſo incredible or contradictory in itſelf which he doth not chearfully believe, if it tends to the advancement of the cauſe. In ſhort, a Malecontent who is a good believer has generally reaſon to repeat the celebrated rant of an ancient father, *Credo quia impoſſibile eſt:* which is as much as to ſay, *It muſt be true, becauſe it is impoſſible.*

It has been very well obſerved, that the moſt credulous man in the world is the atheiſt, who believes the univerſe to be the production of

chance. In the ſame manner a Tory, who is the greateſt believer in what is improbable, is the greateſt infidel in what is certain. Let a friend to the government relate to him a matter of fact, he turns away his ear from him, and gives him the lye in every look. But if one of his own ſtamp ſhould tell him that the King of *Sweden* would be ſuddenly at *Perth*, and that his army is now actually marching thither upon the ice; he hugs himſelf at the good news, and gets drunk upon it before he goes to bed. This ſort of people puts one in mind of ſeveral towns in *Europe* that are inacceſſible on the one ſide, while they lie open and unguarded on the other. The minds of our Malecontents are indeed ſo depraved with thoſe falſhoods which they are perpetually imbibing, that they have a natural reliſh for error, and have quite loſt the taſte of truth in political matters. I ſhall therefore diſmiſs this head with a ſaying of King *Charles* the Second. This Monarch, when he was at *Windſor*, uſed to amuſe himſelf with the converſation of the famous *Voſſius*, who was full of ſtories relating to the antiquity, learning, and manners of the *Chineſe*; and at the ſame time a Free-thinker in points of religion. The King upon hearing him repeat ſome incredible accounts of theſe eaſtern people, turning to thoſe who were about him, *This learned Divine*, ſaid he, *is a very ſtrange man: he believes every thing but the Bible.*

Having thus far conſidered the political faith of the party as it regards matters of fact, let us in the next place take a view of it with reſpect to thoſe doctrines which it embraces, and which are the fundamental points whereby they are diſtinguiſhed from thoſe, whom they uſed to repreſent as enemies to the conſtitution in church and ſtate. How far their great articles of political faith, with reſpect to our Eccleſiaſtical and Civil government, are conſiſtent with themſelves, and agreeable to reaſon and truth, may be ſeen in the following paradoxes, which are the eſſentials of a *Tory*'s *creed*, with relation to political matters. Under the name of *Tories*, I do not here comprehend multitudes of well-deſigning men, who were formerly included under that denomination, but are now in the intereſt of his Majeſty and the preſent government. Theſe have already ſeen the evil tendency of ſuch principles, which are the *Credenda* of the party, as it is oppoſite to that of the *Whigs*.

Article I.

That the church of *England* will be always in danger, till it has a Popiſh King for its defender.

II. That,

II.

That, for the ſafety of the church, no ſubject ſhould be tolerated in any religion different from the eſtabliſhed; but that the head of our church may be of that religion which is moſt repugnant to it.

III.

That the Proteſtant intereſt in this nation, and in all *Europe*, could not but flouriſh under the protection of one, who thinks himſelf obliged, on pain of damnation, to do all that lies in his power for the extirpation of it.

IV.

That we may ſafely rely upon the promiſes of one, whoſe religion allows him to make them, and at the ſame time obliges him to break them.

V.

That a good man ſhould have a greater abhorrence of Presbyterianiſm which is Perverſeneſs, than of Popery which is but Idolatry.

VI.

That a perſon who hopes to be King of *England* by the aſſiſtance of *France*, would naturally adhere to the *Britiſh* intereſt, which is always oppoſite to that of the *French*.

VII.

That a man has no opportunities of learning how to govern the people of *England* in any foreign country, ſo well as in *France*.

VIII.

That ten millions of people ſhould rather chuſe to fall into ſlavery, than not acknowledge their Prince to be inveſted with an hereditary and indefeaſible right of oppreſſion.

IX.

That we are obliged in conſcience to become ſubjects of a Duke of *Savoy*, or of a *French* King, rather than enjoy for our Sovereign a Prince, who is the firſt of the Royal blood in the Proteſtant line.

X.

That Non-reſiſtance is the duty of every chriſtian, whilſt he is in a good place.

XI.

That we ought to profeſs the doctrine of Paſſive-obedience until ſuch time as nature rebels againſt principle, that is, until we are put to the neceſſity of practiſing it.

XII.

That the Papiſts have taken up arms to defend the church of *England* with the utmoſt hazard of their lives and fortunes.

XIII.

That there is an unwarrantable faction in this Iſland, conſiſting of King, Lords, and Commons.

XIV.

That the Legiſlature, when there is a majority of *Whigs* in it, has not power to make laws.

XV.

That an Act of Parliament to impower the King to ſecure ſuſpected perſons in times of rebellion, is the means to eſtabliſh the Sovereign on the throne, and conſequently a great infringement of the liberties of the ſubject.

N° 15. *Friday, February* 10.

——— Auxilium, quoniam ſic cogitis ipſi,
Dixit, ab hoſte petam: vultus avertite veſtros,
Si quis amicus adeſt: et Gorgonis extulit ora. Ovid.

IT 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 domeſtick 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 it ſelf 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 Play-houſe 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 battel-array.

As

As an inſtance of this chearfulneſs in our fair fellow-ſubjects to oppoſe the deſigns of the Pretender, I did but ſuggeſt in one of my former papers, *That the fan might be made uſe of with good ſucceſs 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 methods *to make the fan uſeful*. They have unanimouſly 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. Never 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 talking to them. To avoid dropping it in the neighbourhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an opportunity of taking it up. To ſhew their disbelief 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 publick. But they have at preſent under conſideration, certain fans of a Proteſtant make, that they may have a more extenſive influence, and raiſe an abhorrence 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 devices on their ſhields.

There are ſeveral ſketches of pictures which have been already preſented to the Ladies for their approbation, 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 ſatyrical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge tawdry 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 already 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.

Joan. Biſhop *Bonner* purchaſing great quantities of faggots and bruſh-wood, for the converſion of hereticks. 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-catholick. Beſides, as every Lady will of courſe ſtudy her fan, ſhe will be a perfect Miſtreſs of the controverſy 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 the fan may not alſo be made uſe of with regard to our political conſtitution. As a Free-holder, 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 deſpotick power, and of male tyranny? or if they have a fancy for burleſque, what would they think of a *French* cobler 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 gally-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

of its inhabitants, to consider in their ornaments the advantage of the publick 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.

N° 16. *Monday, February* 13.

Itaque quod plerumque in atroci negotio solet, Senatus decrevit, darent operam Consules nè quid Respublica detrimenti caperet. Ea potestas per Senatum more Romano magistratui maxuma permittitur, exercitum parare, bellum gerere, coercere omnibus modis socios atque cives, domi militiæque imperium atque judicium summum habere. Aliter, sine populi jussu nulli earum rerum Consuli jus est. Sall.

IT being the design of these papers to reconcile men to their own happiness, by removing those wrong notions and prejudices which hinder them from seeing the advantage of themselves and their posterity in the present establishment, I cannot but take notice of every thing that by the artifice of our enemies is made a matter of complaint.

Of this nature is the Suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, by which his Majesty has been enabled, in these times of danger, to seize and detain the persons of such, who he had reason to believe were conspiring against his person and government. The expediency and reasonableness of such a temporary suspension in the present juncture may appear to every considerate man, who will turn his thoughts impartially on this subject.

I have chosen in points of this nature to draw my arguments from the first principles of government, which, as they are of no party, but assented to by every reasonable man, carry the greater weight with them, and are accommodated to the notions of all my Readers. Every one knows, who has considered the nature of government, that there must be in each particular form of it an absolute and unlimited power; and that this power is lodged in the hands of those, who have the making of its laws, whether by the nature of the constitution it be in one or more persons, in a single order of men, or in a mixt body of different ranks and degrees. It is an absurdity to imagine that those, who have the authority of making laws, cannot suspend any particular law, when they think it expedient for the publick. Without such a power all government would be defective, and not armed with a sufficient force for its own security. As self-preservation by all honest methods is the first duty of every community, as well as of every private person, so the publick safety is the general view of all laws. When therefore any law does not conduce to this great end, but on the contrary in some extraordinary and unnatural junctures, the very observation of it would endanger the community, that law ought to be laid asleep for such a time, by the proper authority. Thus the very intention of our *Habeas Corpus* Act, namely, the preservation of the liberties of the subject, absolutely requires that act to be now suspended, since the confinement of dangerous and suspected persons, who might strengthen this rebellion, and spread a civil war through all parts of this kingdom, secures to us our civil rights, and every thing that can be valuable to a free people.

As every government must in its nature be armed with such an authority, we may observe that those governments which have been the most famous for publick spirit, and the most jealous of their liberty, have never failed to exert it upon proper occasions. There cannot be a greater instance of this, than in the old commonwealth of *Rome*, who flattered themselves with an opinion that their government had in it a due temper of the regal, noble, and popular power, represented by the Consuls, the Senators, and the Tribunes. The regal part was however in several points notoriously defective, and particularly because the Consuls had not a negative in the passing of a law, as the other two branches had. Nevertheless in this government, when the republick was threatened with any great and imminent danger, they thought it for the common safety to appoint a temporary Dictator, invested with the whole power of the three branches; who, when the danger was over, retired again into the community, and left

left the government in its natural ſituation. But what is more to our caſe, the conſular power itſelf, though infinitely ſhort of the regal power in *Great Britain*, was intruſted with the whole authority which the legiſlature has put into the hands of his Majeſty. We have an eminent inſtance of this in the motto of my paper, which I ſhall tranſlate for the benefit of the *Engliſh* Reader, after having advertiſed him, that the power there given to the Conſul, was in the time of a conſpiracy. *The ſenate therefore made a decree, as uſual, when they have matters before them of ſo horrid a nature, That the Conſuls ſhould take care the common-wealth did not ſuffer any prejudice. By virtue of this very great power which the Senate allows to the Magiſtrate, according to the ancient cuſtoms of* Rome, *he may raiſe an army, wage war, make uſe of all kinds of methods to reſtrain the aſſociates and citizens of* Rome, *and exerciſe the ſupreme authority both at home and abroad in matters civil and military; whereas otherwiſe the Conſul is not inveſted with any of theſe powers without the expreſs command of the people.*

There now only remains to ſhew, that his Majeſty is legally poſſeſſed of this power; and that the neceſſity of the preſent affairs requires he ſhould be ſo. He is entruſted with it by the legiſlature of the nation; and in the very notion of a legiſlature is implied a power to change, repeal, and ſuſpend what laws are in Being, as well as to make what new laws they ſhall think fit for the good of the people. This is ſo uncontroverted a maxim, that I believe never any body attempted to refute it. Our legiſlature have however had that juſt regard for their fellow-ſubjects, as not to entertain a thought of abrogating this law, but only to hinder it from operating at a time when it would endanger the conſtitution. The King is empowered to act but for a few months by virtue of this ſuſpenſion; and by that means differs from a King of *France*, or any other tyrannical Prince, who in times of peace and tranquillity, and upon what occaſion he pleaſes, ſends any of his ſubjects out of the knowledge of their friends into ſuch caſtles, dungeons, or impriſonments as he thinks fit. Nor did the legiſlature do any thing in this that was unprecedented. The *Habeas Corpus* Act was made but about five and thirty years ago, and ſince that time has been ſuſpended four times before his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne: twice under the reign of King *William* and Queen *Mary*; once under the reign of King *William*; and once under the reign of Queen *Anne*.

The neceſſity of this law at this time aroſe from the proſpect of an invaſion, which has ſince broke out into an actual rebellion; and from

informations of ſecret and dangerous practices among men of conſiderable figure, who could not have been prevented from doing miſchief to their country but by ſuch a ſuſpenſion of this Act of Parliament.

I cannot however but obſerve, that notwithſtanding the lawfulneſs and neceſſity of ſuch a ſuſpenſion, had not the Rebellion broke out after the paſſing of this act of Parliament, I do not know how thoſe who had been the moſt inſtrumental in procuring it, could have eſcaped that popular odium, which their malicious and artful enemies have now in vain endeavoured to ſtir up againſt them. Had it been poſſible for the vigilance and endeavours of a Miniſtry to have hindered even the attempts of an invaſion, their very endeavours might have proved prejudicial to them. Their prudent and reſolute precautions would have turned to their diſadvantage, had they not been juſtified by thoſe events, which they did all that was in their power to obviate. This naturally brings to mind the reflection of *Tully* in the like circumſtances, *That* amidſt the diviſions of *Rome, a man was in an unhappy condition who had a ſhare in the adminiſtration, nay even in the preſervation of the Commonwealth.* O conditionem miſeram non modo adminiſtrandæ, verùm etiam conſervandæ Reipublicæ!

Beſides, every unprejudiced man will conſider how mildly and equitably this power has been uſed. The perſons confined have been treated with all poſſible humanity, and abridged of nothing but the liberty of hurting their country, and very probably of ruining both themſelves and their families. And as to the numbers of thoſe who are under this ſhort reſtraint, it is very obſervable, that people do not ſeem ſo much ſurprized at the confinement of ſome, as at the liberty of many others. But we may from hence conclude, what every *Engliſhman* muſt obſerve with great pleaſure, that his Majeſty does not in this great point regulate himſelf by any private jealouſies or ſuſpicions, but by thoſe evidences and informations he has received.

We have already found the good conſequences of this ſuſpenſion, in that it has hindered the Rebellion from gathering the ſtrength it would otherwiſe have gained; not to mention thoſe numbers it has kept from engaging in ſo deſperate an enterprize, with the many lives it has preſerved, and the deſolations it has prevented.

For theſe and many other reaſons, the repreſentatives of *Great Britain* in Parliament could never have anſwered it to the people they repreſent, who have found ſuch great benefits from the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus* Act and without it muſt have felt ſuch fatal conſequences, had they

they not, in a case of such great necessity, made use of this customary, legal and reasonable method for securing his Majesty on the Throne, and their Country from misery or ruin.

N° 17. *Friday, February* 17.

——Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto. Hor.

WE are told that in *Turkey*, when any man is the Author of notorious falshoods, it is usual to blacken the whole front of his house: Nay we have sometimes heard, that an Embassador whose *business it is* (if I may quote his character in Sir *Henry Wotton*'s words) *to lye for the good of his countrey*, has sometimes had this mark set upon his house; when he has been detected in any piece of feigned intelligence, that has prejudiced the Government, and mis-led the minds of the people. One could almost wish that the habitations of such of our own countreymen as deal in forgeries detrimental to the publick, were distinguished in the same manner; that their fellow-subjects might be cautioned not to be too easy in giving credit to them. Were such a method put in practice, this Metropolis would be strangely checquered; some entire parishes would be in mourning, and several streets darkned from one end to the other.

But I have given my thoughts in two preceding papers, both on the inventors and the believers of these publick falshoods and calumnies, and shall here speak of that contempt with which they are and ought to be received by those in high stations, at whom they are levelled. Any person indeed, who is zealous for promoting the interest of his country, must conquer all that tenderness and delicacy which may make him afraid of being ill spoken of; or his endeavours will often produce no less uneasiness to himself, than benefit to the publick. Among a people who indulge themselves in the utmost freedoms of thought and speech, a man must either be insignificant, or able to bear an undeserved reproach. A true Patriot may comfort himself under the attacks of falshood and obloquy, from several motives and reflections.

In the first place he should consider, that the chief of his antagonists are generally acted by a spirit of envy; which would not rise against him, if it were not provoked by his desert. A Statesman, who is possest of real merit, should look upon his political censurers with the same neglect, that a good writer regards his Criticks; who are generally a race of men that are not able to discover the beauties of a work they examine, and deny that approbation to others, which they never met with themselves. Patriots therefore should rather rejoyce in the success of their honest designs, than be mortified by those who misrepresent them.

They should likewise consider, that not only envy, but vanity has a share in the detraction of their adversaries. Such aspersions therefore do them honour at the same time that they are intended to lessen their reputation. They should reflect, That those who endeavour to stir up the multitude against them, do it to be thought considerable; and not a little applaud themselves in a talent that can raise clamours out of nothing, and throw a ferment among the people, by murmurs or complaints, which they know in their own hearts are altogether groundless. There is a pleasant instance of this nature recorded at length in the first book of the Annals of *Tacitus*. When a great part of the *Roman* legions were in a disposition to mutiny, an impudent varlet, who was a private Centinel, being mounted upon the shoulders of his Fellow-soldiers, and resolved to try the power of his eloquence, addressed himself to the army, in all the postures of an Orator, after the following manner: *You have given liberty to these miserable men*, said he, (pointing to some criminals whom they had rescued) *but which of you can restore life to my brother? Who can give me back my brother? He was murdered no longer ago than last night, by the hands of those ruffians, who are entertained by the General to butcher the poor Soldiery. Tell me*, Blæsus, (for that was the name of the General, who was then sitting on the Tribunal) *tell me, where hast thou cast his dead body? An enemy does not grudge the Rites of burial. When I have tired my self with kissing his cold corps, and weeping over it, order me to be slain upon it. All I ask of my fellow-soldiers, since we both die in their cause, is, that they would lay me in the same grave with my brother.* The whole army was in an uproar at this moving speech, and resolved to do the speaker justice, when, upon enquiry, they found that he never had a brother in his life; and that he had stirred up the sedition only to shew his parts.

Publick Ministers would likewise do well to consider, that the principal Authors of such reproaches as are cast upon them, are those who have

a mind to get their places: and as for a cenſure ariſing from this motive, it is in their power to eſcape it when they pleaſe, and turn it upon their competitors. Malecontents of an inferiour character are acted by the ſame principle; for ſo long as there are employments of all ſizes, there will be murmurers of all degrees. I have heard of a Country-gentleman, who made a very long and melancholy complaint to the late Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was in great power at Court, of ſeveral publick grievances. The Duke, after having given him a very patient hearing, *My dear friend*, ſays he, *this is but too true; but I have thought of an expedient which will ſet all things right, and that very ſoon.* His country friend asked him, what it was. *You muſt know*, ſays the Duke, *there's a place of five hundred pounds a year fallen this very morning, which I intend to put you in poſſeſſion of.* The Gentleman thanked his Grace, went away ſatisfied, and thought the nation the happieſt under Heaven, during that whole Miniſtry.

But farther, every man in a publick ſtation ought to conſider, that when there are two different parties in a nation, they will ſee things in different lights. An action, however conducive to the good of their country, will be repreſented by the artful and appear to the ignorant as prejudicial to it. Since I have here, according to the uſual liberty of Eſſay-writers, rambled into ſeveral ſtories, I ſhall fetch one to my preſent purpoſe out of the *Perſian* hiſtory. We there read of a virtuous young Emperor, who was very much afflicted to find his actions miſconſtrued and defamed by a party among his ſubjects that favoured another intereſt. As he was one day ſitting among the Miniſters of his *Divan*, and amuſing himſelf after the *Eaſtern* manner, with the ſolution of difficult Problems and Ænigma's, he propoſed to them in his turn the following one. *What is the tree that bears three hundred and ſixty five leaves, which are all black on the one ſide, and white on the other?* His Grand Vizier immediately replied, it was the year which conſiſted of three hundred and ſixty five days and nights: *But Sir*, ſays he, *permit me at the ſame time to take notice, that theſe leaves repreſent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to thoſe who are reſolved only to look upon the wrong ſide of them.*

A virtuous man therefore who lays out his endeavours for the good of his country, ſhould never be troubled at the reports which are made of him, ſo long as he is conſcious of his own integrity. He ſhould rather be pleaſed to find people deſcanting upon his actions, becauſe when they are thoroughly canvaſſed and examined, they are ſure in the end to turn

to

to his honour and advantage. The reaſonable and unprejudiced part of mankind will be of his ſide, and rejoyce to ſee their common intereſt lodged in ſuch honeſt hands. A ſtrict examination of a great man's character, is like the trial of a ſuſpected chaſtity, which was made among the *Jews* by the waters of jealouſy. *Moſes* aſſures us that the criminal burſt upon the drinking of them; but if ſhe was accuſed wrongfully, the *Rabbins* tell us, they heightened her charms, and made her much more amiable than before: ſo that they deſtroyed the guilty, but beautified the innocent.

N° 18. *Friday, February* 20.

——— *Inopem me copia fecit.* Ovid.

EVery *Engliſhman* will be a good ſubject to King *George*, in proportion as he is a good *Engliſhman*, and a lover of the conſtitution of his country. In order to awaken in my Readers the love of this their conſtitution, it may be neceſſary to ſet forth its ſuperior excellency to that form of government, which many wicked and ignorant men have of late years endeavoured to introduce among us. I ſhall not therefore think it improper to take notice from time to time of any particular act of power, exerted by thoſe among whom the Pretender to his Majeſty's Crown has been educated; which would prove fatal to this nation, ſhould it be conquered and governed by a perſon, who, in all probability, would put in practice the politicks in which he has been ſo long inſtructed.

There has been nothing more obſervable in the reign of his preſent *Gallick* Majeſty, than the method he has taken for ſupplying his Exchequer with a neceſſary ſum of mony. The ways and means for raiſing it has been an edict, or a command in writing ſigned by himſelf, to encreaſe the value of *Louis d'Ors* from fourteen to ſixteen *Livres*, by vertue of a new ſtamp which ſhall be ſtruck upon them. As this method will bring all the gold of the kingdom into his hands, it is provided by the ſame edict that they ſhall be payed out again to the people at twenty *Livres* each;

each; so that four *Livres* in the score by this means accrue to his Majesty out of all the mony in the kingdom of *France*.

This method of raising mony is consistent with that form of government, and with the repeated practice of their late *grand Monarque*; so that I shall not here consider the many evil consequences which it must have upon their trade, their exchange, and publick credit: I shall only take notice of the whimsical circumstances a people must lie under, who can be thus made poor or rich by an Edict, which can throw an alloy into a *Louis d'Or*, and debase it into half its former value, or, if his Majesty pleases, raise the price of it, not by the accession of metal, but of a mark. By the present Edict many a man in *France* will swell into a plumb, who fell several thousand pounds short of it the day before its publication. This conveys a kind of *Fairy* treasure into their chests, even whilst they are under lock and key; and is a secret of multiplication without addition. It is natural enough however for the vanity of the *French* nation to grow insolent upon this imaginary wealth, not considering that their neighbours think them no more rich by vertue of an Edict to make fourteen twenty, than they would think them more formidable should there be another Edict to make every man in the kingdom seven foot high.

It was usual for his late most christian Majesty to sink the value of their *Louis d'Ors* about the time he was to receive the taxes of his good people, and to raise them when he had got them safe into his coffers. And there is no question but the present government in that kingdom will so far observe this kind of conduct, as to reduce the twenty *Livres* to their old number of fourteen, when they have paid them out of their hands; which will immediately sink the present timpany of wealth, and re-establish the natural poverty of the *Gallick* nation.

One cannot but pity the melancholy condition of a miser in this country, who is perpetually telling his *Livres*, without being able to know how rich he is. He is as ridiculously puzzled and perplexed as a man that counts the stones on *Salisbury-plain*, which can never be settled to any certain number, but are more or fewer every time he reckons them.

I have heard of a young *French* Lady, a subject of *Louis* the Fourteenth, who was contracted to a Marquis upon the foot of a five thousand pound fortune, which she had by her in specie; but one of these unlucky Edicts coming out a week before the intended marriage, she lost a thousand pound, and her bridegroom into the bargain.

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The uncertainty of riches is a ſubject much diſcourſed of in all countries, but may be inſiſted on more emphatically in *France* than any other. A man is here under ſuch a kind of ſituation, as one who is managed by a jugler. He fancies he has ſo many pieces of money in his hand; but let him graſp them never ſo carefully, upon a word or two of the artiſt they increaſe or dwindle to what number the Doctor is pleaſed to name.

This method of lowering or advancing money, we, who have the happineſs to be in another form of government, ſhould look upon as unwarrantable kind of clipping and coining. However, as it is an expedient that is often practiſed, and may be juſtified in that conſtitution which has been ſo thoroughly ſtudied by the Pretender to his Majeſty's crown, I do not ſee what ſhould have hindered him from making uſe of ſo expeditious a method for raiſing a ſupply, if he had ſucceeded in his late attempt to dethrone his Majeſty, and ſubvert our conſtitution. I ſhall leave it to the conſideration of the Reader, if in ſuch a caſe the following edict, or ſomething very like it, might not have been expected.

"WHereas theſe our kingdoms have long groaned under an expen-
" ſive and conſuming land-war, which has very much exhauſted
" the treaſure of the nation, we, being willing to increaſe the wealth of
" our people, and not thinking it adviſable for this purpoſe to make uſe
" of the tedious methods of merchandiſe and commerce, which have
" been always promoted by a faction among the worſt of our ſubjects,
" and were ſo wiſely diſcountenanced by the beſt of them in the late
" reign, do hereby enact by our ſole Will and Pleaſure, that every ſhil-
" ling in *Great-Britain* ſhall paſs in all payments for the ſum of four-
" teen pence, till the firſt of *September* next, and that every other piece
" of money ſhall riſe and paſs in current payment in the ſame proportion.
" The advantage which will accrue to theſe nations by this our Royal
" donative, will viſibly appear to all men of ſound principles, who are
" ſo juſtly famous for their antipathy to ſtrangers, and would not ſee
" the landed intereſt of their country weakened by the importations of
" foreign gold and ſilver. But ſince by reaſon of the great debts which
" we have contracted abroad, during our fifteen years reign, as well as
" of our preſent exigencies, it will be neceſſary to fill our Exchequer by
" the moſt prudent and expeditious methods, we do alſo hereby order
" every one of our ſubjects to bring in theſe his fourteen-penny pieces,
" and all the other current caſh of this kingdom, by what new titles ſoe-
" ver dignified or diſtinguiſhed, to the maſter of our mint, who, after
" having

" having set a mark upon them, shall deliver out to them, on or after the " first of *September* aforesaid, their respective sums, taking only four " pence for our self for such his mark on every fourteen penny piece, " which from henceforth shall pass in payment for eighteen pence, and " so in proportion for the rest. By this method, the money of this na- " tion will be more by one third than it is at present; and we shall " content our selves with not quite one fifth part of the current cash of " our loving subjects; which will but barely suffice to clear the interest " of those sums in which we stand indebted to our most dear brother " and ancient ally. We are glad of this opportunity of shewing such " an instance of our goodness to our subjects, by this our Royal edict, " which shall be read in every parish Church of *Great-Britain*, imme- " diately after the celebration of high Mass. *For such is our Pleasure.*

N° 19. *Friday, February* 24.

Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ; etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est. Sall.

IT has been usual these many years for writers, who have approved the scheme of government which has taken place, to explain to the people the reasonableness of those principles which have prevailed, and to justify the conduct of those, who act in conformity to such principles. It therefore happens well for the party which is undermost, when a work of this nature falls into the hands of those who content themselves to attack their principles, without exposing their persons, or singling out any particular objects for satyr and ridicule. This manner of proceeding is no inconsiderable piece of merit in writers, who are often more influenced by a desire of fame, than a regard to the publick good; and who, by this means, lose many fair opportunities of shewing their own wit, or of gratifying the ill-nature of their Readers.

When a man thinks a party engaged in such measures as tend to the ruin of his country, it is certainly a very laudable and virtuous action in him to make war after this manner upon the whole body. But as several

caſuiſts are of opinion, that in a battel you ſhould diſcharge upon the groſs of the enemy, without levelling your piece at any particular perſon; ſo in this kind of combat alſo, I cannot think it fair to aim at any one man, and make his character the mark of your hoſtilities. There is now to be ſeen in the caſtle of *Milan*, a cannon-bullet, inſcribed, *This to the Mareſchal de Crequi*, which was the very ball that ſhot him. An Author who points his ſatyr at a great man, is to be looked upon in the ſame view with the engineer who ſignalized himſelf by this ungenerous practice.

But as the ſpirit of the *Whigs* and *Tories* ſhews itſelf, upon every occaſion, to be very widely different from one another; ſo is it particularly viſible in the writings of this kind, which have been publiſhed by each party. The latter may, indeed, aſſign one reaſon to juſtify themſelves in this practice; that, having nothing of any manner of weight to offer againſt the principles of their antagoniſts, if they ſpeak at all, it muſt be againſt their perſons. When they cannot refute an adverſary, the ſhorteſt way is to libel him; and to endeavour at the making his perſon odious, when they cannot repreſent his notions as abſurd.

The *Examiner* was a paper, in the laſt reign, which was the favourite-work of the party. It was uſhered into the world by a Letter from a Secretary of State, ſetting forth the great genius of the Author, the uſefulneſs of his deſign, and the mighty conſequences that were to be expected from it. It is ſaid to have been written by thoſe among them whom they looked upon as their moſt celebrated Wits and Politicians, and was diſperſed into all quarters of the nation with great induſtry and expence. Who would not have expected, that at leaſt the rules of decency and candour would be obſerved in ſuch a performance? but inſtead of this, you ſaw all the great men, who had done eminent ſervices to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No ſanctity of character, or privilege of ſex, exempted perſons from this barbarous uſage. Several of our Prelates were the ſtanding marks of publick raillery, and many Ladies of the firſt quality branded by name for matters of fact, which as they were falſe, were not heeded, and if they had been true, were innocent. The dead themſelves were not ſpared. And here I cannot forbear taking notice of a kind of wit which has lately grown into faſhion among the Verſifiers, Epigrammatiſts, and other Authors, who think it ſufficient to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their zeal for what they call the High-Church, while they ſport with the moſt tremendous parts of revealed religion. Every one has

has seen Epigrams upon the deceased Fathers of our Church, where the whole thought has turned upon hell-fire. Patriots, who ought to be remembered with honour by their posterity, have been introduced as speakers in a state of torments. There is something dreadful even in repeating these execrable pieces of wit, which no man who really believes another life, can peruse without fear and trembling. It is astonishing to see Readers who call themselves Christians, applauding such diabolical mirth, and seeming to rejoyce in the doom which is pronounced against their enemies, by such abandoned scriblers. A Wit of this kind, may with great truth be compared to the fool in the *Proverbs*, *who plays with arrows, fire-brands and death, and says, Am I not in sport?*

I must, in justice to the more sober and considerate of that party, confess, that many of them were highly scandalized at that personal slander and reflection which was flung out so freely by the libellers of the last reign, as well as by those profane liberties which have been since continued. And as for those who are either the authors or admirers of such compositions, I would have them consider with themselves, whether the name of a good Church-man can atone for the want of that charity which is the most essential part of Christianity. They would likewise do well to reflect, how, by these methods, the poison has run freely into the minds of the weak and ignorant; heightened their rage against many of their fellow-subjects; and almost divested them of the common sentiments of humanity.

In the former part of this paper, I have hinted that the design of it is to oppose the principles of those who are enemies to the present government, and the main body of that party who espouse those principles. But even in such general attacks there are certain measures to be kept, which may have a tendency rather to gain, than to irritate those who differ with you in their sentiments. The *Examiner* would not allow such as were of a contrary opinion to him, to be either Christians or fellow-subjects. With him they were all Atheists, Deists, or Apostates, and a separate common-wealth among themselves, that ought either to be extirpated, or, when he was in a better humour, only to be banished out of their native country. They were often put in mind of some approaching execution, and therefore all of them advised to prepare themselves for it, as men who had then nothing to take care of, but how to die decently. In short, the *Examiner* seemed to make no distinction between conquest and destruction.

The conduct of this work has hitherto been regulated by different views, and shall continue to be so; unless the party it has to deal with, draw upon themselves another kind of treatment. For if they shall persist in pointing their batteries against particular persons, there are no laws of war, that forbid the making of reprisals. In the mean time, this undertaking shall be managed with that generous spirit which was so remarkable among the *Romans*, who did not subdue a country in order to put the inhabitants to fire and sword, but to incorporate them into their own community, and make them happy in the same government with themselves.

N° 20. *Monday, February* 27.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum-------- Hor.

IT is very unlucky for those who make it their business to raise popular murmurs and discontents against his Majesty's government, that they find so very few and so very improper occasions for them. To shew how hard they are set in this particular, there are several, who for want of other materials, are forced to represent the bill which has passed this Session, for laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon Land, as a kind of grievance upon the subject. If this be a matter of complaint, it ought in justice to fall upon those who have made it necessary. Had there been no rebellion, there would have been no increase of the Land-tax; so that in proportion as a man declares his aversion to the one, he ought to testifie his abhorrence of the other. But it is very remarkable that those, who would persuade the people that they are aggrieved by this additional burthen, are the very persons who endeavour, in their ordinary conversation, to extenuate the heinousness of the rebellion, and who express the greatest tenderness for the persons of the rebels. They shew a particular indulgence for that unnatural insurrection which has drawn this load upon us, and are angry at the means which were necessary for suppressing it. There needs no clearer proof of the

spirit

ſpirit and intention with which they act: I ſhall therefore adviſe my fellow-free-holders to conſider the character of any perſon who would poſſeſs them with the notion of a hardſhip that is put upon the country by this tax. If he be one of known affection to the preſent eſtabliſhment, they may imagine there is ſome reaſon for complaint. But if on the contrary he be one, who has ſhewn himſelf indifferent as to the ſucceſs of the preſent rebellion, or is ſuſpected as a private abettor of it, they may take it for granted, his complaint againſt the Land-tax is either the rage of a diſappointed man, or the artifice of one who would alienate their affections from the preſent government.

The expence which will ariſe to the nation from this rebellion, is already computed at near a million. And it is a melancholy conſideration for the Free-holders of *Great Britain*, that the treaſon of their fellow-ſubjects ſhould bring upon them as great a charge as the war with *France*. At the ſame time every reaſonable man among them will pay a tax with at leaſt as great chearfulneſs for ſtifling a Civil war in its birth, as for carrying on a war in a foreign country. Had not our firſt ſupplies been effectual for the cruſhing of our domeſtick enemies, we ſhould immediately have beheld the whole kingdom a ſcene of ſlaughter and deſolation: Whereas, if we had failed in our firſt attempts upon a diſtant nation, we might have repaired the loſſes of one Campaign by the advantages of another, and after ſeveral victories gained over us, might ſtill have kept the enemy from our gates.

As it was thus abſolutely neceſſary to raiſe a ſum that might enable the government to put a ſpeedy ſtop to the rebellion, ſo could there be no method thought of for raiſing ſuch a ſum more proper, than this of laying an additional tax of two ſhillings in the pound upon land.

In the firſt place: This tax has already been ſo often tried, that we know the exact produce of it, which in any new project is always very doubtful and uncertain. As we are thus acquainted with the produce of this tax, we find it is adequate to the ſervices for which it is deſigned, and that the additional tax is proportioned to the ſupernumerary expence, which falls upon the kingdom this year by the unnatural rebellion, as it has been above ſtated.

In the next place: no other tax could have been thought of, upon which ſo much mony would have been immediately advanced as was neceſſary in ſo critical a juncture for puſhing our ſucceſſes againſt the rebels, and preventing the attempts of their friends and confederates both at home and abroad. No body cares to make loans upon a new and untried project;

ject; whereas men never fail to bring in their mony upon a Land-tax, when the præmium or intereſt allowed them, is ſuited to the hazard they run by ſuch loans to the government. And here one cannot but bewail the misfortune of our country, when we conſider, that the Houſe of Commons had laſt year reduced this intereſt to four *per Cent.* by which means there was a conſiderable ſaving to the nation; but that this year they have been forced to give ſix *per Cent.* as well knowing the fatal conſequences that might have enſued, had there not been an intereſt allowed, which would certainly encourage the lender to venture, in ſuch a time of danger, what was indiſpenſably neceſſary for the exigences of the publick.

Beſides; this is a method for raiſing a ſum of mony, that, with the ordinary taxes, will in all probability defray the whole expence of the year: ſo that there is no burden laid upon our poſterity, who have been ſufficiently loaded by other means of raiſing mony; nor any deficiency to be hereafter made up by our ſelves; which has been our caſe in ſo many other Subſidies.

To this we may add; that we have no example of any other tax, which in its nature would ſo particularly affect the enemies to his Majeſty's government. Multitudes of *Papiſts* and *Nonjurors* will be obliged to furniſh a double proportion out of their revenues towards the clearing of that expence, which by their open and ſecret practices they have been inſtrumental in bringing upon their fellow-ſubjects.

I ſhall only mention one conſideration more; that no other tax is ſo likely to ceaſe as this is, when there is no farther occaſion for it. This tax is eſtabliſhed by a Houſe of Commons, which, by vertue of an Act of Parliament paſſed a few years ago, muſt conſiſt for the moſt part of landed men; ſo that a great ſhare of the weight of it muſt neceſſarily fall upon the Members of their own body. As this is an inſtance of their publick ſpirit, ſo we may be ſure they would not have exerted it, had there not been an abſolute neceſſity: nor can we doubt, that for the ſame reaſons, when this neceſſity ceaſes, they will take the firſt opportunity of eaſing themſelves in this particular, as well as thoſe whom they repreſent. It is a celebrated notion of a patriot, who ſignally diſtinguiſhed himſelf for the liberties of his country, That a Houſe of Commons ſhould never grant ſuch Subſidies as are eaſy to be raiſed, and give no pain to the people, leſt the nation ſhould acquieſce under a burden they did not feel, and ſee it perpetuated without repining. Whether this notion might not be too refined, I ſhall not determine; but by what has been already ſaid, I think we may promiſe our ſelves, that this additional tax of two ſhillings in the

pound

pound will not be continued another year, becauſe we may hope the rebellion will be entirely ended in this.

And here, I believe, it muſt be obvious to every one's reflection, that the rebellion might not have concluded ſo ſoon, had not this method been made uſe of for that end. A foreign Potentate trembles at the thought of entering into a war with ſo wealthy an enemy as the *Britiſh* nation, when he finds the whole landed intereſt of the kingdom engaged to oppoſe him with their united force; and at all times ready to employ againſt him ſuch a part of their revenues, as ſhall be ſufficient to baffle his deſigns upon their country: eſpecially when none can imagine, that he expects an encouragement from thoſe, whoſe fortunes are either lodged in the funds, or employed in trade.

The wiſdom therefore of the preſent Houſe of Commons has by this tax, not only enabled the King to ſubdue thoſe of his own ſubjects who have been actually in arms againſt him, but to divert any of his neighbours from the hopes of lending them a competent aſſiſtance.

N° 21. *Friday, March 2.*

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque Deas ſupereminet omnes. Virg.

IT is not eaſy for any one, who ſaw the magnificence of yeſterday in the Court of *Great Britain*, to turn his thoughts for ſome time after on any other ſubject. It was a ſolemnity every way ſuited to the Birthday of a Princeſs, who is the delight of our nation, and the glory of her ſex. *Homer* tells us, that when the daughter of *Jupiter* preſented her ſelf among a crowd of Goddeſſes, ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by her graceful ſtature, and known by her ſuperior beauty, notwithſtanding they were all beautiful. Such was the appearance of the Princeſs of *Wales* among our *Britiſh* Ladies; or (to uſe a more ſolemn phraſe) of *the King's daugh-*

daughter among her honourable women. Her Royal Highneſs in the midſt of ſuch a circle raiſes in the beholder the idea of a fine picture, where (notwithſtanding the diverſity of pleaſing objects that fill up the canvas) the principal figure immediately takes the eye, and fixes the attention.

When this excellent Princeſs was yet in her father's Court, ſhe was ſo celebrated for the beauty of her perſon, and the accompliſhments of her mind, that there was no Prince in the Empire, who had room for ſuch an alliance, that was not ambitious of gaining her into his family, either as a Daughter, or as a Conſort. He, who is now the chief of the crowned heads in *Europe*, and was then King of *Spain*, and heir to all the dominions of the houſe of *Auſtria*, ſought her in marriage. Could her mind have been captivated with the glories of this world, ſhe had them all laid before her; but ſhe generouſly declined them, becauſe ſhe ſaw the acceptance of them was inconſiſtent with what ſhe eſteems more than all the glories of this world, the enjoyment of her religion. Providence however kept in ſtore a reward for ſuch an exalted virtue; and, by the ſecret methods of its wiſdom, opened a way for her to become the greateſt of her ſex, among thoſe, who profeſs that faith to which ſhe adhered with ſo much chriſtian magnanimity.

This her illuſtrious conduct might, in the eye of the world, have loſt its merit, had ſo accompliſhed a Prince as his Royal Highneſs declared his paſſion for the ſame alliance at that time: it would then have been no wonder that all other propoſals had been rejected. But it was the fame of this heroick conſtancy that determined his Royal Highneſs to deſire in marriage a Princeſs whoſe perſonal charms, which had before been ſo univerſally admired, were now become the leaſt part of her character. We of the *Britiſh* nation have reaſon to rejoice, that ſuch a propoſal was made and accepted; and that her Royal Highneſs, with regard to theſe two ſucceſſive treaties of marriage, ſhewed as much prudence in her compliance with the one, as piety in her refuſal of the other.

The Princeſs was no ſooner arrived at *Hanover*, than ſhe improved the luſtre of that Court, which was before reckoned among the politeſt in *Europe*; and increaſed the ſatisfaction of that people, who were before looked upon as the happieſt in the Empire. She immediately became the darling of the Princeſs *Sophia*, who was acknowledged in all the Courts of *Europe* the moſt accompliſhed woman of the age in which ſhe lived, and who was not a little pleaſed with the converſation of one in whom ſhe ſaw ſo lively an image of her own youth.

But I ſhall inſiſt no longer on that reputation which her Royal Highneſs has acquired in other countries. We daily diſcover thoſe admirable qualities for which ſhe is ſo juſtly famed, and rejoyce to ſee them exerted in our own country, where we our ſelves are made happy by their influence. We are the more pleaſed to behold the throne of theſe kingdoms ſurrounded by a numerous and beautiful progeny, when we conſider the virtues of thoſe from whom they deſcend. Not only the features, but the mind of the parent is often copied out in the offſpring. But the Princeſs we are ſpeaking of, takes the ſureſt method of making her Royal Iſſue like herſelf, by inſtilling early into their minds all the principles of religion, virtue and honour, and ſeaſoning their tender years with all that knowledge which they are capable of receiving. What may we not hope from ſuch an uncommon care in the education of the children of *Great-Britain*, who are directed by ſuch precepts, and will be formed by ſuch an example!

The conjugal virtues are ſo remarkable in her Royal Highneſs, as to deſerve thoſe juſt and generous returns of love and tenderneſs, for which the Prince her husband is ſo univerſally celebrated.

But there is no part of her Royal Highneſs's character which we obſerve with greater pleaſure, than that behaviour by which ſhe has ſo much endeared herſelf to his Majeſty; though indeed we have no reaſon to be ſurprized at this mutual intercourſe of duty and affection, when we conſider ſo wiſe and virtuous a Princeſs poſſeſſing, in the ſame ſacred perſon, the kindeſt of fathers, and the beſt of Kings. And here it is natural for us to congratulate our own good fortune, who ſee our Soveraign bleſſed with a numerous iſſue, among whom are heirs male in two direct deſcents, which has not happened in the reign of any *Engliſh* King ſince the time of his Majeſty's great anceſtor *Edward* the Third, and is a felicity not enjoyed by the ſubjects of any other of the Kings of *Europe* who are his contemporaries. We are like men entertained with the view of a ſpacious landskip, where the eye paſſes over one pleaſing proſpect into another, till the ſight is loſt by degrees in a ſucceſſion of delightful objects, and leaves us in the perſuaſion that there remain ſtill more behind.

But if we regard her Royal Highneſs in that light which diffuſes the greateſt glory round a human character, we ſhall find the Chriſtian no leſs conſpicuous than the Princeſs. She is as eminent for a ſincere piety in the practice of religion, as for an inviolable adherence to its principles. She is conſtant in her attendance on the daily offices of our Church, and

by her ſerious and devout comportment on theſe ſolemn occaſions, gives an example that is very often too much wanted in Courts.

Her religion is equally free from the weakneſs of ſuperſtition, and the fourneſs of enthuſiaſm. It is not of that uncomfortable melancholy nature which diſappoints its own end, by appearing unamiable to thoſe whom it would gain to its intereſts. It diſcovers itſelf in the genuin effects of chriſtianity, in affability, compaſſion, benevolence, evenneſs of mind, and all the offices of an active and univerſal charity.

As a cheerful temper is the neceſſary reſult of theſe virtues, ſo it ſhines out in all the parts of her converſation, and diſſipates thoſe apprehenſions which naturally hang on the timorous or the modeſt, when they are admitted to the honour of her preſence. There is none that does not liſten with pleaſure to a perſon in ſo high a ſtation, who condeſcends to make herſelf thus agreeable, by mirth without levity, and wit without ill-nature.

Her Royal Highneſs is, indeed, poſſeſſed of all thoſe talents which make converſation either delightful or improving. As ſhe has a fine taſte of the elegant arts, and is skilled in ſeveral modern languages, her diſcourſe is not confined to the ordinary ſubjects or forms of converſation, but can adapt itſelf with an uncommon grace to every occaſion, and entertain the politeſt perſons of different nations. I need not mention, what is obſerved by every one, that agreeable turn which appears in her ſentiments upon the moſt ordinary affairs of life, and which is ſo ſuitable to the delicacy of her ſex, the politeneſs of her education, and the ſplendor of her quality.

It would be vain to think of drawing into the compaſs of this paper, the many eminent virtues which adorn the character of this great Princeſs; but as it is one chief end of this undertaking to make the people ſenſible of the bleſſings which they enjoy under his Majeſty's reign, I could not but lay hold on this opportunity to ſpeak of that which ought in juſtice to be reckoned among the greateſt of them.

Monday,

N° 22. *Monday, March* 5.

Studiis rudis, ſermone barbarus, impetu ſtrenuus, manu promptus, cogitatione celer. Vell. Paterc.

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 politicks, 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 remote parts of *England*, when about three a-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 opened, as uſual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the ſeaſon of the year. My fellow-traveller, upon this, obſerved to me, that 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;*

him, says he, *he's 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 surprize, *We were 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 in 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 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 till he had whistled him up; when he fell into a long panegyrick 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 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 style than the news. The man has a cleaver 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 Critick 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

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 girt, and the best Church of* England *man upon the road.* I had a 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 asking 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 complection to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropt 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 county, except the Bishop.* In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politicks, 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 decrepid old woman pass under the window where we sate, he desired me to take notice of her; and afterwards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe she 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

within our ſelves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniencies 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 payed, 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 ſate 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,

N° 23. *Friday, March* 9.

Illis ira modum ſupra eſt, et ſæpe venenum
Morſibus inſpirant.-------- Virg.

IN 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 pavillion. 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 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 law-givers; 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 domeſtick life, is now become a ſcold in politicks. 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 ſatyrical 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 batteling it on both ſides, and that thoſe who appear againſt 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.

THAT 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 her ſelf 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 Ladies character, (unleſs ſhe be abſent) the ſaid detractreſs 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 ſpightfully 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 throughly 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 Toaſt, 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 a 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 lingring war, conſiſting altogether of drawn battels, 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 Shezealot ſhould conſider, that however any of the other 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, entituled *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 ſupplyed by the above-written Cartel.

N° 24. *Monday, March* 12.

Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum,
Invictiſque viris geritis---------- Virg.

A Phyſician makes uſe of various methods for the recovery of ſick perſons; and though ſome of them are painful, and all of them diſagreeable, his patients are never angry at him, becauſe they know he has nothing in view beſides the reſtoring of them to a good ſtate of health. I am forced to treat the diſaffected part of his Majeſty's ſubjects in the ſame manner, and may therefore reaſonably expect the ſame returns of good-will. I propoſe nothing to my ſelf but their happineſs as the end of all my endeavours; and am forced to adapt different remedies to thoſe different conſtitutions, which are to be found in ſuch a diſtempered multitude. Some of them can ſee the unreaſonable, and ſome of them the ridiculous ſide of wrong principles, and, according to the different frame of their minds, reject an opinion as it carries in it either the appearance of wickedneſs, or of danger, or of folly.

I have endeavoured to expoſe in theſe ſeveral lights the notions and practices of thoſe who are enemies to our preſent eſtabliſhment. But there is a ſet of arguments, which I have not yet touched upon, and which often ſucceed, when all others fail. There are many who will not quit a project, though they find it pernicious, or abſurd: but will readily deſiſt from it, when they are convinced it is impracticable. An attempt to ſubvert the preſent Government is, God be thanked, of this nature. I ſhall therefore apply the conſiderations of this paper rather to the diſcretion than the virtue of our malecontents, who ſhould act in the preſent juncture of affairs like experienced gameſters, that throw up their cards when they know the game is in the enemies hand, without giving themſelves any unneceſſary vexation in playing it out.

In the reign of our two laſt *Britiſh* Sovereigns, thoſe who did not favour their intereſt might be ungenerous enough to act upon the proſpect of a change, conſidering the precarious condition of their health, and their

want

want of iſſue to ſucceed them. But at preſent we enjoy a King of a long-lived family, who is in the vigour of his age, and bleſt with a numerous progeny. To this we may add his remarkable ſteadineſs in adhering to thoſe ſchemes which he has formed upon the matureſt deliberation, and that ſubmiſſive deference of his Royal Highneſs both from duty and inclination to all the meaſures of his Royal Father. Nor muſt we omit that perſonal valour ſo peculiar to his Majeſty and his illuſtrious houſe, which would be ſufficient to vanquiſh, as we find it actually deters, both his foreign and domeſtick enemies.

This great Prince is ſupported by the whole Proteſtant intereſt of *Europe*, and ſtrengthened with a long range of alliances that reach from one end of the continent to the other. He has a great and powerful King for his ſon-in-law; and can himſelf command, when he pleaſes, the whole ſtrength of an Electorate in the empire. Such a combination of Soveraigns puts one in mind of the apparition of gods which diſcouraged *Æneas* from oppoſing the Will of heaven. When his eyes were cleared of that mortal cloud which hung upon them, he ſaw the ſeveral celeſtial Deities acting in a confederacy againſt him, and immediately gave up a cauſe which was excluded from all poſſibility of ſucceſs.

But it is the greateſt happineſs, as well as the greateſt pleaſure of our Soveraign, that his chief ſtrength lies in his own kingdoms. Both the branches of our legiſlature eſpouſe his cauſe and intereſt with a becoming duty and zeal. The moſt conſiderable and wealthy of his ſubjects are convinced, that the proſperity of our Soveraign and his people are inſeparable: and we are very well ſatisfied, that his Majeſty, if the neceſſity of affairs ſhould require it, might find, among the moſt dutiful of his ſubjects, men celebrated for their military characters, above any of the age in which they live. There is no queſtion but his Majeſty will be as generally valued and beloved in his *Britiſh* as he is in his *German* dominions, when he ſhall have time to make his Royal virtues equally known among us. In the mean while we have the ſatisfaction to find, that his enemies have been only able to make ill impreſſions upon the low and ignorant rabble of the nation; and to put the dregs of the people into a ferment.

We have already ſeen how poor and contemptible a force has been raiſed by thoſe who have dared to appear openly againſt his Majeſty, and how they were headed and encouraged by men whoſe ſenſe of their guilt made them deſperate in forming ſo raſh an enterprize, and diſpirited in the execution of it. But we have not yet ſeen that ſtrength which

would be exerted in the defence of his Majesty, the Protestant religion, and the *British* liberties, were the danger great enough to require it. Should the King be reduced to the necessity of setting up the Royal Standard, how many thousands would range themselves under it! what a concourse would there be of Nobles and Patriots! we should see men of another spirit than what has appeared among the enemies to our country, and such as would out-shine the rebellious part of their fellow-subjects as much in their gallantry as in their cause.

I shall not so much suspect the understandings of our adversaries, as to think it necessary to enforce these considerations, by putting them in mind of that fidelity and allegiance which is so visible in his Majesty's fleet and army, or of many other particulars which, in all human probability, will perpetuate our present form of government, and which may be suggested to them by their own private thoughts.

The party, indeed, that is opposite to our present happy settlement, seem to be driven out of the hopes of all human methods for carrying on their cause, and are therefore reduced to the poor comfort of prodigies and old women's fables. They begin to see armies in the clouds, when all upon the earth have forsaken them. Nay, I have been lately shewn a written prophecy that is handed among them with great secrecy, by which it appears their chief reliance at present is upon a *Cheshire* miller who was born with two thumbs upon one hand.

I have addressed this whole paper to the despair of our malecontents, not with a design to aggravate the pain of it, but to use it as a means of making them happy. Let them seriously consider the vexation and disquietude of mind that they are treasuring up for themselves, by struggling with a power which will be always too hard for them; and by converting his Majesty's reign into their own misfortune, which every impartial man must look upon as the greatest blessing to his country. Let them extinguish those passions, which can only imbitter their lives to them, and deprive them of their share in the happiness of the community. They may conclude that his Majesty, in spite of any opposition they can form against him, will maintain his just authority over them; and whatever uneasiness they may give themselves, they can create none in him, excepting only because they prevent him from exerting equally his natural goodness and benevolence to every subject in his dominions.

Friday,

N° 25. *Friday, March* 17.

Quid eſt ſapientia? ſemper idem velle atque idem nolle. Senec.

IF we may believe the obſervation which is made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in *Europe* ſo much given to change as the *Engliſh*. There are ſome who aſcribe this to the fickleneſs of our climate; and others to the freedom of our government. From one or both of theſe cauſes their writers derive that variety of humours which appears among the people in general, and that inconſiſtency of character which is to be found in almoſt every particular perſon. But as a man ſhould always be upon his guard againſt the vices to which he is moſt expoſed, ſo we ſhould take a more than ordinary care not to lie at the mercy of the weather in our moral conduct, nor to make a capricious uſe of that liberty which we enjoy by the happineſs of our civil conſtitution.

This inſtability of temper ought in a particular manner to be checked, when it ſhews itſelf in political affairs, and diſpoſes men to wander from one ſcheme of government to another: ſince ſuch a fickleneſs of behaviour in publick meaſures, cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country.

In the firſt place; it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accompliſhment, from being brought to its due perfection. There is not any inſtance in hiſtory which better confirms this obſervation, than that which is ſtill freſh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with a deſign to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the moſt dangerous enemy to *Great-Britain*. We gained a long and wonderful ſeries of victories, and had ſcarce any thing left to do, but to reap the fruits of them: when on a ſudden our patience failed us; we grew tired of our undertaking; and received terms from thoſe, who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the *Engliſh*, makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in ſuch alliances as are neceſſary

ceſſary for our mutual defence and ſecurity. It is a common notion among foreigners, that the *Engliſh* are good confederates in an enterprize which may be diſpatched within a ſhort compaſs of time; but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finiſhed without conſtancy and perſeverance. Our late meaſures have ſo blemiſhed our national credit in this particular, that thoſe Potentates who are entered into treaties with his preſent Majeſty, have been ſolely encouraged to it by their confidence in his perſonal firmneſs and integrity.

I need not, after this, ſuggeſt to my Reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation, which diſtinguiſhes it ſelf among its neighbours by ſuch a wavering and unſettled conduct.

This our inconſiſtency in the purſuit of ſchemes which have been thoroughly digeſted, has as bad an influence on our domeſtick as on our foreign affairs. We are told, that the famous Prince of *Conde* uſed to ask the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador, upon the arrival of a mail, *Who was Secretary of State in* England *by that Poſt?* as a piece of raillery upon the ficklenes of our politicks. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country, is, that publick Miniſters have no ſooner made themſelves maſters of their buſineſs, than they have been diſmiſſed from their employments; and that this diſgrace has befallen very many of them, not becauſe they have deſerved it, but becauſe the people love to ſee new faces in high poſts of honour.

It is a double misfortune to a nation, which is thus given to change, when they have a Soveraign at the head of them, that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. *Salluſt*, the graveſt of all the *Roman* hiſtorians, who had formed his notions of regal authority from the manner in which he ſaw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the following remark: *Plerumque Regiæ voluntates, uti vehementes, ſic mobiles, ſæpe ipſæ ſibi advorſæ. The Wills of Kings, as they are generally vehement, are likewiſe very fickle, and at different times oppoſite to themſelves.* Were there any colour for this general obſervation, how much does it redound to the honour of ſuch Princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural conſequence of an unſteady government, is the perpetuating of ſtrife and faction among a divided people. Whereas a King who perſiſts in thoſe ſchemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his ſubjects, extinguiſhes all hopes of advancement in thoſe who would grow great by an oppoſition to his meaſures, and inſenſibly unites the contending parties in their common intereſt.

Queen

Queen *Elizabeth*, who makes the greateſt figure among our *Engliſh* Soveraigns, was moſt eminently remarkable for that ſteadineſs and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign. She kept up to her choſen motto in every part of her life; and never loſt ſight of thoſe great ends, which ſhe propoſed to herſelf on her acceſſion to the throne, the happineſs of her people, and the ſtrengthening of the Proteſtant intereſt. She often interpoſed her Royal authority to break the cabals which were forming againſt her firſt Miniſters, who grew old and died in thoſe ſtations which they filled with ſo great abilities. By this means ſhe baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domeſtick enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and ſpirit of that party among her ſubjects, which was popiſhly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign.

The frequent changes and alterations in publick proceedings, the multiplicity of ſchemes introduced one upon another, with the variety of ſhort-lived favourites, that prevailed in their ſeveral turns under the government of her ſucceſſors, have by degrees broken us into thoſe unhappy diſtinctions and parties, which have given ſo much uneaſineſs to our Kings, and ſo often endangered the ſafety of their people.

I queſtion not but every impartial Reader hath been before-hand with me, in conſidering, on this occaſion, the happineſs of our country under the government of his preſent Majeſty; who is ſo deſervedly famous for an inflexible adherence to thoſe counſels which have a viſible tendency to the publick good, and to thoſe perſons who heartily concur with him in promoting theſe his generous deſigns.

A Prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and ſerved with courage and zeal by his friends; and will either inſtruct us by his example, to fix the unſteadineſs of our politicks, or by his conduct, hinder it from doing us any prejudice.

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private perſon, nor more pernicious to the publick in a member of a community, than that changeableneſs with which we are too juſtly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped that the ſound part of the nation will give no farther occaſion for this reproach, but continue ſteady to that happy eſtabliſhment which has now taken place among us. And as obſtinacy in prejudices which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be miſtaken for that virtuous reſolution and firmneſs of mind which is neceſſary to our preſervation, it is to be wiſhed that the enemies to our conſtitution would ſo far indulge themſelves in this national humour, as

to

to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at preſent they think fit to oppoſe. At leaſt we may expect they will be ſo wiſe as to ſhew a legal obedience to the beſt of Kings, who profeſs the duty of Paſſive-obedience to the worſt.

N° 26. *Monday, March* 19.

Bella viri pacemque gerant, queis bella gerenda. Virg.

WHEN the *Athenians* had long contended againſt the power of *Philip*, he demanded of them to give up their orators, as well knowing their oppoſition would be ſoon at an end if it were not irritated from time to time by theſe tongue-warriors. I have endeavoured for the ſame reaſon to gain our female adverſaries, and by that means to diſarm the party of its principal ſtrength. Let them give us up their women, and we know by experience how inconſiderable a reſiſtance we are to expect from their men.

This ſharp political humour has but lately prevailed in ſo great a meaſure as it now does among the beautiful part of our ſpecies. They uſed to employ themſelves wholly in the ſcenes of a domeſtick life, and provided a woman could keep her houſe in order, ſhe never troubled her ſelf about regulating the Commonwealth. The eye of the Miſtreſs was wont to make her pewter ſhine, and to inſpect every part of her houſhold furniture as much as her looking-glaſs. But at preſent our diſcontented matrons are ſo converſant in matters of State, that they wholly neglect their private affairs: for we may always obſerve that a Goſſip in politicks is a ſlattern in her family.

It is indeed a melancholy thing to ſee the diſorders of a houſhold that is under the conduct of an angry Stateſwoman, who lays out all her thoughts upon the publick, and is only attentive to find out miſcarriages in the Miniſtry. Several women of this turn are ſo earneſt in contending for Hereditary right, that they wholly neglect the education of their ſons and heirs; and are ſo taken up with their zeal for the church, that they cannot find time to teach their children their catechiſm. A Lady who thus intrudes

intrudes into the province of the men, was so astonishing a character among the old *Romans*, that when *Amæsia* presented her self to speak before the Senate, they looked upon it as a prodigy, and sent messengers to inquire of the oracle, what it might portend to the Commonwealth?

It would be manifestly to the disadvantage of the *British* cause, should our pretty Loyalists profess an indifference in state-affairs, while their disaffected sisters are thus industrious to the prejudice of their country; and accordingly we have the satisfaction to find our she-associates are not idle upon this occasion. It is owing to the good principles of these his Majesty's fair and faithful subjects, that our country-women appear no less amiable in the eyes of the male-world, than they have done in former ages. For where a great number of flowers grow, the ground at a distance seems entirely covered with them, and we must walk into it, before we can distinguish the several weeds that spring up in such a beautiful mass of colours. Our great concern is, to find deformity can arise among so many charms, and that the most lovely parts of the creation can make themselves the most disagreeable. But it is an observation of the Philosophers, that the best things may be corrupted into the worst; and the ancients did not scruple to affirm, that the Furies and the Graces were of the same sex.

As I should do the nation and themselves good service, if I could draw the Ladies, who still hold out against his Majesty, into the interest of our present establishment, I shall propose to their serious consideration, the several inconveniencies which those among them undergo, who have not yet surrendered to the government.

They should first reflect on the great sufferings and persecutions to which they expose themselves by the obstinacy of their behaviour. They lose their elections in every club where they are set up for toasts. They are obliged by their principles to stick a patch on the most unbecoming side of their fore-heads. They forego the advantage of birth-day suits. They are insulted by the loyalty of claps and hisses every time they appear at a play. They receive no benefit from the army, and are never the better for all the young fellows that wear hats and feathers. They are forced to live in the country and feed their chicken; at the same time that they might shew themselves at Court, and appear in brocade, if they behaved themselves well. In short, what must go to the heart of every fine woman, they throw themselves quite out of the fashion.

The above-mentioned motive muſt have an influence upon the gay part of the ſex; and as for thoſe who are acted by more ſublime and moral principles, they ſhould conſider, that they cannot ſignalize themſelves as malecontents, without breaking through all the amiable inſtincts and ſofter virtues, which are peculiarly ornamental to womankind. Their timorous, gentle, modeſt behaviour; their affability, meekneſs, good-breeding, and many other beautiful diſpoſitions of mind muſt be ſacrificed to a blind and furious zeal for they do not know what. A man is ſtartled when he ſees a pretty boſom heaving with ſuch party-rage, as is diſagreeable even in that ſex which is of a more coarſe and rugged make. And yet ſuch is our misfortune, that we ſometimes ſee a pair of ſtays ready to burſt with ſedition; and hear the moſt maſculine paſſions expreſt in the ſweeteſt voices. I have lately been told of a Country-gentlewoman, pretty much famed for this virility of behaviour in party-diſputes, who, upon venting her notions very freely in a ſtrange place, was carried before an honeſt Juſtice of the Peace. This prudent Magiſtrate obſerving her to be a large black woman, and finding by her diſcourſe that ſhe was no better than a rebel in a riding-hood, began to ſuſpect her for my Lord *Nithiſdale*; till a ſtranger came to her reſcue, who aſſured him, with tears in his eyes, that he was her husband.

In the next place our *Britiſh* Ladies may conſider, that by intereſting themſelves ſo zealouſly in the affairs of the publick, they are engaged, without any neceſſity, in the crimes which are often committed even by the beſt of parties, and which they are naturally exempted from by the privilege of their ſex. The worſt character a female could formerly arrive at, was of being an ill woman; but by their preſent conduct, ſhe may likewiſe deſerve the character of an ill ſubject. They come in for their ſhare of political guilt, and have found a way to make themſelves much greater criminals, than their mothers before them.

I have great hopes that theſe motives, when they are aſſiſted by their own reflections, will incline the fair ones of the adverſe party to come over to the national intereſt, in which their own is ſo highly concerned; eſpecially if they conſider, that by theſe ſuperfluous employments which they take upon them as partiſans, they do not only dip themſelves in an unneceſſary guilt, but are obnoxious to a grief and anguiſh of mind, which doth not properly fall within their lot. And here I would adviſe every one of theſe exaſperated Ladies, who indulges that opprobrious eloquence which is ſo much in faſhion, to reflect on *Æſop*'s fable of the viper. *This little animal*, ſays the old moraliſt, *chancing to meet with a file, began to lick*

lick it with her tongue till the blood came; which gave her a very ſilly ſatisfaction, as imagining the blood came from the file, notwithſtanding all the ſmart was in her own tongue.

N° 27. *Friday, March* 23.

--------*dii viſa ſecundant.* Luc.

IT 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 criticks 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 woe to the people of *Catanea*, if the peace continues; for they are ſure to be ſhaken every week with earthquakes, till 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 battels 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 at *Glaſgow*, who took the whole relation from him, and ſtuck cloſe to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own ſtyle.

Sawney was descended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their skill in prognosticks. 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 till that day.

He discovered at a great distance from him a large fabrick, which cast such a glistering 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 horrour, that he shivered every joynt 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 very 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 fabrick. *Sawney* stood some time at the entrance to observe the splendour 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 fabrick, 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

very curiouſly adorned with Stars and Garters, Ducal Coronets, General's ſtaffs, 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 Coloſſus in ſnow that had two faces, and was dreſt like a *Jeſuit*, with one of its hands upon a book, and the other graſping a dagger. Upon entring 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 ideot in the ear, who was the repreſentative of Credulity; and Faction 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 triumph, 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 ſurprized 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 hieroglyphicks, to be Religion, Loyalty, and Valour. The laſt had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a ſtar upon its 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

that the whole fabrick and all its ornaments began to melt. The ſeveral emblems of honour, 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.

N° 28. *Monday, March* 26.

---------Incendia lumen
Præbebant, aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo. Ov. Met.

SIR *Francis Bacon*, in the dedication before his hiſtory of *Henry* the Seventh, obſerves, that peaceable times are the beſt to live in, though not ſo proper to furniſh materials for a writer: as hilly countries afford the moſt entertaining proſpects, though a man would chuſe to travel through a plain one. To this we may add, that the times, which are full of diſorders and tumults, are likewiſe the fulleſt of inſtruction. Hiſtory indeed furniſhes us with very diſtinct accounts of factions, conſpiracies, civil wars and rebellions, with the fatal conſequences that attend them: but they do not make ſuch deep and laſting impreſſions on our minds, as events of the ſame nature, to which we have our ſelves been witneſſes, and in which we or our friends and acquaintance have been ſufferers. As adverſity makes a man wiſe in his private affairs, civil calamities give him prudence and circumſpection in his publick conduct.

The miſeries of the civil war under the reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, and the conſequences which enſued upon them, did, for many years, deter the inhabitants of our Iſland from the thoughts of engaging anew in ſuch deſperate undertakings; and convinced them, by fatal experience, that nothing could be ſo pernicious to the *Engliſh*, and ſo oppoſite

poſite to the genius of the people, as the ſubverſion of monarchy. In the like manner we may hope that the great expences brought upon the nation by the preſent rebellion; the ſufferings of innocent people, who have lived in that place which was the ſcene of it; with that dreadful proſpect of ruin and confuſion which muſt have followed its ſucceſs; will ſecure us from the like attempts for the future, and fix his Majeſty upon the throne of *Great-Britain*; eſpecially when thoſe who are prompted to ſuch wicked practices reflect upon the puniſhments to which the criminals have expoſed themſelves, and the miſeries in which they have involved their relations, friends and families.

It will be likewiſe worth their while to conſider, how ſuch tumults and riots, as have been encouraged by many, who, we may hope did not propoſe to themſelves ſuch fatal conſequences, lead to a civil war: and how naturally that ſeditious kind of converſation, which many ſeem to think conſiſtent with their religion and morality, ends in an open rebellion. I queſtion not but the more virtuous and conſiderate part of our malecontents are now ſtung with a very juſt remorſe for this their manner of proceeding, which has ſo viſibly tended to the deſtruction of their friends, and the ſufferings of their country. This may, at the ſame time, prove an inſtructive leſſon to the boldeſt and braveſt among the diſaffected, not to build any hopes upon the talkative zealots of their party; who have ſhewn by their whole behaviour, that their hearts are equally filled with treaſon and cowardice. An army of trumpeters would give as great a ſtrength to a cauſe, as this confederacy of tongue-warriours; who like thoſe military muſicians, content themſelves with animating their friends to battel, and run out of the engagement upon the firſt onſet.

But one of the moſt uſeful maxims we can learn from the preſent rebellion, is, that nothing can be more contemptible and inſignificant, than the ſcum of a people, when they are inſtigated againſt a King, who is ſupported by the two branches of the legiſlature. A mob may pull down a Meeting-houſe, but will never be able to overturn a government, which has a courageous and wiſe Prince at the head of it, and one who is zealouſly aſſiſted by the great council of the nation, that beſt know the value of him. The authority of the Lords and Commons of *Great-Britain*, in conjunction with that of our Soveraign, is not to be controuled by a tumultuary rabble. It is big with fleets and armies, can fortify itſelf with what laws it ſhall judge proper for its own defence, can command the wealth of the Kingdom for the ſecurity of the people, and engage the whole Proteſtant intereſt of *Europe* in ſo good and juſt a cauſe. A diſ-

orderly

orderly multitude contending with the body of the legiſlature, is like a man in a fit under the conduct of one in the fullneſs of his health and ſtrength. Such a one is ſure to be over-ruled in a little time, though he deals about his blows, and exerts himſelf in the moſt furious convulſions while the diſtemper is upon him.

We may farther learn from the courſe of the preſent rebellion, who among the foreign States in our neighbourhood are the true and natural friends of *Great-Britain*, if we obſerve which of them gave us their aſſiſtance in reducing our country to a ſtate of peace and tranquillity; and which of them uſed their endeavours to heighten our confuſions, and plunge us into all the evils of a civil war. I ſhall only take notice under this head, that in former ages it was the conſtant policy of *France* to raiſe and cheriſh inteſtine feuds and diſcords in the Iſle of *Great-Britain*, that we might either fall a prey into their hands, or that they might proſecute their deſigns upon the continent with leſs interruption. Innumerable inſtances of this nature occur in hiſtory. The moſt remarkable one was that in the reign of King *Charles* the Firſt. Though that Prince was married to a daughter of *France*, and was perſonally beloved and eſteemed in the *French* Court, it is well known that they abetted both parties in the civil war, and always furniſhed ſupplies to the weaker ſide, leſt there ſhould be an end put to thoſe fatal diviſions.

We might alſo obſerve, that this rebellion has been a means of diſcovering to his Majeſty, how much he may depend upon the profeſſions and principles of the ſeveral parties among his own ſubjects; who are thoſe perſons that have eſpouſed his intereſts with zeal or indifference; and who among them are influenced to their allegiance by places, duty, or affection. But as theſe, and ſeveral other conſiderations, are obvious to the thoughts of every Reader, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how naturally many of thoſe, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the name of the *High-Church*, unite themſelves to the cauſe of *Popery*; ſince it is manifeſt that all the Proteſtants concerned in the rebellion, were ſuch as gloried in this diſtinction.

It would be very unjuſt, to charge all who have ranged themſelves under this new denomination, as if they had done it with a deſign to favour the intereſts of Popery. But it is certain that many of them, who at their firſt ſetting out were moſt averſe to the doctrines of the Church of *Rome*, have by the cunning of our adverſaries, been inſpired with ſuch an unreaſonable averſion to their Proteſtant brethren, and taught to think ſo favourably of the *Roman-Catholick* principles, (not to mention the

the endeavours that have been uſed to reconcile the doctrines of the two Chnrches, which are in themſelves as oppoſite as light and darkneſs) that they have been drawn over inſenſibly into its intereſts. It is no wonder, therefore, that ſo many of theſe deluded zealots have been engaged in a cauſe which they at firſt abhorred, and have wiſhed or acted for the ſucceſs of an enterprize, that might have ended in the extirpation of the Proteſtant religion in this kingdom, and in all *Europe*. In ſhort, they are like the *Syrians*, who were firſt ſmitten with blindneſs, and unknowingly led out of their way into the capital of their enemy's country; inſomuch that the text tells us, *When they opened their eyes, they found themſelves in the midſt of* Samaria.

N° 29. *Friday, March* 30.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Heſperiæ mala luctuoſæ. Hor.

THIS being a day in which the thoughts of our countrymen are, or ought to be, employed on ſerious ſubjects, I ſhall take the opportunity of that diſpoſition of mind in my Readers, to recommend to them the practice of thoſe religious and moral virtues, without which all policy is vain, and the beſt cauſe deprived of its greateſt ornament and ſupport.

Common ſenſe, as well as the experience of all ages, teaches us, that no government can flouriſh which doth not encourage and propagate religion and morality among all its particular members. It was an obſervation of the ancient *Romans*, that their empire had not more increaſed by the ſtrength of their arms, than by the ſanctity of their manners: and *Cicero*, who ſeems to have been better verſed than any of them, both in the theory and the practice of politicks, makes it a doubt, whether it were poſſible for a community to exiſt that had not a prevailing mix-

ture of piety in its conſtitution. Juſtice, temperance, humility, and almoſt every other moral virtue, do not only derive the bleſſings of Providence upon thoſe who exerciſe them, but are the natural means for acquiring the publick proſperity. Beſides; religious motives and inſtincts are ſo buſy in the heart of every reaſonable creature, that a man who would hope to govern a ſociety without any regard to theſe principles, is as much to be contemned for his folly, as to be deteſted for his impiety.

To this we may add, that the world is never ſunk into ſuch a ſtate of degeneracy, but they pay a natural veneration to men of virtue; and rejoice to ſee themſelves conducted by thoſe, who act under the awe of a ſupreme Being, and who think themſelves accountable for all their proceedings to the great judge and ſuperintendent of human affairs.

Thoſe of our fellow-ſubjects, who are ſenſible of the happineſs they enjoy in his Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, are obliged, by all the duties of gratitude, to adore that providence which has ſo ſignally interpoſed in our behalf, by clearing a way to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion through ſuch difficulties as ſeemed inſuperable; by detecting the conſpiracies which have been formed againſt it; and, by many wonderful events, weakening the hands and baffling the attempts of all his Majeſty's enemies both foreign and domeſtick.

The party who diſtinguiſh themſelves by their zeal for the preſent Eſtabliſhment, ſhould be careful, in a particular manner, to diſcover in their whole conduct ſuch a reverence for religion, as may ſhew how groundleſs that reproach is which is caſt upon them by their enemies, of being averſe to our national worſhip. While others engroſs to themſelves the name of *The Church*, and, in a manner, excommunicate the beſt part of their fellow-ſubjects; let us ſhew our ſelves the genuine ſons of it, by practiſing the doctrines which it teaches. The advantage will be viſibly on our ſide, If we ſtick to its eſſentials; while they triumph in that empty denomination which they beſtow upon themſelves. Too many of them are already dipt in the guilt of perjury and ſedition; and as we remain unblemiſhed in theſe particulars, let us endeavour to excel them in all the other parts of Religion, and we ſhall quickly find, that a regular morality is, in its own nature, more popular, as well as more meritorious, than an intemperate zeal.

We have likewiſe, in the preſent times of confuſion and diſorder, an opportunity of ſhewing our abhorrence of ſeveral principles which have been aſcribed to us by the malice of our enemies. A diſaffection to Kings and Kingly government, with a proneneſs to rebellion, have been often very

very unjuſtly charged on that party which goes by the name of *Whigs*. Our ſteady and continued adherence to his Majeſty and the preſent happy ſettlement, will the moſt effectually confute this calumny. Our adverſaries, who know very well how odious common-wealth principles are to the *Engliſh* nation, have inverted the very ſenſe of words and things, rather than not continue to brand us with this imaginary guilt: For with ſome of theſe men, at preſent, loyalty to our King is Republicaniſm, and rebellion Paſſive-obedience.

It has been an old objection to the principles of the *Whigs*, that ſeveral of their leaders, who have been zealous for redreſſing the grievances of Government, have not behaved themſelves better than the *Tories* in domeſtick ſcenes of life: but at the ſame time have been publick Patriots and private oppreſſors. This objection, were it true, has no weight in it, ſince the misbehaviour of particular perſons does not at all affect their cauſe, and ſince a man may act laudably in ſome reſpects, who does not ſo in others. However it were to be wiſhed, that men would not give occaſion even to ſuch invectives; but at the ſame time they conſult the happineſs of the whole, that they would promote it to their utmoſt in all their private dealings among thoſe who lie more immediately within their influence. In the mean while I muſt obſerve, that this reproach, which may be often met with in print and converſation, tends in reality to the honour of the *Whigs*, as it ſuppoſes that a greater regard to juſtice and humanity is to be expected from them, than from thoſe of the oppoſite party: And it is certain we cannot better recommend our principles, than by ſuch actions as are their natural and genuine fruits.

Were we thus careful to guard our ſelves in a particular manner againſt theſe groundleſs imputations of our enemies, and to riſe above them as much in our morality as in our politicks, our cauſe would be always as flouriſhing as it is juſt. It is certain, that our notions have a more natural tendency to ſuch a practice, as we eſpouſe the Proteſtant Intereſt in oppoſition to that of Popery, which is ſo far from advancing morality by its doctrines, that it has weakned, or entirely ſubverted, many of the duties even of natural religion.

I ſhall conclude, with recommending one virtue more to the friends of the preſent eſtabliſhment, wherein the *Whigs* have been remarkably deficient; which is a general unanimity and concurrence in the purſuit of ſuch meaſures as are neceſſary for the well-being of their country. As it is a laudable freedom of thought which unſhackles their minds from the poor and narrow prejudices of education, and opens their eyes to a

more extenſive view of the publick good; the ſame freedom of thought diſpoſes ſeveral of them to the embracing of particular ſchemes and maxims, and to a certain ſingularity of opinion which proves highly prejudicial to their cauſe; eſpecially when they are encouraged in them by a vain breath of popularity, or by the artificial praiſes which are beſtowed on them by the oppoſite party. This temper of mind, though the effect of a noble principle, very often betrays their friends, and brings into power the moſt pernicious and implacable of their enemies. In caſes of this nature, it is the duty of an honeſt and prudent man, to ſacrifice a doubtful opinion to the concurring judgment of thoſe whom he believes to be well intentioned to their country, and who have better opportunities of looking into all its moſt complicated intereſts. An honeſt party of men acting with unanimity, are of infinitely greater conſequence than the ſame party aiming at the ſame end by different views: As a large diamond is of a thouſand times greater value whilſt it remains entire, than when it is cut into a multitude of ſmaller ſtones, notwithſtanding they may each of them be very curiouſly ſet, and are all of the ſame water.

N° 30. *Monday, April* 2.

----------I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis. Virg.

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 countrey all the honour I fairly could, That there were ſeveral who computed them at near a million: But not finding that ſurprize 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

It would, indeed, be incredible to a man who has never been in *France*, ſhould one relate the extravagant 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 it ſelf very plentifully in one of their travellers who gave an account of *England*, that he vindicated the honour of his country in a book full of juſt ſatyr and ingenuity. I need not acquaint my reader, that I mean Biſhop *Sprat*'s anſwer to *Sorbiere*.

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.

ding *before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, 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 sallat. 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 satyr, 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 writing 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 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, phlegmatick 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 entituled *Chevræana*, written many years ago by the celebrated Monsieur *Chevreau*; after having advertised my reader that the Dutchess 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 & ecrit bien François, *dit Scaliger:* Gretzer a bien de l' esprit pour un Allemand, *dit le Cardinal du Perron: Et le P. Bouhours 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 ont scû plus d' Hebreu, plus de Grec, que Scaliger & le Cardinal du Perron: J'honore fort le P. Bouhours, qui a du merite; mais J'ose dire, que la France n' a point de plus bel Esprit que* Madame la Ducheſe de Hanovre d'aujourdhui, *ni de*

personne

perſonne plus ſolidement ſavante en Philoſophie que l'etoit Madame la Princeſſe Elizabeth de Boheme, ſa Sœur: *Et je ne croi pas que 'on refuſe le même titre à beaucoup d' Academiciens d' Allemagne dont les Ouvrages meriteroient 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, ce'ſt* un François, *pour dire un fou & un etourdi. C'eſt aller trop loin: comme le Prince de* Salé *dit de* Ruyter, Il eſt honnête homme, c'eſt bien dommage qu'il ſoit Chrétien. *Chevræana, Tom.* I.

" *Tilenus*, ſays *Scaliger*, ſpeaks and writes well for a *German*. *Gret-*
" *zer* has a great deal of wit for a *German*, ſays Cardinal *Perron*. And
" Father *Bouhours* 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 Dutcheſs of *Hanover*; nor more thoroughly know-
" ing in Philoſophy, than was the late Princeſs *Elizabeth* of *Bohemia*
" her ſiſter; and I believe none can refuſe the ſame title to many Aca-
" demicians 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-
" brain'd coxcomb, ſays he is a *French* man. This is going too far, and
" is like the Governour of *Sally*'s ſaying of *De Ruyter*, the *Dutch* Ad-
" miral, *he is an honeſt man, 'tis a great pity he is a Chriſtian.*

Having already run my paper out to its uſual length, I have not room for many reflections on that which is the ſubject of it. The laſt cited Author has been before-hand 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 reaſonable for us, if we concur with them in their contempt of other neighbouring nations, that we ſhould likewiſe regard our ſelves 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;

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*.

N° 31. *Friday, April* 6.

Omnes homines, P. C. qui de rebus dubiis conſultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque miſericordia vacuos eſſe decet.

Cæſar apud Salluſt.

I Have purpoſely avoided, during the whole courſe of this paper, to ſpeak any thing concerning the treatment which is due to ſuch perſons as have been concerned in the late rebellion, becauſe I would not ſeem to irritate juſtice againſt thoſe who are under the proſecution of the law, nor incenſe any of my Readers againſt unhappy though guilty men. But when we find the proceedings of our government in this particular traduced and miſrepreſented, it is the duty of every good ſubject to ſet them in their proper light.

I am the more prompted to this undertaking by a pamphlet, entitled, *An argument to prove the affections of the people of* England *to be the beſt ſecurity of the government; humbly offered to the conſideration of the patrons of ſeverity, and applyed to the preſent juncture of affairs.* Had the whole ſcope of the Author been anſwerable to his title, he would have only undertaken to prove what every man in his wits is already convinced of. But the drift of the pamphlet is to ſtir up our compaſſion towards the rebels, and our indignation againſt the government. The Author, who knew that ſuch a deſign as this could not be carried on without a great deal of artifice and ſophiſtry, has puzzled and perplexed his cauſe, by throwing his thoughts together in ſuch a ſtudied confuſion, that upon this account, if upon any, his pamphlet is, as the party have repreſented it, unanſwerable.

The famous Monſieur *Bayle* compares the anſwering of an immethodical Author to the hunting of a Duck: when you have him full in your ſight, and fancy your ſelf within reach of him, he gives you the ſlip, and becomes

becomes inviſible. His argument is loſt in ſuch a variety of matter, that you muſt catch it where you can, as it riſes and diſappears in the ſeveral parts of his diſcourſe.

The writer of this pamphlet could, doubtleſs, have ranged his thoughts in much better order, if he had pleaſed: but he knew very well, that error is not to be advanced by perſpicuity. In order therefore to anſwer this pamphlet, I muſt reduce the ſubſtance of it under proper heads; and diſembroil the thoughts of the Author, ſince he did not think fit to do it himſelf.

In the firſt place I ſhall obſerve, that the terms which the Author makes uſe of are looſe, general, and undefined, as will be ſhewn in the ſequel of this paper; and, what leſs becomes a fair reaſoner, he puts wrong and invidious names on every thing to colour a falſe way of arguing. He allows that *the rebels indiſputably merit to be ſeverely chaſtiſed*; that they *deſerve it according to law*; and that *if they are puniſhed, they have none to thank but themſelves*, (p. 7.) How can a man after ſuch a conceſſion make uſe ſometimes of the word *Cruelty*, but generally of *Revenge*, when he pleads againſt the exerciſe of what, according to his own notion, is at the moſt but rigid juſtice! Or why are ſuch executions, which, according to his own opinion, are legal, ſo often to be called *Violences* and *Slaughters?* Not to mention the appellations given to thoſe who do not agree with him in his opinion for clemency, as the *Blood-thirſty*, the *Political Butchers*, *State Chirurgeons*, and the like.

But I ſhall now ſpeak of that point, which is the great and reigning fallacy of the pamphlet, and runs more or leſs through every paragraph. His whole argument turns upon this ſingle conſideration; Whether the King ſhould exert mercy or juſtice towards thoſe who have openly appeared in the preſent rebellion? By mercy he means a general pardon, by juſtice a general puniſhment: ſo that he ſuppoſes no other method practicable in this juncture, than either the forgiving all, or the executing all. Thus he puts the queſtion, *Whether it be the intereſt of the Prince to deſtroy the rebels by fire, ſword, or gibbet?* (p. 4.) And, ſpeaking of the *zealots for the government*, he tells us, *They think no remedy ſo good, as to make clear work; and that they declare for the utter extirpation of all who are its enemies in the moſt minute circumſtances: as if amputation were the ſole remedy theſe political butchers could find out for the diſtempers of a ſtate; or that they thought the only way to make the top flouriſh, were to lop off the under branches.* (p. 5.) He then ſpeaks of the *Coffee-houſe politicians, and the Caſuiſts in red-coats; who*, he tells us, *are*

for the utmoſt rigour that their laws of war or laws of convenience can inſpire them with. (p. 5.) Again, *It is repreſented,* ſays he, *that the rebels deſerve the higheſt puniſhment the laws can inflict.* (p. 7.) And afterwards tells us, *The queſtion is, Whether the government ſhall ſhew mercy, or take a Reverend Divine's advice, to ſlay man and woman, infant and ſuckling?* (p. 8.) Thus again he tells us, *The friends to ſevere counſels alledge, that the government ought not to be moved by compaſſion;* and that *the law ſhould have its courſe.* (p. 9.) And in another place puts theſe words in their mouths, *He may ſtill retain their affection, and yet let the laws have their courſe in puniſhing the guilty.* (p. 18.) He goes upon the ſame ſuppoſition in the following paſſages; *It is impracticable in ſo general a corruption, to deſtroy* All *who are infected; and unleſs you deſtroy* All, *you do nothing to the purpoſe.* (p. 10.) *Shall our rightful King ſhew himſelf leſs the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to* None *of thoſe people, who (like King* Lear *to his daughters) had ſo great a confidence in his virtue as to give him All.* (p. 25.) I ſhall only add, that the concluding paragraph, which is worked up with ſo much artificial horrour, goes upon a ſuppoſition anſwerable to the whole tenor of the pamphlet; and implies, that *the impeached Lords* were to be executed without exception or diſcrimination.

Thus we ſee what is the Author's idea of that juſtice againſt which all his arguments are levelled. If, in the next place, we conſider the nature of that clemency which he recommends, we find it to be no leſs univerſal and unreſtrained.

He declares for a *General Act of Indemnity,* (p. 20.) and tells us, *It is the ſenſe of every diſpaſſionate man of the kingdom, that the rebels may, and ought to be pardoned,* (p. 19.) *One popular Act,* ſays he, *would even yet retrieve all,* (p. 21.) He declares himſelf not *over-fond of the doctrines of making examples of traitors,* (ibid.) And that *the way to prevent things from being brought to an extremity, is to deal mildly with thoſe unfortunate Gentlemen engaged in the rebellion.*

The Reader may now ſee in how fallacious a manner this writer has ſtated the controverſy: he ſuppoſes there are but two methods of treating the rebels; that is, by cutting off every one of them to a man, or pardoning every one of them without diſtinction. Now if there be a third method between theſe two extremes, which is on all accounts more eligible than either of them, it is certain that the whole courſe of his argumentation comes to nothing. Every man of the plaineſt underſtanding will eaſily conclude, that in the caſe before us, as in moſt others, we

ought

ought to avoid both extremes; that to deſtroy every rebel would be an exceſſive ſeverity, and to forgive every one of them an unreaſonable weakneſs. The proper method of proceeding, is that which the Author has purpoſely omitted: namely, to temper juſtice with mercy; and, according to the different circumſtances that aggravate or alleviate the guilt of the offenders, to reſtrain the force of the laws, or to let them take their proper courſe. Puniſhments are neceſſary to ſhew there is juſtice in a government, and pardons to ſhew there is mercy; and both together convince the people, that our conſtitution under a good adminiſtration does not only make a difference between the guilty and the innocent, but even among the guilty between ſuch as are more or leſs criminal.

This middle method, which has been always practiſed by wiſe and good governors, has hitherto been made uſe of by our Soveraign. If, indeed, a ſtranger, and one who is altogether unacquainted with his Majeſty's conduct, ſhould read this pamphlet, he would conclude that every perſon engaged in the rebellion was to die *by the ſword, the halter, or the axe*; nay, that their friends and abettors were involved in the ſame fate. Would it be poſſible for him to imagine, that of the ſeveral thouſands openly taken in arms, and liable to death by the laws of their country, not above forty have yet ſuffered? how would he be ſurprized to hear, that, notwithſtanding his Majeſty's troops have been victorious in every engagement, more of his friends have loſt their lives in this rebellion, than of his traiterous ſubjects; though we add to thoſe who have died by the hand of juſtice thoſe of them who fell in battel? and yet we find a more popular compaſſion endeavoured to be raiſed for the deaths of the guilty, who have brought ſuch calamities on their country, than for the innocent who periſhed in the defence of it.

This middle method of proceeding, which has been purſued by his Majeſty, and is wilfully overlooked by the Author, beſt anſwers the ends of government; which is to maintain the ſafety of the publick by rewards and puniſhments. It is alſo incumbent on a Governor, according to the received dictates of religion: which inſtructs us, *that he beareth not the ſword in vain; but ought to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praiſe to them that do well.* It is likewiſe in a particular manner the duty of a *Britiſh* King, who obliges himſelf by his Coronation-oath to execute *Juſtice in Mercy*, that is, to mix them in his adminiſtration, and not to exerciſe either of them to the total excluſion of the other.

But if we conſider the arguments which this Author gives for clemency, from the good effects it would produce, we ſhall find, that they

hold true only when applied to such a mercy as serves rather to mitigate than exclude justice. The excellence of that unlimited clemency which the Author contends for, is recommended by the following arguments.

First, That it endears a Prince to his people. This he descants on in several parts of his book. *Clemency will endear his person to the nation; and then they will neither have the Power nor Will to disturb him.* (p. 8.) *Was there ever a cruel Prince, that was not hated by his subjects?* (p. 24.) *A merciful good-natured disposition is of all others the most amiable quality, and in Princes always attended with a popular love,* (p. 18.)

It is certain, that such a popular love will always rise towards a good Prince, who exercises such a mercy as I have before described, which is consistent with the safety of the constitution, and the good of his Kingdom. But if it be thrown away at random, it loses its virtue, lessens the esteem and authority of a Prince, and cannot long recommend him, even to the weakest of his subjects, who will find all the effects of cruelty in such an ill-grounded compassion. It was a famous saying of *William Rufus*, and is quoted to his honour by historians: "Whosoever spares perjured men, robbers, plunderers and traitors, deprives all good men of their peace and quietness, and lays a foundation of innumerable mischiefs to the virtuous and innocent.

Another argument for unlimited clemency, is, that it shews a courageous temper: *Clemency is likewise an argument of fearlessness; whereas cruelty not only betrays a weak, abject, depraved spirit, but also is for the most part a certain sign of cowardice.* (p. 19.) ——*He had a truly great soul, and such will always disdain the coward's virtue, which is Fear; and the consequence of it, which is Revenge.* (p. 27.) This Panegyrick on clemency, when it is governed by reason, is likewise very right; but it may so happen, that the putting of laws in execution against traitors to their country may be the argument of fearlessness, when our Governors are told that they dare not do it; and such methods may be made use of to extort pardons, as would make it look like cowardice to grant them. In this last case the Author should have remembered his own words, that *then only mercy is meritorious when it is voluntary, and not extorted by the necessity of affairs,* (p. 13.) Besides, the Author should have considered, that another argument which he makes use of for his clemency, are the resentments that may arise from the execution of a rebel: an argument adapted to a cowardly, not a fearless temper.

This

This he infers from the diſpoſition of *the friends, well-wiſhers, or aſſociates of the ſufferers*, (p. 4.) *Reſentment will inflame ſome; in others compaſſion will, by degrees, riſe into reſentment. This will naturally beget a diſpoſition to overturn what they diſlike, and then there will want only a fair opportunity*, (p. 12.) This argument, like moſt of the others, pleads equally for malefactors of all kinds, whom the government can never bring to juſtice, without diſobliging their friends, well-wiſhers, or aſſociates. But, I believe, if the Author would converſe with any friend, well-wiſher, or aſſociate of theſe ſufferers, he would find them rather deterred from their practices by their ſufferings, than diſpoſed to riſe in a new rebellion to revenge them. A government muſt be in a very weak and melancholy condition, that is not armed with a ſufficient power for its own defence againſt the reſentment of its enemies, and is afraid of being overturned if it does juſtice on thoſe who attempt it. But I am afraid the main reaſon, why theſe friends, well-wiſhers and aſſociates are againſt puniſhing any of the rebels, is that which muſt be an argument with every wiſe Governor for doing juſtice upon ſome of them; namely, that it is a likely means to come at the bottom of this conſpiracy, and to detect thoſe who have been the private abettors of it, and who are ſtill at work in the ſame deſign; if we give credit to the ſuggeſtions of our malecontents themſelves, who labour to make us believe that there is ſtill life in this wicked project.

I am wonderfully ſurprized to ſee another argument made uſe of for a general pardon, which might have been urged more properly for a general execution. The words are theſe; *The generality will never be brought to believe, but that thoſe who ſuffer only for treaſon have very hard meaſure, nor can you with all your ſeverity undeceive them of their error.* If the generality of the *Engliſh* have ſuch a favourable opinion of treaſon, nothing can ſo well cure them of an error ſo fatal to their country as the puniſhment of thoſe who are guilty of it. It is evident, that a general impunity would confirm them in ſuch an opinion: for the vulgar will never be brought to believe, that there is a crime where they ſee no penalty. As it is certain no error can be more deſtructive to the very Being of government than this, a proper remedy ought to be applied to it: and I would ask this author, Whether upon this occaſion, *The doctrine of making examples of traitors* be not very ſeaſonable; though he declares himſelf *not over-fond of it.* The way to awaken men's minds to the ſenſe of this guilt, is to let them ſee, by the ſufferings of ſome who have incurred it, how heinous a crime it is in the eye of the law.

The

The foregoing anſwer may be applied likewiſe to another argument of the ſame nature. *If the faction be as numerous as is pretended; if the ſpirit has ſpread itſelf over the whole kingdom; if it has mixed with the maſs of the people; then certainly all bloody meaſures will but whet men the more for revenge.* If juſtice inflicted on a few of the flagrant criminals, with mercy extended to the multitude, may be called *bloody meaſures*, they are without doubt abſolutely neceſſary, in caſe the ſpirit of faction be thus ſpread among the maſs of the people; who will readily conclude, that if open rebellion goes unpuniſhed, every degree of faction which leads to it muſt be altogether innocent.

I am come now to another argument for pardoning all the rebels, which is, that it would inſpire them all with gratitude, and reduce them to their allegiance. *It is truly heroick to overcome the hearts of one's enemies; and when it is compaſſed, the undertaking is truly politick.* (p. 8.) *He has now a fair opportunity of conquering more enemies by one act of clemency, than the moſt ſucceſsful General will be able to do in many campaigns.* (p. 9.) *Are there not infinite numbers who would become moſt dutiful upon any fair invitation, upon the leaſt appearance of grace?* (p. 13.) *Which of the rebels could be ungrateful enough to reſiſt or abuſe goodneſs exemplified in practice, as well as extolled in theory?* (p. 20.) Has not his Majeſty then ſhewn the leaſt appearance of grace in that generous forgiveneſs which he has already extended to ſuch great numbers of his rebellious ſubjects, who muſt have died by the laws of their country, had not his mercy interpoſed in their behalf? But if the Author means (as he doth, through this whole pamphlet by the like expreſſions) an univerſal forgiveneſs, no unprejudiced man can be of his opinion, that it would have had this good effect. We may ſee how little the converſion of rebels is to be depended on, when we obſerve that ſeveral of the leaders in this rebellion were men who had been pardoned for practices of the ſame nature: and that moſt of thoſe who have ſuffered, have avowed their perſeverance in their rebellious principles, when they ſpoke their minds at the place of execution, notwithſtanding their profeſſions to the contrary while they ſolicited forgiveneſs. Beſides, were pardon extended indifferently to all, which of them would think himſelf under any particular obligation? Whereas by that prudent diſcrimination which his Majeſty has made between the offenders of different degrees, he naturally obliges thoſe whom he has conſidered with ſo much tenderneſs, and diſtinguiſhed as the moſt proper objects of mercy. In ſhort, thoſe who are pardoned would not have known the value of grace, if none had felt the effects of juſtice.

I

I must not omit another reason which the Author makes use of against punishments; *Because*, he says, *those very means, or the apprehensions of them, have brought things to the pass in which they are, and consequently will reduce them from bad to worse*, (p. 10.) And afterwards, *This growth of disaffection is in a great measure owing to the groundless jealousies men entertained of the present administration, as if they were to expect nothing but cruelty under it.* If our Author would have spoken out, and have applied these effects to the real cause, he could ascribe this change of affections among the people to nothing else but the change of the Ministry: for we find that a great many persons lost their loyalty with their places; and that their friends have ever since made use of the most base methods to infuse those groundless discontents into the minds of the common people, which have brought so many of them to the brink of destruction, and proved so detrimental to their fellow-subjects. However, this proceeding has shewn how dangerous it would have been for his Majesty to have continued in their places of trust a set of men, some of whom have since actually joined with the Pretender to his crown: while others may be justly suspected never to have been faithful to him in their hearts, or, at least, whose principles are precarious, and visibly conducted by their interest. In a word, if the removal of these persons from their posts has produced such popular commotions, the continuance of them might have produced something much more fatal to their King and country, and have brought about that revolution, which has now been in vain attempted. The condition of a *British* King would be very poor indeed, should a party of his subjects threaten him with a rebellion upon his bringing malefactors to justice, or upon his refusing to employ those whom he dares not trust.

I shall only mention another Argument against the punishment of any of the Rebels, whose executions he represents as very shocking to the people, because they are their *countrymen*, (p. 12.) And again, *The quality of the sufferers, their alliances, their characters, their being* Englishmen, *with a thousand other circumstances, will contribute to breed more ill blood than all the State-chirurgeons can possibly let out*, (p. 12.) The impeached Lords likewise, in the last paragraph of the Pamphlet, are recommended to our pity, because they are our *Countrymen*. By this way of reasoning, no man that is a Gentleman, or born within the three seas, should be subject to capital punishment. Besides, who can be guilty of rebellion that are not our *Countrymen?* As for the endearing name of *Englishmen*, which he bestows upon every one of the criminals, he should consider,

conſider, that a man deſervedly cuts himſelf off from the affections as well as the privileges of that community, which he endeavours to ſubvert.

Theſe are the ſeveral arguments which appear in different forms and expreſſions through this whole pamphlet, and under which every one that is urged in it may be reduced. There is indeed another ſet of them, derived from the example and authority of great perſons, which the Author produces in favour of his own ſcheme. Theſe are *William* the Conqueror, *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, our late King *William*, King *Solomon*, and the *Pretender*. If a man were diſpoſed to draw arguments for ſeverity out of hiſtory, how many inſtances might one find of it among the greateſt Princes of every nation? but as different Princes may act very laudably by different methods in different conjunctures, I cannot think this a concluſive way of reaſoning. However, let us examine this ſet of arguments, and we ſhall find them no leſs defective than thoſe above-mentioned.

One of the greateſt of our Engliſh *Monarchs*, ſays our Author, *was* William the Conqueror; *and he was the greater, becauſe he put to death only one perſon of quality that we read of, and him after repeated treacheries; yet he was a foreigner, had power ſufficient, and did not want provocations to have been more bloody.* (p. 27.) This perſon of quality was the Earl *Waltheof*, who being overtaken with wine, engaged in a conſpiracy againſt this Monarch, but repenting of it the next morning, repaired to the King who was then in *Normandy*, and diſcovered the whole matter. Notwithſtanding which, he was beheaded upon the defeat of the conſpiracy, for having but thus far tampered in it. And as for the reſt of the conſpirators, who roſe in an actual rebellion, the King uſed them with the utmoſt rigour, he cut off the hands of ſome, put out the eyes of others, ſome were hanged upon gibbets, and thoſe who fared the beſt, were ſent into baniſhment. There are indeed the moſt dreadful examples of ſeverity in this reign: though it muſt be confeſſed, that, after the manner of thoſe times, the nobility generally eſcaped with their lives, though multitudes of them were puniſhed with baniſhment, perpetual impriſonment, forfeitures, and other great ſeverities: while the poor people, who had been deluded by theſe their ring-leaders, were executed with the utmoſt rigour. A partiality which I believe no Commoner of *England* will ever think to be either juſt or reaſonable.

The next inſtance is *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, *who* (ſays our Author) *ſo handſomely expreſſed his tenderneſs for his people, when, at ſigning*

ſigning the treaty of Vervins, *he ſaid, That by one daſh of his pen he had overcome more enemies, than he could ever be able to do with his ſword.* Would not an ordinary reader think that this treaty of *Vervins* was a treaty between *Henry* the Fourth, and a party of his ſubjects? for otherwiſe how can it have a place in the preſent argument? But inſtead of that it was a treaty between *France* and *Spain*; ſo that the ſpeech expreſſed an equal tenderneſs to the *Spaniards* and *French*; as multitudes of either nation muſt have fallen in that war, had it continued longer. As for this King's treatment of conſpirators, (though he is quoted thrice in the pamphlet as an example of clemency) you have an eminent inſtance of it in his behaviour to the Mareſchal *de Biron*, who had been his old faithful ſervant, and had contributed more than any one to his advancement to the throne. This Mareſchal, upon ſome diſcontent, was entered into a conſpiracy againſt his Maſter, and refuſing to open the whole ſecret to the King, he was ſent to the *Baſtile*, and there beheaded, notwithſtanding he ſought for mercy with great importunities, and in the moſt moving manner. There are other inſtances in this King's reign, who notwithſtanding was remarkable for his clemency, of rebels and conſpirators who were hanged, beheaded, or broken alive on the wheel.

The late King *William* was not diſturbed by any rebellion from thoſe who had once ſubmitted to him. But we know he treated the perſons concerned in the Aſſaſſination-plot as ſo horrid a conſpiracy deſerved. As for the ſaying which this Author imputes to that Monarch, it being a piece of ſecret hiſtory, one doth not know when it was ſpoken, or what it alluded to, unleſs the Author had been more particular in the account of it.

The Author proceeds in the next place to no leſs an authority, than that of *Solomon: Among all the general obſervations of the wiſeſt Princes we know of, I think there is none holds more univerſally than, Mercy and truth preſerve a King, and his throne is eſtabliſhed in mercy.* (p. 18.) If we compare the different ſayings of this wiſe King, which relate to the conduct of Princes, we cannot queſtion but that he means by this mercy, that kind of it, which is conſiſtent with reaſon and government, and by which we hope to ſee his Majeſty's throne eſtabliſhed. But our Author ſhould conſider that the ſame wiſe man has ſaid in another place, that "An evil man ſeeketh rebellion, therefore a cruel meſſenger "ſhall be ſent againſt him." Accordingly his practice was agreeable to his proverb: no Prince having ever given a greater teſtimony of his abhorrence to undertakings of this treaſonable nature. For he diſpatched

ſuch a cruel meſſenger as is here mentioned to thoſe who had been engaged in a rebellion many years before he himſelf was on the throne, and even to his elder brother, upon the bare ſuſpicion that he was projecting ſo wicked an enterprize.

How the example of the Pretender came into this argument, I am at a loſs to find out. *The Pretender declared a general pardon to All: and ſhall our rightful King ſhew himſelf leſs the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to none*, &c. (p. 25.) The Pretender's general pardon was to a people who were not in his power; and had he ever reduced them under it, it was only promiſed to ſuch as immediately joined with him for the recovery of what he called his right. It was ſuch a general pardon as would have been conſiſtent with the execution of more than nine parts in ten of the kingdom.

There is but one more hiſtorical argument, which is drawn from King *Philip*'s treatment of the *Catalans*. *I think it would not be unſeaſonable for ſome men to recollect what their own notions were of the treatment of the* Catalans; *how many declamations were made on the barbarity uſed towards them by King* Philip, *&c.* (p. 29.) If the Author remembers, theſe declamations, as he calls them, were not made ſo much on the barbarity uſed towards them by King *Philip*, as on the barbarity uſed towards them by the *Engliſh* government. King *Philip* might have ſome colour for treating them as Rebels, but we ought to have regarded them as Allies; and were obliged, by all the ties of honour, conſcience, and publick faith, to have ſheltered them from thoſe ſufferings, which were brought upon them by a firm and inviolable adherence to our intereſt. However, none can draw into a parallel the cruelties which have been inflicted on that unhappy people, with thoſe few inſtances of ſeverity which our government has been obliged to exert towards the *Britiſh* rebels. I ſay, no man would make ſuch a parallel, unleſs his mind be ſo blinded with paſſion and prejudice, as to aſſert, in the language of this pamphlet, *That no inſtances can be produced of the leaſt lenity under the preſent adminiſtration from the hour it commenced to this day*, (p. 20.) with other aſtoniſhing reflections of the ſame nature, which are contradicted by ſuch innumerable matters of fact, that it would be an affront to a reader's underſtanding to endeavour to confute them. But to return to the *Catalans*; *During the whole courſe of the war*, ſays the Author, *which ever of them ſubmitted to diſcretion, were received to mercy*, (p. 22.) This is ſo far from being truly related, that in the beginning of the war, they were executed without mercy. But when, in conjunction with their Allies, they became ſuperior

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to King *Philip*'s party in ſtrength, and extended their conqueſts up to the very gates of *Madrid*, it cannot be ſuppoſed the *Spaniſh* Court would be ſo infatuated as to perſiſt in their firſt ſeverities, againſt an enemy that could make ſuch terrible repriſals. However, when this reaſon of ſtate ceaſed, how dreadful was the havock made among this brave, but unhappy people! The whole kingdom, without any diſtinction to the many thouſands of its innocent inhabitants, was ſtript of its immunities, and reduced to a ſtate of ſlavery. *Barcelona* was filled with executions; and all the patriots of their antient liberties either beheaded, ſtowed in dungeons, or condemned to work in the mines of *America*.

God be thanked, we have a King who puniſhes with reluctancy, and is averſe to ſuch cruelties as were uſed among the *Catalans*, as much as to thoſe practiſed on the perſons concerned in *Monmouth*'s rebellion. Our Author indeed condemns theſe *Weſtern* aſſizes in King *James*'s reign, (p. 26.) And it would be well if all thoſe who ſtill adhere to the cauſe of that unfortunate King, and are clamorous at the proceedings of his preſent Majeſty, would remember, that notwithſtanding that rebellion fell very much ſhort of this both in the number and ſtrength of the rebels, and had no tendency either to deſtroy the national religion, to introduce an arbitrary government, or to ſubject us to a foreign power; not only the chief of the rebels was beheaded, but even a Lady, who had only harboured one of the offenders in her houſe, was in her extreme old age put to the ſame kind of death: that about two hundred and thirty were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs diſperſed through ſeveral parts of the country, and ſet up as ſpectacles of terror to their fellow-ſubjects. It would be too tedious a work to run through the numberleſs fines, impriſonments, corporal puniſhments, and tranſportations, which were then likewiſe practiſed as wholſome ſeverities.

We have now ſeen how fallaciouſly the Author has ſtated the cauſe he has undertaken, by ſuppoſing that nothing but unlimited mercy, or unlimited puniſhment, are the methods that can be made uſe of in our preſent treatment of the rebels: that he has omitted the middle way of proceeding between theſe two extremes: that this middle way is the method in which his Majeſty, like all other wiſe and good Kings, has choſen to proceed: that it is agreeable to the nature of Government, Religion, and our *Britiſh* Conſtitution: and that every argument which the Author has produced from reaſon and example, would have been a true one, had it been urged for that reſtrained clemency which his Majeſty has exerciſed: but is a falſe one, when applied to ſuch a general, undiſtinguiſhing mercy as the Author would recommend.

Having thus anſwered that which is the main drift and deſign of this pamphlet, I ſhall touch upon thoſe other parts of it, which are interwoven with the arguments, to put men out of humour with the preſent government.

And here we may obſerve, that it is our Author's method to ſuppoſe matters of fact which are not in being, and afterwards to deſcant upon them. As he is very ſenſible that the cauſe will not bear the teſt of reaſon, he has indeed every where choſen rather topicks for declamation than argument. Thus he entertains us with a laboured invective againſt a ſtanding army. But what has this to do in the preſent caſe? I ſuppoſe he would not adviſe his Majeſty to disband his forces while there is an army of rebels in his dominions. I cannot imagine he would think the affections of the people of *England* a ſecurity of the government in ſuch a juncture, were it not at the ſame time defended with a ſufficient body of troops. No Prince has ever given a greater inſtance of his inclinations to rule without a ſtanding army, if we conſider, that upon the very firſt news of the defeat of the rebels, he declared to both Houſes of Parliament, that he had put an immediate ſtop to the levies which he had begun to raiſe at their requeſt, and that he would not make uſe of the power which they had entruſted him with, unleſs any new preparations of the enemy ſhould make it neceſſary for our defence. This ſpeech was received with the greateſt gratitude by both Houſes; and it is ſaid, that in the Houſe of Commons a very candid and honourable Gentleman (who generally votes with the minority) declared, that he had not heard ſo gracious a ſpeech from the throne for many years laſt paſt.

In another place, he ſuppoſes that the government has not endeavoured to gain the applauſe of the vulgar, by doing ſomething for the church; and very gravely makes excuſes for this their pretended neglect. What greater inſtances could his Majeſty have given of his love to the church of *England*, than thoſe he has exhibited by his moſt ſolemn declarations; by his daily example; and by his promotions of the moſt eminent among the Clergy to ſuch vacancies as have happened in his reign? To which we muſt add, for the honour of his government in this particular, that it has done more for the advantage of the Clergy, than thoſe, who are the moſt zealous for their intereſt, could have expected in ſo ſhort a time; which will farther appear, if we reflect upon the valuable and royal donative to one of our Univerſities, and the proviſion made for thoſe who are to officiate in the fifty new Churches. His Majeſty is, indeed, a Prince of too much magnanimity and truth, to make uſe of the name of the

Church

Church for drawing his people into any thing that may be prejudicial to them; for what our Author says, to this purpose, redounds as much to the honour of the present administration, as to the disgrace of others. *Nay, I wish with all my soul they had stooped a little* ad captum vulgi, *to take in those shallow fluttering hearts, which are to be caught by any thing baited with the name of* Church, (*p.* 11.)

Again; the Author asks, *Whether terror is to become the only national principle?* with other questions of the same nature: and in several parts of his book, harangues very plentifully against such a notion. Where he talks in generals upon this topic, there is no question but every *Whig* and *Tory* in the kingdom perfectly agrees with him in what he says. But if he would insinuate, as he seems to do in several places, that there should be no impressions of awe upon the mind of a subject, and that a government should not create terror in those who are disposed to do ill, as well as encourage those that do their duty: in short, if he is for an entire exclusion of that principle of fear which is supposed to have some influence in every law, he opposes himself to the form of every government in the world, and to the common sense of mankind.

The artifice of this Author in starting objections to the friends of the government, and the foolish answers which he supposes they return to them, is so very visible, that every one sees they are designed rather to divert his reader, than to instruct him.

I have now examined this whole pamphlet, which, indeed, is written with a great deal of art, and as much argument as the cause would bear: and after having stated the true notion of Clemency, Mercy, Compassion, Good-nature, Humanity, or whatever else it may be called, so far as it is consistent with wisdom, and the good of mankind, or, in other words, so far as it is a moral virtue, I shall readily concur with the Author in the highest panegyricks that he has bestowed upon it. As likewise, I heartily join with him in every thing he has said against justice, if it includes, as his pamphlet supposes, the extirpation of every criminal, and is not exercised with a much greater mixture of clemency than rigour. Mercy, in the true sense of the word, is that virtue by which a Prince approaches nearest to him, whom he represents; and whilst he is neither remiss nor extreme to animadvert upon those who offend him, that Logick will hold true of him which is applied to the great Judge of all the earth; *With thee there is mercy, therefore shalt thou be feared.*

Monday,

N° 32. *Monday, April* 9.

Heu miſeræ cives! non hoſtem, inimicaque caſtra
Argivum; veſtras ſpes uritis----- Virg.

I Queſtion not but the *Britiſh* Ladies are very well pleaſed with the compliment I have payed them in the courſe of my papers, by regarding them, not only as the moſt amiable, but as the moſt important part of our community. They ought, indeed, to reſent the treatment they have met with from other Authors, who have never troubled their heads about them, but addreſſed all their arguments to the male half of their fellow-ſubjects; and taken it for granted, that if they could bring theſe into their meaſures, the females would of courſe follow their political mates. The arguments they have made uſe of, are like *Hudibras*'s ſpur, which he applied to one ſide of his horſe, as not doubting but the other would keep pace with it. Theſe writers ſeem to have regarded the fair ſex but as the garniture of a nation; and when they conſider them as parts of the Commonwealth, it is only as they are of uſe to the conſumption of our manufacture. *Could we perſwade our* Britiſh *women* (ſays one of our eminent Merchants in a letter to his friend in the country upon the ſubject of Commerce) *to cloath themſelves in the comely apparel which might be made out of the wool of their own country; and inſtead of Coffee, Tea and Chocolate, to delight in thoſe wholſome and palatable liquors which may be extracted from our* Britiſh *ſimples; they would be of great advantage to trade, and therein to the publick weal.*

It is now, however, become neceſſary to treat our women as members of the Body Politick; ſince it is viſible that great numbers of them have of late eloped from their allegiance, and that they do not believe themſelves obliged to draw with us, as yoke-fellows in the conſtitution. They will judge for themſelves; look into the ſtate of the nation with their own eyes; and be no longer led blindfold by a male Legiſlature. A friend of mine was lately complaining to me, that his wife had turned off one of the beſt cook-maids in *England*, becauſe the wench had ſaid ſomething

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to her fellow-ſervants, which ſeemed to favour the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas-Corpus* Act.

When errors and prejudices are thus ſpread among the ſex, it is the hardeſt thing in the world to root them out. Arguments, which are the only proper means for it, are of little uſe: They have a very ſhort anſwer to all reaſonings that turn againſt them, *make us believe that, if you can*; which is in *Latin*, if I may upon this occaſion be allowed the Pedantry of a quotation, *non perſuadebis, etiamſi perſuaſeris.* I could not but ſmile at a young univerſity Diſputant, who was complaining the other day of the unreaſonableneſs of a Lady with whom he was engaged in a point of controverſy. Being left alone with her, he took the opportunity of purſuing an argument which had been before ſtarted in diſcourſe, and put it to her in a Syllogiſm: upon which, as he informed us with ſome heat, ſhe granted him both the Major and the Minor, but denied him the concluſion.

The beſt method, therefore, that can be made uſe of with theſe polemical Ladies, who are much more eaſy to be refuted than ſilenced, is to ſhew them the ridiculous ſide of their cauſe, and to make them laugh at their own politicks. It is a kind of ill manners to offer objections to a fine woman; and a man would be out of countenance that ſhould gain the ſuperiority in ſuch a conteſt. A coquette Logician may be rallied but not contradicted. Thoſe who would make uſe of ſolid arguments and ſtrong reaſonings to a reader or hearer of ſo delicate a turn, would be like that fooliſh people whom *Ælian* ſpeaks of, that worſhipped a fly, and ſacrificed an ox to it.

The truth of it is, a man muſt be of a very diſputatious temper, that enters into State-controverſies with any of the fair ſex. If the malignant be not beautiful, ſhe cannot do much miſchief; and if ſhe is, her arguments will be ſo enforced by the charms of her perſon, that her antagoniſt may be in danger of betraying his own cauſe. *Milton* puts this confeſſion into the mouth of our Father *Adam*; who though he aſſerts his ſuperiority of reaſon in his debates with the Mother of mankinds, adds,

——— Yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in her ſelf complete; ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt:
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls

Degraded

Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes, diſcountenanced, and like folly ſhews;
Authority and reaſon on her wait ——

If there is ſuch a native lovelineſs in the ſex, as to make them victorious even when they are in the wrong, how reſiſtleſs is their power when they are on the ſide of truth! And indeed it is a peculiar good fortune to the Government, that our fair malecontents are ſo much over-matched in beauty, as well as number, by thoſe who are loyal to their King, and friends to their countrey.

Every paper, which I have hitherto addreſſed to our beautiful incendiaries, hath been filled with conſiderations of a different kind; by which means I have taken care that thoſe, who are enemies to the ſex, or to my ſelf, may not accuſe me of Tautology, or pretend that I attack them with their own weapon. For this reaſon I ſhall here lay together a new ſet of remarks, and obſerve the ſeveral artifices by which the enemies to our eſtabliſhment do raiſe ſuch unaccountable paſſions and prejudices in the minds of our diſcontented females.

In the firſt place; it is uſual among the moſt cunning of our Adverſaries, to repreſent all the Rebels as very handſome men. If the name of a Traitor be mentioned, they are very particular in deſcribing his perſon; and when they are not able to extenuate his treaſon, commend his ſhape. This has ſo good an effect in one of our female audiences, that they repreſent to themſelves a thouſand poor, tall, innocent, freſh-coloured young Gentlemen, who are diſperſed among the ſeveral priſons of *Great Britain*; and extend their generous compaſſion towards a multitude of agreeable fellows that never were in being.

Another artifice is, to inſtill jealouſies into their minds of deſigns upon the anvil to retrench the privileges of the ſex. Some repreſent the *Whigs* as Enemies to *Flanders*-Lace: Others had ſpread a report that in the late act of Parliament for four ſhillings in the pound upon land, there would be inſerted a clauſe for raiſing a tax upon pin-money. That the Ladies may be the better upon their guard againſt ſuggeſtions of this nature, I ſhall beg leave to put them in mind of the ſtory of *Papirius*, the ſon of a *Roman* Senator. This young Gentleman, after having been preſent in publick debates, was uſually teazed by his mother to inform her of what had paſſed. In order to deliver himſelf from this importunity, he told her one day, upon his return from the Senate-houſe, that there had been a motion made for a decree to allow every man two wives.

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The good Lady ſaid nothing; but managed matters ſo well among the *Roman* matrons, that the next day they met together in a body before the Senate-houſe, and preſented a petition to the fathers againſt ſo unreaſonable a law. This groundleſs credulity raiſed ſo much raillery upon the petitioners, that we do not find the Ladies offered to direct the Lawgivers of their country ever after.

There has been another method lately made uſe of, which has been practiſed with extraordinary ſucceſs; I mean the ſpreading abroad reports of prodigies, which has wonderfully gratified the curioſity, as well as the hopes, of our fair malignants. Their managers turn water into blood for them; frighten them with ſea-monſters; make them ſee armies in the air; and give them their word, the more to ingratiate themſelves with them, that they ſignify nothing leſs than future ſlaughter and deſolation. The diſloyal part of the ſex immediately hug themſelves at the news of the bloody fountain; look upon theſe fiſh as their friends; have great expectations from the clouds; and are very angry with you, if you think they do not all portend ruin to their country.

Secret hiſtory and ſcandal have always had their allurements; and I have in other diſcourſes ſhewn the great advantage that is made of them in the preſent ferment among the fair ones.

But the maſter engine, to overturn the minds of the female world, is the *danger of the Church*. I am not ſo uncharitable as to think there is any thing in an obſervation made by ſeveral of the *Whigs*, that there is ſcarce a woman in *England* who is troubled with the vapours, but is more or leſs affected with this cry: Or, to remark with others, that it is not uttered in any part of the nation with ſo much bitterneſs of tongue and heart, as in the diſtricts of *Drury-lane*. On the contrary, I believe there are many devout and honourable women who are deluded in this point by the artifice of deſigning men. To theſe, therefore, I would apply my ſelf, in a more ſerious manner, and deſire them to conſider how that laudable piety, which is natural to the ſex, is apt to degenerate into a groundleſs and furious zeal, when it is not kept within the bounds of charity and reaſon. Female zeal, though proceeding from ſo good a principle, has been infinitely detrimental to ſociety, and to religion it ſelf. If we may believe the *French* Hiſtorians, it often put a ſtop to the proceedings of their Kings, which might have ended in a reformation. For, upon their breaking with the Pope, the Queens frequently interpoſed, and by their importunities reconciled them to the uſurpations of the Church of *Rome*. Nay, it was this vicious zeal which gave a remarka-

ble check to the firſt progreſs of Chriſtianity, as we find it recorded by a ſacred Hiſtorian in the following paſſage, which I ſhall leave to the conſideration of my female readers. *But the* Jews *ſtirred up the devout and honourable women and the chief men of the city, and raiſed a perſecution againſt* Paul *and* Barnabas, *and expelled them out of their coaſts.*

N° 33. *Friday, April* 13.

Nulli adverſus Magiſtratus ac Reges gratiores ſunt; nec immerito; nullis enim plus præſtant quam quibus frui tranquillo otio licet. Itaque hi, quibus ad propoſitum bene vivendi confert ſecuritas publica, neceſſe eſt auctorem hujus boni ut parentem colant.

Senec. Ep. 73.

WE find by our publick papers, the univerſity of *Dublin* have lately preſented to the Prince of *Wales*, in a moſt humble and dutiful manner, their Diploma for conſtituting his Royal Highneſs Chancellor of that learned body; and that the Prince received this their offer with the goodneſs and condeſcenſion which is natural to his illuſtrious houſe. As the college of *Dublin* have been long famous for their great learning, they have now given us an inſtance of their good ſenſe; and it is with pleaſure that we find ſuch a diſpoſition in this famous nurſery of letters to propagate ſound principles, and to act, in its proper ſphere, for the honour and dignity of the Royal family. We hope that ſuch an example will have its influence on other ſocieties of the ſame nature; and cannot but rejoice to ſee the heir of *Great Britan* vouchſafing to patronize in ſo peculiar a manner that noble ſeminary, which is perhaps at this time training up ſuch perſons as may hereafter be ornaments to his reign.

When men of learning are acted thus by a knowledge of the world as well as of books, and ſhew that their ſtudies naturally inſpire them with a love to their King and country; they give a reputation to literature, and convince the world of its uſefulneſs. But when arts and ſciences are

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so perverted as to dispose men to act in contradiction to the rest of the Community, and to set up for a kind of separate Republick among themselves, they draw upon them the indignation of the wise, and the contempt of the ignorant.

It has indeed, been observed, that persons, who are very much esteemed for their knowledge and ingenuity in their private characters, have acted like strangers to mankind, and to the dictates of right reason, when joined together in a body. Like several chymical waters, that are each of them clear and transparent when separate, but ferment into a thick troubled liquor when they are mixed in the same vial.

There is a piece of Mythology which bears very hard upon learned men; and which I shall here relate, rather for the delicacy of the satyr, than for the justness of the moral. When the city of *Athens* was finished, we are told that *Neptune* and *Minerva* presented themselves as candidates for the guardianship of the place. The *Athenians*, after a full debate upon the matter, came to an election, and made choice of *Minerva*. Upon which, *Neptune*, who very much resented the indignity, upbraided them with their stupidity and ignorance; that a maritime town should reject the patronage of him who was the God of the Seas, and could defend them against all the attacks of their enemies. He concluded with a curse upon the inhabitants, which was to stick to them and their posterity; namely, *that they should be all fools*. When *Minerva* their tutelary Goddess, who presides over arts and sciences, came among them to receive the honour they had conferred upon her, they made heavy complaints of the curse which *Neptune* had laid upon the city; and begg'd her, if possible, to take it off. But she told them it was not in her power; for that one Deity could not reverse the act of another. *However*, said she, *I may alleviate the curse which I cannot remove: It is not possible for me to hinder you from being fools, but I will take care that you shall be learned.*

There is nothing which bodies of learned men should be more careful of, than, by all due methods, to cultivate the favour of the great and powerful. The indulgence of a Prince is absolutely necessary to the propagation, the defence, the honour and support of learning. It naturally creates in men's minds an ambition to distinguish themselves by letters; and multiplies the number of those who are dedicated to the pursuits of knowledge. It protects them against the violence of brutal men; and gives them opportunities to pursue their studies in a state of peace and tranquillity. It puts the learned in countenance; and give them a place

among the fashionable part of mankind. It distributes rewards; and encourages speculative persons, who have neither opportunity nor a turn of mind to increase their own fortunes, with all the incentives of place, profit and preferment. On the contrary, nothing is in itself so pernicious to communities of learned men, nor more apprehended by those that wish them well, than the displeasure of their Prince, which those may justly expect to feel, who would make use of his favour to his own prejudice, and put in practice all the methods that lye within their power to vilify his person, and distress his government. In both these cases, a learned body is in a more particular manner exposed to the influence of their King, as described by the wisest of men, *The wrath of a King is as the roaring of a Lion; but his favour is as the dew upon the grass.*

We find in our *English* histories, that the Empress *Matilda*, (who was the great ancestor of his present Majesty, and whose grand-daughter of the same name has a place upon several of the *Hanover* Medals) was particularly favoured by the University of *Oxford*, and defended in that place, when most parts of the kingdom had revolted against her. Nor is it to be questioned, but an University so famous for learning and sound knowledge, will shew the same zeal for her illustrious descendant, as they will every day discern his Majesty's Royal virtues, through those prejudices which have been raised in their minds by artful and designing men. It is with much pleasure we see this great fountain of learning already beginning to run clear, and recovering its natural purity and brightness. None can imagine that a community which is taxed by the worst of its enemies, only for over-straining the notions of loyalty even to bad Princes, will fall short of a due allegiance to the best.

When this happy temper of mind is fully established among them, we may justly hope to see the largest share of his Majesty's favours fall upon that University, which is the greatest, and upon all accounts the most considerable not only in his dominions, but in all *Europe*.

I shall conclude this paper with a quotation out of *Cambden*'s History of Queen *Elizabeth*, who, after having described that Queen's reception at *Oxford*, gives an account of the speech which she made to them at her departure; concluding with a piece of advice to that University. Her counsel was, *That they would first serve God, not after the curiosity of some, but according to the laws of God and the land; that they would not go before the laws, but follow them; nor dispute whether better might be prescribed, but keep those prescribed already; obey their superiors; and lastly embrace one another in brotherly piety and concord.*

Monday,

N° 34. *Monday, April* 16.

-------ſævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus------- Hor.

IT is very juſtly, as well as frequently obſerved, that if our nation be ever ruined, it muſt be by itſelf. The parties and diviſions which reign among us may ſeveral ways bring deſtruction upon our country, at the ſame time that our united force would be ſufficient to ſecure us againſt all the attempts of a foreign enemy. Whatever expedients therefore can be found to allay thoſe heats and animoſities, which break us into different factions and intereſts, cannot but be uſeful to the publick, and highly tend to its ſafety, ſtrength, and reputation.

This dangerous diſſenſion among us diſcovers itſelf in all the moſt indifferent circumſtances of life. We keep it up, and cheriſh it with as much pains, as if it were a kind of national bleſſing. It inſinuates itſelf into all our diſcourſes, mixes in our parties of pleaſure, has a ſhare in our diverſions, and is an ingredient in moſt of our publick entertainments.

I was not long ago at the Play called Sir *Courtly Nice*, where to the eternal reproach of good ſenſe, I found the whole audience had very gravely ranged themſelves into two parties, under *Hot-head* and *Teſtimony*. *Hot-head* was the applauded Hero of the *Tories*, and *Teſtimony* no leſs the favourite of the *Whigs*. Each party followed their champion. It was wonderful to ſee ſo polite an aſſembly diſtinguiſhing themſelves by ſuch extraordinary repreſentatives, and avowing their principles as conformable either to the zeal of *Hot-head*, or the moderation of *Teſtimony*. Thus the two parts which were deſigned to expoſe the faults of both ſides, and were accordingly received by our anceſtors in King *Charles* the Second's reign, meet with a kind of ſanction from the applauſes which are reſpectively beſtowed on them by their wiſe poſterity. We ſeem to imagine that they were written as patterns for imitation, not as objects of ridicule.

This

This humour runs so far, that most of our late Comedies owe their success to it. The audience listens after nothing else. I have seen little *Dicky* place himself with great approbation at the head of the *Tories* for five Acts together, and *Pinky* espouse the interest of the *Whigs* with no less success. I do not find that either party has yet thrown themselves under the patronage of *Scaramouch*, or that *Harlequin* has violated that neutrality, which, upon his late arrival in *Great-Britain*, he professed to both parties, and which it is thought he will punctually observe, being allowed on all sides to be a man of honour. It is true, that upon his first appearance, a violent *Whig* tradesman in the pit begun to compliment him with a clap, as overjoyed to see him mount a ladder, and fancying him to be dressed in a highland plad.

I question not but my Readers will be surprized to find me animadverting on a practice that has been always favourable to the cause which now prevails. The *British* Theatre was *Whig* even in the worst of times; and in the last reign did not scruple to testify its zeal for the good of our country, by many magnanimous claps in its lower regions, answered with loud huzzas from the upper gallery. This good disposition is so much heightened of late, that the whole neighbourhood of the *Drury-lane* Theatre very often shakes with the loyalty of the audience. It is said, that a young Author, who very much relies on this prevailing humour, is now writing a Farce to be called *A Match out of Newgate*, in allusion to the title of a Comedy called *A Match in Newgate*; and that his chief person is *a round-shouldered man with a pretty large nose and a wide mouth*, making his addresses to a lovely black woman that passes for a Peeress of *Great-Britain*. In short, the whole Play is built upon the late escape of General *Forster*, who is supposed upon the road to fall in love with my Lord *Nithisdale*, whom the ingenious Author imagines to be still in his riding-hood.

But notwithstanding the good principles of a *British* audience in this one particular, it were to be wished that every thing should be banished the Stage which has a tendency to exasperate men's minds, and inflame that party rage which makes us such a miserable and divided people. And that in the first place, because such a proceeding as this disappoints the very design of all publick diversions and entertainments. The institution of sports and shews was intended by all governments, to turn off the thoughts of the people from busying themselves in matters of state, which did not belong to them; to reconcile them to one another by the common participations of mirth and pleasure; and to wear out of their minds

minds that rancour which they might have contracted by the interfering views of intereſt and ambition. It would therefore be for the benefit of every ſociety, that is diſturbed by contending factions, to encourage ſuch innocent amuſements as may thus diſembitter the minds of men, and make them mutually rejoice in the ſame agreeable ſatisfactions. When people are accuſtomed to ſit together with pleaſure, it is a ſtep towards reconciliation: but as we manage matters, our politeſt aſſemblies are like boiſterous clubs, that meet over a glaſs of wine, and before they have done, throw bottles at one another's heads. Inſtead of multiplying thoſe deſirable opportunities where we may agree in points that are indifferent, we let the ſpirit of contention into thoſe very methods that are not only foreign to it, but ſhould in their nature diſpoſe us to be friends. This our anger in our mirth is like poiſon in a perfume, which taints the ſpirits inſtead of chearing and refreſhing them.

Another manifeſt inconvenience which ariſes from this abuſe of publick entertainments, is, that it naturally deſtroys the taſte of an audience. I do not deny, but that ſeveral performances have been juſtly applauded for their wit, which have been written with an eye to this predominant humour of the town: but it is viſible even in theſe, that it is not the excellence, but the application of the ſentiment, that has raiſed applauſe. An Author is very much diſappointed to find the beſt parts of his productions received with indifference, and to ſee the audience diſcovering beauties which he never intended. The Actors, in the midſt of an innocent old Play, are often ſtartled with unexpected claps or hiſſes; and do not know whether they have been talking like good ſubjects, or have ſpoken treaſon. In ſhort, we ſeem to have ſuch a reliſh for faction, as to have loſt that of wit; and are ſo uſed to the bitterneſs of party rage, that we cannot be gratified with the higheſt entertainment that has not this kind of ſeaſoning in it. But as no work muſt expect to live long which draws all its beauty from the colour of the times; ſo neither can that pleaſure be of greater continuance, which ariſes from the prejudice or malice of its hearers.

To conclude; ſince the preſent hatred and violence of parties is ſo unſpeakably pernicious to the community, and none can do a better ſervice to their country than thoſe who uſe their utmoſt endeavours to extinguiſh it, we may reaſonably hope, that the more elegant part of the nation will give a good example to the reſt; and put an end to ſo abſurd and fooliſh a practice, which makes our moſt refined diverſions detrimental to the publick, and, in a particular manner, deſtructive of all politeneſs.

Friday,

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

N° 35. *Friday, April* 20.

Athenienſium res geſtæ, ſicut ego exiſtumo, ſatis amplæ magnificæque fuere, verum aliquanto minores tamen quam fama feruntur: ſed, quia provenere ibi magna ſcriptorum ingenia, per terrarum orbem Anthenienſium facta pro maxumis celebrantur. Ita eorum, qui ea fecere, virtus tanta habetur, quantum verbis ea potuere extollere præclara ingenia. Salluſt.

GRATIAN, among his maxims for raiſing a man to the moſt conſummate character of greatneſs, adviſes firſt to perform extraordinary actions, and in the next place to ſecure a good hiſtorian. Without the laſt, he conſiders the firſt as thrown away; as indeed they are in a great meaſure by ſuch illuſtrious perſons, as make fame and reputation the end of their undertakings. The moſt ſhining merit goes down to poſterity with diſadvantage, when it is not placed by writers in its proper light.

The misfortune is, that there are more inſtances of men who deſerve this kind of immortality, than of Authors who are able to beſtow it. Our country, which has produced writers of the firſt figure in every other kind of work, has been very barren in good hiſtorians. We have had ſeveral who have been able to compile matters of fact, but very few who have been able to digeſt them with that purity and elegance of ſtyle, that nicety and ſtrength of reflection, that ſubtilty and diſcernment in the unravelling of a character, and that choice of circumſtances for enlivening the whole narration, which we ſo juſtly admire in the antient hiſtorians of *Greece* and *Rome*, and in ſome Authors of our neighbouring nations.

Thoſe who have ſucceeded beſt in works of this kind, are ſuch, who, beſides their natural good ſenſe and learning, have themſelves been verſed in publick buſineſs, and thereby acquired a thorough knowledge of men and things. It was the advice of the great Duke of *Schomberg*, to an

an eminent hiſtorian of his acquaintance, who was an *Eccleſiaſtick*, that he ſhould avoid being too particular in the drawing up of an army, and other circumſtances of the day of battel; for that he had always obſerved moſt notorious blunders and abſurdities committed on that occaſion, by ſuch writers as were not converſant in the art of war. We may reaſonably expect the like miſtakes in every other kind of publick matters, recorded by thoſe who have only a diſtant theory of ſuch affairs. Beſides; it is not very probable, that men, who have paſſed all their time in a low and vulgar life, ſhould have a ſuitable idea of the ſeveral beauties and blemiſhes in the actions or characters of great men. For this reaſon I find an old law quoted by the famous Monſieur *Bayle*, that no perſon below the dignity of a *Roman* Knight ſhould preſume to write an hiſtory.

In *England* there is ſcarce any one, who has had a tincture of reading or ſtudy, that is not apt to fancy himſelf equal to ſo great a task; though it is plain, that many of our countrymen, who have tampered in hiſtory, frequently ſhew, that they do not underſtand the very nature of thoſe tranſactions which they recount. Nay, nothing is more uſual than to ſee every man, who is verſed in any particular way of buſineſs, finding fault with ſeveral of theſe Authors, ſo far as they treat of matters within his ſphere.

There is a race of men lately ſprung up among this ſort of writers, whom one cannot reflect upon without indignation as well as contempt. Theſe are *Grub-ſtreet* Biographers, who watch for the death of a great man, like ſo many Undertakers, on purpoſe to make a peny of him. He is no ſooner laid in his grave, but he falls into the hands of an hiſtorian; who, to ſwell a volume, aſcribes to him works which he never wrote, and actions which he never performed; celebrates virtues which he was never famous for, and excuſes faults which he was never guilty of. They fetch their only authentick records out of *Doctors Commons*; and when they have got a copy of his laſt Will and Teſtament, they fancy themſelves furniſhed with ſufficient materials for his hiſtory. This might indeed enable them in ſome meaſure to write the hiſtory of his death; but what can we expect from an Author that undertakes to write the life of a great man, who is furniſhed with no other matters of fact, beſides legacies; and inſtead of being able to tell us what he did, can only tell us what he bequeathed? This manner of expoſing the private concerns of families, and ſacrificing the ſecrets of the dead to the curioſity of the living, is one of thoſe licentious practices which might well deſerve the animadverſion of our government, when it has time to contrive expedients for remedy-

ing the many crying abuſes of the preſs. In the mean while, what a poor idea muſt ſtrangers conceive of thoſe perſons, who have been famous among us in their generation, ſhould they form their notions of them from the writings of theſe our Hiſtoriographers! What would our poſterity think of their illuſtrious forefathers, ſhould they only ſee them in ſuch weak and diſadvantageous lights! But to our comfort, works of this nature are ſo ſhort-lived, that they cannot poſſibly diminiſh the memory of thoſe Patriots which they are not able to preſerve.

The truth of it is, as the lives of great men cannot be written with any tolerable degree of elegance or exactneſs, within a ſhort ſpace after their deceaſe; ſo neither is it fit that the hiſtory of a perſon, who has acted among us in a publick character, ſhould appear, till envy and friendſhip are laid aſleep, and the prejudice both of his antagoniſts and adherents be, in ſome degree, ſoftned and ſubdued. There is no queſtion but there are ſeveral eminent perſons in each party, however they may repreſent one another at preſent, who will have the ſame admirers among poſterity, and be equally celebrated by thoſe, whoſe minds will not be diſtempered by intereſt, paſſion, or partiality. It were happy for us, could we prevail upon our ſelves to imagine, that one, who differs from us in opinion, may poſſibly be an honeſt man; and that we might do the ſame juſtice to one another, which will be done us hereafter by thoſe who ſhall make their appearance in the world, when this generation is no more. But in our preſent miſerable and divided condition, how juſt ſoever a man's pretenſions may be to a great or blameleſs reputation, he muſt expect his ſhare of obloquy and reproach; and, even with regard to his poſthumous character, content himſelf with ſuch a kind of conſideration, as induced the famous Sir *Francis Bacon*, after having bequeathed his Soul to God, and his body to the earth, to leave his fame to foreign nations; and after ſome years, to his own country.

Monday,

N° 36. *Monday, April* 23.

---------- *Illa se jactet in aula.* Virg.

AMONG all the paradoxes in politicks which have been advanced by some among us, there is none so absurd and shocking to the most ordinary understanding, as that it is possible for *Great Britain* to be quietly governed by a *Popish* Sovereign. King *Henry* the Fourth found it impractible for a *Protestant* to reign even in *France*, notwithstanding the reformed religion does not engage a Prince to the persecution of any other; and notwithstanding the authority of the Sovereign in that country is more able to support it self, and command the obedience of the people, than in any other *European* Monarchy. We are convinced by the experience of our own times, that our constitution is not able to bear a *Popish* Prince at the head of it. King *James* the Second was endowed with many royal virtues, and might have made a nation of *Roman-catholicks* happy under his administration. The grievances we suffered in his reign proceeded purely from his religion: but they were such as made the whole body of the Nobility, Clergy, and Commonalty, rise up as one man against him, and oblige him to quit the throne of his ancestors. The truth of it is, we have only the vices of a *Protestant* Prince to fear, and may be made happy by his virtues: but in a *Popish* Prince we have no chance for our prosperity; his very piety obliges him to our destruction; and in proportion as he is more religious, he becomes more insupportable. One would wonder, therefore, to find many who call themselves *Protestants*, favouring the pretensions of a person who has been bred up in the utmost bitterness and bigotry of the church of *Rome*; and who, in all probability, within less than a twelvemonth, would be opposed by those very men that are industrious to set him upon the throne, were it possible for so wicked and unnatural an attempt to succeed.

I was some months ago in a company, that diverted themselves with the Declaration which he had then published, and particularly with the date of it, *In the fourteenth year of our reign.* The company was surpri-

zed to find there was a King in *Europe* who had reigned ſo long and made ſuch a ſecret of it. This gave occaſion to one of them, who is now in *France*, to enquire into the hiſtory of this remarkable reign, which he has digeſted into annals, and lately tranſmitted hither for the peruſal of his friends. I have ſuppreſſed ſuch perſonal reflections as are mixed in this ſhort chronicle, as not being to the purpoſe; and find that the whole hiſtory of his regal conduct and exploits may be comprized in the remaining part of this half-ſheet.

The hiſtory of the Pretender's *fourteen years reign digeſted into annals.*

Anno Regni 1°. He made choice of his Miniſtry, the firſt of whom was his Confeſſor. This was a perſon recommended by the ſociety of Jeſuits, who repreſented him as one very proper to guide the conſcience of a King, that hoped to rule over an Iſland which is not within the pale of the church. He then proceeded to name the Preſident of his Council, his Secretaries of State, and gave away a very honourable Sinecure to his principal favourite, by conſtituting him his Lord-high-treaſurer. He likewiſe ſigned a dormant Commiſſion for another to be his High-admiral, with orders to produce it whenever he had ſea-room for his employment.

Anno Regni 2°. He perfected himſelf in the Minuet ſtep.

Anno Regni 3°. He grew half a foot.

Anno Regni 4°. He wrote a letter to the Pope, deſiring him to be as kind to him as his predeceſſor had been, who was his Godfather. In the ſame year he ordered the Lord-high-treaſurer to pay off the debts of the Crown, which had been contracted ſince his acceſſion to the throne; particularly, a milk-ſcore of three years ſtanding.

Anno Regni 5°. He very much improved himſelf in all Princely learning, having read over the legends of the Saints, with the hiſtory of thoſe ſeveral martyrs in *England*, who had attempted to blow up a whole Parliament of hereticks.

Anno Regni 6°. He applied himſelf to the arts of government with more than ordinary diligence; took a plan of the Baſtile with his own hand; viſited the galleys; and ſtudied the Edicts of his great Patron *Louis* XIV.

Anno Regni 7°. Being now grown up to years of maturity, he reſolved to ſeek adventures; but was very much divided in his mind, whether he ſhould make an expedition to *Scotland*, or a pilgrimage to *Loretto*; being taught to look upon the latter in a religious ſenſe, as the place of his nativity.

nativity. At length he resolved upon his *Scotch* expedition; and, as the first exertion of that royal Authority, which he was going to assume, he knighted himself. After a short piece of errantry upon the seas, he got safe to *Dunkirk*, where he paid his devotions to St. *Anthony*, for having delivered him from the dangers of the sea, and Sir *George Byng*.

Anno Regni 8°. He made a Campaign in *Flanders*, where, by the help of a Telescope, he saw the battle of *Oudenarde*, and the Prince of *Hanover*'s horse shot under him; being posted on a high tower with two *French* Princes of the blood.

Anno Regni 9°. He made a second Campaign in *Flanders*; and, upon his return to the *French* Court, gained a great reputation, by his performance in a Rigadoon.

Anno Regni 10°. The Pope having heard the fame of these his military atchievements, made him the offer of a Cardinal's cap; which he was advised not to accept, by some of his friends in *England*.

Anno Regni 11°. He retired to *Lorrain*, where every morning he made great havock among the wild-fowl, by the advice, and with the assistance of his Privy-council. He is said, this summer to have shot with his own hands fifty brace of pheasants, and one wild pig; to have set thirty coveys of partridges; and to have hunted down forty brace of hares; to which he might have added as many foxes, had not most of them made their escape, by running out of his friend's dominions, before his dogs could finish the chace. He was particularly animated to these diversions by his Ministry, who thought they would not a little recommend him to the good opinion and kind offices of several *British* Fox-hunters.

Anno Regni 12°. He made a visit to the Duke *d'Aumont*, and passed for a *French* Marquis in a Masquerade.

Anno Regni 13°. He visited several Convents, and gathered subscriptions from all the well-disposed Monks and Nuns, to whom he communicated his design of an attempt upon *Great Britain*.

Anno Regni 14°. He now made great preparations for the invasion of *England*, and got together vast stores of ammunition, consisting of Reliques, Gun-powder and Cannon-ball. He received from the Pope a very large contribution, one moiety in mony, and the other in Indulgences. An *Irish* Priest brought him an authentick tooth of St. *Thomas a Becket*, and it is thought, was to have for his reward the Archbishoprick of *Canterbury*. Every Monastery contributed something: one gave him a thousand pound; and another as many Masses.

This

This year containing farther the battels which he fought in *Scotland*, and the towns which he took, is ſo freſh in every one's memory, that we ſhall ſay no more of it.

N° 37. *Friday, April* 27.

——— quod ſi
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes;
Quo te cœleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc ſtudium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere cari. Hor.

IT is a melancholy reflection, that our country, which in times of Popery was called the nation of Saints, ſhould now have leſs appearance of religion in it, than any other neighbouring State or Kingdom; whether they be ſuch as continue ſtill immerſed in the errors of the Church of *Rome*, or ſuch as are recovered out of them. This is a truth that is obvious to every one, who has been converſant in foreign parts. It was formerly thought dangerous for a young man to travel, leſt he ſhould return an *Atheiſt* to his native country: but at preſent it is certain, that an *Engliſhman*, who has any tolerable degree of reflection, cannot be better awakened to a ſenſe of religion in general, than by obſerving how the minds of all mankind are ſet upon this important point; how every nation is ſerious and attentive to the great buſineſs of their Being; and that in other countries a man is not out of the faſhion, who is bold and open in the profeſſion and practice of all chriſtian duties.

This decay of piety is by no means to be imputed to the *Reformation*, which in its firſt eſtabliſhment produced its proper fruits, and diſtinguiſhed the whole age with ſhining inſtances of virtue and morality. If we would trace out the original of that flagrant and avowed impiety, which has prevailed among us for ſome years, we ſhould find that it owes its riſe to that oppoſite extream of *Cant* and *Hypocriſie*, which had taken poſſeſſion of the people's minds in the times of the great rebellion, and of

of the uſurpation that ſucceeded it. The practices of theſe men, under the covert of a feigned zeal, made even the appearances of ſincere devotion ridiculous and unpopular. The raillery of the wits and courtiers, in King *Charles* the Second's reign, upon every thing which they then called preciſe, was carried to ſo great an extravagance, that it almoſt put chriſtianity out of countenance. The ridicule grew ſo ſtrong and licentious, that from this time we may date that remarkable turn in the behaviour of our faſhionable *Engliſhmen*, that makes them ſhame-faced in the exerciſe of thoſe duties which they were ſent into the world to perform.

The late cry of the *Church* has been an artifice of the ſame kind with that made uſe of by the hypocrites of the laſt age, and has had as fatal an influence upon religion. If a man would but ſeriouſly conſider how much greater comfort he would receive in the laſt moments of his liſe from a reflection that he has made one virtuous man, than that he has made a thouſand *Tories*, we ſhould not ſee the zeal of ſo many good men turned off from its proper end, and employed in making ſuch a kind of converts. What ſatisfaction will it be to an immoral man, at ſuch a time, to think he is a good *Whig!* or to one that is conſcious of ſedition, perjury, or rebellion, that he dies with the reputation of a *High-Churchman!*

But to conſider how this cry of the *Church* has corrupted the morals of both parties. Thoſe, who are the loudeſt in it, regard themſelves rather as a political, than a religious communion; and are held together rather by ſtate-notions, than by articles of faith. This fills the minds of weak men, who fall into the ſnare, with groundleſs fears and apprehenſions, unſpeakable rage towards their fellow-ſubjects, wrong ideas of perſons whom they are not acquainted with, and uncharitable interpretations of thoſe actions of which they are not competent judges. It inſtills into their minds the utmoſt virulence and bitterneſs, inſtead of that charity, which is the perfection and ornament of religion, and the moſt indiſpenſable and neceſſary means for attaining the end of it. In a word, among theſe miſtaken zealots, it ſanctifies cruelty and injuſtice, riots and treaſon.

The effects which this cry of the *Church* has had on the other party, are no leſs manifeſt and deplorable. They ſee themſelves unjuſtly aſperſed by it, and vindicate themſelves in terms no leſs opprobrious, than thoſe by which they are attacked. Their indignation and reſentment riſes in proportion to the malice of their adverſaries. The unthinking

part

part of them are apt to contract an unreasonable aversion even to that ecclesiastical constitution to which they are represented as enemies; and not only to particular persons, but to that order of men in general, which will be always held sacred and honourable, so long as there is reason and religion in the world.

I might mention many other corruptions common to both parties, which naturally flow from this source; and might easily shew, upon a full display of them, that this clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it; and rendered us not only the most divided, but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.

When our nation is overflowed with such a deluge of impiety, it must be a great pleasure to find any expedient take place, that has a tendency to recover it out of so dismal a condition. This is one great reason why an honest man may rejoice to see an Act so near taking effect, for making elections of members to serve in Parliament less frequent. I find my self prevented by other writings (which have considered the Act now depending, in this particular light) from expatiating upon this subject. I shall only mention two short pieces which I have been just now reading, under the following titles, *Arguments about the alteration of the triennial elections of Parliament*: And, *The alteration in the triennial Act considered.*

The reasons for this Law, as it is necessary for settling his Majesty in his throne; for extinguishing the spirit of rebellion; for procuring foreign alliances; and other advantages of the like nature; carry a great weight with them. But I am particularly pleased with it, as it may compose our unnatural feuds and animosities, revive an honest spirit of industry in the nation, and cut off frequent occasions of brutal rage and intemperance. In short, as it will make us not only a more safe, a more flourishing, and a more happy, but also a more virtuous people.

Monday,

N° 38. *Monday, April* 30.

------Longum, formoſa, vale------ Virg.

IT 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 herbâ, ſine ullius veneficæ carmine: ſi vis amari, ama. I will diſcover to you a Philter that has neither drug, nor ſimple, nor enchantment in it. Love, if you would raiſe love.* If there be any truth in this diſcovery, and this be ſuch a ſpecifick 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 the ſex 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 lilly among thorns.*

A Stateſwoman is as ridiculous a creature as a Cott-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 battel, the father of the

gods ſmiled upon her, and put her in mind, that inſtead of mixing in a 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 Criticks has been offended with *Homer's Billingſgate* warriors; but a ſcolding Heroe is, at the worſt, a more tolerable character than a Bully in petticoats. To which we may add, that the keeneſt ſatyriſt, 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 politicks, 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, till the expiration of the preſent Parliament, among one half of our Iſland, it is very reaſonable 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 regulation might be as follows:

" That a Committee of Toaſts 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 Toaſts, or any other the like papers and records.

" That it be an inſtruction to the ſaid Committee, to conſider of pro- " per ways and methods to reclaim the obſtinately opprobrious and viru- " lent; and how to make the ducking-ſtool more uſeful.

Being always willing to contribute my aſſiſtances to my country-women, I would propoſe a preamble, ſetting forth, " That the late civil war a- " mong the ſex has tended very much to the leſſening of that antient 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

" many ſharp and violent conteſts, and a great effuſion of Citron-water:
" that is 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 a certain frown into
" the features, and a fourneſs 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 politicks 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 *Mathers*, 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 publick 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 other of that
" ſociety in what part ſoever of the nation in like manner practiſing and
" reſiding; who are ſtill at liberty to rail, calumniate, ſcold, frown and
" pout, as in afore-times, any thing in this Act to the contrary notwith-
" ſtanding.

N° 39. *Friday, May* 4.

Prodeſſe quam conſpici.

IT often happens, that extirpating the love of glory, which is obſerved to take the deepeſt root in noble minds, tears up ſeveral virtues with it; and that ſuppreſſing the deſire of fame, is apt to reduce men to a ſtate of indolence and ſupineneſs. But when, without any incentive of vanity, a perſon of great abilities is zealous for the good of mankind; and as ſolicitous for the concealment, as the performance of illuſtrious actions; we may be ſure that he has ſomething more than ordinary in his compoſition, and has a heart filled with goodneſs and magnanimity.

There is not perhaps, in all hiſtory, a greater inſtance of this temper of mind, than what appeared in that excellent perſon, whoſe motto I have placed at the head of this paper. He had worn himſelf out in his application to ſuch ſtudies as made him uſeful or ornamental to the world, in concerting ſchemes for the welfare of his country, and in proſecuting ſuch meaſures as were neceſſary for making thoſe ſchemes effectual: but all this was done with a view to the publick good that ſhould riſe out of theſe generous endeavours, and not to the fame which ſhould accrue to himſelf. Let the reputation of the action fall where it would; ſo his country reaped the benefit of it, he was ſatisfied. As this turn of mind threw off in a great meaſure the oppoſitions of envy and competition, it enabled him to gain the moſt vain and impracticable into his deſigns, and to bring about ſeveral great events for the ſafety and advantage of the publick, which muſt have died in their birth, had he been as deſirous of appearing beneficial to mankind, as of being ſo.

As he was admitted into the ſecret and moſt retired thoughts and counſels of his Royal maſter King *William*, a great ſhare in the plan of the Proteſtant Succeſſion is univerſally aſcribed to him. And if he did not entirely project the Union of the two kingdoms, and the Bill of Regency, which ſeem to have been the only methods in human policy, for ſecuring

ſecuring to us ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing, there is none who will deny him to have been the chief conductor in both theſe glorious works. For poſterity are obliged to allow him that praiſe after his death, which he induſtriouſly declined while he was living. His life indeed ſeems to have been prolonged beyond its natural term, under thoſe indiſpoſitions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the happy ſettlement take place, which he had propoſed to himſelf as the principal end of all his publick labours. Nor was it a ſmall addition to his happineſs, that by this means he ſaw thoſe who had been always his moſt intimate friends, and who had concerted with him ſuch meaſures for the guaranty of the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, as drew upon them the diſpleaſure of men who were averſe to it, advanced to the higheſt poſts of truſt and honour under his preſent Majeſty. I believe there are none of theſe Patriots, who will think it a derogation from their merit to have it ſaid, that they received many lights and advantages from their intimacy with my Lord *Somers:* who had ſuch a general knowledge of affairs, and ſo tender a concern for his friends, that whatever ſtation they were in, they uſually applied to him for his advice in every perplexity of buſineſs, and in affairs of the greateſt difficulty.

His life was, in every part of it, ſet off with that graceful modeſty and reſerve, which made his virtues more beautiful, the more they were caſt in ſuch agreeable ſhades.

His religion was ſincere, not oſtentatious; and ſuch as inſpired him with an univerſal benevolence towards all his fellow-ſubjects, not with bitterneſs againſt any part of them. He ſhewed his firm adherence to it as modelled by our national conſtitution, and was conſtant to its offices of devotion, both in publick and in his family. He appeared a champion for it with great reputation in the cauſe of the ſeven Biſhops, at a time when the Church was really in danger. To which we may add, that he held a ſtrict friendſhip and correſpondence with the great Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, being acted by the ſame ſpirit of candor and moderation; and moved rather with pity than indignation towards the perſons of thoſe who differed from him in the uneſſential parts of chriſtianity.

His great humanity appeared in the minuteſt circumſtances of his converſation. You found it in the benevolence of his aſpect, the complacency of his behaviour, and the tone of his voice. His great application to the ſeverer ſtudies of the law, had not infected his temper with any thing poſitive or litigious. He did not know what it was to wrangle on indifferent points, to triumph in the ſuperiority of his underſtanding, or to be

be ſupercilious on the ſide of truth. He joined the greateſt delicacy of good-breeding to the greateſt ſtrength of reaſon. By approving the ſentiments of a perſon, with whom he converſed, in ſuch particulars as were juſt, he won him over from thoſe points in which he was miſtaken; and had ſo agreeable a way of conveying knowledge, that whoever conferred with him grew the wiſer, without perceiving that he had been inſtructed. We may probably aſcribe to this maſterly and engaging manner of converſation, the great eſteem which he had gained with the late Queen, while ſhe purſued thoſe meaſures which had carried the *Britiſh* nation to the higheſt pitch of glory; notwithſtanding ſhe had entertained many unreaſonable prejudices againſt him, before ſhe was acquainted with his perſonal worth and behaviour.

As in his political capacity we have before ſeen how much he contributed to the eſtabliſhment of the Proteſtant intereſt, and the good of his native country, he was always true to theſe great ends. His character was uniform and conſiſtent with itſelf, and his whole conduct of a piece. His principles were founded in reaſon, and ſupported by virtue; and therefore did not lie at the mercy of Ambition, Avarice, or Reſentment. His notions were no leſs ſteady and unſhaken, than juſt and upright. In a word, he concluded his courſe among the ſame well-choſen friendſhips and alliances, with which he began it.

This great man was not more conſpicuous as a Patriot and a Stateſman, than as a perſon of univerſal knowledge and learning. As by dividing his time between the publick ſcenes of buſineſs, and the private retirements of life, he took care to keep up both the great and good man; ſo by the ſame means he accompliſhed himſelf not only in the knowledge of men and things, but in the skill of the moſt refined arts and ſciences. That unwearied diligence, which followed him through all the ſtages of his life, gave him ſuch a thorough inſight into the laws of the land, that he paſſed for one of the greateſt maſters of his profeſſion, at his firſt appearance in it. Though he made a regular progreſs through the ſeveral honours of the long robe, he was always looked upon as one who deſerved a ſuperior ſtation to that he was poſſeſſed of; till he arrived at the higheſt dignity to which thoſe ſtudies could advance him.

He enjoyed in the higheſt perfection two talents, which do not often meet in the ſame perſon, the greateſt ſtrength of good ſenſe, and the moſt exquiſite taſte of politeneſs Without the firſt, learning is but an incumbrance; and without the laſt, is ungraceful. My Lord *Somers* was Maſter of theſe two qualifications in ſo eminent a degree, that all the parts

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of knowledge appeared in him with such an additional strength and beauty, as they want in the possession of others. If he delivered his opinion of a piece of Poetry, a Statue, or a Picture, there was something so just and delicate in his observations, as naturally produced pleasure and assent in those who heard him.

His solidity and elegance, improved by the reading of the finest Authors both of the learned and modern languages, discovered itself in all his productions. His Oratory was masculine and persuasive, free from every thing trivial and affected. His style in writing was chaste and pure, but at the same time full of spirit and politeness; and fit to convey the most intricate business to the understanding of the reader, with the utmost clearness and perspicuity. And here it is to be lamented, that this extraordinary person, out of his natural aversion to vain-glory, wrote several pieces as well as performed several actions, which he did not assume the honour of: though at the same time so many works of this nature have appeared, which every one has ascribed to him, that I believe no Author of the greatest eminence would deny my Lord *Somers* to have been the best writer of the age in which he lived.

This noble Lord, for the great extent of his knowledge and capacity, has been often compared with the Lord *Verulam*, who had also been Chancellor of *England*. But the conduct of these extraordinary persons, under the same circumstances, was vastly different. They were both impeached by a House of Commons. One of them, as he had given just occasion for it, sunk under it; and was reduced to such an abject submission, as very much diminished the lustre of so exalted a character: but my Lord *Somers* was too well fortified in his integrity to fear the impotence of an attempt upon his reputation; and though his accusers would gladly have dropped their impeachment, he was instant with them for the prosecution of it, and would not let that matter rest till it was brought to an issue. For the same virtue and greatness of mind which gave him a disregard of fame, made him impatient of an undeserved reproach.

There is no question but this wonderful man will make one of the most distinguished figures in the history of the present age; but we cannot expect that his merit will shine out in its proper light, since he wrote many things which are not published in his name; was at the bottom of many excellent Counsels, in which he did not appear; did offices of friendship to many persons, who knew not from whom they were derived; and performed great services to his country, the glory of which was transferred to others: In short, since he made it his endeavour rather to do worthy actions, than to gain an illustrious character.

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PADERBORN

N° 40. *Monday, May 7.*

Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem. Hor.

IT requires no ſmall degree of reſolution, to be an Author in a country ſo facetious and ſatyrical 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 publick 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 viſibly 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 hear-ſay to defame him, and have recourſe to their own invention, rather than ſuffer him 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 publick 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 applauſes; whilſt men of ſpecu-

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 is 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 partizans, 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, 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, whilſt 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 publick 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 methods.

The Author indeed often grows old before the man, eſpecially if he treats on ſubjects of invention, or ſuch as ariſe from reflections 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 thoughts, ſhould lie ſtill for ſome time, till their minds have gathered freſh ſtrength, and by reading, reflection and converſation, laid in a new ſtock of elegancies, ſentiments, and images of Nature. The ſoil, that is worn with too frequent culture, muſt lie fallow for a while, till it has recruited its exhauſted ſalts, and again enriched it ſelf 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 prophaneneſs. 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 my ſelf 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 uninſtructive. 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 it ſelf. 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 oftner 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 my ſelf as a *Britiſh* Free-holder, 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 hiſtori-

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ans 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 perfo - mance: 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 ſatyr 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 rejoyce 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 o-thers.

N° 41. *Friday, May* 11.

Diſſentientis conditionibus
Fœdis, et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum. Hor.

AS the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and proſperity of the publick, than any other act of government, it is pity that we do not ſee the ſtate of it marked out in every particular reign with greater diſtinction and accuracy, than what is uſual among our *Engliſh* hiſtorians. We may however obſerve in general, that the beſt and wiſeſt of our Monarchs have not been leſs induſtrious to extend their trade, than their dominions; as it manifeſtly turns in a much higher degree to the welfare of the people, if not to the glory of the Soveraign.

The firſt of our Kings who carried our commerce, and conſequently our navigation to a very great height, was *Edward* the Third. This victorious Prince, by his many excellent laws for the encouragement of trade, enabled his ſubjects to ſupport him in his many glorious wars upon the continent, and turned the ſcale ſo much in favour of our *Engliſh* Merchandiſe, that, by a balance of trade taken in his time, the exported commodities amounted to two hundred ninety four thouſand pounds, and the imported but to thirty eight thouſand.

Thoſe of his ſucceſſors, under whoſe regulations our trade flouriſhed moſt, were *Henry* the Seventh, and Queen *Elizabeth*. As the firſt of theſe was for his great wiſdom very often ſtyled the *Engliſh Solomon*, he followed the example of that wiſe King in nothing more, than by advancing the traffick of his people. By this means he reconciled to him the minds of his ſubjects, ſtrengthened himſelf in their affections, improved very much the navigation of the kingdom, and repelled the frequent attempts of his enemies.

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As for Queen *Elizabeth*, she had always the trade of her kingdom very much at heart, and we may observe the effects of it through the whole course of her reign, in the love and obedience of her people, as well as in the defeats and disappointments of her enemies.

It is with great pleasure that we see our present Soveraign applying his thoughts so successfully to the advancement of our traffick, and considering himself as the King of a trading Island. His Majesty has already gained very considerable advantages for his people, and is still employed in concerting schemes, and forming treaties, for retrieving and enlarging our privileges in the world of commerce.

I shall only in this paper take notice of the treaty concluded at *Madrid* on the fourteenth of *December* last, 1715; and by comparing it with hat concluded at *Utrecht* on the ninth of *December*, 1713, shew several particulars in which the treaty made with his present Majesty is more advantageous to *Great-Britain*, than that which was made in the last reign; after this general observation, that it is equally surprizing how so bad a treaty came to be made at the end of a glorious and successful war; and how so good a one has been obtained in the beginning of a reign disturbed by such intestine commotions. But we may learn from hence, that the wisdom of a Soveraign, and the integrity of his Ministers, are more necessary for bringing about works of such consequence for the publick good, than any juncture of time, or any other the most favourable circumstance.

We must here premise that by the treaty concluded at *Madrid* in 1667, the duties of importation payable upon the manufactures and products of *Great-Britain*, amounted upon the established valuation in the *Spanish* book of rates, (after the deduction of the Gratia's) in *Andalusia* to 11⅓ *per Cent.* in *Valentia* to 5 *per Cent.* and in *Catalonia* to about 7 *per Cent.* or less; and consequently upon the whole aforesaid trade, those duties could not exceed 10 *per Cent.* in a medium.

After this short account of the state of our trade with *Spain*, before the treaty of *Utrecht* under the late Queen, we must observe, that by the explanatory articles of this last mentioned treaty, the duties of importation upon the products and manufactures of *Great-Britain* were augmented in *Andalusia* to 27½ *per Cent.* at a medium.

But by the late treaty made with his present Majesty at *Madrid*, the said duties are again reduced according to the aforesaid treaty of 1667: and the deduction of the Gratia's is established as an inviolable law, whereas, before, the Gratia's of the farmers particularly were altogether precarious, and depended entirely upon courtesy. That

That the common Reader may understand the nature of these Gratia's, he must know that when the King of *Spain* had laid higher duties upon our *English* goods, than what the Merchants were able or willing to comply with, he used to abate a certain part: which indulgence, or abatement, went under the name of a Gratia. But when he had farmed out these his customs to several of his subjects, the farmers, in order to draw more Merchandise to their respective ports, and thereby to increase their own particular profits, used to make new abatements, or Gratia's, to the *British* Merchants, endeavouring sometimes to outvy one another in such indulgences, and by that means to get a greater proportion of custom into their own hands.

But to proceed: the duties on exportation may be computed to be raised by the *Utrecht* treaty, near as much as the aforesaid duties of importation: whereas, by the treaty made with his present Majesty, they are reduced to their ancient standard.

Complaint having been made, that the *Spaniards* after the suspension of arms had taken several *New-England* and other *British* ships gathering salt at the Island of *Tertuga*, a very full and just report concerning that affair was laid before Her late Majesty, of which I shall give the Reader the following extract:

" Your Majesty's subjects have, from the first settlement of the conti-
" nent of *America*, had a free access to this Island; and have without
" interruptions, unless in time of war, used to take what salt they pleased
" there: and we have proofs of that usage for above 50 Years, as appears
" by certificates of persons who have been employed in that trade.

" It doth not appear, upon the strictest enquiry, that the *Spaniards*
" ever inhabited or settled on the said Island; nor is it probable they
" ever did, it being either all barren rock, or dry sand, and having no
" fresh water or provisions in it.

" We take leave to lay before your Majesty, the consequence of your
" Majesty's subjects being prohibited to fetch salt at *Tertuga*; which will
" in part appear from the number of ships using that trade, being, as we
" are informed, one year with another about a hundred sail.

" The salt carried from thence to *New-England* is used chiefly for
" curing of fish, which is either *Cod*, *Scale-fish*, or *Mackrel*: the former
" of which is the principal branch of the returns made from the conti-
" nent to *Great-Britain* by way of *Spain*, *Portugal*, and the *Straits*,
" for the woollen and other goods sent from this kingdom thither. Be-
" sides which, the *Scale-fish* and *Mackrel* are of such consequence, that

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« the Sugar-Islands cannot subsist without them, their Negroes being « chiefly supported by this fish: so that if they were not supplied there- « with from *New-England*, (which they cannot be, if your Majesty's « subjects are prohibited from getting salt at *Tertuga*) they would not be « able to carry on their Sugar-works. This hath been confirmed to us « by several considerable planters concerned in those parts.

« Upon the whole, your Majesty's subjects having enjoyed an uninter- « rupted usage of gathering salt at *Tertuga* ever since the first settlement « of the continent as aforesaid, we humbly submit to your Majesty the « consequence of preserving that usage and right upon which the trade « of your Majesty's plantations so much depends.

Notwithstanding it appears from what is above-written, that our Sugar-Islands were like to suffer considerably for want of Fish from *New-England*, no care was taken to have this matter remedied by the explanatory articles, which were posterior to the above-mentioned report.

However in the third article of the treaty made with his present Majesty, this business is fully settled to our advantage.

The *British* Merchants having had several hardships put upon them at *Bilboa*, which occasioned the decay of our trade at that place, the said Merchants did make and execute in the year 1700, a treaty of privileges with the Magistrates and inhabitants of St. *Ander*, very much to the advantage of this kingdom, in order to their removing and settling there: the effect of which was prevented by the death of King *Charles* the Second of *Spain*, and the war which soon after ensued. This matter, it seems, was slighted or neglected by the managers of the *Utrecht* treaty: for, by the fourteenth article of that treaty, there is only *a liberty given to the* British *subjects to settle and dwell at St.* Ander, *upon the terms of the ninth and thirtieth articles of the treaty of* 1667, which are general. But no regard was had to the forementioned treaty of privileges in 1700; whereas by the second article of the treaty now made with his present Majesty, the forementioned treaty of privileges with St. *Ander* is confirmed and ratified.

Another considerable advantage is, that the *French*, by the treaty made with his present Majesty, are to pay the same duties at the *Dry-Ports*, through which they pass by land-carriage, as we pay upon importation or exportation by sea: which was not provided for by the *Utrecht* treaty.

By the cedula's annexed to the treaty of 1667, the valuable privileges of having Judge-conservators (appointed to make a more speedy and less expensive

expenſive determination of all controverſies ariſing in trade) was fully eſtabliſhed. But by the fifteenth article of *Utrecht* that privilege was in effect given up. For it is therein only ſtipulated, *That in caſe any other nation have that Privilege, we ſhall in like manner enjoy it.* But by the fifth article of the treaty now made with his preſent Majeſty it is ſtipulated, that *We ſhall enjoy all the rights, privileges, franchiſes, exemptions, and immunities whatſoever, which we enjoyed by virtue of the Royal Cedula's or Ordinances by the treaty of* 1667. So that hereby the privilege of Judge-conſervators is again confirmed to us.

As nothing but the reputation of his Majeſty in foreign countries, and of his fixed purpoſes to purſue the real good of his kingdoms, could bring about treaties of this nature: ſo it is impoſſible to reflect with patience on the folly and ingratitude of thoſe men, who labour to diſturb him in the midſt of theſe his Royal cares, and to miſrepreſent his generous endeavours for the good of his people.

N° 42. *Monday, May* 14.

O fortunatos mercatores! ------ Hor.

SEVERAL Authors have written on the advantage of trade in general; which is indeed ſo copious a ſubject, that as it is impoſſible to exhauſt it in a ſhort diſcourſe, ſo it is very difficult to obſerve any thing new upon it. I ſhall, therefore, only conſider trade in this paper, as it is abſolutely neceſſary and eſſential to the ſafety, ſtrength, and proſperity of our own nation.

In the firſt place, as we are an Iſland accommodated on all ſides with convenient ports, and encompaſſed with navigable ſeas, we ſhould be inexcuſable, if we did not make theſe bleſſings of providence and advantages of nature turn to their proper account. The moſt celebrated merchants in the world, and thoſe who make the greateſt figure in antiquity, were ſituated in the little Iſland of *Tyre*, which, by the prodigious increaſe of its wealth and ſtrength at ſea, did very much influence the moſt conſiderable kingdoms and empires on the neighbouring continent, and gave birth

birth to the *Carthaginians*, who afterwards exceeded all other nations in naval power. The old *Tyre* was indeed ſeated on the continent, from whence the inhabitants, after having been beſieged by the great King of *Aſſyria* for the ſpace of thirteen years, withdrew themſelves and their Effects into the iſland of *Tyre*; where, by the benefit of ſuch a ſituation, a trading people were enabled to hold out for many ages againſt the attempts of their enemies, and became the merchants of the world.

Further; as an iſland, we are acceſſible on every ſide, and expoſed to perpetual invaſions; againſt which it is impoſſible to fortify our ſelves ſufficiently, without ſuch a power at ſea, as is not to be kept up, but by a people who flouriſh in commerce. To which we muſt add, that our inland towns being deſtitute of fortifications, it is our indiſpenſable concern to preſerve this our naval ſtrength, which is as a general bulwark to the *Britiſh* nation.

Beſides; as an iſland, it has not been thought agreeable to the true *Britiſh* policy to make acquiſitions upon the continent. In lieu, therefore, of ſuch an increaſe of dominion, it is our buſineſs to extend to the utmoſt our trade and navigation. By this means, we reap the advantages of conqueſt, without violence or injuſtice; we not only ſtrengthen our ſelves, but gain the wealth of our neighbours in an honeſt way; and, without any act of hoſtility, lay the ſeveral nations of the world under a kind of contribution.

Secondly, Trade is fitted to the Nature of our country, as it abounds with a great profuſion of commodities of its own growth very convenient for other countries, and is naturally deſtitute of many things ſuited to the exigencies, ornaments and pleaſures of life, which may be fetched from foreign parts. But, that which is more particularly to be remarked, our *Britiſh* products are of ſuch kinds and quantities, as can turn the balance of trade to our advantage, and enable us to ſell more to foreigners, than we have occaſion to buy from them.

To this we muſt add, that by extending a well-regulated trade, we are as great gainers by the commodities of many other countries, as by thoſe of our own nation; and by ſupplying foreign markets with the growth and manufactures of the moſt diſtant regions, we receive the ſame profit from them, as if they were the produce of our own iſland.

Thirdly, We are not a little obliged to trade, as it has been a great means of civilizing our nation, and baniſhing out of it all the remains of its antient barbarity. There are many bitter ſayings againſt iſlanders in general, repreſenting them as fierce, treacherous, and inhoſpitable. Thoſe

who live on the continent have such opportunities of a frequent inter course with men of different religions and languages, and who live under different laws and governments, that they become more kind, benevolent, and open-hearted to their fellow-creatures, than those who are the inhabitants of an island, that hath not such conversations with the rest of the species. *Cæsar*'s observation upon our forefathers is very much to our present purpose; who remarks, that those of them that lived upon the coast, or in sea-port towns, were much more civilized, than those who had their dwellings in the inland country, by reason of frequent communications with their neighbours on the continent.

In the last place. Trade is absolutely necessary for us, as our country is very populous. It employs multitudes of hands both by sea and land, and furnishes the poorest of our fellow-subjects with the opportunities of gaining an honest livelihood. The skilful or industrious find their account in it: and many, who have no fixed property in the soil of our country, can make themselves masters of as considerable estates, as those who have the greatest portions of the land descending to them by inheritance.

If what has been often charged upon us by our neighbours has any truth in it, That we are prone to sedition and delight in change, there is no cure more proper for this evil than trade, which thus supplies business to the active, and wealth to the indigent. When men are easy in their circumstances, they are naturally enemies to innovations: And indeed we see in the course of our *English* histories, many of our popular commotions have taken their rise from the decay of some branch of commerce, which created discontents among persons concerned in the manufactures of the Kingdom. When men are sowred with poverty, and unemployed, they easily give into any prospect of change, which may better their condition, and cannot make it much worse.

Since therefore it is manifest, that the promoting of our trade and commerce is necessary and essential to our security and strength, our peace and prosperity, it is our particular happiness to see a Monarch on the throne, who is sensible of the true interest of his Kingdoms, and applies himself with so much success to the advancement of our national commerce.

The Reader may see, in my last paper, the advantages which His Majesty has gained for us in our *Spanish* trade. In this, I shall give a short account of those procured for us from the *Austrian* Low-countries, by vertue of the twenty sixth arricle of the barrier treaty made at *Antwerp* the fifteenth of *November* last.

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This branch of our trade was regulated by a *Tariff*, or declaration of the duties of import and export, in the year 1670, which was superseded by another made in 1680, that continued 'till this last *Tariff* settled in 1715 with his present Majesty. As for the two former, those who are at the pains of perusing them will find, the *Tariff* of 1670 laid higher duties on several considerable branches of our trade, than that of 1680, but in many particulars was more favourable to us than the latter. Now, by the present *Tariff* of 1715, these duties are fixed and regulated for the future by those which were most favourable in either of the former *Tariffs*, and all our products and manufactures (one only excepted, which I shall name by and by) settled upon rather an easier foot than ever.

Our woollen cloths, being the most profitable branch of our trade into these countries, have by this means gained a very considerable advantage. For the *Tariff* of 1680, having laid higher duties upon the finer sorts, and lower duties on ordinary cloth, than what were settled in the *Tariff* of 1670, His Majesty has, by the present treaty, reduced the duties on the finer sorts to the *Tariff* of 1670, and confirmed the duties on ordinary cloth according to the *Tariff* of 1680. Insomuch that this present *Tariff* of 1715. considered, with relation to this valuable part of our trade, reduces the duties at least one sixth part, supposing the exportation of all sorts to be equal. But as there is always a much greater exportation of the ordinary cloth, than of the finer sorts, the reduction of these duties becomes still much more considerable.

We must farther observe, that there had been several innovations made to the detriment of the *English* merchant since the *Tariff* of 1680; all which innovations are now entirely set aside upon every species of goods, except butter, which is here particularly mentioned, because we cannot be too minute and circumstantial in accounts of this nature. This article however is moderated, and is rated in proportion to what has been, and is still to be, paid by the *Dutch*.

As our commerce with the *Netherlands* is thus settled to the advantage of our *British* merchants, so is it much to their satisfaction: And if his Majesty, in the several succeeding parts of his reign (which we hope may be many years prolonged) should advance our commerce in the same proportion as he has already done, we may expect to see it in a more flourishing condition, than under any of his Royal ancestors. He seems to place his greatness in the riches and prosperity of his people; and what may we may not hope from him in a time of quiet and tranquillity? since,

during the late distractions, he has done so much for the advantage of our trade, when we could not reasonably expect he should have been able to do any thing.

N° 43. *Friday, May* 18.

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. Hor.

ONE would wonder how any person endowed with the ordinary principles of prudence and humanity, should desire to be King of a country, in which the established religion is directly opposite to that which he himself professes. Were it possible for such a one to accomplish his designs, his own reason must tell him, there could not be a more uneasy Prince, nor a more unhappy people. But how it can enter into the wishes of any private persons to be the subjects of a man, whose faith obliges him to use the most effectual means for extirpating their religion, is altogether incomprehensible, but upon the supposition that whatever principles they seem to adhere to, their interest, ambition, or revenge, is much more active and predominant in their minds, than the love of their country, or of its national worship.

I have never heard of any particular benefit, which either the *Pretender* himself, or the favourers of his cause, could promise to the *British* nation from the success of his pretensions; though the evils which would arise from it, are numberless and evident. These men content themselves with one general assertion, which often appears in their writings, and their discourse; That the kingdom will never be quiet till he is upon the throne. If by this position is meant, that those will never be quiet who would endeavour to place him there, it may possibly have some truth in it; tho' we hope even these will be reduced to their obedience by the care of their safety, if not by the sense of their duty. But on the other side, how ineffectual would this strange expedient be, for establishing the publick quiet and tranquillity, should it

ever

ever take place! for, by way of argument, we may ſuppoſe impoſſibilities. Would that party of men which comprehends the moſt wealthy, and the moſt valiant of the kingdom, and which, were the cauſe put to a tryal, would undoubtedly appear the moſt numerous, (for I am far from thinking all thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Tories*, to be favourers of the *Pretender*) can we, I ſay, ſuppoſe theſe men would live quiet under a reign which they have hitherto oppoſed, and from which they apprehend ſuch a manifeſt deſtruction to their country? Can we ſuppoſe our preſent Royal Family, who are ſo powerful in foreign dominions, ſo ſtrong in their relations and alliances, and ſo univerſally ſupported by the Proteſtant intereſt of *Europe*, would continue quiet, and not make vigorous and repeated attempts for the recovery of their right, ſhould it ever be wreſted out of their hands? Can we imagine that our *Britiſh* Clergy would be quiet under a Prince, who is zealous for his religion, and obliged by it to ſubvert thoſe doctrines, which it is their duty to defend and propagate? Nay, would any of thoſe men themſelves, who are the champions of this deſperate cauſe, unleſs ſuch of them as are profeſſed *Roman*-Catholicks, or diſpoſed to be ſo, live quiet under a government which at the beſt would make uſe of all indirect methods in favour of a religion, that is inconſiſtent with our laws and liberties, and would impoſe on us ſuch a yoke, as neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? All the quiet that could be expected from ſuch a reign, muſt be the reſult of abſolute power on the one hand, and a deſpicable ſlavery on the other: and I believe every reaſonable man will be of the *Roman* hiſtorian's opinion, that a diſturbed liberty is better than a quiet ſervitude.

There is not indeed a greater abſurdity than to imagine the quiet of a nation can ariſe from an eſtabliſhment, in which the King would be of one communion, and the people of another; eſpecially when the religion of the Sovereign carries in it the utmoſt malignity to that of the ſubject. If any of our *Engliſh* Monarchs might have hoped to reign quietly under ſuch circumſtances, it would have been King *Charles* the Second, who was received with all the joy and good-will that are natural to a people, newly reſcued from a tyranny which had long oppreſſed them in ſeveral ſhapes. But this Monarch was too wiſe to own himſelf a *Roman*-Catholick, even in that juncture of time; or to imagine it practicable for an avowed Popiſh Prince to govern a Proteſtant people. His brother tried the experiment, and every one knows the ſucceſs of it.

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As Speculations are beſt ſupported by facts, I ſhall add to theſe domeſtick examples one or two parallel inſtances out of the *Swediſh* hiſtory, which may be ſufficient to ſhew us, that a ſcheme of government is impracticable in which the head does not agree with the body, in that point, which is of the greateſt concern to reaſonable creatures. *Sweden* is the only Proteſtant kingdom in *Europe* beſides this of *Great Britain*, which has had the misfortune to ſee Popiſh Princes upon the throne; and we find that they behaved themſelves as we did, and as it is natural for men to do, upon the ſame occaſion. Their King *Sigiſmond* having, contrary to the inclinations of his people, endeavoured by ſeveral clandeſtine methods to promote the *Roman* Catholick religion among his ſubjects, and ſhewn ſeveral marks of favour to their Prieſts and Jeſuits, was, after a very ſhort reign, depoſed by the States of that kingdom, being repreſented as one who could neither be held by oaths nor promiſes, and overruled by the influence of his religion, which diſpenſes with the violation of the moſt ſacred engagements that are oppoſite to its intereſts. The States, to ſhew farther their apprehenſions of Popery, and how incompatible they thought the principles of the church of *Rome* in a Sovereign were with thoſe of the reformed religion in his ſubjects, agreed that his ſon ſhould ſucceed to the throne, provided he were brought up a Proteſtant. This the father ſeemingly complyed with; but afterwards refuſing to give him ſuch an education, the ſon was likewiſe ſet aſide, and for ever excluded from that ſucceſſion. The famous Queen *Chriſtina*, daughter to the Great *Guſtavus*, was ſo ſenſible of thoſe troubles which would accrue both to her ſelf and her people, ſhould ſhe avow the *Roman*-Catholick religion while ſhe was upon the throne of *Sweden*; that ſhe did not make an open profeſſion of that faith, till ſhe had reſigned her Crown, and was actually upon her journey to *Rome*.

In ſhort, if there be any political maxim, which may be depended upon as ſure and infallible, this is one; That it is impoſſible for a nation to be happy, where a people of the reformed religion are governed by a King that is a Papiſt. Were he indeed only a nominal *Roman*-Catholick, there might be a poſſibility of peace and quiet under ſuch a reign; but if he is ſincere in the principles of his church, he muſt treat heretical ſubjects as that church directs him, and knows very well, that he ceaſes to be religious, when he ceaſes to be a perſecutor.

Monday,

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N° 44. *Monday, May* 21.

Multaque præterea variarum monſtra ferarum
Centauri in foribus ſtabulant, ſcyllæque biformes,
Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ
Horrendum ſtridens, flammiſque armata Chimæra,
Gorgones, Harpyiæque, et forma tricorporis umbræ.
Corripit hic ſubita trepidus formidine ferrum
Æneas, ſtrictamque aciem venientibus offert.
Et, ni docta comes tenues ſine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare cava ſub imagine formæ,
Irruat, et fruſtra ferro diverberet umbras. Virg.

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, 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, till 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 re-built 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 ſubpænaed 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 ſports-man. 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-*

Charing-croſs; where, to his great ſurprize, he ſaw a running footman carried in a chair, followed by a water-man 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 the Term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himſelf what all this ſhould mean, a Hackney-coach chancing to paſs by him, four *Batts* popped out their heads all at once, which very much frighted both him and his horſe. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horſe of ſuch ſtarting fits, 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 perriwig, 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 diſaffected, he immediately concluded that all the perſons he ſaw in theſe ſtrange habits were foreigners, and conceived 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 ſhepherdeſs quarrelling with her coachman, and threatning 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 her Maſque, to his great ſurprize 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

wrinkled face, which flouriſhed in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteneſs of the lilly was blended in it with the bluſh of the roſe. He miſtook it for a very whimſical kind of maſque; but upon a nearer view he found that ſhe held her vizard in her 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 her ſelf 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 their reſpective convents in *Drury-lane*.

The 'Squire 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 ſatisfie 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 County, 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 Dutcheſs.

I muſt not conclude this narrative without mentioning one diſaſter which happened to my friend on 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.

N° 45. *Friday, May* 25.

Nimium risus pretium est si probitatis impendio constat. Quintil.

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 rallery and satyr, 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 *Tatlers* 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 proselytes to the interests, 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 Εἴρων) *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 rallery 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

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to their former licentiouſneſs, they can never hope for approbation from thoſe who know that rallery 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 favours 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. Rallery, under ſuch regulations, unbends the mind from ſerious ſtudies and ſeverer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper byaſs. It carries on the ſame deſign that is promoted by Authors of a graver 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 reflection find, that they are merry at their own expence. I might farther take notice, that by entertainments of this kind, a man may be chearful 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, *Inſervi Deo et lætare, 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 ſower 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 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 publick 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 your ſelf. 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 likewiſe 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 Fox-hunters.

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 politicks. Scandal and ſatyr are never-failing gratifications to the publick. Detraction and obloquy are received with as much eagerneſs as wit and humour. Should a writer ſingle out particular perſons, or point his rallery at any order of men, who by their profeſſion ought to be exempt from it; ſhould he ſlander the innocent, or ſatyrize 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 manners; 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.

Monday,

N° 46. *Monday, May* 28.

——— male nominatis
Parcite verbis:
Hic dies, vere mihi festus, atras
Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras. Hor.

THE usual salutation to a man upon his birth-day among the ancient *Romans* was *Multos et fælices*; in which they wished him many happy returns of it. When *Augustus* celebrated the secular year, which was kept but once in a century, and received the congratulations of his people on that account, an eminent Court-wit saluted him in the birth-day form (*Multos et fælices*) which is recorded as a beautiful turn of compliment, expressing a desire that he might enjoy a happy life of many hundreds of years. This salutation cannot be taxed with flattery, since it was directed to a Prince, of whom it is said by a great historian, *It had been happy for* Rome, *if he had never been born, or if he had never died.* Had he never been born, *Rome* would, in all probability, have recovered its former liberty: had he never died, it would have been more happy under his government, than it could have been in the possession of its ancient freedom.

It is our good fortune that our Soveraign whose nativity is celebrated on this day, gives us a prospect, which the *Romans* wanted under the reign of their *Augustus*, of his being succeeded by an heir, both to his virtues and his dominions. In the mean time it happens very luckily, for the establishment of a new race of Kings upon the *British* throne, that the first of this Royal line has all those high qualifications which are necessary to fix the crown upon his own head, and to transmit it to his posterity. We may indeed observe, that every series of Kings who have kept up the succession in their respective families, in spite of all pretensions

sions and oppositions formed against them, has been headed by Princes famous for valour and wisdom. I need only mention the names of *William the Conqueror*, *Henry* the Second, *Henry* the Fourth, *Edward* the Fourth, and *Henry* the Seventh. As for King *James* the First, the Founder of the *Stuart* race, had he been as well turned for the camp, as the cabinet, and not confined all his views to the peace and tranquillity of his own reign, his son had not been involved in such fatal troubles and confusions.

Were an honest *Briton* to wish for a Soveraign, who in the present situation of affairs would be most capable of advancing our national happiness, what could he desire more than a Prince mature in wisdom and experience; renowned for his valour and resolution; successful and fortunate in his undertakings; zealous for the reformed religion; related or allied to all the most considerable Protestant powers of *Europe*; and blessed with a numerous Issue! A failure in any one of these particulars has been the cause of infinite calamities to the *British* nation; but when they all thus happily concur in the same person, they are as much as can be suggested, even by our wishes, for making us a happy people, so far as the qualifications of a Monarch can contribute to it.

I shall not attempt a character of his present Majesty, having already given an imperfect sketch of it in my second paper; but shall chuse rather to observe that cruel treatment which this excellent Prince has met with from the tongues and pens of some of his disaffected subjects. The baseness, ingratitude, and injustice of which practice will appear to us, if we consider,

First, that it reflects highly upon the good sense of the *British* nation, who do not know how to set a just value upon a Prince, whose virtues have gained him the universal esteem of foreign countries. Those Potentates who, as some may suppose, do not wish well to his affairs, have shewn the greatest respect to his personal character, and testified their readiness to enter into such friendships and alliances as may be advantageous to his people. The northern Kings solicite him with impatience to come among them, as the only person capable of settling the several claims and pretensions, which have produced such unspeakable calamities in that part of the world. Two of the most remote and formidable powers of *Europe* have entertained thoughts of submitting their disputes to his arbitration. Every one knows his ancient subjects had such a long experience of his soveraign virtues, that at his departure from them his whole people were in tears; which were answered with all those senti-

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ments of humanity, that arise in the heart of a good Prince on so moving an occasion. What a figure therefore must we make among mankind, if we are the only people of *Europe* who derogate from his merit, that may be made happy by it! and, if in a kingdom which is grown glorious by the reputation of such a Soveraign, there are multitudes who would endeavour to lessen and undervalue it.

In the next place; such a treatment from any part of our fellow-subjects, is by no means answerable to what we receive from his Majesty. His love and regard for our constitution is so remarkable, that, as we are told by those whose office it is to lay the business of the nation before him, it is his first question, upon any matter of the least doubt or difficulty, whether it be in every point according to the laws of the land? He is easy of access to those who desire it, and is so gracious in his behaviour and condescension on such occasions, that none of his subjects retire from his presence without the greatest idea of his wisdom and goodness. His continued application to such publick affairs as may conduce to the benefit of his Kingdoms, diverts him from those pleasures and entertainments which may be indulged by persons in a lower station, and are pursued with eagerness by Princes who have not the care of the publick so much at heart. The least return, which we can make to such a Soveraign, is that tribute which is always paid by honest men, and is always acceptable to great minds, the praise and approbation that are due to a virtuous and noble character. Common decency forbids opprobrious language, even to a bad Prince; and common justice will exact from us, towards a good Prince, the same benevolence and humanity with which he treats his subjects. Those who are influenced by duty and gratitude, will rise much higher in all the expressions of affection and respect, and think they can never do too much to advance the glory of a Soveraign, who takes so much pains to advance their happiness.

When we have a King, who has gained the reputation of the most unblemished probity and honour, and has been famed, through the whole course of his life, for an inviolable adherence to his promises, we may acquiesce (after his many solemn Declarations) in all those measures which it is impossible for us to judge rightly of, unless we were let into such schemes of council and intelligence as produce them; and therefore we should rather turn our thoughts upon the reasonableness of his proceedings, than busy our selves to form objections against them. The consideration of his Majesty's character should at all times suppress our censure of his conduct: and since we have never yet seen, or heard of

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any falſe ſteps in his behaviour, we ought in juſtice to think, that he governs himſelf by his uſual rules of wiſdom and honour, until we diſcover ſomething to the contrary.

Theſe conſiderations ought to reconcile to his Majeſty the hearts and tongues of all his people: But as for thoſe who are the obſtinate, irreclaimable, profeſſed enemies to our preſent eſtabliſhment, we muſt expect their calumnies will not only continue, but riſe againſt him in proportion as he purſues ſuch meaſures as are likely to prove ſucceſsful, and ought to recommend him to his people.

N° 47. *Friday, June* 1.

---------- ceſſit furor, et rabida ora quierunt. Virg.

I Queſtion not but moſt of my readers will be very well pleaſed to hear, that my friend the fox-hunter, 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 ingenuouſly confeſſed to me (while we were in the coach together) which helped to diſabuſe him, was ſeeing King *Charles* I. on horſeback, at *Charing-Croſs*; for he was ſure that Prince could never have kept his ſeat there, had the ſtories been true he had 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 ſurprized 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.

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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 a-sleep.

This discourse held us till 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 extreamly 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 soveraigns.

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 towers which were discernable 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, 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 merchandise, 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 registred 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, this 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 authentick, than if it had been in print, I found, made a 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* II. 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 chuſe 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 for the *Meuſe*, 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 had 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 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

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fluſh of good-nature when they are once ſweetned; 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 confirm'd my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, was a meſſage he received, as we were walking together, from the priſoner, for whom he had given his teſtimony in his late tryal. 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*.

N° 48. *Monday, June* 4.

Tu tamen, ſi habes aliquam ſpem de Republica, ſive deſperas; ea para, meditare, cogita, quæ eſſe in eo cive ac viro debent, qui ſit Rempublicam afflictam et oppreſſam miſeris temporibus ac perditis moribus in veterem dignitatem ac libertatem vindicaturus. Cicer.

THE condition of a Miniſter of ſtate is only ſuited to perſons, who, out of a love to their King and country, deſire rather to be uſeful to the publick, than eaſy to themſelves. When a man is poſted in ſuch a ſtation, whatever his behaviour may be, he is ſure, beſide the natural fatigue and trouble of it, to incur the envy of ſome, and the diſpleaſure of others; as he will have many rivals, whoſe ambition he cannot ſatisfy, and many dependents whoſe wants he cannot provide for. Theſe are misfortunes inſeparable from ſuch publick employments in all countries; but there are ſeveral others which hang upon this condition of life in our *Britiſh* government, more than any other ſoveraignty in *Europe*:

As in the first place, there is no other nation which is so equally divided into two opposite parties, whom it is impossible to please at the same time. Our notions of the publick good, with relation both to our selves and foreigners, are of so different a nature, that those measures which are extolled by one half of the Kingdom, are naturally decryed by the other. Besides, that in a *British* administration, many acts of governmennt are absolutely necessary, in which one of the parties must be favoured and obliged, in opposition to their antagonists. So that the most perfect administration, conducted by the most consummate wisdom and probity, must unavoidably produce opposition, enmity, and defamation, from multitudes who are made happy by it.

Farther, it is peculiarly observed of our nation, that almost every man in it is a politician, and hath a scheme of his own, which he thinks preferable to that of any other person. Whether this may proceed from that spirit of liberty which reigns among us, or from those great numbers of all ranks and conditions, who from time to time are concerned in the *British* legislature, and by that means are let into the business of the nation, I shall not take upon me to determine. But for this reason it is certain, that a *British* Ministry must expect to meet with many censurers, even in their own party, and ought to be satisfied, if, allowing to every particular man that his private scheme is wisest, they can perswade him that next to his own plan that of the government is the most eligible.

Besides, we have a set of very honest and well-meaning Gentlemen in *England*, not to be met with in other countries, who take it for granted they can never be in the wrong, so long as they oppose Ministers of state. Those, whom they have admired through the whole course of their lives for their honour and integrity, though they still persist to act in their former character, and change nothing but their stations, appear to them in a disadvantageous light, as soon as they are placed upon state-eminences. Many of these Gentlemen have been used to think there is a kind of slavery in concurring with the measures of great men, and that the good of the country is inconsistent with the inclinations of the Court: by the strength of these prejudices, they are apt to fancy a man loses his honesty, from the very moment that he is made the most capable of being useful to the publick; and will not consider that it is every whit as honourable to assist a good Minister, as to oppose a bad one.

In the last place, we may observe, that there are greater numbers of persons who sollicit for places, and perhaps are fit for them, in our own country,

country, than in any other. To which we must add, That, by the nature of our constitution, it is in the power of more particular persons in this kingdom, than in any other, to distress the government when they are disobliged. A *British* Minister must therefore expect to see many of those friends and dependants fall off from him, whom he cannot gratify in their demands upon him; since, to use the phrase of a late Statesman, who knew very well how to form a party, *The pasture is not large enough.*

Upon the whole: The condition of a *British* Minister labours under so many difficulties, that we find in almost every reign since the conquest, the chief Ministers have been new men, or such as have raised themselves to the greatest posts in the government, from the state of private Gentlemen. Several of them neither rose from any conspicuous family, nor left any behind them, being of that class of eminent persons, whom Sir *Francis Bacon* speaks of, who, like Comets or blazing stars, draw upon them the whole attention of the age in which they appear, though no body knows whence they came, nor where they are lost. Persons of Hereditary wealth and title have not been over-forward to engage in so great a scene of cares and perplexities, nor to run all the risques of so dangerous a situation. Nay, many whose greatness and fortune were not made to their hands, and had sufficient qualifications and opportunities of rising to these high posts of trust and honour, have been deterred from such pursuits by the difficulties that attend them, and chose rather to be easie than powerful; or, if I may use the expression, to be carried in the Chariot than to drive it.

As the condition of a Minister of State in general is subject to many burthens and vexations; and as that of a *British* Minister in particular is involved in several hazards and difficulties peculiar to our own country: so is this high station exposed more than ordinary to such inconveniencies in the present juncture of affairs; first, as it is the beginning of a new establishment among us; and secondly, as this establishment hath been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion.

If we look back into our *English* history, we shall always find the first Monarch of a new line received with the greatest opposition, and reconciling to himself by degrees the duty and affection of his people. The government, on such occasions, is always shaken before it settles. The inveteracy of the peoples prejudices, and the artifices of domestick enemies, compelled their rulers to make use of all means for reducing them to their allegiance, which perhaps, after all, was brought about rather by time

time than by policy, When commotions and disturbances are of an extraordinary and unusual nature, the proceedings of the government must be so too. The remedy must be suited to the evil, and I know no juncture more difficult to a Minister of State, than such as requires uncommon methods to be made use of; when at the same time no other can be made use of, than what are prescribed by the known laws of our constitution. Several measures may be absolutely necessary in such a juncture, which may be represented as hard and severe, and would not be proper in a time of publick peace and tranquillity. In this case *Virgil*'s excuse, which he puts in the mouth of a fictitious Sovereign upon a complaint of this nature, hath the utmost force of reason and justice on its side.

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt.

The difficulties that I meet with in the beginning of my reign make such a proceeding necessary.

In the next place: As this establishment has been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion, the Ministry has been involved in many additional and supernumerary difficulties. It is a common remark, that *English* Ministers never fare so well as in a time of war with a foreign power, which diverts the private feuds and animosities of the nation, and turns their efforts upon the common enemy. As a foreign war is favourable to a Ministry, a Rebellion is no less dangerous; if it succeeds, they are the first persons who must fall a sacrifice to it; if it is defeated, they naturally become odious to all the secret favourers and abettors of it. Every method they make use of for preventing or suppressing it, and for deterring others from the like practices for the future, must be unacceptable and displeasing to the friends, relations and accomplices of the guilty. In cases where it is thought necessary to make examples, it is the humour of the multitude to forget the crime and remember the punishment. However, we have already seen, and still hope to see, so many instances of mercy in his Majesty's government, that our chief Ministers have more to fear from the murmurs of their too violent friends, than from the reproaches of their enemies.

Friday,

N° 49. *Friday, June* 8.

---------jam nunc ſollennes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat-------- Virg.

YEſterday was ſet apart as a day of publick Thankſgiving for the late extraordinary ſucceſſes, which have ſecured to us every thing that can be eſteemed, and delivered us from every thing that can be apprehended, by a Proteſtant and a free people. I cannot but obſerve, upon this occaſion, the natural tendency in ſuch a national devotion, to inſpire men with ſentiments of religious gratitude, and to ſwell their hearts with inward tranſports of joy and exultation.

When inſtances of divine favour are great in themſelves, when they are freſh upon the memory, when they are peculiar to a certain country, and commemorated by them in large and ſolemn aſſemblies; a man muſt be of a very cold or degenerate temper, whoſe heart doth not burn within him in the midſt of that praiſe and adoration, which ariſes at the ſame hour in all the different parts of the nation, and from the many thouſands of the people.

It is impoſſible to read of extraordinary and national acts of worſhip, without being warmed with the deſcription, and feeling ſome degree of that divine Enthuſiaſm, which ſpreads it ſelf among a joyful and religious multitude. A part of that exuberant devotion, with which the whole aſſembly raiſed and animated one another, catches a reader at the greateſt diſtance of time, and makes him a kind of ſharer in it.

Among all the publick ſolemnities of this nature, there is none in hiſtory ſo glorious as that under the reign of King *Solomon*, at the dedication of the Temple. Beſides the great Officers of State, and the Inhabitants of *Jeruſalem*, all the Elders and heads of tribes, with the whole body of the people ranged under them, from one end of the kingdom to the other, were ſummoned to aſſiſt in it. We may gueſs at the prodigious number of this aſſembly from the ſacrifice on which they feaſted, conſiſting of a hundred and twenty thouſand ſheep, and two hundred and twenty heca-

hecatombs of oxen. When this vaſt congregation was formed into a regular proceſſion to attend the Ark of the Covenant, the King marched at the head of his people, with Hymns and Dances, to the new Temple, which he had erected for its reception. *Joſephus* tells us, that the *Levites* ſprinkled the way as they paſſed with the blood of Sacrifices, and burned the holy Incenſe in ſuch quantities as refreſhed the whole multitude with its odours, and filled all the region about them with perfume. When the Ark was depoſited under the wings of the Cherubims in the holy place, the great conſort of praiſe began. It was enlivened with a hundred and twenty trumpets, aſſiſted with a proportionable number of other kinds of muſical inſtruments, and accompanied with innumerable voices of all the ſingers of *Iſrael*, who were inſtructed and ſet apart to religious performances of this kind. As this mighty Chorus was extolling their Maker, and exciting the whole nation thus aſſembled to the praiſe of his never-ceaſing goodneſs and mercy, the *Shekinah* deſcended: or to tell it in the more emphatical words of Holy Writ, *It came to paſs, as the trumpets and ſingers were as one, to make one ſound to be heard in praiſing and thanking the Lord, and when they lift up their voice with the Trumpets and Cymbals, and Inſtruments of muſick, and praiſed the Lord, ſaying,* For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever; *that then the houſe was filled with a cloud.* The Prieſts themſelves, not able to bear the awfulneſs of the appearance, retired into the court of the Temple, where the King being placed upon a brazen ſcaffold, ſo as to be ſeen by the whole multitude, bleſſed the congregation of *Iſrael*, and afterwards, ſpreading forth his hands to Heaven, offered up that divine prayer which is twice recorded at length in Scripture, and has always been looked upon as a compoſition fit to have proceeded from the wiſeſt of men. He had no ſooner finiſhed his prayer, when a flaſh of fire fell from Heaven and burned up the Sacrifice which lay ready upon the Altar. The people, whoſe hearts were gradually moved by the ſolemnity of the whole proceeding, having been exalted by the religious ſtrains of muſick, and awed by the appearance of that glory which filled the Temple, ſeeing now the miraculous conſumption of the Sacrifice, and obſerving the piety of their King, who lay proſtrate before his Maker, *bowed themſelves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worſhipped and praiſed the Lord, ſaying,* For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.

What happineſs might not ſuch a kingdom promiſe to itſelf, where the ſame elevated ſpirit of religion ran through the Prince, the Prieſts, and the People! But I ſhall quit this head, to obſerve that ſuch an uncom-

mon

mon fervour of devotion ſhewed itſelf among our own countrymen, and in the perſons of three Princes, who were the greateſt conquerors in our *Engliſh* hiſtory. Theſe are *Edward* the Third, his ſon the *Black Prince*, and *Henry* the Fifth. As for the firſt, we are told that, before the famous battel of *Creſſy*, he ſpent the greateſt part of the night in prayer, and in the morning received the ſacrament with his ſon, the chief of his Officers, and Nobility. The night of that glorious day was no leſs piouſly diſtinguiſhed by the orders, which he gave out to his army, that they ſhould forbear all inſulting of their enemies, or boaſting of their own valour, and employ their time in returning thanks to the Great Giver of the victory. The *Black Prince*, before the battel of *Poictiers*, declared, that his whole confidence was in the Divine aſſiſtance; and after that great victory, behaved himſelf in all particulars like a truly chriſtian conqueror. Eight days ſucceſſively were appointed by his father in *England*, for a ſolemn and publick thankſgiving; and when the young Prince returned in triumph with a King of *France* as his priſoner, the pomp of the day conſiſted chiefly in extraordinary proceſſions, and acts of devotion. The behaviour of the *Black Prince*, after a battel in *Spain*, whereby he reſtored the King of *Caſtile* to his dominions, was no leſs remarkable. When that King, tranſported with his ſucceſs, flung himſelf upon his knees to thank him, the generous Prince ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, told him it was not he who could lay any claim to his gratitude, but deſired they might go to the Altar together, and jointly return their thanks to whom only it was due.

Henry the Fifth, (who at the beginning of his reign, made a publick prayer in the preſence of his Lords and Commons, that he might be cut off by an immediate death, if Providence foreſaw he would not prove a juſt and good Governor, and promote the welfare of his people) manifeſtly derived his courage from his piety, and was ſcrupulouſly careful not to aſcribe the ſucceſs of it to himſelf. When he came within ſight of that prodigious army, which offered him battel at *Agincourt*, he ordered all his cavalry to diſmount, and with the reſt of his forces, to implore upon their knees a bleſſing on their undertaking. In a noble ſpeech, which he made to his ſoldiers immediately before the firſt onſet, he took notice of a very remarkable circumſtance, namely, that this very day of battel was the day appointed in his own kingdom, to offer up publick devotions for the proſperity of his arms, and therefore bid them not doubt of victory, ſince at the ſame time that they were fighting in the field, all the people of *England* were lifting up their hands to heaven

for their ſucceſs. Upon the cloſe of that memorable day, in which the King had performed wonders with his own hand, he ordered the hundred and fifteenth Pſalm to be repeated in the midſt of his victorious army, and at the words, *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praiſe*, he himſelf, with his whole hoſt, fell to the earth upon their faces, aſcribing to Omnipotence the whole glory of ſo great an action.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a reflection, which naturally riſes out of it. As there is nothing more beautiful in the ſight of God and man, than a King and his people concurring in ſuch extraordinary acts of devotion, one cannot ſuppoſe a greater contradiction and abſurdity in a government, than where the King is of one religion and the people of another. What harmony or correſpondence can be expected between a Soveraign and his ſubjects, when they cannot join together in the moſt joyful, the moſt ſolemn, and moſt laudable action of reaſonable creatures; in a word, where the Prince conſiders his people as hereticks, and the people look upon their Prince as an idolater!

N° 50. *Monday, June* 11.

O quiſquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæret pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis; indomitam audeat
Refrœnare licentiam
Clarus poſtgenitis ——— Hor.

WHEN *Mahomet* had for many years endeavoured to propagate his impoſture among his fellow-citizens, and, inſtead of gaining any number of proſelytes, found his ambition fruſtrated, and his notions ridiculed; he forbad his followers the uſe of argument and diſputation in the advancing of his doctrines, and to rely only upon the ſcimeter for their ſucceſs. Chriſtianity, he obſerved, had made its way by reaſon and miracles, but he profeſſed it was his deſign to ſave men by the

the ſword. From that time he began to knock down his fellow-citizens with a great deal of zeal, to plunder caravans with a moſt exemplary ſanctity, and to fill all *Arabia* with an unnatural medly of religion and bloodſhed.

The enemies of our happy eſtabliſhment ſeem at preſent to copy out the piety of this ſeditious Prophet, and to have recourſe to his laudable method of club-law, when they find all other means of enforcing the abſurdity of their opinions to be ineffectual. It was uſual among the ancient *Romans*, for thoſe, who had ſaved the life of a citizen, to be dreſſed in an oaken garland; but among us, This has been a mark of ſuch well-intentioned perſons, as would betray their country, if they were able, and beat out the brains of their fellow-ſubjects. Nay, the leaders of this poor unthinking rabble, to ſhew their wit, have lately decked them out of their kitchen-gardens in a moſt inſipid pun, very well ſuited to the capacity of ſuch followers.

This manner of proceeding has had an effect quite contrary to the intention of theſe ingenious demagogues: for by ſetting ſuch an unfortunate mark on their followers, they have expoſed them to innumerable drubs and contuſions. They have been cudgelled moſt unmercifully in every part of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; and over all the nation have avowed their principles, to the unſpeakable damage of their bones. In ſhort, if we may believe our accounts both from town and country, the noſes and ears of the party are very much diminiſhed, ſince they have appeared under this unhappy diſtinction.

The truth of it is, there is ſuch an unaccountable frenzy and licentiouſneſs ſpread through the baſeſt of the people, of all parties and denominations, that if their skirmiſhes did not proceed to too great an extremity, one would not be ſorry to ſee them beſtowing ſo liberally, upon one another, a chaſtiſement which they ſo richly deſerve. Their thumps and bruiſes might turn to account, and ſave the government a great deal of trouble, if they could beat each other into good manners.

Were not advice thrown away on ſuch a thoughtleſs rabble, one would recommend to their ſerious conſideration what is ſuſpected, and indeed known, to be the cauſe of theſe popular tumults and commotions in this great city. They are the *Popiſh* miſſionaries, that lie concealed under many diſguiſes in all quarters of the town, who mix themſelves in theſe dark ſcuffles, and animate the mob to ſuch mutual outrages and inſults. This profligate ſpecies of modern apoſtles divert themſelves at the expence of a government, which is oppoſite to their intereſts, and are pleaſed

to see the broken heads of hereticks, in what party soever they have listed themselves. Their treatment of our silly countrymen, puts me in mind of an account in *Tavernier*'s travels through the *East-Indies*. This Author tells us, there is a great wood in those parts very plentifully stocked with monkies; that a large high-way runs through the middle of this wood; and that the monkies who live on the one side of this high-way, are declared enemies to those who live on the other. When the inhabitants of that country have a mind to give themselves a diversion, it is usual for them to set these poor animals together by the ears; which they do after this manner. They place several pots of rice in the middle of the road, with great heaps of cudgels in the neighbourhood of every pot. The monkies, on the first discovery of these provisions, descend from the trees on either side in prodigious numbers, take up the arms, with which their good friends have furnished them, and belabour one another with a storm of thwacks, to the no small mirth and entertainment of the beholders. This mob of monkies act however so far reasonably in this point, as the victorious side of the wood find, upon the repulse of their enemies, a considerable booty on the field of battel; whereas our party-mobs are betrayed into the fray without any prospect of the feast.

If our common people have not virtue enough left among them, to lay aside this wicked and unnatural hatred which is crept into their hearts against one another, nor sense enough to resist the artifice of those incendiaries, who would animate them to the destruction of their country; it is high time for the government to exert it self in the repressing of such seditious tumults and commotions. If that extraordinary lenity and forbearance which has been hitherto shewn on those occasions, proves ineffectual to that purpose, these miscreants of the community ought to be made sensible, that our constitution is armed with a sufficient force for the reformation of such disorders, and the settlement of the publick peace.

There cannot be a greater affront to religion, than such a tumultuous rising of the people, who distinguish the times set apart for the national devotions by the most brutal scenes of violence, clamour, and intemperance. The day begins with a thanksgiving, and ends in a riot. Instead of the voice of mutual joy and gladness, there is nothing heard in our streets but opprobrious language, ribaldry and contention.

As such a practice is scandalous to our religion, so it is no less a reproach to our government. We are become a by-word among the nations for our ridiculous feuds and animosities, and fill all the publick prints of *Europe* with the accounts of our midnight brawls and confusions.

The-

The mischiefs arising to private persons from these vile disturbers of the commonwealth are too many to be enumerated. The great and innocent are insulted by the scum and refuse of the people. Several poor wretches, who have engaged in these commotions, have been disabled, for their lives, from doing any good to their families and dependents; nay, several of them have fallen a sacrifice to their own inexcusable folly and madness. Should the government be wearied out of its present patience and forbearance, and forced to execute all those powers with which it is invested for the preservation of the publick peace; what is to be expected by such heaps of turbulent and seditious men!

These and the like considerations, though they may have no influence on the headstrong unruly multitude, ought to sink into the minds of those who are their abettors, and who, if they escape the punishment here due to them, must very well know that these several mischiefs will be one day laid to their charge.

N° 51. *Friday, June* 15.

Quod si in hoc erro, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo. Cicer.

AS there is nothing which more improves the mind of man, than the reading of ancient Authors, when it is done with judgment and discretion; so there is nothing which gives a more unlucky turn to the thoughts of a Reader, when he wants discernment, and loves and admires the characters and actions of men in a wrong place. *Alexander* the Great was so inflamed with false notions of glory, by reading the story of *Achilles* in the Iliad, that after having taken a town, he ordered the Governor, who had made a gallant defence, to be bound by the feet to his chariot, and afterwards dragged the brave man round the city, because *Hector* had been treated in the same barbarous manner by his admired hero.

Many *Englishmen* have proved very pernicious to their own country, by following blindly the examples of persons to be met with in *Greek* and

and *Roman* hiſtory, who acted in conformity with their own governments, after a quite different manner, than they would have acted in a conſtitution like that of ours. Such a method of proceeding is as unreaſonable in a politician, as it would be in a husbandman to make uſe of *Virgil*'s precepts of agriculture, in managing the ſoil of our country, that lies in a quite different climate, and under the influence of almoſt another Sun.

Our regicides in the commiſſion of the moſt execrable murder uſed to juſtify themſelves from the conduct of *Brutus*, not conſidering that *Cæſar*, from the condition of a fellow-citizen, had riſen by the moſt indirect methods, and broken through all the laws of the community, to place himſelf at the head of the government, and enſlave his country. On the other ſide, ſeveral of our *Engliſh* Readers, having obſerved that a paſſive and unlimited obedience was payed to *Roman* Emperors, who were poſſeſſed of the whole legiſlative, as well as executive power, have formerly endeavoured to inculcate the ſame kind of obedience, where there is not the ſame kind of authority.

Inſtructions therefore to be learned from hiſtories of this nature, are only ſuch as ariſe from particulars agreeable to all communities, or from ſuch as are common to our own conſtitution, and to that of which we read. A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties tranſmitted from a wiſe and virtuous anceſtry, publick ſpirit and a love of one's country, ſubmiſſion to eſtabliſhed laws, impartial adminiſtrations of juſtice, a ſtrict regard to national faith, with ſeveral other duties, which are the ſupports and ornaments of government in general, cannot be too much admired among the States of *Greece* and *Rome*, nor too much imitated by our own community.

But there is nothing more abſurd, than for men, who are converſant in theſe ancient Authors, to contract ſuch a prejudice in favour of *Greeks* and *Romans*, as to fancy we are in the wrong in every circumſtance whereby we deviate from their moral or political conduct. Yet nothing hath been more uſual, than for men of warm heads to refine themſelves up into this kind of State-pedantry: like the country ſchool-maſter, who, being uſed for many years to admire *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Bacchus* and *Apollo*, that appear with ſo much advantage in claſſick Authors, made an attempt to revive the worſhip of the heathen gods. In ſhort, we find many worthy Gentlemen, whoſe brains have been as much turned by this kind of reading, as the grave Knight's of *Mancha* were by his unwearied application to books of Knight-errantry.

To

To prevent ſuch miſchiefs from ariſing out of ſtudies, which, when rightly conducted, may turn very much to our advantage, I ſhall venture to aſſert, that in our peruſal of *Greek* or *Roman* Authors, it is impoſſible to find a religious or civil conſtitution, any way comparable to that which we enjoy in our own country. Had not our religion been infinitely preferable to that of the ancient heathens, it would never have made its way through Paganiſm, with that amazing progreſs and activity. Its victories were the victories of reaſon unaſſiſted by the force of human power, and as gentle as the triumphs of light over darkneſs. The ſudden reformation which it made among mankind, and which was ſo juſtly and frequently boaſted of by the firſt apologiſts for Chriſtianity, ſhews how infinitely preferable it is to any ſyſtem of religion, that prevailed in the world before its appearance. This pre-eminence of Chriſtianity to any other general religious ſcheme, which preceded it, appears likewiſe from this particular, that the moſt eminent and the moſt enlightened among the Pagan Philoſophers diſclaimed many of thoſe ſuperſtitious follies, which are condemned by revealed religion, and preached up ſeveral of thoſe doctrines which are ſome of the moſt eſſential parts of it.

And here I cannot but take notice of that ſtrange motive which is made uſe of in the hiſtory of free-thinking, to incline us to depart from the revealed doctrines of Chriſtianity, as adhered to by the people of *Great-Britain*, becauſe *Socrates*, with ſeveral other eminent *Greeks*, and *Cicero*, with many other learned *Romans*, did in the like manner depart from the religious notions of their own country-men. Now this Author ſhould have conſidered, that thoſe very points, in which theſe wiſe men diſagreed from the bulk of the people, are points in which they agreed with the received doctrines of our nation. Their free-thinking conſiſted in aſſerting the unity and immateriality of the Godhead, the immortality of the ſoul, a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments, and the neceſſity of virtue, excluſive of all ſilly and ſuperſtitious practices, to procure the happineſs of a ſeparate ſtate. They were therefore only free-thinkers, ſo far forth as they approached to the doctrines of Chriſtianity, that is, to thoſe very doctrines which this kind of Authors would perſuade us, as Free-thinkers, to doubt the truth of. Now I would appeal to any reaſonable perſon, whether theſe great men ſhould not have been propoſed to our imitation, rather as they embraced theſe divine truths, than only upon the account of their breaking looſe from the common notions of their fellow-citizens. But this would diſappoint the general tendency of ſuch writings.

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I ſhall only add under this head, that as Chriſtianity recovered the law of nature out of all thoſe errors and corruptions, with which it is overgrown in the times of Paganiſm, our national religion has reſtored Chriſtianity it ſelf to that purity and ſimplicity in which it appeared, before it was gradually diſguiſed and loſt among the vanities and ſuperſtitions of the *Romiſh* Church.

That our civil conſtitution is preferable to any among the *Greeks* or *Romans*, may appear from this ſingle conſideration; that the greateſt Theoriſts in matters of this nature, among thoſe very people, have given the preference to ſuch a form of government, as that which obtains in this kingdom, above any other form whatſoever. I ſhall mention *Ariſtotle*, *Polybius* and *Cicero*, that is, the greateſt Philoſopher, the moſt impartial Hiſtorian, and the moſt conſummate Stateſman of all antiquity. Theſe famous Authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government conſiſting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. It would be very eaſy to prove, not only the reaſonableneſs of this poſition, but to ſhew, that there was never any conſtitution among the *Greeks* or *Romans*, in which theſe three branches were ſo well diſtinguiſhed from each other, inveſted with ſuch ſuitable proportions of power, and concurred together in the legiſlature, that is, in the moſt ſoveraign acts of government, with ſuch a neceſſary conſent and harmony, as are to be met with in the conſtitution of this kingdom. But I have obſerved, in a foregoing paper, how defective the *Roman* commonwealth was in this particular, when compared with our own form of government, and it will not be difficult for the Reader, upon ſingling out any other ancient State; to find how far it will ſuffer in the parallel.

Monday,

N° 52. *Monday, June* 18.

An tu populum Romanum esse illum putas qui constat ex iis, qui mercede conducuntur? qui impelluntur, ut vim afferant magistratibus? ut obsideant senatum? optent quotidie cædem, incendia, rapinas? quem tu tamen populum nisi tabernis clausis, frequentare non poteras: cui populo duces Ventidios, Lollios, Sergios, præfeceras. O speciem, dignitatemque populi Romani, quam Reges, quam nationes exteræ, quam gentes ultimæ pertimescunt; multitudinem hominum ex servis conductis, ex facinorosis, ex egentibus congregatam! Cicer.

THERE is in all governments a certain temper of mind, natural to the Patriots and lovers of their conſtitution, which may be called State-jealouſy. It is this which makes them apprehenſive of every tendency in the people, or in any particular member of the community, to endanger or diſturb that form of rule, which is eſtabliſhed by the laws and cuſtoms of their country. This political jealouſy is abſolutely requiſite in ſome degree for the preſervation of a government, and very reaſonable in perſons who are perſuaded of the excellency of their conſtitution, and believe that they derive from it the moſt valuable bleſſings of ſociety.

This publick-ſpirited paſſion is more ſtrong and active under ſome governments, than others. The Commonwealth of *Venice*, which hath ſubſiſted by it for near fourteen hundred years, is ſo jealous of all its members, that it keeps continual ſpies upon their actions; and if any one of them preſume to cenſure the eſtabliſhed plan of that Republick, or touch upon any of its fundamentals, he is brought before a ſecret Council of State, tried in a moſt rigorous manner, and put to death without mercy. The uſual way of proceeding with perſons who diſcover themſelves unſatisfied with the title of their Sovereign in Deſpotick governments, is to con-

fine the malecontent, if his crimes are not capital, to ſome caſtle or dungeon for life. There is indeed no conſtitution, ſo tame and careleſs of their own defence, where any perſon dares to give the leaſt ſign or intimation of being a traitor in his heart. Our *Engliſh* hiſtory furniſhes us with many examples of great ſeverities during the diſputes between the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, inflicted on ſuch perſons as ſhewed their diſaffection to the Prince who was on the throne. Every one knows, that a factious Inn-keeper, in the reign of *Henry* the Seventh, was hanged, drawn, and quartered for a ſaucy pun, which reflected, in a very dark and diſtant manner, upon the title of that Prince to the Crown. I do not mention the practice of other governments, as what ſhould be imitated in ours, which, God be thanked, affords us all the reaſonable liberty of ſpeech and action, ſuited to a free people; nor do I take notice of this laſt inſtance of ſeverity in our own country, to juſtify ſuch a proceeding, but only to diſplay the mildneſs and forbearance made uſe of under the reign of his preſent Majeſty. It may, however, turn to the advantage of thoſe, who have been inſtrumental in ſtirring up the late tumults and ſeditions among the people, to conſider the treatment which ſuch a lawleſs ungoverned rabble would have met with in any other country, and under any other Soveraign.

Theſe incendiaries have had the art to work up into the moſt unnatural ferments, the moſt heavy and ſtupid part of the community; and, if I may uſe a fine ſaying of *Terence* upon another occaſion, *to convert fools into madmen.* This frenzy hath been raiſed among them to ſuch a degree, that it has lately diſcovered it ſelf in a ſedition which is without a parallel. They have had the fool-hardineſs to ſet a mark upon themſelves on the *Pretender*'s birth-day, as the declared friends to his cauſe, and profeſt enemies to their King and country. How fatal would ſuch a diſtinction, of which every one knew the meaning, have proved in former reigns, when many a circumſtance of leſs ſignificancy has been conſtrued into an Overt Act of High Treaſon! This unexampled piece of inſolence will appear under its juſt aggravations, if we conſider in the firſt place, that it was aimed perſonally at the King.

I do not remember among any of our popular commotions, when marks of this nature have been in faſhion, that either ſide were ſo void of common ſenſe, as to intimate by them an averſion to their Soveraign. His perſon was ſtill held as ſacred by both parties. The contention was not who ſhould be the Monarch over them, but whoſe ſcheme of policy ſhould take place in his adminiſtration. This was the conduct of Whigs and

and Tories under King *Charles* the Second's reign, when men hung out their principles in different coloured ribbons. Nay, in the times of the great rebellion, the avowed disaffection of the people always terminated in evil Counsellors. Such an open outrage upon Majesty, such an ostentation of disloyalty, was reserved for that infamous rabble of *Englishmen*, who may be justly looked upon as the scandal of the present age, and the most shameless and abandoned race of men that our nation has yet produced.

In the next place. It is very peculiar to this mob of malecontents, that they did not only distinguish themselves against their King, but against a King possessed of all the power of the nation, and one who had so very lately crushed all those of the same principles, that had bravery enough to avow them in the field of battel. When ever was there an instance of a King who was not contemptible for his weakness, and want of power to resent, insulted by a few of his unarmed dastard subjects?

It is plain, from this single consideration, that such a base ungenerous race of men could rely upon nothing for their safety in this affront to his Majesty, but the known gentleness and lenity of his government. Instead of being deterred by knowing that he had in his hands the power to punish them, they were encouraged by knowing that he had not the inclination. In a word, they presumed upon that mercy which in all their conversations they endeavour to depreciate and misrepresent.

It is a very sensible concern to every one, who has a true and unfeigned respect of our national religion, to hear these vile miscreants calling themselves sons of the Church of *England*, amidst such impious tumults and disorders; and joining in the cry of High-church, at the same time that they bear a badge, which implies their inclination to destroy the reformed religion. Their concern for the church always rises highest, when they are acting in direct opposition to its doctrines. Our streets are filled at the same time with zeal and drunkenness, riots and religion. We must confess, if noise and clamour, slander and calumny, treason and perjury, were articles of their Communion, there would be none living more punctual in the performance of their duties; but if a peaceable behaviour, a love of truth, and a submission to superiors, are the genuine marks of our profession, we ought to be very heartily ashamed of such a profligate brotherhood. Or if we will still think and own these men to be true sons of the Church of *England*, I dare say there is no church in *Europe* which will envy her the glory of such disciples. But it is to be hoped we are not so fond of party, as to look upon a man, because he is a bad christian, to be a good Church of *England* man.

N° 53. *Friday, June* 22.

-------Bellua Centiceps. Hor.

THERE is ſcarce any man in *England*, of what denomination ſoever, that is not a Free-thinker in politicks, and hath not ſome particular notions of his own, by which he diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the reſt of the community. Our Iſland, which was formerly called a nation of Saints, may now be called a nation of Stateſmen. Almoſt every age, profeſſion, and ſex among us, has its favourite ſet of Miniſters, and ſcheme of government.

Our children are initiated into factions before they know their right hand from their left. They no ſooner begin to ſpeak, but Whig and Tory are the firſt words they learn. They are taught in their infancy to hate one half of the nation; and contract all the virulence and paſſion of a party, before they come to the uſe of their reaſon.

As for our Nobility, they are politicians by birth; and though the Commons of the nation delegate their power in the community to certain Repreſentatives, every one reſerves to himſelf a private juriſdiction, or privilege, of cenſuring their conduct, and rectifying the Legiſlature. There is ſcarce a freſh-man in either Univerſity, who is not able to mend the conſtitution in ſeveral particulars. We ſee 'Squires and Yeomen coming up to town every day, ſo full of politicks, that, to uſe the thought of an ingenious Gentleman, we are frequently put in mind of *Roman* Dictators, who were called from the plough. I have often heard of a ſenior Alderman in *Buckinghamſhire*, who, at all publick meetings, grows drunk in praiſe of Ariſtocracy, and is as often encountered by an old Juſtice of the Peace who lives in the neighbourhood, and will talk you from morning till night on the *Gothic* balance. Who hath not obſerved ſeveral pariſh Clerks, that have ranſacked *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* for ſtaves in favour of the race of *Jacob*; after the example of their politick predeceſſors in *Oliver*'s days, who on every Sabbath were for binding Kings in chains, and

and Nobles in links of iron! You can ſcarce ſee a bench of porters without two or three caſuiſts in it, that will ſettle you the right of Princes, and ſtate the bounds of the Civil and Eccleſiaſtical power, in the drinking of a pot of ale. What is more uſual than on a rejoicing night to meet with a drunken cobler bawling out for the church, and perhaps knocked down a little after, by an enemy in his own profeſſion, who is a lover of moderation!

We have taken notice in former papers of this political ferment being got into the female ſex, and of the wild work it makes among them. We have had a late moſt remarkable inſtance of it in a conteſt between a ſiſter of the *White Roſe*, and a beautiful and loyal young Lady, who to ſhew her zeal for Revolution-principles, had adorned her pretty boſom with a *Sweet William*. The rabble of the ſex have not been aſhamed very lately to gather about bonfires, and ſcream out their principles in the publick ſtreets. In ſhort, there is hardly a female in this our metropolis, who is not a competent judge of our higheſt controverſies in church and ſtate. We have ſeveral Oiſter-women that hold the unlawfulneſs of Epiſcopacy; and cinder wenches that are great ſticklers for indefeaſible right.

Of all the ways and means by which this political humour hath been propagated among the people of *Great Britain*, I cannot ſingle out any ſo prevalent and univerſal, as the late conſtant application of the preſs to the publiſhing of State-matters. We hear of ſeveral that are newly erected in the country, and ſet apart for this particular uſe. For, it ſeems, the people of *Exeter*, *Salisbury*, and other large towns, are reſolved to be as great politicians as the inhabitants of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; and deal out ſuch news of their own printing, as is beſt ſuited to the genius of the market-people, and the taſte of the county.

One cannot but be ſorry, for the ſake of theſe places, that ſuch a pernicious machine is erected among them; for it is very well known here, that the making of the politician is the breaking of the tradeſman. When a citizen turns a *Machiavel*, he grows too cunning to mind his own buſineſs; and I have heard a curious obſervation, that the woollen manufacture has of late years decayed in proportion as the paper manufacture has encreaſed. Whether the one may not properly be looked upon as the occaſion of the other, I ſhall leave to the judgment of perſons more profound in political enquiries.

As our news-writers record many facts which, to uſe their own phraſe, *afford great matter of Speculation*, their Readers ſpeculate accordingly,

and

and by their variety of conjectures, in a few years become consummate Statesmen; besides, as their papers are filled with a different party-spirit, they naturally divide the people into different sentiments, who generally consider rather the principles, than the truth of the news-writer. This humour prevails to such a degree, that there are several well-meaning persons in the nation, who have been so mis-led by their favourite Authors of this kind, that in the present contention between the *Turk* and the Emperor, they are gone over insensibly from the interests of Christianity, and become well-wishers to the *Mahometan* cause. In a word, almost every news-writer has his sect, which (considering the natural genius of our countrymen to mix, vary, or refine in notions of state) furnishes every man, by degrees, with a particular system of policy. For, however any one may concur in the general scheme of his party, it is still with certain reserves and deviations, and with a salvo to his own private judgment.

Among this innumerable herd of politicians, I cannot but take notice of one sett, who do not seem to play fair with the rest of the fraternity, and make a very considerable class of men. These are such as we may call the *Afterwise*, who, when any project fails, or hath not had its desired effect, foresaw all the inconveniencies that would arise from it, though they kept their thoughts to themselves till they discovered the issue. Nay, there is nothing more usual than for some of these wise men, who applauded publick measures, before they were put in execution, to condemn them upon their proving unsuccessful. The dictators in Coffee-houses are generally of this rank, who often give shrewd intimations that things would have taken another turn, had they been members of the cabinet.

How difficult must it be for any form of government to continue undisturbed, or any ruler to live uncensured, where every one of the community is thus qualified for modelling the constitution, and is so good a judge in matters of state! A famous *French* wit, to shew how the Monarch of that nation, who has no partners in his Soveraignty, is better able to make his way through all the difficulties of government, than an Emperor of *Germany*, who acts in concert with many inferior Fellow-soveraigns; compares the first to a serpent with many tails to one head; and the other to a serpent with one tail to many heads; and puts the question, which of them is like to glide with most ease and activity through a thicket? The same comparison will hold in the business of a nation conducted by a Ministry, or a whole kingdom of politicians.

Monday,

N° 54. *Monday, June* 25.

——— Tu, niſi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper ſolicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis. Hor.

THE general diviſion of the *Britiſh* nation is into Whigs and Tories, there being very few, if any, who ſtand neuters in the diſpute, without ranging themſelves under one of theſe denominations. One would therefore be apt to think, that every member of the community, who embraces with vehemence the principles of either of theſe parties, had thoroughly ſifted and examined them, and was ſecretly convinced of their preference to thoſe of that party which he rejects. And yet it is certain, that moſt of our fellow-ſubjects are guided in this particular, either by the prejudice of education, private intereſt, perſonal friendſhips, or a deference to the judgment of thoſe, who perhaps, in their own hearts diſapprove the opinions which they induſtriouſly ſpread among the multitude. Nay, there is nothing more undoubtedly true, than that great numbers of one ſide concur in reality with the notions of thoſe whom they oppoſe, were they able to explain their implicit ſentiments, and to tell their own meaning.

However, as it becomes every reaſonable man to examine thoſe principles by which he acts, I ſhall in this paper ſelect ſome conſiderations, out of many, that might be inſiſted on, to ſhew the preference of what is generally called the Whig-ſcheme, to that which is eſpouſed by the Tories.

This will appear in the firſt place, if we reflect upon the tendency of their reſpective principles, ſuppoſing them carried to their utmoſt extremity. For if, in this caſe, the worſt conſequences of the one are more eligible than the worſt conſequences of the other, it is a plain argument, that thoſe principles are the moſt eligible of the two, whoſe effects are the leaſt pernicious. Now the tendency of theſe two different ſets of principles, as they are charged upon each party by its antagoniſts, is as follows. The Tories tell us, that the Whig ſcheme would end in Preſbyteria-

byterianism and a Common-wealth. The Whigs tell us, on the other side, that the Tory-scheme would terminate in Popery and arbitrary government. Were these reproaches mutually true; which would be most preferable to any man of common sense, Presbyterianism and a republican form of government, or Popery and Tyranny? Both extremes are indeed dreadful, but not equally so; both to be regarded with the utmost aversion by the friends of our constitution, and lovers of our country: but if one of them were inevitable, who would not rather chuse to live under a state of excessive liberty, than of slavery, and not prefer a religion that differs from our own in the circumstantials, before one that differs from it in the essentials of Christianity!

Secondly, Let us look into the history of *England*, and see under which of these two schemes the nation has enjoyed most honour and prosperity. If we observe the reigns of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the first (which an impudent *Frenchman* calls the reigns of King *Elizabeth* and Queen *James*) We find the Whig-scheme took place under the first, and the Tory-scheme under the latter. The first, in whom the Whigs have always gloried, opposed and humbled the most powerful among the *Roman* Catholick Princes; raised and supported the *Dutch*; assisted the *French* Protestants; and made the reformed religion an overbalance for Popery through all *Europe*. On the contrary, her successor aggrandized the Catholick King; alienated himself from the *Dutch*; suffered the *French* power to increase, till it was too late to remedy it; and abandoned the interests of the King of *Bohemia*, grand-father to his present Majesty, which might have spread the reformed religion through all *Germany*. I need not describe to the Reader the different state of the kingdom, as to its reputation, trade, and wealth, under these two reigns. We might, after this, compare the figure in which these kingdoms, and the whole Protestant interest of *Europe*, were placed by the conduct of King *Charles* the Second, and that of King *William*; and every one knows which of the schemes prevailed in each of those reigns. I shall not impute to any Tory-scheme the administration of King *James* the Second, on condition that they do not reproach the Whigs with the usurpation of *Oliver*; as being satisfied that the principles of those governments are respectively disclaimed and abhorred by all the men of sense and virtue in both parties, as they now stand. But we have a fresh instance which will be remembered with grief by the present age and all our posterity, of the influence both of Whig and Tory principles in the late reign. Was *England* ever so glorious in the eyes of *Europe*, as in that part of it when the first prevailed? or was it ever more contemptible than when the last took place? I

I ſhall add, under this head, the preference of the Whig-ſcheme, with regard to foreigners. All the Proteſtant States of *Europe*, who may be conſidered as neutral judges between both parties, and are well-wiſhers to us in general, as to a Proteſtant people, rejoice upon the ſucceſs of a Whig-ſcheme; whilſt all of the Church of *Rome*, who contemn hate and deteſt us as he great bulwark of hereſy, are as much pleaſed when the oppoſite party triumphs in its turn. And here let any impartial man put this queſtion to his own heart, whether that party doth not act reaſonably, who look upon the *Dutch* as their genuine friends and allies, conſidering that they are of the reformed religion, that they have aſſiſted us in the greateſt times of neceſſity, and that they can never entertain a thought of reducing us under their power. Or, on the other hand, let him conſider whether that party acts with more reaſon, who are the avowed friends of a nation, that are of the *Roman* Catholick religion, that have cruelly perſecuted our brethren of the reformation, that have made attempts in all ages to conquer this iſland, and ſupported the intereſt of that Prince, who abdicated the throne, and had endeavoured to ſubvert our civil and religious liberties.

Thirdly, let us compare theſe two ſchemes from the effects they produce among our ſelves within our own iſland; and theſe we may conſider, firſt with regar d to the King, and ſecondly with regard to the people.

Firſt, With regard to the King. The Whigs have always profeſſed and practiſed an obedience which they conceive agreeable to the conſtitution; whereas the Tories have concurred with the Whigs in their practice, though they differ from them in their profeſſions; and have avowed a principle of paſſive-obedience to the temptation, and afterwards to the deſtruction, of thoſe who have relied upon it. Nor muſt I here omit to take notice of that firm and zealous adherence which the Whig-party have ſhewn to the proteſtant ſucceſſion, and to the cauſe of his preſent Majeſty. I have never heard of any in this principle, who was either guilty or ſuſpected of meaſures to defeat this eſtabliſhment, or to overturn it, ſince it has taken effect. A conſideration, which, it is hoped, may put to ſilence thoſe who upbraid the Whig-ſchemes of government, with an inclination to a commonwealth, or a diſaffection to Kings.

Secondly, With regard to the people. Every one muſt own, that thoſe laws which have moſt conduced to the eaſe and happineſs of the ſubject, have always paſſed in thoſe Parliaments, which their enemies branded with the name of Whig, and during the time of a Whig-miniſtry. And,

what is very remarkable, the Tories are now forced to have recourse to those laws for shelter and protection: by which they tacitly do honour to the Whig-scheme, and own it more accommodated to the happiness of the people, than that which they espouse.

I hope I need not qualify these remarks with a supposition which I have gone upon through the whole course of my papers, that I am far from considering a great part of those who call themselves Tories, as enemies to the present establishment; and that by the Whigs I always mean those who are friends to our constitution both in church and state. As we may look upon these to be, in the main, true lovers of their religion and country, they seem rather to be divided by accidental friendships and circumstances, than by any essential distinction.

N° 55. *Friday, June* 29.

--------- cæstus artemque repono. Virg.

A Rising of parliament being a kind of cessation from politicks, the *Free-holder* cannot let his paper drop at a more proper juncture. I would not be accessary to the continuing of our political ferment, when occasions of dispute are not administered to us by matters depending before the legislature; and when debates without doors naturally fall with those in the two houses of Parliament. At the same time a *British* Freeholder would very ill discharge his part, if he did not acknowledge, with becoming duty and gratitude, the excellency and seasonableness of those laws, by which the representatives of men in his rank have recovered their country in a great measure out of its confusions, and provided for its future peace and happiness under the present establishment. Their unanimous and regular proceeding, under the conduct of that honourable person who fills their chair with the most consummate abilities, and hath justly gained the esteem of all sides by the impartiality of his behaviour; the absolute necessity of some acts which they have passed, and their dis-inclination to extend them any longer, than that necessity required; their manifest aversion to enter upon schemes, which the

the enemies of our peace had insinuated to have been their design; together with that temper so suitable to the dignity of such an assembly, at a juncture when it might have been expected that very unusual heats would have arisen in a House of Commons, so zealous for their King and country; will be sufficient to quiet those groundless jealousies and suspicions, which have been industriously propagated by the ill-wishers to our constitution.

The undertaking, which I am now laying down, was entered upon in the very crisis of the late rebellion, when it was the duty of every *Briton* to contribute his utmost assistance to the government, in a manner suitable to his station and abilities. All services, which had a tendency to this end, had a degree of merit in them, in proportion as the event of that cause which they espoused was then doubtful. But at present they might be regarded, not as duties of private men to their endangered country, but as insults of the successful over their defeated enemies.

Our nation indeed continues to be agitated with confusions and tumults; but, God be thanked, these are only the impotent remains of an unnatural rebellion, and are no more than the after-tossings of a sea when the storm is laid. The enemies of his present Majesty, instead of seeing him driven from his throne, as they vainly hoped, find him in a condition to visit his dominions in *Germany*, without any danger to himself or to the publick; whilst his dutiful subjects would be in no ordinary concern upon this occasion, had they not the consolation to find themselves left under the protection of a Prince, who makes it his ambition to copy out his Royal father's example; and who, by his duty to his Majesty, and affection to his people, is so well qualified to be the guardian of the realm.

It would not be difficult to continue a paper of this kind, if one were disposed to resume the same subjects, and weary out the Reader with the same thoughts in a different phrase, or to ramble through the cause of Whig and Tory, without any certain aim or method, in every particular discourse. Such a practice in political writers, is like that of some preachers taken notice of by Dr. *South*, who being prepared only upon two or three points of doctrine, run the same round with their audience, from one end of the year to the other, and are always forced to tell them, by way of preface, These are particulars of so great importance, that they cannot be sufficiently *inculcated*. To avoid this method of Tautology, I have endeavoured to make every paper a distinct Essay upon some particular subject, without deviating into points foreign to the te-

nor of each diſcourſe. They are indeed moſt of them Eſſays upon government, but with a view to the preſent ſituation of affairs in *Great Britain*; ſo that if they have the good fortune to live longer than works of this nature generally do, future readers may ſee in them, the complexion of the times in which they were written. However, as there is no employment ſo irkſome, as that of tranſcribing out of one's ſelf, next to that of tranſcribing out of others, I ſhall let drop the work, ſince there do not occur to me any material points ariſing from our preſent ſituation, which I have not already touched upon.

As to the reaſonings in theſe ſeveral papers, I muſt leave them to the judgment of others. I have taken particular care that they ſhould be conformable to our conſtitution, and free from that mixture of violence and paſſion, which ſo often creeps into the works of political writers. A good cauſe doth not want any bitterneſs to ſupport it, as a bad one cannot ſubſiſt without it. It is indeed obſervable, that an Author is ſcurrilous in proportion as he is dull; and ſeems rather to be in a paſſion, becauſe he cannot find out what to ſay for his own opinion, than becauſe he has diſcovered any pernicious abſurdities in that of his antagoniſts. A man ſatirized by writers of this claſs, is like one burnt in the hand with a cold iron: there may be ignominious terms and words of infamy in the ſtamp, but they leave no impreſſion behind them.

It would indeed have been an unpardonable inſolence for a fellow-ſubject to treat in a vindictive and cruel ſtyle, thoſe perſons whom his Majeſty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by *gentle methods*, which he has declared from the throne to be *moſt agreeable to his inclinations*. May we not hope that all of this kind, who have the leaſt ſentiments of honour or gratitude, will be won over to their duty by ſo many inſtances of Royal clemency, in the midſt of ſo many repeated provocations! May we not expect that *Cicero*'s words to *Cæſar*, in which he ſpeaks of thoſe who were *Cæſar*'s enemies, and of his conduct towards them, may be applied to his Majeſty; *Omnes enim qui fuerunt, aut ſuâ pertinaciâ vitam amiſerunt, aut tuâ miſericordiâ retinuerunt; ut aut nulli ſuperſint de inimicis, aut qui ſuperfuerunt, amiciſſimi ſint.——Quare gaude tuo iſto tam excellenti bono, et fruere cum fortunâ, et gloriâ, tum etiam naturâ, et moribus tuis. Ex quo quidem maximus eſt fructus, jucunditaſque ſapienti ——Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quam ut poſſis, nec natura tua melius, quam ut velis, quamplurimos conſervare.*

As for thoſe papers of a gayer turn, which may be met with in this collection, my Reader will of himſelf, conſider, how requiſite they are to gain

gain and keep up an audience to matters of this nature; and will perhaps be the more indulgent to them, if he obſerves, that they are none of them without a moral, nor contain any thing but what is conſiſtent with decency and good manners.

It is obvious that the deſign of the whole work, has been to free the peoples minds from thoſe prejudices conveyed into them, by the enemies to the preſent eſtabliſhment, againſt the King and Royal Family, by opening and explaining their real characters; to ſet forth his Majeſty's proceedings, which have been very groſsly miſrepreſented, in a fair and impartial light; to ſhew the reaſonableneſs and neceſſity of our oppoſing the Pretender to his dominions, if we have any regard to our religion and liberties: and, in a word, to incline the minds of the people to the deſire and enjoyment of their own happineſs. There is no queſtion, humanly ſpeaking, but theſe great ends will be brought about inſenſibly, as men will grow weary of a fruitleſs oppoſition; and be convinced by experience, of a neceſſity to acquieſce under a government which daily gathers ſtrength, and is able to diſappoint the utmoſt efforts of its enemies. In the mean while, I would recommend to our malecontents, the advice given by a great moraliſt to his friend upon another occaſion; that he would ſhew it was in the power of wiſdom to compoſe his paſſions; and let that be the work of reaſon which would certainly be the effect of time.

I ſhall only add, that if any writer ſhall do this paper ſo much honour, as to inſcribe the title of it to others, which may be publiſhed upon the laying down of this work; the whole praiſe, or diſpraiſe of ſuch a performance, will belong to ſome other Author; this fifty fifth being the laſt paper that will come from the hand of the *Free-holder*.



OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.



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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 mentioned 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 as 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 authentick.*
VIII. *A ſecond record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.*

I. THAT I may lay before you a full ſtate of the ſubject under our conſideration, and methodize the ſeveral 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 publick 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

IV. We may further obſerve that the ordinary practice of Magic in thoſe times, with the many pretended Prodigies, Divinations, Apparitions, and local 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 *Galilee*, *Judæa*, *Decapolis*, *Idumæa*, 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 kinds, how ſmall is the number of Authors that have made their way to the preſent age?

VII. One authentick Record, and that the moſt authentick 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 vice-roys of diſtant provinces to tranſmit to their Soveraign a ſummary relation of every thing remarkable 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 *Cynick*, 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 a 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 threatned 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 that this particular is not mentioned in any *Roman* Historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see whether 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 authentick Record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of *Agbarus* King of *Edessa*, 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

ments 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. WE 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 Cæsar *had ordered the whole empire to be censed 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 by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by *Macrobius*, a heathen Author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or 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

Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. *That* Pontius Pilate *was Governor of* Judæa, *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, *Porphyry*, 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 *Phlegon* 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 *Phlegon* the *Trallian*, who was likewiſe a *Pagan* and Freeman to *Adrian* the Emperor. We may here obſerve, that a native of *Trallium*, which was not ſituate 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 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 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 *Porphyry*, 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

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 his hiſtory, but nothing like any invocation to *Dæmons*.

III. *Celſus* was ſo hard ſet with the 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 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 ſtrengthned 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 unconverted 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 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

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we may venture to call it even blaſphemy againſt common ſenſe. Would Magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worſhip which 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 kinſman 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 chuſing to loſe the reputation of ſo conſiderable a Proſelyte, 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 profeſt 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 poſſeſt, 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

the authorities above-cited, that this was a fact confeſt 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 publick notoriety. It cannot be expected they ſhould mention particulars, which were tranſacted amongſt 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 *Hecatæus*, 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 other anſwer to it, they would need ſuppoſe that *Hecatæus* 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 makes 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. TO 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 authentick. And in this liſt of evidences, I ſhall confine my ſelf 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 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 there 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

and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a Proselyte, and di eda Martyr

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, tho' 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 motive 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 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 it self, 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, refers to several passages in *Irenæus*, *Tertullian*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, *Origen*, and *Cyprian*, by which he plainly shows that each of these 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 only 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

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. IT 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 convinced, that they profeſſed themſelves of that ſect; notwithſtanding, by this profeſſion in that juncture of time, they bid farewel to all the pleaſures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted courſe of ſeverities, and expoſed themſelves to publick 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 of 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

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known 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, beside 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, Philosophers, 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 controversy, the most learned and able Philosopher of his age, by his education at *Alexandria*, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.

SECTION

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, who 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 authentick 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 correſpondence between the Churches.*
XIV. *From the long lives of ſeveral of* Chriſt's *Diſciples, of which two inſtances.*

I. IT 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 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

neſſes 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 falſhood, treachery, or worldly intereſt, in their behaviour and converſation, and that they ſubmitted to the 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 ſhown 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 raiſ-

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ed 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 lye, and eſtabliſh a religion in the world which was diſpleaſing to him, or that 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 out of theſe new converts, men of the beſt ſenſe, and of the moſt 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 the 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 liſts 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 Mar-

tyr among thoſe many Hereticks, 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 tryals.

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 it ſelf 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. *Irenæus*, who was the Diſciple of *Polycarp*, and had 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 Catechetick 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 tryals 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,

cholars, or proſelytes, 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 hermite, 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 authentick 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 protection 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 encouragment, 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 above 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 baptiſed 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 enquiry 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

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 unparallel'd calamities which befel 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. THUS 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

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 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 leaſt 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 *Theodoret* 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 penmen 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 Diſciples ſent or carried in perſon the books of the four Evangeliſts, which had been written by 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

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 publish'd.

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 fixt and permanent. Thus 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 rectifie 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 we find the same *Jesus Christ*, who was born of a Virgin, who had wrought many miracles in *Palestine*, who was crucified, rose again, and ascended into Heaven; I say, the same *Jesus Christ* had been preached, and was worshipped, in *Germany*, *France*, *Spain*, and *Great-Britain*, in *Parthia*, *Media*, *Mesopotamia*, *Armenia*, *Phrygia*, *Asia* and *Pamphilia*, in *Italy*, *Egypt*, *Afric*, and beyond *Cyrene*, *India* and *Persia*, and, in short, in all the islands and provinces that are visited by the rising or setting sun. The same account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thousands of Preachers, and believed in thousands of places, who all, as fast as it could be conveyed to them, received the same account in writing from the four Evangelists.

VII. *Irenæus* to this purpose very aptly remarks, that those barbarous nations, who in his time were not possest of the written gospels, and had only learned the history of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity before the Gospels were written, had among them the same accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four Evangelists. An unconteſtable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy scripture and the tradition of the Churches in those early times of Christianity.

VIII. Thus

VIII. Thus we ſee what opportunities the learned and inquiſitive heathens had of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, during the three firſt Centuries, eſpecially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain-head: beſide which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of Chriſtianity, and particular hiſtories, that then threw light into theſe matters, but are now entirely loſt, by which, at that time, any appearance of contradiction, or ſeeming difficulties, in the hiſtory of the Evangeliſts, were fully cleared up and explained: 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 other of the ſame nature.

SECTION VII.

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. THERE 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 not to be paſſed over in ſilence. The firſt was, the opportunity they enjoyed

joyed 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 falshoods or forgeries in the support of a cause, though never so just in it self, 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 satisfie 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 thought 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 *Lyons*, amid the insults and mockeries of a crouded 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 tryals ſeem to me above the ſtrength of human nature, and able to over-bear 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 it ſelf 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 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 rendred 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 lingring 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 ſett of men, in ſome extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each ſex, of every age, of different

rent 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 converſion 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 Governours*;
III. *On their being perſecuted for their religion*;
IV. *On their preaching the Goſpel to all nations*;
V. *On the deſtruction of* Jeruſalem, *and ruin of the* Jewiſh *oeconomy.*
VI. *Theſe arguments ſtrengthened by what has happened ſince* Origen's *time.*

I. 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 from 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 were pronounced by our bleſſed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they ſhould be brought before Governours and Kings for his ſake, for a teſtimony againſt them and the *Gentiles*, *Mat.* 10. 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 foretell 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 Governours for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the *Epicureans*, who abſolutely denied a Providence; nor to the *Peripateticks* 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 Governours 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 thoſe words, Matt. 10. 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*

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 tryals, you would certainly have ſaid within your ſelf, 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, 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 unto 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* 24. 14. That his Diſciples go and teach all nations, " *Matthew* 28. 19. And that thoſe, who have received his doctrine, are " brought for his ſake before Governors, and before Kings, *Matthew* " 10. 18. we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is con- " firmed 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 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

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 Soveraigns 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 falſifie the prediction? The great preparations that were made for re-building 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 *Chryſoſtome*, 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 it ſelf ſo miraculous, and ſo indiſputable, brought over many of the *Jews* to Chriſtianity; and ſhows 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

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. THERE 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

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 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 ſhowed 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 proſelytes 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 ſudden and ſurpriſing 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 ſhowed it ſelf in ſuch ſtrange 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

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 prophetick 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. 24. 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 over-ſtrained 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 ſett 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*, 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.

FINIS.

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N. B. If there be any Mistakes or Omissions in the foregoing List, upon Notice given to *J. Tonson* in the *Strand*, they will be rectified in future Editions.

Omitted.

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