The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

VOLUME the SECOND.

LONDON:

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

MDCCXXI.
RIGHT HONORABLE
JOSIAH ADDISON, ESQ.

VOLUME THE SECOND

LONDON

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1717
REMARKS
ON SEVERAL PARTS OF ITALY, &c.
In the YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

Verum ergo id est, si quis in caelum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illum admirationem ei fore, quae jucundissima sitisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset. Cicer. de Amic.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXI.
To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord SOMERS,
Baron of EVESHAM.

My Lord,

HERE is a Pleasure in owning Obligations which it is an Honour to have received, but should I publish any Favours done me by Your Lordship, I am afraid it would look more like Vanity than Gratitude.

I had a very early Ambition to recommend myself to Your Lordship’s Patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the Countries, of which I here give Your Lordship some Account: For whatever great Impressions an Englishman must have of Your Lordship, they who have been conversant Abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious
ous to them, that though they see Your Lordship’s Ad-
mirers every where, they meet with very few of Your
Wellwishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not
but observe when I passed through most of the Pro-
testant Governments in Europe, that their Hopes or
Fears for the Common Cause rose or fell with Your
Lordship’s Interest and Authority in England.

I here present Your Lordship with the Remarks
that I made in a Part of these my Travels; wherein,
notwithstanding the Variety of the Subject, I am very
sensible that I offer nothing New to Your Lordship,
and can have no other Design in this Address, than
to declare that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship’s most Obliged, and
most Obedient Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.
PREFACE.

Here is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of Nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of Music and Painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of Statuary and Architecture both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of Curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of Antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of Governments, that are so different in their Constructions and so refined in their Politicks. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in History, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining so copious a subject, one may observe among those who have written on Italy, that different Authors have succeeded best on different sorts of Curiosities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of Pictures, Statues and Buildings; some have searched into Libraries, cabinets of Rarities, and collections of Medals, as others have been wholly taken up with Inscriptions, Ruins and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the Religion and Governments of Italy: Laflèrs may be useful in giving us the names of such Writers as have treated of the several States through which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his Observa-
Observations on the Natural productions of the place. Monsieur Millon has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the Plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colours.

There are still several of these Topicks that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a Traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several Places and Antiquities that nobody else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient Poets, which have any relation to the Places and Curiosities that I met with; For before I entered on my voyage I took care to refresh my memory among the Ancient Authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several Descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the Landskips that the Poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some Image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare Name of it to recommend them.

MONACO,
MONACO, GENOA, &c.

On the twelfth of December, 1699, I set out from Marseille to Genoa in a Tartane, and arrived late at a small French Port called Caffè, where the next morning we were not a little surprized to see the mountains about the town covered with green Olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful Gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants; as Wild-Time, Lavender, Rosemary, Balme and Mirtle. We were here shown at a distance the Delferts, which have been rendred so famous by the Penance of Mary Magdalene, who, after her arrival with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea at Marseille, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and moun-
Monaco, Genoa, &c.

mountains. It is so Romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such Chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that Claudian speaks, in the following description.

Est locus extremum, pandit qua Gallia situs
Oceanis pretentiis aquis, qua fortur Ulysse
Sanguine libato populum movisce Silentium,
Illic Ombram teuini frigore volantum
Flebilis auditusque quefius; simulacra coloni
Paludis defunctisque vident migrare figuris, &c.  


A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
Where rising seas intilt the frontier grounds,
'Ulysse' here the blood of victims shed,
And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead:
Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
Of melancholy ghosts, that hover round;
The lab'ring plow-man oft with horror spies
Thin airy shapes, that o'ert the furrows rise,
(A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the Learned than the Voyage of Ulysse; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the Poet's own making; though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the Narbon Guatt.

Inculis adit Labrignon, Anti-philetolique, &c.
Atque haec censit intersolit cognita terras,
Fabrica sive novum dedit his errabund orbem.  


Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
On real seas to real shores he stray'd;
Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way 'till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. Remo, a very pretty town in the Genoese dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from sea. We here saw several persons, that in the midst of December had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts,
shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for
the poorer fort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest incon-
venience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed
without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and
poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupporta-
able. There are at St. Remo many plantations of Palm-trees, though they do
not grow in other parts of Italy. We sailed from hence directly for Genoa,
and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is
very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may
be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fisher-men cannot em-
ploy their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish
do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

Defendens pisces hyemal mare

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lie in it two days, and our Captain thought his ship
in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confessed himself to a
Capuchin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage
of a side-wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as Monaco.
Lucan has given us a description of the Harbour that we found so
very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

Quaede sub Herculeo sacra tus nomine portus
Ungit rupe caud pegasus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Cirrus, et tuta prohibet statione Moneci.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great Atlas takes its name:
Fenced to the west, and to the north it lies;
But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the Promontory where the town of Monaco now stands, was for-
merly the temple of Hercules Monacus, which still gives the name to
this small Principality.
There are but three towns in the dominions of the Prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniards, but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison, and received a French one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officer'd by the French King. The officer who showed me the Palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the King of France, amid all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with pictures of the reigning Beauties in the court of France. But the best of the furniture was at Rome, where the Prince of Monaco resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as Genoa; but at Savona, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: For this road is much more difficult than that over mount Cenis.

The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of the Italians; which was likewise the character of the old Ligurians. And indeed it is no wonder, while the Barrenness of their country continues, that the Manners of the inhabitants do not change: Since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work than Want. The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. The character the Latin poets have given of them is not much different.

Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least whilst Fortune favour'd his deceit.)
Vain Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbus,
Nequequam patrias gentesque lubricus artes.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thy fault laid.
On others praefite thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.

Dryden.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore
on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than
it is, to those that sail by it. The City itself makes the noblest show of
any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside;
so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed
the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New-street is
a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an ex-
cellent fancy, and fit for the greatest Princes to inhabit. I cannot how-
ever be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese
houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history are certainly very or-
amental; as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise
look too naked and uniform without them: But instead of these, one
often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different
orders. If there were so many true columns of marble, set in their pro-
per architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where
they stand, but as they are now, they only shew us that there is some-
thing wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pil-
lars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the
addition of such as are real. The front of the Villa Imperiale, at a mile
distance from Genoa, without any thing of this kind upon it, consists of
a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handomest of
any I saw there. The Duke of Doria’s palace has the best outside of
any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There
is one room in the first, that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought
the figures of the great persons, that the family has produced; as per-
haps there is no house in Europe, that can show a longer line of heroes,
that have fill’d acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a
statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge’s palace, with the glori-
ous title of Deliverer of the common-wealth; and one of his family anoth-
ther, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace, are the rooms, where the great and little Council with the two Colleges hold their assem-
blies; but as the State of Genoa is very poor, tho' several of its Members
are extremely rich, no one may observe infinitely more splendor and magni-
nificence in particular persons houses, than in those that belong to the
publick. But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people
show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the
greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of
the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, but
one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man
would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some confide-
table antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old Ro-
man of a Roman ship, that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is
not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the
beak of a ship, had not it been found in so probable a place as the haven.
It is all of Iron, fashioned at the end like a Boar's head; as I have seen
it represented on medals, and on the Columna Rufrara in Rome. I saw
at Genoa Signior Miccon's famous collection of shells, which, as Father
Buonani the Jesuite has since told me, is one of the best in Italy. I know
nothing more remarkable, in the government of Genoa, than the Bank of
St. George, made up of such branches of the revenues, as have been set
apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several sums, that have been
borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the common-
wealth. Whatever inconveniences the state has laboured under, they
have never entertained a thought of violating the publick credit, or of a-
lienating any part of these revenues to other uses, than to what they
have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and
partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great author-
ity in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people.
This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the Genoese, and the
managers of it have been represented as a second kind of Senate, that
break the Uniformity of government, and destroy, in some measure, the
Fundamental constitution of the state. It is however very certain, that
the people reap no small advantage from it, as it distributes the power a-

among more particular members of the republick, and gives the commons
a figure: So that it is no small Check upon the Aristocracy, and may be
one reason, why the Genoese Senate carries it with greater moderation
towards their subjects, than the Venetian.

It
Monaco, Genoa, &c.

It would have been well for the republick of Genoa, if she had followed the example of her sister of Venice, in not permitting her Nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present the Greatest, among the Genoese, are in part subjects to the monarchy of Spain, by reason of their estates that lie in the kingdom of Naples. The Spaniards tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republick, that they will not suffer a Neapolitan to buy the lands of a Genoese, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the Spaniard owes the Genoese, they are under a necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the French, and would probably continue so, though all the other States of Italy entered into a league against them. Genoa is not yet secure from a Bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the Influx of the French, they have built a mole, with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from Naples, Sicily, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from Lombardy, which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with provicions.

Their Fleet, that formerly gained so many victories over the Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks, and Spaniards, that made them masters of Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Negrepont, Lesbos, Malta, that settled them in Ssc, Smyrna, Achaja, Theodosia, and several towns on the eastern confines of Europe, is now reduced to fix galleys. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the King of France sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republick at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer-seaon. The republick of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen King. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that Monarchy is the more honourable. The old Romans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politicks to inspire their people with a contempt of Kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

PAVIA,
PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

FROM Genoa we took chaise for Milan, and by the way stopped at Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the Convent of Austin Monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the Body of the Saint, that gives the name to their Order. King Lustprand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corpse, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The Fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are Canons regular, who have half the same Church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the Body of the Saint, nor is it yet recognized by the Pope. The Monks say for themselves, that the very Name was written on the Urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are bury’d the Duke of Suffolk, and the Duke of Lorraine, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pavia. Their Monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an Ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

This pretended Duke of Suffolk was Sir Richard de la Poole, Brother to the Earl of Suffolk, who was put to death by Henry the eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of Duke of Suffolk, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great Duke of Suffolk under the reign of Henry the sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of Pavie, and was magnificently interred by the Duke of Bourbon, who, tho' an enemy, aflaged at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is bury'd in the same place with the following inscription:

D. O. M.


In Pavia is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of Barromée, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place call Charles the fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.

Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus which runs by it, and is now called the Tisin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The Bishop of Salisbury says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why Silvanus Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

Carules Ticinum aquis et stagna vadens Per speciosas servat, turbato nemus, fundo; Ac umidam viridi leuete tradit annum ignorem; Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis Argutos inter (colorum certamina) cantus Somniiferam ductit lucenti gurgite lymbam.

L. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows, And through the chrystal stream the shining bottom flows:

Vol. II.

Scarce
Scarce can the sight discover if it moves:
So wondrous slow amidst the shady groves,
And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
Within its gloomy banks, the limpid liquor glides.

A Poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream, but in Italy one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains, that make their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the Tescu is only an outlet of that vast lake, which the Italians now call the Lago Maggiore.

I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of Carthusians, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a Gothic structure.

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: For the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smitten with dust, and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and neater than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves it self more beautiful and unfulled, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonihing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history-pieces, and several little Images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are indeed a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckon above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one
they have is a St. Bartholomew, new-headed, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: It is esteemed worth its weight in gold: They have inscribed this verse on the Pedestal, to shew the value they have for the workman.

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus fìnxit Agrati.

Left at the sculptor doubtfully you guess;
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

There is just before the entrance of the choir, a little Subterraneou Chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromæus, where I saw his body, in Episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-chrysfal. His chapeil is adorned with abundance of silver work: He was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen Arch-bishop of Milan, and forty six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen blefs his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonized about a hundred years ago: and indeed if this honour were due to any man, I think such publick-spirited virtues may lay a juicer claim to it, than a four retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against Heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman Saints. Miracles indeed are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because they lay an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other particulars, and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit, and the importunity of his countrymen, procured his Canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the Roman Church not to allow this honour, ordinarily, till fifty years after the death of the person, who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that Roman Catholicks, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy Apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the title of Saints than those of a modern date; but these are at present quite out of fashion in Italy, where there is scarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their Canonizations. When I was at Milan I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Borromeo family, and entitled, A discourse on the humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromæus.

C 2
The great church of Milan has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar-like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed Virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of Epipode) is finely cut in marble by Andrew Biffy. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as Daniel, Jonas, and Abraham. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman Becket, as indeed there are very few treasuries of relics in Italy that have not a tooth or a bone of this Saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amased together in this and several other churches of Milan. I was told, that in Milan there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the Celestines is a picture in Preco of the marriage of Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures. They show the gates of a church that St. Ambrose built against the Emperor Theodosius, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacring the inhabitants of Thessalonica. That Emperor was however so far from being displeased with the behaviour of the Saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re- edified, where the Saint baptized St. Austin. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel and on this occasion, that he first sung his Te Deum, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pulpit and confessionals, very finely inlaid with Lapis Lazuli, and several kinds of marble, by a Father of the convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical genius's, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in Roman-catholic countries, which are all texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. Abi, Offende To ad Sacerdotem. — Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui. — Do ad
patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi. — Soluta erant in Caulis
Redi Animam meam in Requiem tuam. — Vade, et ne deinceps peccas
Qui vos audist, me audisti. — Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et one
rati.
rati—Corripiet me jusis in misericordia—Vide si via iniquitatis in me esset, et deduc me in vitam aeternam—Ut audiret gemitus compeditarum. I saw the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men I met with no Englishman, except Bishop Fisher, whom Henry the eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are indeed the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

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Plena omnia gypso
Chryseippe invénias: nām perfidissimus hōrum
Si quis Aristotelem similēm vel Pittacum emit,
Et jubes archetypos puteum servare Cleanthus.

Juβ. S. 2.

Chryseippe's statue decks thy library,
Who makes his study finest, is most read;
The doil, that with an Aristotle's head
Cary'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
Strait sets up for a Stagyrite himself.

Tate.

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities often described by travellers, as Brugent's elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in Latin of Josephus, which the Bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vincius, which King James the first could not procure though he proffered for it three thousand Spanish Pitsoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering; I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of chryystal, that enclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though perhaps they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gather'd up by an Angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Père Mabillon is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of Vendome, would
would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan the Bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictine convent, which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned Father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that Claudian has celebrated in about half a score epigrams.

Solius indomitus glacies Alpina rigorem;
Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
Nec posuit soto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio manus proditor ore lacte:
Anclus honos; liquidi crescenti miracula saxis.
Et conservata plus mercis aquis.

Deep in the snowy Alps a lump of ice
By frosts was harden'd to a mighty price:
Proof to the Sun, it now securely lies,
And the warm Dog-star's hottest rage defies:
Yet still unripen'd in the dewy mines,
Within the ball a trembling water shines,
That through the chrytal darts its spurious rays;
And the proud stone's original betrays;
But common drops, when thus with chrytal mixt,
Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies fixt.

As I walk'd through one of the streets of Milan, I was surpriz'd to read the following inscription, concerning a Barber that had conspired with the Commiary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a Pillar, superscribed Colonia Inlame. The story is told in handsome Latin, which I shall let down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi hae Area patens ess,
Surgebat clima Tonfrina
Jo Jacobi More.

Qui facta cum Galieleo Plaetae publ. Sanit. Commissario
Et cum aliis Conspirations,
Dum pevis atrox scripserat,
Lentiferis acutus hospitum et illuc aspersit
Pantes ad diram mortem compulsit.
Pavia, Milan, &c.

Hoc igitur ambo, hos fides patriæ judicato,
   Excelet in Plauto
Conderti prinç vellicatos forcipe
   Et dextera muliçatos manu
   Rotâ infrangi
Rotaque intestos post horas sex jugulari,
   Comburi deinde,
Ac, ne quid tam Scolæorum hominum reliqui sit,
   Publicatis bonis
Civitatem in fumum projici
   Senatus iussit:
Cujus rei memoriae aterna ut sit,
   Hanc domum, Scolæ officinam,
   Solo aquari,
Ac munquam in posserum resici,
   Et erigere Columnam,
Qua vocatur Insânus,
   Idem ordo mandavit.
   Procul bene procub ergo
   Boni Civis,
   Ne vos Inflèx Insane solam
   Commacule!
M. D. C. xxx. Kal. Augusti,
   Jo. Baptïtæ Viccomi.

The citadel of Milan is thought a strong fort in Italy, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the duchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of Milan; as the Persians used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from Milan there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned up on us above fifty six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay. There are two parallel walls which bear the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses.
glides. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father Barcelin has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound work of rocks and mountains: Indeed if a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the Alps at one end, and the long range of Appenines, that pales through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lye among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and common-wealths in the oldest accounts we have of it: till the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread it half into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of Milan, as in several others in Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the French. One may however observe a kind of awkwardness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The French are always open, familiar and talkative: The Italians, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious and reserved. In France every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: The Italians, notwithstanding their natural fierce-ness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much studie, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from a difference of education: In France it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance. Besides, that the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young Gentleman in France that does not fence, dance, and ride in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of the
the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The Italians, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make profelytes than Melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of; that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the manner of art, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of Italy, who run more into news and politicks than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the King of France. The Savoyards, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The Milanese and Neapolitans remember the many insults he has offered to the house of Austria, and particularly to their deceased King, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection. The Genoese cannot forget his treatment of their Doge, and his bombarding their city. The Venetians will tell you of his leagues with the Turks; and the Romans, of his threats to Pope Innocent the eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state, and change of circumstances, may have sweetened these reflections to the politest part, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French,
is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy, to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the publick good, and pursues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of the country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the gros of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of publick blessings, that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to Milan: I shall here set down the description Ausonius has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumera cultuque donum, facienda virorum
Ingenia, et mores laeti. Tum duplici muro
Amplificata locis species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi mores cuneata theatris:
Templa, Palatinaque arces, opulentique Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebres ab honore lavacris,
Custode munere ornata peristylo signis,
Omnia que magnis operum velut amula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Roma.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'er-flows,
And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, bleis'd with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and chearful in discourse;
A circus and a theatre invites
The unruly mob to races and to fights;
Moneta confederate buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace:
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
And intermingled temples rife between;
Here circling colonnades the ground enclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:
Profusely graced the happy town appears,
Nor Rome it self, her beauteous neighbour, fears.
FROM Milan we travelled through a very pleasant country, to Brescia, and by the way crossed the river Adda, that falls into the Lago di Como, which Virgil calls the lake Larius, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the Po, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the Senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: For as they were once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the Spaniards do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. Brescia is famous for its iron-works. A small day's journey more brought us to Verona. We saw the lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda: It was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

Addes lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, tegue
Fluitibus et fremitu affurgens, Benace, marino.

Here vex'd by winter storms Benacus raves,
Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Mincio.

——Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera praestit arundine ripas.

Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays:
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink.

Dryden.
Brescia, Verona, Padua.

The river Adige runs through Verona; so much is the situation of the Town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus his time.

—Verona Atbesi circumflua.

Verona by the circling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

—Venetoque cretior annus
Magnae voce ciet Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Adda visu
Cervulus, et velox Arbesi, tardusque mentu
Mincius, inque novem confugens ora Timavus. Sexto con. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound:
Her dropping locks the silver Tessin rears,
The blue transparent Adda next appears,
The rapid Adige then creëts her head,
And Mincia riling slowly from his bed,
And lait Timavus that with eager force
From nine wide mouths comes guishing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's Benacus.

—Umbresi voluit qua ltitus olivæ
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluete.

The Larius here, with groves of olives crown'd,
An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at Verona the famous Amphitheatere, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the Area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have Claudian before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full Amphitheater.
There are some other antiquities in Verona, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flamininus, where one sees old Doric Pillars without any pedestal or base, as Vitruvius has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in Italy worth taking notice of. The Italians fall as far short of the French in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must however be said, to the honour of the Italians, that the French took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches, than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of Verona, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of Verona, that of St. George is the handsomest. Its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the Saint, drawn by Paul Veronese; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the Tomb of Pope Lucius, who lies buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their Bishops: The inscription says, that there was between him and his maker, Summa Necessitudo, Summa Similitudo. The Italian epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From Verona to Padua we travelled through a very pleasant country: It is planted thick with rows of white Mulberry-trees, that furnish food for great quantities of Silk-worms with their leaves, as the Swine and Poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at the
the same time, as so many flies for their Vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lye fields of corn, which in these warm countries ripens much better among the mulberry shades, than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing Lombardy the seat of war, which must have made terrible havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of Flanders, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at Venice, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to Padua. St. Anthony, who lived above five hundred years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balm; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his Votaries in several parts of the church: For it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They fell at Padua the life of St. Anthony, which is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of sinners. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

Non curando gli Inverici il suo parlare, egli si conosce alla riva del mare, dove sboccia il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li peschi, che venissero a sentire la sua santo parlamento. Ecco che di subito sopra l'acqua nuotando gran moltitudine di vari, e diversi peschi, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bel ordine, questi che di ragion capaci stessero, attenti, e che con gratoo spettacolo s'accommodarono per sentire la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entrò al cuor suo di dolcezza stillando, et per altrettanta meraviglia inarmando le
Bresci, Verona, Padua.

La cuglia, della obbedienza di queste irragionevoli creature così comincia loro a parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (carì, et amavi peesi) si sfigore la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sol, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel uomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia et risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perché se bene siete chiamati Rettili, mezzi fra pietre, et brnti, confinati nel profondi abissi delle andeggiante acque; agiati sempre da fuori; mossi sempre da procelle; forsi al udire, mutati al parlare, et horrripi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente si sorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misfiri della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia acesso qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misferio, che il primo dono fatto dall’onnipotente Idio all’uomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete, voi che non sia misferio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gli animali si sieni fatti sacrifici, eccet- to, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non sia qualche secreto in questo, che Cristo nostro salvatore dall’agno pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia a caso questo, che levando il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come uomo, il censo a Cesare la voleste trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misfiri e Sacramenti: neceiso siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio bavete ricevuto l’offere, la vita, il moto, et senso; per stanza vi ha dato il liquido elemento dell’Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinazione conviene: voi ha fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e se- creti luoghi a voi più che fale Regie, o regale Palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede bavette l’acqua, elemento di tano, transparente, e sempre lu- cido quasi cristallo, e verbo; et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze siorge cie che sopra acqua o si fa, o mueta; bavette gli occhi quasi di Lin- ce, o di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, segue ciò che vi gioia, et aggressi, et fuggite ciò che vi nuoce; bavette natura desso di confervarvi secondo le feste vostre, fate, opere et camminate ove natura vi detta senza contraddire alcuno; ne alger d’inverno, ne calore d’estate vi offende, di nuoce; fai per sereno, et turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè dammo apporto; fai pure abbondevole de suoi felsi, o fuor fa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piena, tuoni, fatti, lampaggi, è fu- bbis il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la ste, fruttifichi l’Autunno, et affidati li inverno, quello non vi releva pun- to: ne trappassar del bove ne correr de giorni, ne volar de mesi, ne fuggir d’anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiare de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno.
Brescia, Verona, Padua.

ma sempre fiera, ut tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Muestra di Dio in cui si scorge, O quanto meraviglioso il poten-
za sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza; poi che
fra tutte le creature dell’universo voi solo non senti il diluvio univer-
sale dell’acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al mondo; e tutto questo ch’io ho detto dovrebbe nuovervi à lodar Dio, à ringraziare sua divina
muestra di tanti e così singolari benefici, che vi ha fatti, di tante gratie,
che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se
non poteste sioder la lingua à ringraziar il vostro Benefattore, et non fap-
te con parole esprimere le sue lodi, fatte che sogno di vivere una almenò; chinat-
evi al suo nome, mostrate nel modo che potete sembiante di gratitudine;
rendetevi benzioli alla bonta sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sa-
pete, non fate scosianti di’ suoi benefici, et non fiate ingrati de’ suoi favo-
ri. A quello dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli peccati havesero ba-
vuto humano intelletto, e disordine, congesi di profonda Humiltà, con rive-
renti sembiante di religione, chinarono la testa, blandiro col’corpo, quasi
approvando ciò che detto haveva il benedetto padre S. Antonio.

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook him-
self to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues it self
into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of
God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming
*towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river,
that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes.
They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, in
to a very beautiful congregation, and, like to many rational creatures,
presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. An-
toni was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of
these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness diffusing upon his
soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words.

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly be-
loved fish) discovers it self in all the works of his creation, as in the
Heavens, in the Sun, in the Moon, and in the Stars, in this lower World, in
Man, and in other perfect creatures; notwithstanding the goodness of the
divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a
more particular manner, than in any other created Beings. For not-
withstanding you are comprehended under the name of Reptiles, par-
taking of a middle nature between fishes and beasts, and imprisoned
in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are told among bil-
lows, thrown up and down by tempells, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech,
and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The holy Scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound Sacrament.

Do you think that, without a mystery, the first Precept that God Almighty made to Man, was of you, O ye Fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye Fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the Paschal Lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye Fishes?

Do you think it was by meer chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Caesar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a Fish? These are all of them so many Mysteries and Sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

It is from God, my beloved Fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grotoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of Kings, or in the palaces of Princes: You have the water for your dwelling, the clear transparent element, brighter than chrysolite; you can see from its deepest bottom everything that paffes on its surface; you have the eyes of a Lynx, or of an Argus: you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve your selves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

The colds of winter, and the heats of summer, are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variability of the weather, or the change of seasons.
In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were infallible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow your selves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a Miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed Father St. Antonio.

The Legend adds, that after many Heretics, who were present at the Miracle, had been converted by it, the Saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismiss’d them.

Several other the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument in a very fine Basso Relicteo.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. Anthony in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor Peasant, who fancied the Saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pustonis Bethleemitisci
Latin candidiori delicio,
Seraphidum fuli fulgidosimo,
Celestissimo facre sapientia theo,
Prodiatorem gratiosi potesimino,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, Lepre, Daemonis,
Difendifaturi, correolari, liberatori, curare, fugatori,
Sancto, sapienti, pio, potensi, tremundo,
Agrotorum et canagantium salvator,
Præstantissimo, tutissimo.
Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confectori.
Rerum perditarum inventori supendo,
Periculum omnium profigatori
Magno, Mirabili,
Ter Scito,
Antonio Paduano,
Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineae matrem
Protectori et Sponsitatori suo, &c.

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the Deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in Italy. The church of St. Justina, designed by Palladio, is the most handsomely, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in Italy. The long Nef consists of a row of five cupolas, the eaves-one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. Justina hangs over the Altar, and is a piece of Paul Veronese. In the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone supscribed Lapis Vituperii. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pounds, and is fet by the Bailiff thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself again farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that no body has submitted to, these four and twenty years. The universitie of Padua is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sun-set. There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republick. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in Venice itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrates of the poms is obliged by his office to see that no body wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants indeed are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the altars of Livy and Antenor is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries. The pretended tomb of Antenor put me in mind of the latter part of Virgil’s description, which gives us the original of Padua.
Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achiviis
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et soutem superare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem valet cuminum murmure montis
It mare præruptum, et pelago premite arva fonanti;
Hic tamen ille urben Patavi, fëdesque locavit
Teucorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Tröia: nunc placid下面是小的 compositus pace quiescit.

Æ. i.

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian woods,
Could pass secure; and pierce the Illyrian coasts,
Where rolling down the steep Timavus raves,
And through nine channels dilambogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
And there in quiet lies.——

Dryden.

From Padua I went down to the river Brent in the ordinary ferry,
which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

VENICE.

HAVING often heard Venice represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform my self of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantagious situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the Terra Firma, nor are the shallows that lye about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the confluent flux and reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the Hollanders want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed
exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have
marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they
would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy’s fleet. For
this reason they have not fortified the little Islands, that lye at the en-
trance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily com-
mand all the paffes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an
ordinary fleet, with bomb-veffels, hope to succeed against a place that
has always in its arsenal a considerable number of galleys and men of war
ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore
suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them,
both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against
every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the
great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken
up in the midst of their very ftreets, which is such a natural magazine as
t two other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being
left, within an age or two, on the Terra Firma; and represent it in such
a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into
its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father Coronelli, the
State’s Geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all affurrd
me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it
brings along with it are ait to cheek up the shallows, but that they are
in no danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at
the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see ab-
bundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down
like so many little Islands, when the tide is low; and they are those that
make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them, for
the deep canals run between them, which the Venetians are at a great
expenue to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several naviga-
brable rivers that run up into the body of Italy, by which they might supply
a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention
their opportunities for the Levant, and each side of the Adriatic. But,
notwithstanding these conveniencies, their trade is far from being in a flou-
rising condition for many reasons. The duties are great that are paid on
merchandizes. Their Nobles think it below their quality to engage in
traffick. The Merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great
dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their ma-
ufactures of cloth, glafs and silk, formerly the best in Europe, are now
excel-
excell'd by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and
customes to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for
new changes and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise.
The State is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and as a
noble Venetian, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find
out some method to redress it; possibly by making a Free port, for they
look with an evil eye upon Leghorn, which draws to it most of the ves-
sels bound for Italy. They have hitherto been so negligent in this parti-
cular, that many think the Great Duke's gold has had no small influence in
their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other ci-
ties, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a dis-

tance, like a great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals ev-
er where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land
or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a
Gondola with two ears at Venice, is as magnificent as a coach and six
horses, with a large equipage, in another country; besides that it makes
all carriages extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with
brick or stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage,
not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innume-

rable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and
without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience
to a city less sober than Venice. One would indeed wonder that drink-
ing is so little in vogue among the Venetians, who are in a moist air and
a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting,
walking, riding, and the like exercises to employ them without doors.

But as the Nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are
in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one
another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations.
There are many noble palaces in Venice. Their furniture is not com-

monly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater
plenty than in any other place in Europe, from the hands of the best
masters of the Lombard school; as Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret.
The last of these is in greater esteem at Venice than in other parts of Italy.

The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on ex-
traordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The
flooring is a kind of red plaster made of brick ground to powder, and
afterwards work'd into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a
smooth, shining and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly
owing
owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows itself too vividly in many of their finest pictures. Though the Venetians are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their common-wealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the Republick, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge Pisaura, who had been Ambassador in England, his epitaph says, In Angelid Jacobi Regis obitum mira cellitatenia adstitit. The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of Venice are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at Venice, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The Arsenal of Venice is an island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their galleys and men of war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it, where the arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old-fashioned and unwieldy in a very great number, and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience in comparison of those that are now in use. The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred galleys, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this State to affect so many conquests on the Terra Firma, which has only served to raise the jealousy of the Christian Princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the common-wealth; whereas, had they applied themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the hands of the Archipelago in their hands, and, by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most sea-men of any other State in Europe. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the Princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen a bulwark
bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the Ottoman Empire.

This Republick has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Crema, Brescia, and Bergamo, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the Venetians lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the Continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman Empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into Albania, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the Venetians are under articles with the Emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions, that has been formerly dismembered from the Empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The Pope disputes with them their pretensions to Polesia, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the Kingdom of Cyprus:

Tis surprizing to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a Kingdom that is in the hands of the Turk.

Among all these difficulties the Republick will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon force; for it is certain the Venetian Senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maximes which others do not think consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the Republick is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the Nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to commix at the violent and debauchery of convents; to breed discontents among the Nobles of the Terra Firma, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to flinch at nothing for the publick interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their public councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our House of Commons, if we only reck-
on the sitting Members, and yet carries its resolutions so privately, that
they are seldom known till they discover themselves in the execution.
It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concern-
ing the punishment of one of their Admirals, which lasted a month to-
gether, and concluded in his condemnation; yet there was none of his
friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave
him the least intimation of what was passing against him, till he was
actually seiz'd, and in the hands of justice.

The Noble Venetians think themselves equal at least to the Electors of
the Empire, and but one degree below Kings; for which reason they se-
dom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the morti-
ification of being treated like private Gentlemen: Yet it is observed of
them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in
such embassies and treaties as are laid on them by the Republick; for
their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they na-
aturally give themselves airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Ministers
of other nations are only the Representatives. Monsieur Amelot reckons
his time, two thousand five hundred Nobles that had voices in the great
Council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred,
notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is
very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their
number, considering that the Nobility spreads equally through all the
brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the
Republick. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the Venet-
ians, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last
plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally
thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve
their estates. This makes the Venetian Nuns famous for the liberties
they allow themselves. They have Opera's within their own walls, and
often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very
much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that con-
verse with them daily at the grate, and are very free to admit a visit from
a stranger. There is indeed one of the Cornara's, that not long ago re-
fused to see any under a Prince.

The Carnival of Venice is every where talked of. The great diversion
of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is Mask-
ing. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give into the fol-
lies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a fable per-
sonage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that
Vol. II.
may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the
lots of several pleasures which may be met with on the Continent. These
difficulties give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is
something more intriguing in the amours of Venice, than in those of oth-
er countries, and I question not but the history of a Caravall
would make a collection of very diverting Novels. Opera's are another
great entertainment of this season. The Poetry of them is generally as
exquisitely ill, as the Musick is good. The arguments are often taken
from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which
sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of
the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an Eunuch, espe-
cially when they may chuse a subject out of courts where Eunuchs are
really Actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic Monarchs?
The Opera that was most in vogue, during my stay at Venice, was built
on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daugh-
ter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon
them. Si leva Cæsare, e dicono Soldati. A la fugge, A lo Scampo. The
daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of
Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his
Library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and
Tasso. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he
holds in his hand, but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he slabs
him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the
dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself by tear-
ing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a con-
trivance in the Opera of St. Angelo, that was acted at the same time. The
King of the play endeavours at a rape, but the Poet being resolved to
save his Heroine's honour, has to ordered it, that the King always acts
with a great cane-knife stuck in his girdle, which the Lady snatches from
him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The Italian Poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue,
have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the
difference of their Poetical and Prose language. There are indeed sets
of phantas that in all countries are peculiar to the Poets, but among
the Italians there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular
words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a dif-
ferent turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their
letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in
verse. For this reason the Italian Opera seldom sinks into a poorness of
language,
language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and tender in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littlenes that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and 'tis probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The Comedies that Flaw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their Poets have no notion of genteel Comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine Gentleman; especially when he converses with his Mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the Poets of so jealous and referved a nation fall in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantalone and Coviello. The Doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a Pedant; that with a deep voice, and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: Every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any Author that rises uppermost, and all anwers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities; he is to mislake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over Queens, and to run his head against every poll that stands in his way. This is all attended with something fo comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being picafed with it. Pantalone is generally an old Cully, and Coviello aSharper.
I have seen a translation of the Cid acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these Buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman Personae, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of shewing some of their characters in masks, from the Greek and Roman theater. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antick statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnathe in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder indeed how fo polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians, should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a Flatterer, a Mifer, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted wizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimmace may be proper on some occasions, but is too readily to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing Stanza's out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, it is odds but he will be answered by some body else that over-hears him: So that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the Poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy-Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the Venetians. There is a set of Artificers, who by the help of several poles, which they lay across each other's shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of Pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every...
man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call
them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little
boy represents the point of the Pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps
off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him
at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces.
I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the follow-
ing verses of Claudian, which show that the Venetians are not the inven-
tors of this trick.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
And as a world within her self is found.
Hail Queen of Italy! for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal Rome!
Nations and Seas are in thy states enroll'd,
And Kings among thy citizens are told.

Ausonia's
VENICE.

Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
She's a Sovereign, uncivil'd, and free;
By thee, the rude Barbarian chaos is away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

Neque semper eris, quae septem amplectebant arces,
Ne quae medias amula surgis aquis. L. 2. El. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
Whole circling walls the seven fam'd hills inclose;
And thou, whose rival row's invade the skies,
And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

At Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which it emptied itself into the Adriatic,

Quo non alius per pinguis culta

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of Italy.
Lucan's description of the Po would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nulsum tellus se solvit in annum
Eridanus, fructusque exsolet in aqua ubertatis;
Hesperiamque eburneis aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populat fluvium ripas umbrastis coronat.
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
Succedit Phaeton flagrantibus aethera loris;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perusiel,
Hunc babuise pares Phaebis ignibus undas. L. 2.

The
The Po, that rushing with uncommon force,
O'er-fits whole woods in its tumultuous course,
And rising from Hesperia's watry veins,
The exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
The Po, as kings the fable, first convey'd
Its wond'ring current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaeton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with surving streams supply'd,
When all the reft of the whole earth were dry'd,
And nature's self lay ready to expire.
Quench'd the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The Poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nile, si non per plana jacentis
Egyptii Libyan Nilus flagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
Ister, casus in qualibet aqua fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.

Nor would the Nile more watry stores contain,
But that he flagnates on his Libyan plain:
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams, and swelling as he flows,
In Scythian feas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile
And Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus.
What makes the Poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why
the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really
makes the Po as great as it is; for before its fall into the Gulf, it re-
ceives into its channel the most considerable Rivers of Piemont, Milan,
and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the ride comes in very sensibly at its slated
periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head
of the Gulf. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the Phenome-
non, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lyce out of the neigh-
bourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his
Poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Qua-
Ferrara, Ravenna, Rimini.

Quaque jacet litoria sinum, quod terrae fretumque
Vendicat aeternis vicibus, cum saeclum ingens
Oceanus, vel utrumque se fluctibus aequunt
Ventus ab extremo pelagii fic axo volует.

Delitiaeque ferens: an fidere mota secundo
Telesbos unda vaga, lunaris bosc effluat horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentis bauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
Quysque quos agitat mundi labor: at mibi semper
In quecunque novus tam crebros causas meatus;
Ut superi volueru, late.

With'd with successive seas, the doubtful strand
By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
Moving the world of waters to and fro;
Or waining Moons their fated periods keep
To swell the billows, and ferment the deep:
Or the tit'ld Sun, his vigour to supply,
Raiseth the floating mountains to the Sky,
And flaks his thirst within the mighty tide,
Do you who study nature's works decide,
Whilst I the dark mysterions cause admire,
Nor, into what the Gods conceal, preumptuously enquire.

At Ferrara I met nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a Citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it than the Pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The Benedictines have the finest convent of the place. They shewed us in the church Ariosto's Monument: His Epitaph says, he was Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentia, consilio, eloquentia praestantissimus.

I came down a branch of the Po, as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna. All this space lies miserably uncultivated 'till you come near Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally
Ferrara, Ravenna, Rimini.

rally over-grown with Rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the Sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from Martialis

_Melisurque Rana garruit. Ravennate._

Lib. 3.

_Ravenna's Frogs in better music croak._

and the description that Silius Italicus has given us of it.

_Lenta paludosae percipiantur flamma Ravennae._

L. 8.

_Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide\nWith heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide._

Accordingly the old Geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shoals. The place which is shown for the Haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the foil on that side of Ravenna has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the Pharos, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though 'tis probable they took the advantage of a rising ground to let it upon. It was a square Tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the Venetian Campanellos, and is probably the high Tower mentioned by Pliny, Lib. 36. cap. 12.

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church called the Rosonda. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in Gothic characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows it self to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwreck'd, perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The
first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus,

——Rustic demus hos produxerit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufragia mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat ante,
Et duplices luctus mortis periniqua dedit.

Both with the same indulgent Master blest’d,
On the same sad day their liberty possest’d:
A shipwreck flew whom it had join’d before,
And left their common friends their fun’rls to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the Naufragia mors which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made Free-men on the same day. If therefore we suppose they had been formerly shipwreck’d with their Master, and that he made them free at the same time, the Epigram is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the Masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The Chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four foot in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little Cupola a great Tomb of Porphyry, and the Statues of the twelve Apostles; but in the war that Louis the twelfth made on Italy, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was, perhaps, the same blow that made the flaw in the Cupola, though the inhabitants say it was crack’d by Thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic Princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an Abbot, that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic Prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, “That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Caesar.” There is a Convent of Theatins, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a Dove, and to have settled on one of the Candidates for the Bishoprick. The Dove is represented in the window, and in fe-
veral places of the church, and is in great reputation all over Italy. I should not indeed think it impossible for a Pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favouring a competitor, especially if he had many friends among the Electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: But they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. P. D. Thomas Gouldwellus Ep. As Trid concilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabeth. Fidei Confessor conspicus. The statue of Alexander the seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brags, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a Pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the blessed Virgin, arrayed like a Queen, with a scepter in her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the Italians, that one often sees in their churches a little tinfoil crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glistened to the canvas over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of Benedictines I saw three huge Cheiffs of Marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorio, and his sister Placidia. From Ravenna I came to Rimini, having passed the Rubicon by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Caesar passed it, according to Lucan.


While summer lasts, the streams of Rubicon From their spent source in a small current run, Hid in the winding vales they gently glide, And Italy from neighbouring Gaul divide;
But now, with winter storms increased; they rose,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and Alpine snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds diffus'd away.

This river is now called Piseollo.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow:
A marble Bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the
inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A
triumphal Arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the
town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an Amphitheater, The
Suggestum, on which it is said that Julius Caesar harangued his army
after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look
on this last as authentic: It is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a
pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough
for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient Suggestum,
as I have often observed on Medals, as well as on Constantine's Arch,
were made of wood like a little kind of Stage, for the heads of the nails
are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards
together. We often see on them the Emperors, and two or three gene-
ral Officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made
Speeches, or distributed a Congiury to the soldiers or people. They
were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage
of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place,
and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a confron-
tation to the learned Fabretti's conjecture on Trajan's Pillar; who sup-
poses, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the Camps, Intrench-
ments,
ments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like materials; for there are on the Pillar some of these Suggestums which are figured like stone on Medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from Rimini stands the little Republick of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of no body else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

The REPUBLICK of St. MARINO.

The town and republick of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and raggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Apennines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issue a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lye scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of their dominions. They have,
have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the historians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a Mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the repairation of Rimini, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a Hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him great esteem, that the Princess of the country made him a present of the mountain to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the Common-wealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an Asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a refort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the Common-wealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their State, and look on him as the greatest Saint next the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their Statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punnished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other States of Italy have several times changed their matters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a war in which they afflicted the Pope against a Lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their Archives, where it is very remarkable that the name of the agent for the Common-wealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the Popes and Emperors names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they afflicted Pope Pius the second against one of the Malatesta's, who was then Lord
Lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their affiance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the Common-wealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably tell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be born on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

The sovereign power of the Republick was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great Council in which every house had its Representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of Statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the Council of sixty. The Arengo however is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member abstains himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay, sine aliquud dimissione aut gratia. In the ordinary course of government, the Council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the Plebeian. They decide all by ballot, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and choose the Officers of the Common-wealth.

Thus far they agree with the great Council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two thirds of this Council. Besides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the life of his Father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief Officers of the Common-wealth are the two Captaines, who have such a power as the old Roman Consuls had, but are chosen every five months. I talked with some that had been Captaines six or seven times, though the Office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third Officer is the Commiitary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the disposition of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the publick stock. He must be
be a Doctor of Law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the Capitaneos, and acts something like the Recorder of London under the Lord Mayor. The Common-wealth of Genua was forced to make use of a foreign Judge for many years, whilst their Republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Ghibelines. The fourth man in the state is the Physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a publick salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all Drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty five years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his religion and honestly; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the Common-wealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice; he is elected only for three years. The present Physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the Common-wealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the Republic, is the School-master. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in Folio, entitled, Statuta Illustrissimae Republicae Sancti Marinii, printed at Rimini by order of the Common-wealth. The Chapter on the publick Ministers says, that when an Ambassador is dispatched from the Republic to any foreign state he shall be allowed, out of the Treasury, to the value of a Shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campagna of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.
PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. TO ROME.

FROM RIMINI TO LORETTO the towns of note are PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA and ANCONA. Fano received its name from the Fane or Temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal Arch erected there to Augustus: It is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble Fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of PESARO is handsomely designed. ANCONA is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The Port was made by TRAJAN, for which he has a triumphal Arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this Arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea-vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves it self from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the ITALIANS and voyage-writers call these of RIMINI, FANO, and ANCONA Triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the ROMANS between such Honorary arches erected to Emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly Triumphal arches. This at ANCONA was an instance of gratitude to TRAJAN for the Port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may however observe the wisdom of the ancient ROMANS, who to encourage their Emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the Medals that are struck on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of GALBA's with a triumphal Arch on the reverse, that was made by the Senate's order.
der for his having remitted a tax. *R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C.* The Medal which was made for Trajan in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona is very common. The reverse has on it a Port with a chain running a crost it, and betwixt them both a Boat with this inscription, *S. P. Q R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.*

I know Fabretti would fain ascribe this Medal to another occasion, but Belloria, in his additions to Angeloni, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At Loreto I enquired for the English Jesuits lodgings, and on the stair-case that leads to them, I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in England, as the two Garnets, Old-corn, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the Holy House and Treasury are surprizingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation, as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and Gold it self looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the Jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its Princes continues in its present fervour. The last Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this Treasury, since it lies so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would indeed be an evil thing for a Christian Prince to surprize it, who has ships still passing to and fro without
without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like Pilgrims, to secure a gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the number of 10,000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the Holy House, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the Catholic Princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lye dead, and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery, as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the Pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the Protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the Church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing country in Europe. The Cafe of the Holy House is nobly designed, and executed by the great Masters of Italy, that flourished about a hundred years ago. The Statues of the Sibyls are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the Prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large Crucifix very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and amid all the ghastliness of the village has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brazen, with many scripture stories rilling on them, in Baso Relievo. The Pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art. The epicery, the cellar and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the Holy House, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this Imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which stood on mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. Virgil has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in Mantua's time, 327 years after the death of Romulus.
In famo eustis Tarpeia Matius arcis
Stabat pro templis, et captivis captus tequebat:
Romulique recens borebat Regia culmo.

Aen. L. 8.

High on a rock heroic Mantius stood
To guard the temple, and the temple’s god:
Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
The palace thatch’d with straw.

Dryden.

From Loretto, in my way to Rome, I passed through Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino, and Foligno. In the last there is a convent of Nuns called la Contessa, that has in the church an incomparable Madonna of Raphael. At Spoletto, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an Aqueduct of a Gothic structure, that conveys the water from Mount St. Francis to Spoletto, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in Europe. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to Terin I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the Poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon enquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus, and Nevatia that flows on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all Italy.

Qua forma fuit Clitumnus flamina luce
Integris, et niveos abius unda boves.
Hinc Albis Cliturnus greges, et maxima taurus
Victra, sepe tus perfusi flamine sacro
Romanos ad templam Deum duxere triumphos.

Prop. L. 2.

Geor. 2. Virg.

There flows Clitumnus through the flow’ry plain;
Whole waves, for triumphs after prop’rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

—Patris Clitumnus in arvis
Caendebes gelido profundit flamine taurus.

Sil. Ital. L. 2.

—Tauriferis
—Taurus eris ubi se Mevania campis

—Atque ubi latis

Profeat in campis nebulas exhalat inerteres,
Et sedet ingenem pascens Mevania taunum,
Dona jovis

—Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,

Aur praebent niveos Clitumni novaticas tauros,

Sufficiam


Pinguus Hispillum traheretur taurus et ipsa

Nocte piger, non finito nutritus in herbis,

Lata sed ostendens Clitumnus pascua sanguis

Iret et a grandis cervix serviendo ministro.

Id. L. 6.

A Bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,

One of Hispillum's huge prodigious fize:

Not one of those our neighbouring pastures feed,

But of Clitumnus whiteest faered breed:

The lively tincture of whole gushing blood,

Should clearly prove the richnels of his food;

A neck so strong, so large, as would command

The speding blow of some uncommon hand.

Mr. Congreve.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote Claudian.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called Interamna, for the

same reason that a part of Afa was named Mesopotamia. We enter at

the gate of the three monuments, so called, because there stood near it a

monument erected to Tacitus the historian, with two others to the Em-

perors Tacitus and Florians, all of them natives of the place. These

were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them

are in the hands of some Gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was

shown a square marble, incerted in the wall, with the following In-

scription.

Salutis perpetuae Augustae

Liberatique Publicae Populi Romani

Genio municipii Anno post

Interamnam conditam.

D. CC. IV.

Ad
This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of Sebaste. After the name of Sebastebarbus there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen Coff. at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been indifferently razed out. Lucius Arancius Camillus Scribonianus was consul under the reign of Tiberius, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the Emperor Claudius; at which time was ordered that his name and consular should be effaced out of all publick registers and inscriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient Theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed, like a dish, at one end; but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the pedestal, that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the Theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granate, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous Casale about three miles from Terni. It is formed by the fall of the river Velino, which Virgil mentions in the seventh Aeneid—\textit{Rosa rura Velini}. The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The surrounding mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to Virgil's \textit{Rosa rura}, (dewy countries.) The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and diffuses in

\textit{Vid. Faat. Consul. Sicul.}

perpetual
perpetual rains on all the places that lye near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this Casade, then in all the water-works of Verailles, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets, especially in Claudian, who makes his Emperor Honorius go out of his way to see the river Nar which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his Poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which Virgil’s Aeneid shoots her self into Hell: For the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the Casade is not far off that part of Italy, which has been call’d Italia Mediterranea.

**Ex loco Italiae medio, sub montibus altis,**
**Nobilis, et fama multis memoratus in oris,**
**Amantius valles, densis lanceas surdentibus atrum,**
**Orgent strinque latus nemoris, medioque fragofus,**
**Dat fontum saxis et lento vortice torrente,**
**Hic focos boreum, ut festi spira culpis Ditis**
**Montantur, ruptisque ingens Acherontis vorago,**
**Pestiferas aperit saeque, quae coudita Erinys,**
**Invictum numen terras calamque levabat.**  
--- Eneid. 7.

In midit of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, Amantius is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: On either side
Thick forest the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.
To this infernal gate the Fury flies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lib’ring chains.  
--- Dryden.
It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a Fury to make her Exit, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging her self into Hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage. So that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil, in that verse which mentions the two rivers in their old Roman names.

Tartarean intention vocem, quae pertinuit omnibus
Contremuit nemus, et saxa intonnare profunda,
Audiit et longe Trivia lacus, audiit annus
Sulphureus Nar albus aquae, fontesque Velini.

The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Velino fountains, and sulphurous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.

He makes the sound of the Fury's trumpet run up the Nera to the very sources of Velino, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When Virgil has marked any particular quality in a river, the other Poets seldom fail of copying after him.

--- Sulphureus Nar.---
--- Narque albescentibus undis.
--- In Tiberim properans---
--- Et Nar viritates odoro.
--- Sulphure---
--- The hoary Nar---
Corrupted with the stench of sulphur flows,
And into Tiber's streams the infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of Narvi. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except Augustus's bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the flatest and best in Italy. It has no cement, and looks as firm as an entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its
its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that Martial mentions, though Mr. Ray takes them to be the remains of an Aqueduct.

Sed jam parce mibi, nec alius Narnia quinto,
Perpetuo licet sic tibi ponere frui!

Prefere my better part, and spare my friend;
So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From Narni I went to Otricoli, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of Otriculum did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of the old Otriculum, that lye near the banks of the Tiber. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by it itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classical name, and upon enquiry found it to be mount Soratte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S. St. Oreste.

The fatigue of our crossing the Appenines, and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in five days travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the Bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of Olives, or by gardens of Oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of theVia Flaminia, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down Claudian's account of the journey that Honorius made from Ravena to Rome, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

Vol. II. —Antiqua
Antiquae muros egressa Ravennae
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Ætnat, et pronas pappes nunc annu secundo
Nunc redente vebi, nudaque litora fluit
Deserti, oceanis lunaris aemula damnis;
Latior hinc tunc recipit Fortuna veuiuo,
Descriptaque vagus praeupta vallis Metaurus,
* Quia mons arte patens vicino se perforat arcto,
Adosque viam festa per vesera rapios,
Experans delubra jocos, saxoque minantes
Aperamigenis culis pasiloribus aras,
Qui et Clitumnii sacras victoribus undas,
Candida que latiss praebet armenta triumphis
Vigere cura futi. Nec te miracula fontis
Prateremus: taceo passum quem se quis adiret,
Lentus erat: se voce gradum majore citáret,
Commitis ferrebas aquis cunque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, similis ut corporis umbras
Ostendant: haec sola novam catantia fortem
Humanos properant imitari fumina mores.
Colsa debinc patrum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur eque, rarique coloris
Non procul annis adefis, urbis qui nominis auctor
Ine sub densa Ætius arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugem turcis suastratibus albet.
Inde faltato libatis Tiberis nymphis,
Excipiant arcus, operaque semita, vaflis
Molibus, et quiocid tanta pramittitur urbi.

They leave Ravenna, and the mouths of Po,
That all the borders of the town o'er-flow;
And spreading round in one continu'd lake,
A spacious hospitable harbour make.
Hither the seas at flated times resort,
And shove the laden vessels into port:

* An Highway made by Vespasian, like the Grotto Obscuro near Naples.
† This fountain not known.

Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Received 'em, in her ancient temple shin'd;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow.
'Till to Clitumnus's sacred streams they come,
That fend white victims to an almighty Rome;
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At Narni's lofty seats arriv'd, from far
They view the windings of the hoary Nar;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers past,
Old Tiber and his Nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome th' admiring nations leads:
While stately vaults and towering piles appear,
And show the world's Metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the Geography of Italy
than any other of the Latin Poets, has given a catalogue of most of the
rivers that I saw in Umbria, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a
fault (if it be really such) which Macrobius has objected to Virgil, of
passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and
natural situation, in which Homer's catalogues are observed to be much
more methodical and exact than Virgil's.

—Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Alpis Sapiens lavant, rapidisque fouant
Vortice contergues undas per saxa Metaurus,
Et levat ingentem pergundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Nargus albescentibus undis
In Tiburn properans, Tineaque inglorius humor,
Et Claris, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amnus
Albula, et immotis perflingit mania ripis,
Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, &c.

His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.— Sil. It. L. 8.

Since I am got among the Poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

Sit cisterna mibi quam vulna malo Ravenna,
Cum possum multo vendere pluris aquam.

Lodg'd at Ravenna, (water sells so dear)
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit unper mibi canpo Ravenna:
Cum paterm mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchase'd liquor mine,
The rascal fob'd me off with only wine.

Stat sacra colus nec Sidone vilius Ancon,
Maro nec Tyrio.

The wool when shaded with Ancona's dye,
May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so, when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

From ROME to NAPLES.

Upon my arrival at Rome I took a view of St. Peters, and the Rotunda, leaving the rest 'till my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. St. Peters seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges it self
self on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advant-
age, or distinguishes it self above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality.
As on the contrary in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this Church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprized to find that the Dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the left of them being a kind of cave to the other, and the stairs lying between them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shown itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the Rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shown how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the Pantheon, have been changed into what they are at present. This Author, who is now esteemed the best of the Roman Architects, has lately written a treatise on Vespasian's Amphitheater, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient ar-
chitecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary fi-
gure of the heathen, or that of the Christian temples be the most beauti-
ful, and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the crofs figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the Rotund. I must confess the eye is better filled at first entering the Rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a crofs, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in Ar-
chitecture, than what a man meets with in St. Peter's, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonishe at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes
From Rome to Naples.

one of the beautifullest vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the Architecets themselves never thought of, as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old high-ways, that lead from Rome, one sees several little ruines on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient Romans generally buryed their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminid tegitur cinis atque Latinis.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our christian epitaphs, that are to be seen only in churches, or churchyards, begin often with a Siste Viator. Viator precare salutem, &c. probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions, that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from Rome to Naples I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present defolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman Emperors: And notwithstanding the removal of the Imperial seat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome, than are now in all Italy. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This defolation appears no where greater than in the Pope’s territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see those dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in Europe. Their Prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and
and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his
people's expense, and is neither encumbered with wife, children or mi-
tifies; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which
obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and hap-
iness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged entirely
in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those
principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composi-
tion of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his de-
signs, and are more at his dispent than any others of the most absolute
government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not
only court his favour but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful,
and has good havens both for the Adriatick and Mediterranean, which
is an advantage peculiar to himself and the Neapolitans above the rest of
the Italians. There is still a benefit the Pope enjoys above all other so-
veraigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other coun-
ctries that belong to foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no
small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place
in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as
come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of
Rome on several occasions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that
bring considerable sums into the Pope's dominions. But notwithstanding
all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned
for many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe
than the Pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part
of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and
have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. These
ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the
government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius
of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shews itself in its perfe-
cion. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great
a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of
chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits
out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great
poverty and want that are to be meet with in a country which invites in-
to it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of Pilgrims, and shews up
in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and livery beggars, who,
instead of encreasing the common flock by their labour and industry, lye
as a dead weight on their fellow subjects, and consume the charity that
ought to support the sickly, old and decrepit. The many hospitals, that
are,
are everywhere erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lye useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or busines. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with mens souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious Pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of diftempers. Yet it is to this humour of Nepotism that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons; as we may observe, though the bulk of the Roman people was more rich and happy in the times of the Commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the Emperors. It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the Pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plow up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: Whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the Pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples was in seeing the fields, towns and rivers that have been described by so many Classic Authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisium, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of Quality, among the ancient Romans, from this Poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian way, which was most used by the Noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Bari, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carried in halts over this pavement.

Minns
Minus est gravis Appia tardis.  

Hor.  

Lucan has described the very road from Auxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Auxur. It is not indeed the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both Poets.

Jamque et praecipites superaverat Auxuris arcas,  
Et quæ * Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,  
Qua sublime nemus, Scythica quæ regna Diana;  
Quaque iter est Latinis ad sumnum jactibus Albam.  
Excelsa de rupibus procul jam conspicit urbem.  

L. 3.

He now had conquer’d Auxur’s steep ascent,  
And to Pontina’s watry marshes went,  
A long canal the muddy fen divides,  
And with a clear unfully’d current glides;  
Diana’s woody realms he next invades,  
And crossing through the consecrated shades  
Ascends high Albæ, whence with new delight  
He sees the city rising to his sight.

In my way to Naples I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Livis and Vulturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Vulturno. The first of these rivers has been devoutly celebrated by the Latin Poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

—— Rura qua Livis quietæ  
Morat aquæ, taciturnus annus.  

L. 30.

Livis — qui fonte quieto  
Dissimulat cursum, et nullum mutabilis imbre  
Perstringit tacitus gemmanti gurgite ripas.  

—— Miscentem flumina Livim  
Sulfureum, pacitigne vadis ad littora lapsum  
Accolit Arpinas——  

Sil. L. 4.

Where the smooth streams of Livis stray,  
And steal incensibly away.

From Rome to Naples.

The warlike Arpinæ borders on the sides
Of the low Liris, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

Vulturnus rapax
Vulturnus celer
— Fluctuque sinorum
Vulturnum

The rough Vulturnus, furious in its course,
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruines of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in
which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the
mountain, where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes
that came off the Sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the sum-
mer retirements of the ancient Romans.

O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arena
Littus, et aequoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy frond
Lyes cover'd with a smooth unlinking band!

Anxuris aquae placidus frontine recessus
Et proprius Bajus littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancri fervente Ciscade
Non novere, nemus, flaminoque lacus

Dum colui, &c. ———

On the cool shore, near Baja's gentle feet,
I lay retir'd in Anxur's soft retreats.
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Dipper'd a grateful chime's all around;
The Grasshopper avoids th'untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

Impositum fatis late condentibus Anxur.
Monte procellis Murranum miserat Anxur.

—— Secu—
From Rome to Naples.

Scopuloَs vertcis Aenxur.
Capua Luxum vide apud

Murranius came from Aenxur’s show’ry height,
With ragged rocks, and flony quarries white;
Seated on hills—

I don’t know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near Terracina, encroach still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who paffed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the disserta- tion that he has made upon them. Silvia Italica has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the Campania Felice.

Jam vero quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et tuto dat ad bellum Campania tratau;
Ducitorum adventum vicinis fedibus Osci
Servabant: Sinuessa tepens, fluente sonorum
Vulpturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amycla,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domnique
Antipyata compessa freto, stagnantque palustris
Linternum, et quondam fatorum confecia Cuma,
Illic Nuceria, et Gaurus navabilus apta
Pro Deicharchisiculo cum miliie Graia
Illic Parthenope, et Panon non pervia Nola.
Alliphe, et Ciano contentae semper Acerre.
Sarraspes etiam populos totasque videre
Sarni misis opes: illic quos Sulphure pingues
Phelegrai legere fumus, Misenus et ardens
Ore giganteo sedes Tibacea, Baia,
Noe Prochite, non ardente fertita Tapha
In arime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
Infusa, nec parvis abrac Calatia maris,
Surrectum, et pauper fitei Cerealis Avela,
In primis Capua, heu rebus fervare Secundis
Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore.

K 2
NAPLES.
NAPLES.

MY first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, which are carried up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of Anjou to the Crown of Spain, in which the Vice-Roy bore his part at the left-hand of Cardinal Caetani. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. Januarius, which liquefied at the approach of the Saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: Yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman Church, and that Monseigneur Papebon has hinted at among the rest, in his marks of the true religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shewn in a town of the Kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

---Debine grata hymnis
Iratis extructa dedit risuque jocosus;
Dum flammis sine thura liquefuerit limine Sacro.
Persuader e cupit: credat Judaeus opelia.
Non ego---

At grata next arriv'd; we laugh'd to see
The superfluous crowd's simplicity.

That
That in the sacred temple needs would try
Without a fire th’ unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the solemn ham, nor I:

One may see at least that the heathen Priehood had the same kind
of secret among them, of which the Roman Catholics are now mas-
ters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a Roman Catholick
country, I was surpriz'd to see many ceremonies and superstitions in Na-
oples, that are not so much as thought of in France. But as it is certain
there has been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publicly
owned, in the Roman Catholic church, since the spreading of the Pro-
testant religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their
ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the
reformed churches. For this reason the French are much more enlight-
ened than the Spaniards or Italians, on occasion of their frequent con-
troversies with the Huguenots; and we find many of the Roman Catho-
lisk Gentlemen of our own country, who will not think to laugh at the
superstitious they sometimes meet with in other nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of Na-
ples, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the
magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabi-
tants, or the delightfulnes of its situation, which so many others have
done with a great deal of leisure and exactnes. If a war should break
out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribu-
tion, or a bombardment. It has but seven gallies, a mole, and two lit-
tle castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy’s approaches. Be-
fides, that the sea, which lies near it, is not subject to storms, has no sen-
fible flux and reflux, and is so deep, that a vessel of burden may come up
to the very mole. The houses are flat roof’d to walk upon, so that ev-
ry bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at Na-
ples, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of Italy; for the
Vice-Roy’s take care to send into Spain every thing that is valuable of
this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of Apollo and
Minerva, placed on each side of Sannazzarin’s tomb. On the face of
this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is re-
presented, in Bas relief, Neptune among the Satyrs, to shew that this
Poet was the inventor of pietatory eclogues. I remember Hugo Gravina
describes
NAPLES.

describes himself in one of his Poems, as the first that brought the Muses to the sea-side, but he must be understood only of the Poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that Sannazarius mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his De partu Virginis, which was all raised at his own expense.

——Neveis tibi si solennia templis
Sorta damus; si manusuras tibi ponimus aras
Excis in sepolco, finitum unde aurea canos
Deficiens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, mutatis procul venientibus offerit.
Tu amat ignarumque virtute infustumque labori
Diva mone——

L. I.

Thou bright celestial Deity, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With fairest flowers and fairest garlands deck'd,
On tower'd rocks, whence Mergilline spies
The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rife;
Guide thou the pious Poet, nor refuse
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The Cupola's of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of Medina Sidonia, in his Vice-Kroyalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It stands so on the side of a mountain that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of Naples is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lyeth in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Surrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of Capora, the sea enters by a strait of about three miles wide. This Island stands
as a vast Mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies long-ways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this island and the Promontory of Miseno. The bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old Geographers, probably from its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of his Aeneid, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour, which he has made in his first book; for the Libyan port is but the Neapolitan bay in little.

Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quius omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sefè unda reducitos :
Hinc atque hinc vasta rupea geminique minantur
In cælum cæspiti, quorum sub vertice late
Æquora tuta stant, tum Silvis scena corroscis
Defauer, horrentique atrum nemus immixet umbra.  

Within a long recess there lies a Bay,
An island shades it from the rouling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a Sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

Dryden.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage Vitruvius would have to the front of his Palace, of seeing the setting Sun.

One would wonder how the Spaniards, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of Naples, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the Barons, who are the harshest tyrants in
in the world to those that are under them. The vassals indeed are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the Vice-Roy, who to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not flinch at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the Crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the vassals of the Barons. Inasmuch that when the King has been upon the point of telling a town to one of his Barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the King, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the Spaniards have taken to grind the Neapolitans, and yet to take off the Odium from themselves, has been by erecting several Courts of Justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage lawsuits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewith to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the Law there are at Naples. It is commonly said, that when Innocent the eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of Swine, the Marquis answered him, that for his Swine he could not spare them, but if his Holiness had occasion for thirty thousand Lawyers he had them at his service. Those Gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan Cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the Genius of this people changed since Statius's time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut strictae jurgiae legis
Morum jura viris solut et sine fælibus aquum.  
Sil. L. 5.

By love of right and native justice fed,
In the straight paths of equity they tread;
Nor know the bar, nor fear the Judge's frown,
Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the Neapolitans, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The Gables of Naples are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that
that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not Massianello’s rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer, they are laid on all butchers meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibier are tax-free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the King of Spain has had occasion for mony he has borrowed it of the rich Neapolitans, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in Europe which pays greater taxes, and at the same time no Prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the mony they give spent in the necessaries, defence, or ornament of their State, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their Prince: but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in Naples the people could not bear it. The Spaniard however reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons of the greatest wealth and power in Naples are engaged by their own interest to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the Emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the King of Spain will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the Barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employes, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of Charles the fifth something like our statute of Mort-main, which has laid dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active Prince. The inhabitants of Naples have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labour so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of their climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies.
their bodies, and disposeth the people to such an idle indolent humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buryed in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope.

---

**Improbable Siren**

_De suis_ ---

Sloth, the deluding Siren of the mind.

---

_Et in osea natae_ ---

**Parthenope** ---

---

_Ostiova Neapolis."

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd,
To luxury and ease unbends the mind.

*Parthenope non dico opus, non siræta vigoris,
Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Mafis
Oria, et exemptum curis gravioribus aevum:
Sirenum dedit sua suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenopem muris Acheia, aqua curus
Regnavere dice canto, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseri causarum non prospera nautis.*

_Sil. It. L. 12._

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle Poets to her arms invites;
The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild, untroubled hours away.

*Parthenope the rising city nam'd,
A Siren, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neigh'ring seas
The liff'ning wretch, and made destruction please.*

_Has ego te fedos (nam nec mibi barbarae Thraci
Nec Libye natali solum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis byems et frigida temperat aetas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torrentibus aluit undis:
Patia secura locis, et deis tuis ovia,"

_Et._
Et unaquem turbata quiet, semnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c.
Stat. Sil. L. 3:
These are the gentle seats that I propose;
For not cold Scythia’s undissolving snows,
Nor the parch’d Libyan lands thy husband bore,
But mild Parthenope’s delightful shore,
Where hush’d in calms the bord’ring ocean laves
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreshing winds the summer’s heats allwage,
And kindly warmth disarms the winter’s rage;
Remov’d from noise and the tumultuous war,
Soft sleep and downy cave inhabit there,
And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

The Antiquities and Natural Curiosities
that lie near the City of Naples.

At about eight miles distance from Naples lyes a very noble scene
of antiquities. What they call Virgil’s tomb is the first that one
meets with on the way thither. It is certain this Poet was buried at Naples, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on
the other side of the town which looks towards Vesuvius. By this tomb
is the entry into the grotto of Paestum. The common people of Na-
ples believe it to have been wrought by magick, and that Virgil was the
magician; who is in greater repute among the Neapolitans for having
made the Grotto, than the Asuid.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James’s
park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since Seneca gave it
bad
bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, tolingen in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the mole's and buildings of Naples. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, bowed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the Sibyl's grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at Chateaudain in France I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the German Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts on this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of Panfilopo lye the remains of Pluto, and Baiae, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The Lacrine lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or flapped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl.
fowl. Mount Gaurus, from one of the fruitfullest parts in Italy, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, frowning with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lye in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of Italy, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the Roman Common-wealth, embellished by many of the Roman Emperors, and celebrated by the best of their Poets, has now nothing to show but the ruins of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several Authors for Caligula's bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by letting down an inscription mentioned by Julius Capitolinus in the life of Antoninus Pius, who was the repairer of this mole. *L. 2. O. 18. L. 3. O. 1. L. 3. O. 23. Epist. L. 1.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as *Horace* has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near Puzzuola, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries. *Vil. Gravinae; Fabrii, Balbus, &c.* But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia, which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legi-
It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that no body would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal it fell lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the Amphitheater, the ancient refervoirs of water, the Sibyl's grotto, the Centum Camera, the sepulchre of Agrippina Nero's mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about Naples and Rome, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatnes as uncommonnes.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonish'd at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grotto's, catacombs, rotunda's, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of Italy. We are therefore immediately surpriz'd when we see any considerable ruins laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a Gothic cathedral
cathedral in England, that has cost more pains and money than several of their celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of Venus, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in Stucco, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked Jupiter and Gladiators, Tritons and Centaurs, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of Naples are the Catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsome smells, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open Niches, as an eminent Author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopped up: without doubt, as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the Niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly t nestled with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the Niche, the rest having been broken down. St. Proculus's sepulchre seems to have a kind of Mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. It's probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would indeed wonder to find such a multitude of Niches unstoped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Baja was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Bajana Soles, and the Molli Lucrins; as on the contrary, Tibur, Tusculum, Pruneple, Alba, Caelorum, Mons Circinnus, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

* Vide Hor. l. 2. Od. 6.

Ergo
Antiquities and Curiosities

Ergo sacri fontes, et listora sacra valet,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Hercules colles gelida, vos vincite brumae,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedit frigoris.


While near the Lucrine lake consum'd to death
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where fumes of Sulphur raise a stiilning heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And Baja with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and taftful springs farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with Nereids dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Trivoli that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about Naples are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto del Cani is famous for the poisonous fumes which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow: A Dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A Torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A Pithol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gun-powder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pithol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flaming, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might safely let off a pithol in it. I observed how long a Dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A Viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that
that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this flock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. Connor made a discourse in one of the Academies at Rome upon the subject of this Grotto, which he has since printed in England. He attributes the death of Animals, and the extinction of Lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steam. But how is it possible for these streams, though in never so great a quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole Atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin viol, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a Weather-glass, and so fixed it in the Grotto, that the Seagrum was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the Quicksilver funk after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very glewy or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically dissolve all the Phanomena of the Grotto. It's unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that Animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, because it wraps it self in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it however are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of Gun-powder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the fum of Grapes, when they are mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different Baths, to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which...
which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that
call Cicero's bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold
vapour rising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who dip
into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops,
than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in
the hollow of the Arch about a man's head, and are therefore much
thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of
Aquino, Avernus, and the Lucrin, have now nothing in them particular.
The Monte Novo was thrown out by an eruption of fire, that happened
in the place where now the mountain stands. The Sulphur is very
surprising to one who has not seen Mount Vesuvius. But there is no-
thing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy, which deserves our
admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of
it, did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I
shall therefore give the description of it as then lay.

This mountain stands at about six English miles distance from Naples,
though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those that sur-
vey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of
these rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This
looks at a distance like a new plowed land, but, as you come near it you
see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clouds lying one upon an-
other. There are innumerable Cavities and Interstices among the several
pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great
fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies
in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to con-
fine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading
abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams
of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by de-
grees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a
collection of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually
dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we
see the Scorium of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be
comprised of a thousand Heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think
therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon an-
other, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted mat-
ter rigid and unliquefied, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and
that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted them-

means
near the City of Naples.

means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quit this side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a Sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were not it made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with Salt-petre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of Vesuvius, that goes shelving down on all sides till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect Round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before-mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely had time to cake together, and

form
form the Bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that 
yyes underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably 
break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of 
things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-leaf, has been made at seve-
ral times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have 
been flung up out of the mouthe that yyes in the midst of them, so that it 
encroaches in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides 
of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A Gentleman of Naples told me, 
that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question 
on not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one 
mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this moun-
tain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and 
makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, co-
vered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim of 
off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They 
say its sources never run but in a calm warm weather. The agitations 
of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of Naples, I cannot forbear mentioning 
their manner of furnishing the town with Snow, which they here use in-
stead of Ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner.
There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few 
liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in Fresco, and every 
body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch that a 
scarcity of Snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of 
Corn or Provisions in another country. To prevent this the King has fold 
the monopoly of it certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city 
with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain 
at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into 
it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to 
roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the 
fun-flime. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as 
they have occasion for them, and send them on Asles to the sea-side, 
where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a 
tetted price, that from time to time supply the whole city of Naples.

While the Banditti continued their disorders in this Kingdom, they often 
put the Snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if 
they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which 
they
they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the Latin Poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which Sti
lius Italicus has given us of this great bay of Naples. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from Naples to Rome.

Stagna inter celisvenum nunc mittis morsrat Avernun:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris migrandibus horron;
Et formidatus volucris, terbale vomebat
Suffuso virus sole, Stygiisque per urbes
Religione facer, isceum retinebat honorem.
Hic vicina palus, fame est Achéronis ad undas
Pandere iter, cecas flagrante voragine saeclis
Laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus.
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine maec.

Juxta caligante flum longumque per aevum
Infernus profusus nebulis, pallente frib umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuift domos, noctemque profundam
Tartara narrat urbis; tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, colloque bitumine campos
Oleosan: tellus atro exsudante vapore
Suspirans, usque diurna caelestis medallis
Assuat et Stygis exhalae in aera flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis meteendum exhibit authores
Interdumque cavas luciflatus rumpere sedes,
Aut excite foras, fonta lugubre minaces
Mulciber immuosit, lacrataque visera terra
Mandit, et exsos labefaciat maritimus montes.
Tradant Herculeos profibratos mole Gigantes
Tellurem injetam quaterve, et spiremque anhelio
Torris late campos, quietisique minatur.
Rumpere compagnum impoistam, expallescere cement.
Apparet praeluit larineae, qua turbine negro
Eunantem premitt Tapatum, flammasque rebellis
Oro ejfì deautem, et signando evadere securi.

Bella
Averno next he shew'd his wond'ring guest,
Averno now with milder virtues blest'd;
Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:
Clouds of unwholesome vapours rais'd on high,
The fluttering bird entangled in the sky,
Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
An awful horror, and religious dread.
Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
That mingles with the baleful streams below,
And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
Opens a dismal passage to the Dead,
Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
And startle at the sudden flash of day.
The dark Cimmerian grotto then he paints,
Describing all its old Inhabitants,
That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd;
Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,
And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke:
Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
Eating their way, and undermining all,
'Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
Here, as 'tis said, the rebel Giants lie,
And, when to move th' incumbent load they try,
Ascending vapours on the day prevail,
The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
Next to the distant isle his sight he turns,
That o'er the thunderstruck Tiphaine burns:

Enrag'd,
near the City of Naples.

Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,
In angry whirl-winds, blasphemies and fire,
Threat'ning, if loofen'd from his dire abodes,
Again to challenge Jove, and fight the Gods.
On mount Vesuvius next he fixt his eyes,
And saw the smoaking tops confus'dly rise;
(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes sent
A second Ætna to the view present.
Misenus cape and Bauli left he view'd,
That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Silvius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake Avernus in Hannibal's time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his Poem; because Agrippa, who lived between Hannibal and Silvius, had cut down the woods that encloesed the lake, and hindered these noxious flames from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and freth air were let in among them.

The ISLE of CAPREÀ.

HAVING staid longer at Naples than I at first designd, I could not disperse with myself from making a little voyage to the Isle of Caprea, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of Augustus for some time, and the residence of Tiberius for several years. The Island lyes four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock vailly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has however the greatest town in the Island, that goes by the name of Ano-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the Isle rises up in Precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lyes a slip of lower ground, which runs across the Island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with Vines, Figs, O.

ranges,
ranges, Almonds, Olives, Myrtles, and fields of Corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little Landscape imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the Bishop's Palace, and two or three Convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear overgrown with grass. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth, was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not indeed seen the remains of any ancient Roman buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The Rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing places or reservoirs of water. An old Hermit lives at present among the ruins of this Palace, who left his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found Medals and Pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea-side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a Gentleman of the Island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of Sorrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvius; that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in Tiberius's time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think Martial's Epigram may here serve as a comment to Tacitus.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbitis,
Preferat hic maddos nobilis uos laetus.
Hec juga quam Nise collae plus Bacchus amat.
Hec nuper Satyri mons dedere clerus.

Hic
The Isle of Caprea.

Hec Veneris spes, Lacedemonis gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cum laeae flemnis et tristi mora navillar
Nec superi violent hoc licuiffe fbi.


Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
And his own native Nisa left admir'd;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
The frisking Satyrs on the summets danc'd;
Ailodes here, here Venus graci'd the shone,
Nor lov'd her favorite Lacedemon more:
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
The Gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
And blame the mischief's that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompass'd with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared to those, who looked on it at a distant, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mention'd, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of Mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a Palace; unless we may suppose that the Pharos of Caprea stood there, which Statius takes notice of in his Poem that invites his wife to Naples, and is, I think, the most natural among the Silvae.

Nec deunt varia circum oblectamina vita,
Suum vaporiferas, blandissima hitora, Bajas,
Etherea satidica, suo visere tertia Sibylla,
Dulce sit, Illiacque jugum memorabile revo.
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
Telebombque domos, trepidis ubi dalsea nautis
Lamina noctivaga solvit Pharsus emula luna,
Cavaque non moli, Iunia Subrentina Lyceo.

L. 3.

The blissful seas with endless pleasures flow,
Whether to Baja's funny shores you go,

Vol. II. N And
And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
Or the dark Grotte of the prophetick maid,
Or steep Miseno from the Trojan nam'd,
Or Gaurs for its flowing vintage fam'd,
Or Caprea, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
While by its beams the wary sailor gleers:
Or where Surrentum, clad in vines, appears.

They found in Ano-Caprea, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient seats of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors, but what recommended it most to Tiberius was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but Tiberius had his different residences, according to the seasons of the year, and his different sets of pleasure required. Suetonius says, Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit. The whole island was probably cut into several safe affects, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were however more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with high-ways, grotto's, galleries, bagnio's, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this island, were we not told that the Romans, after the death of Tiberius, sent hither an army of Pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the Island.

In falling round Caprea we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grotto's, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them. I entered one which the inhabitants call Grotto Oceano, and after the light of the sun was a little worn off my Eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water.
The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the Grotto opens it self on both sides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and diffils fresh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The Inhabitants and Neapolitans who have heard of Tiberius's Grotto’s, will have this to be one of them, but there are several reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are no where any marks of the chisel; the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the impregnations of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this Grotto lye the Sirenum Scopuli, which Virgil and Ovid mention in Aeneas's voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone’s throw from the south side of the island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of Caprea.

†amque adeo scopulos Sirenum adversa subibat
Difficiles quondan, multorumque ollibus albos,
Tum rauca affusus longe fale fata sonabant.Æn.

Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost, And white with bones: Th'impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellious from the foundering shores. Dryden.

I have before said that they often find Medals in this island. Many of those they call the Sirens, which Areth has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in Parnass's edition of Suetonius illustrated by Medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of Tiberius, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than Medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which Suetonius calls Monstro concussa repertos, and on the other the number of the Medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on
the Emperor, because Raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but
two in the Upper Empire, besides the Spinaia, that lye under any suspi-
cion of it. The first is one of Marcus Aurelius, where, in compliment
to the Emperor and Empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure
of Venus carrying Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the
wars.

---Quoniam bellis fors manera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in rremin quin saepe tuum for
Rector, eterno devinitus volvere amoris.---

Lucr. L. 1.

The Venus has Faustina's face, her lover is a naked figure with a hel-
et on his head, and a shield on his arm.

Tu scabio fruris mali quod in aggero rodit,
Qui tegitur, parma et galea---

Juov. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to mind Faustina's fondness for the Gladiator,
and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of Satyr. But
besides, that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a Senate,
how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dared affront the Wife
of Aurelius, and the Mother of Commodus, or that they could think of
giving offence to an Empress whom they afterwards Deified, and to an
Emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other Medal is a golden one of Gallienus preferred in the French
King's cabinet; it is inscribed Gallienus Augustus, Pax Ubique, and was
stamped at a time when the Emperor's Father was in bondage, and the
Empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one con-
ders the bizarre stupidity of this Emperor, with the senseless security
which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one
may
may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be
sure, if raillery had once entered the old Roman coins, we should have
been over-stocked with Medals of this nature; if we consider there were
often rival Emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at
the levelling of each others character, and that most of them were suc-
cceeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These Medals of
Tiberius were never current mony, but rather of the nature of Medali-
ons, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the diso-
very of that infamous socieley. Suetonius tells us, that their monstrous
inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the Emperor's
private apartments. Cubicula plurisurum disposita tabellis ac sigillis la-
sciissimurum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis
infractit: ne cui in Operd edenda exemplar impetrata Schema deflet.
The Elephantis here mentioned is probably the same Martial takes no-
tice of for her book of poitures.

In Sabeliss.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legati nimiun Sabelle constus,
Quales nec Didymi scint puella,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sane illis Veneris noue figure.
Quales, &c.

Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in
Augustus's cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus aestrias, ut priscis virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic que concubitus varias Venerisque figuris
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco.

De Trif. Lib. 2.

There are severall of the Sigilla, or Seals, Suetonius speaks of, to be
met with in collections of ancient Intaglio's.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that these Coins were ra-
ther made by the Emperor's order, than as a Satyr on him, is because
they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his un-
natural lusts.
The Isle of Caprea.

Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesta posseta seni?

Cl. de 4to Conf. Hon.

Who has not heard of Caprea's guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?

From NAPLES to ROME, by Sea.

I took a Felucca at Naples to carry me to Rome, that I might not be forced to run over the same sights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyages-writers have not to particularly described. As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from Naples to Rome, described by Virgil. It is indeed much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out by Capes, Islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount Pausilypo makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: At a small distance from it lies the little Island of Nisida, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole island looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has two little Ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious fumes that Lucan mentions.

Tali spiramine Nessi,
Emittit Stygianum nebulosis aëra faxis.

Lib. 6.

Ness's high rocks such Stygian air produce,
And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From Nisida we rowed to cape Miseno. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by Agrippa, who made this the great port for the Roman fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of Ravenna held the ships designed for the Adriatic.
From Naples to Rome by Sea.

At pinn Aeneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro renunque tibamque
Monte sub Auro, qui nunc Misenum ab illo
Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per secula nomen.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old Misenum, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the Piscina Mirabilis. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others more probably suppose them to have been Nero's baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of Procida, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis de Vasto.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of Ischia, that stands farther out into the sea. The ancient Poets call it Isarime, and lay Typhon under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the Earth is cold, and over-run with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are indeed several little cracks in it, through which there issue a constant smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this Island is plentifully stocked. I observed, about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the team of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of Ischia lies a round lake of about three quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a Roman port. On the north end of the Island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the Island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This Island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procida. Virgil makes them both shake at the fall of part of the Mole of Baja, that stood at a few miles distance from them.
From Naples to Rome, by Sea.

Qualis in Euboeo Bajarum ittore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus aut
Construxit jacint pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Pront trabit, penitusque cadit illisä recumbit;
Miscent se maria et ignes atolluntur arenæ.
Tum sonitus Procibita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarvina, Jovis Imperisis imposa Typhon.

Not with less ruine than the Bajan Mole
(Rais'd on the feas the surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolor'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frighted billows rowl, and seek the shores:
Trembles high Procibita, and Ischia roars.
Typhon roars beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight pref'ligher on his back. Dryden.

I do not see why Virgil in this noble comparision has given the epithet of \textit{alta} to Procibita, for it is not only no high island in it fell, but is much lower than Ischia, and all the points of land that lye within its neighbourhoud. I should think \textit{alta} was joined adverbially with \textit{tremit}, did Virgil make use of so equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inferring in this place, the lame imitation \textit{Silus Italicus} has made of the foregoing pallage.

\begin{verbatim}
Hand aliter strutto Tyrrhena ad litora saxo;
Pugnatura fretis subter cacisque procellis
Pila immanc sones, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immig Nereus, divisaque carula pulsa
Ilisim accipiant sub aquar montem,
\end{verbatim}

So a vast fragment of the Bajan Mole,
That, fix'd amid the Tyrrhene waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,
Thrown from its base with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,

And
From Naples to Rome, by Sea.

And with refillets force the surface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to Cuma through a very pleasant path, by
the Mare Mortuum, and the Elysian fields, we saw in our way a great
many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. Cuma is at present
utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much it is changed since Lucan’s time,
if the Poem to Priam be his.

— Acidalis qua condidit Alis nauros
Euboicam referens secunda Neapolis urben.

Where the fam’d walls of fruitful Naples lye,
That may for multitudes with Cuma vie.

They show here the remains of Apollo’s Temple, which all the writers
of the antiquities of this place suppoze to have been the fame Virgil de-
scribes in his sixth Aeneid, as built by Daedalus, and that the very story
which Virgil there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus bis primum terris tibi Phæbe saecavit
Remigium Aiarum, posuitque immunda templ.

In foribus lebhum Androgeo, tunc pendere penas
Cocropida jussi, miserum! Septenna quotannis
Corpora natorum: fiat dulcis foribus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnosia tellus, &c.

Æn. 6.

To the Cumean coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his coffin frame
Inscrib’d to Phæbus, here he hung on high
The fceorage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o’er the lofty gate his art embos’d
Androgeo’s death, and off’ring to his ghost,
Sev’n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete;
And next to thos’ the dreadful urn was plac’d,
In which the destin’d names by lots were call.

Dryden.

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage,
which is stopped up within less than a hundred yards of the entrance, by
the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other
mouth of the Sibyl’s grotto. It lyes indeed in the same line with the
entrance
From Naples to Rome, by Sea.

entrance near the Avernus, is faced alike with the Opus Reticulatum, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as perhaps thought it a better shelter against the Sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expense. As for the Moaípic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the Cimmerians is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as Strabo relates it, but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. Homer's description of the Cimmerians, whom he places in those parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darknesse dwells;
Hid in th'unwholsome covert of the night,
They shun th'approaches of the cheerfull light:
The Sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy mortals! ——

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Ænea nutrix,
Aeternam moriens somam Cajeta dedisti:
Et nunc servat bonos sedem tuos, offiaque nomen
Hesperid in magnâ, signa est in gloria, signat.

Æn. 7.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here reft thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Dryden.

I saw at Cajeta the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chappel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the Evangelist, Ecco terra-motus fatis et magnum; I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the
time of the Latin writers, or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at Monte Circeo which Homer calls Insula Eëa, whether it be that it was formerly an Island, or that the Greek sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The End of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which perhaps gave the first rise to the howlings of Wolves, and the roarings of Lions, that ufed to be heard thence. This I had a very lively Idea of, being forced to lye under it a whole night. Virgil's description of Æneas passing by this coast can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of Cajoena's funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

At pius exequit Æneas rite solutis
Agere compo sitio tumuli, postquam alta quiernunt
Ægara, tendit iter velis, portumque velinguit.
Adspirant aura in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeae raduntr litora tenea,
Dives inacceos ubi solis silia lucos
Affine resonat cantus, te ætisque superbis
Vest odoratam nocturna in lumina cedram,
Arguto tenues percurrens peditis telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iraeque leonum
Vincia recensantum, et formid sub nocte ruentum:
Setigerique fues, atque in praeposibus urbi
Saevere, ae forma magnorum ualideul lapum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea sevra potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quae ne monstru pia paterentur tabis Troes
Delati in portus, nee litora dira subirent
Nepturnis ventis impellet velo secundis:
Æque fugam dedid et praeter vada servida vexit.  
Æn. L. 7.

O 2

Now,
Now, when the Prince her fun'r'al rites had paid,
He plow'd the Tyrrenion seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night
Serenely thone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun)
A dang'rous coast; The goddess washes her days
In joyous fongs, the rocks refound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
And cedar brands supply her Father's light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of Lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled Boars, and groans of Bears,
And herds of howling Wolves that flun the sailor's ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad Isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'rt,
(That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters left the Trojan's pious hoft
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast;
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.

Dryden.

Virgil calls this promontory Ætea Insula Circis in the third Æneid, but'tis the Heroe, and not the Poet that speaks. It may however be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an Island in Æneas's time. As for the thick woods, which not only Virgil but Homer mentions, in the beautiful description that Plutarch and Longinus have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the foil leans that way.

The next place we touched upon was Nettuno, where we found no-thing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabi-tants. At two miles distance from it lye the ruins of Autium, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and what are always the last parts that perish in a ruine,
ruine, many subterraneous grotto's and passages of a great length. The foundations of Nero's port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge mole's running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of mony, we find no Medal of it, and yet the same Emperor has a Medal struck in his own name for the port of Ostia, which in reality was a work of his predecessor Claudius. The last Pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand Duke, to divert his Holiness from his project of making Cività vecchia a free port. There lies between Antium and Netuno a Cardinal's Villa, which is one of the pleasauntest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the Fortuna Antiani, and Martial the Sorores Antii. Some are of opinion, that by these two Goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddess who sent prosperity, or the who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and supercribed Fortuna Felix, which indeed may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows at least they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the Goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the Ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole Poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cesar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the Goddesses has her task assigned in the Poet's prayer; and we may observe the Invocation is divided between the two Deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the Goddess of prosperity, or if you please to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the Goddess of adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

O Diva gratum qua regis Antium,
Praefens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.

Great
Great Goddess, Autumn’s guardian power,  
Whose force is strong, and quick to raise  
The lowest to the highest place;  
Or with a wondrous fall  
To bring the haughty tower,  
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c.  
Creech.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double Nemeisis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth Stanza clearer than the Commentators usually make it, for the Clavi trabales, cunei, uncæs, liquidamque plumbum, were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the Tiber, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally very rough in those parts, where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the mudines of the stream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that Virgil has given us when Æneas took the first view of it.

_Aequa hic Æneas ingentem ex aqua lacum_  
_Prospectus: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amnem_  
_Portionibus rapidis et multa fluvios aren_  
_In mare prorumpit: varia circumque supraque_  
_Afflecto ripis volucres et fuminiis aduoc_  
_Aethera mulcean cantus, laucoque volabant._  
_Fletere iter sociae terraque adventere prors_  
_Imperat, et latus fluvio succedit opaco._  
Æn. L. 7.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,  
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood:  
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,  
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force  
That drove the sand along, he took his way,  
And roll’d his yellow billows to the sea;  
About him, and above, and round the wood,  
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,  
That bath’d within, or bask’d upon his side,  
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply’d.  
The captain gives command, the joyful train  
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.  
_Dryden._

_Dryden._

It.
From Naples to Rome by Sea.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of Ostia, what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall therefore set down the Medal, that I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.

![Medal representation](image)

It is worth while to compare Juvenal's description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

Tandem intrat postas inclusa per aqua mola,
Tyrreniamque Pharos, porrechique brachia, rursus
Quae pelago occurrant medio longeque reliquunt
Italian: non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit ——

Juv. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty Mole the gets,
Our Tyrrene Pharos, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wond'rous Nature never design'd.

Dryd. Juv.

The seas may very properly be said to be enclosed (Inclusa) between the two semicircular Moles that almost surround them. The Colosseus, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the Pharos in the second line. The two Moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the Pharos, are very poetically described by the

Porrechique brachia, rursus
Quae pelago occurrant medio, longeque reliquunt
Italian

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, till their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of Neptune sits. The Poet's reflection on the haven is very just, since
since there are few natural ports better land-locked, and closed on all sides than this seems to have been. The figure of Neptun has a Rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbour for navigation, as he is represented himself at the entrance of it, to shew it flood in the sea. The Dolphin distinguishes him from a river God, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other Medals. What it means we may learn from the Greek Epigram on the figure of a Cupid, that had a Dolphin in one hand, and a Flower in the other.

Οὐδέ μετὰ παντάμενον καλέοι θέματα ἡ ἄνδρα,
Τῷ δὲ γὰρ γαῖας πῆλος ἐθανασάα ὕπει.

A proper emblem graces either hand,
In one he holds the sea, in one the land.

Half a day more brought us to Rome, through a road that is commonly visited by travellers.

R O M E.

It is generally observed, that modern Rome stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of Rome: It being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of, who observes how far several buildings, that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reason the present face of
of Rome is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the lower grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in Rome two sets of Antiquities, the Christian and the Hea-then. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with Fa-ble and Legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient Authors; for a man who is in Rome can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a Latin Poet or Historian. Among the remains of Old Rome, the grandeur of the Com-mon-wealth shows it self chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as Temples, High-ways, Aqueducts, Walls and Bridges of the City. On the contrary the magnificence of Rome, under the Em-perors, is seen principally in such works as were rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulnes or necessity, as in Baths, Amphitheaters, Circus's, Obelisks, Triumphal Pillars, Arches and Mausoleums; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to supply their Baths and Nauchias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real neces-sity there was for them. These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of Gravius, that it is very diffi-cult to make any new discoveries on such a subject. There is however so much to be observed in so spacious a field of Antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the Antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient Statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen Deities, and the descriptions that the Latin Poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the ancestor of the two, I question not but the Roman Poets were the copyers of the Greek Statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the Statuaries took their subjects from the Poets. The Laeo-

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P
at Rome. In the Villa Aldobrandina are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the Cæsars, who are probably the Daros and Entellus of Virgili; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient Cæsars, that it only consisted of so many large things about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of Antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old Poets hint at several parts of Sculpture, that were in vogue in the Author’s time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the Author’s contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of Juvenal, that his Commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus,

Multa pudicicie veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extirpant, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato ————

Some thin remains of chastity appear’d
E’n under Jove, but Jove without a beard.

Dryden.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this God with a thick bulky beard, as there are still many of them extant at Rome, than it can to us who have no such Idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a Temple dedicated to the young Jupiter, called Templum Vajovis, where, in all probability, there stood the particular Statue of a * Jupiter Inerbus. Juvenal, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of Hercules holding up Antæus from the earth.

Et longum invalidi collum corporibus egest
Herculis Antæum prouct a tellure tenentis.

His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
You’d think they were describing Hercules:

Lifting Antæus ————

Dryden.

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated

* Vide Or. de fustis, Lib. 3. Ecol. 7.
statues of these two champions, that fill'd perhaps in some publick place or high-way near Rome? And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which Juvenal here describes, on antique Intaglio’s and Medals. Nay, Propertius has taken notice of the very statues.

——Luctantum in pubere figua
Herculis Anteque—— Lib. 3. Car. 1.

Anteus here and st i r Alcides strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin Poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealous.

Dam tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem rostam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, aec meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mibi, nec color
Caela se de manent: humer et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus maceret ignibus.

While Telephus’s youthful charms,
His rolle neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enraged by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs, and falling tears,
That show to all the warm defires,
The silent, flow, conflagring fires,
Which on my immortal vitals prey;
And melt my very soul away.
This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave Juvenal without taking notice that his

\[ \textit{Venti lat aevivum digitis sudantibus aurum} \\
\textit{Nec suffere queat majores pondera Gemma.} \]

\textit{Sat. 1.}

Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight. \textit{Dryden.}

was not anciently so great an Hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old Roman rings so very thick about, and with such large stones in them, that 'tis no wonder a Pope should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer feast of so hot a climate.

It is certain that Satyr delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: When therefore we see any thing in an old Satyrift that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the Poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in Rome is a Meleager with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild Boar on one side of him. It is of Parian marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient Basso Relivo's, and on the sides of the Sarcofagi, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the Christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sports-man.

\[ \textit{Quibus aspiratibus orti} \\
\textit{Te Meleagre colunt} \]

\textit{Manil. Lib. 1.}

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth Satyr of Juvenal, in a much better light than if we suppose that the Poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans.

\[ \textit{Flavi dignus ferro Meleagr} \\
\textit{Spumat aper} \]

\textit{Juv. S. 5.}
A Boar intire, and worthy of the sword
Of Meleager, snoaks upon the board.

Mr. Bowles.

In the beginning of the ninth Satyr Juvenal asks his friend why he looks
like Marsha when he was overcome?

Seire velim quare toties mibi Novole stritis
Occurs fronte obdulit, seu Marsha victus?

Tell me why faunrying thus from place to place,
I meet thee, Novole, with a clouded face?       Dryden's Juvenal.

Some of the Commentators tell us, that Marsha was a Lawyer who had
lost his caufe; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the Satire
Marsha, who contended with Apollo; which I think is more humorous
than the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of Apollo fleaving
Marsha in the midst of the Roman Forum, as there are still several anci-
ent statues of Rome on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth Satyr of Juvenal, that I could never tell
what to make of, 'till I had got the interpretation of it from one of Bel-
lorio's ancient Baso Relievo's.

Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gaudent et aequus: caelataque caphis
Romulea simulacra fer a manufectae justae
Imperii fato, et gernonos sub rupe Quirinos,
At nudam effigiem clupeo fulgentis et basli,
Pendentique Dei, portiuru ostenderet hosti.

Juv. Sat. 11.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman Wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe.       Dryden's Juvenal.

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old Roman soldiers, and
the figures that were generally engraved on their helmets. The first of
them was the Wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus: The second,
which is comprehended in the two first verses, is not so intelligible. Some
of the Commentators tell us, that the God here mentioned is Mars,
that he comes to see his two Sons suckling the Wolf, and that the old
Sculptors
Sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swellings of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *Pendentis*; some fancy it expresses only the great embossmcnt of the figure, whereas some believe it hung off the helmet in *Alta Relief*, as in the foregoing translation. Lubin supposes that the God Mars was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the translator, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Pendens*; but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military genius of their Republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Rome, who was begotten by the God of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if defending upon the priestess *Ilia*, or as others call her *Rhea Silvia*. The occasion required his body should be naked, 

*Tu quoque inermis evasum te format in spes
Cepis: ut buie urbi femina magna daret.*

Ov. de Fæl. L. 3.

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou wouldst disarm'd,
When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charmed,
That Rome's high founder bore——

though on other occasions he is drawn, as Horace has described him, *Tu
nidae cinctum adamantind*. The Sculptor however, to distinguish him from
the rest of the gods, gave him what the Medallists call his proper attributes,
a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented
defending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the Vestal Vir-
gin, in which sense the word *Pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical.
Besides the antique *Basso Relief*, that made me first think of this interpre-
tation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverse of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a compliment to that Emperor, whom for his excellent government
and conduct of the city of Rome, the Senate regarded as a second kind of
founder.

*Ilia*
Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas mand petebat aquas:
Feusa refedit humi, ventosique acceptis aterto
Pellore; turbatas vestitique comas.
Dum sedet; umbrosae fallacis volucresque caueae
Fecernut somnos, et loce murmure aequa.
Blanda quies viitis surtim subrepit ocellis,
Et cadit a mento languida faëta manus?
Mars videt hanc, vestraque cunctis, positurque cupidâ:
Et sua divinâ furtà fœpellit ope.
Sommus abit: jacet illa graviss, jam seillet intra
Viscerâ Romana conditor urbis erat. Ov. de Faest. Lib. 3. Eleg. r,

As the fair Vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a Vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast
To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair:
While thus she refted on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
In drowsie murmurs lull'd the gentle maid,
The God of war beheld the Virgin's eye,
The God beheld her with a lover's eye,
And by fo tempting an occasion pres't,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, posies'd:

Conceiving
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in Seneca the
Tragedian.

—— Primus emergit solo
Dextrá ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus


—— First Zetus rises through the ground,
Bending the Bull's tough neck with pain,
That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the Poet had here in view the posture of Zetus in
the famous groupe of figures, which represents the two brothers binding
Dircæ to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical in-
struments that are to be seen in the hands of the Apollo's, Muses, Fauns,
Satyrs, Bacchanals, and Shepherds, which might certainly give a great
light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern mu-
sick. It would perhaps be no impertinent design to take off all their mo-
dels in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient
Muskick, but help us to pleasanter Instruments than are now in use. By
the appearance they make in marble, there is not one String-instrument
that seems comparable to our Violins, for they are all played on, either
by the bare fingers, or the Plectrum, so that they were incapable of ad-
ding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible
swellings, and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give
so wonderful a sweetness to our modern musick. Besides, that the string-
instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be gues-
sed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not con-
tain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and fon-
rous. There is a great deal of difference in the make not only of the seve-
rnal kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The Syr-
nga, for example, has sometimes four, and sometimes a more pipes, as high as
the twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their Harps, and
of stops on their Tibia, which shows the little foundation that such writers
have gone upon, who from a verse perhaps in Virgil's Eclogues, or a short
paillage in a Classic Author, have been so very nice in determining the
precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of
of their pipes, flings and flops. It is indeed the usual fault of the writers of Antiquities, to frighten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a single passage: As the learned German author, quoted by Monseur Baedeker, who had probably never seen any thing of a Household-God, more than a Canopus, affirms roundly, that all the ancient Lares were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the Antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the Systeme-writers, who are for cramming their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general Maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of Antiquity that are still to be seen in Rome. How many dressers are there for each particular Deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient Urns, Lamps, Lachrymatory vessels, Priapus’s, Household-Gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described with in an ancient Author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam Dacier, from some old cuts of Terence, fancies that the Larva or Person of the Roman Actors, was not only a wizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at Rome, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of Actors, which are both in the Villa Mattioli. One sees on them the fashion of the old Sock and Larva, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned Lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure of Thalia, the comic Muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little frizze, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian Actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fame in Phaedra, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces.

_Personam tragicam forte unipes viserat:
O quanta species, inguin, cerebrum non habet!_  
L. i. Fab. 7.

As wily Renard walk’d the streets at night,  
On a Tragedian’s mask he chanced to light,  
Q

_Q Turning

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Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain!

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phaedrus, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks.

Non omnes fallis, se te Proserpina caunn,
Persoonam capi et trabebit sile tuo.

Why should't thou try to hide thy self in youth?
Impartial Proserpina beholds the truth,
And laughing at thy fond and vain a task,
Will strip thy hoary nodule of its mask.

In the Villa Borghese is the Belf of a young Nuns, which shows us the form of an ancient Belfa on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as Macrobius describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet; so that without establishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the humour of the artist or wearer. There are many figures of Gladiators at Rome, though I do not remember to have seen any of the Retarius, the Samnite, or the antagonist to the Pinnarius. But what I could not find among the statues, I met with in two antique pieces of Mosaic, which are in the possession of a Cardinal. The Retarius is engaged with the Samnite, and has had a lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot, yet his antagonist recovered himself out of the toiles, and was conqueror, according to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the Pinnarius, who is armed like the Samnite, and not like the Retarius, as some learned men have supposed: On the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two Pinnæ, that stand up on either side like the wings in the Petaurus of a Mercury, but are much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the Roman Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old Romans were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient Bello Retivo's, Statues, and Medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of Architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen Ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of Antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilio's that attended the different kinds of sacrifices.
cornices. Yet there is much greater variety in the Make of the Sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signor Antonio Politi’s collection a Patena without any Ritual in the middle, as it is generally engraved, and another with a handle to it, as Macrobius describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed perhaps several hundred. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the Discus, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated Caflor at Don Lorio’s, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some Antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a fling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

Pratius imprudens, aestusque cupidine lusus
Tollere Taurides orbem properabas
De Hyacinthi dico.

Th’ unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a multitude of cloathed statues at Rome, I could never discover the several different Roman garments, for it is very difficult to trace out the figure of a yel, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides, that the Roman garments did not differ from each other, so much by the shape as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the Statuary’s observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chisel. I observed, in abundance of Bas Reliefs, that the Cintus Gabinus is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that Ferrarius has made of it. Cintus Gabinus non alium fuit quam cum toga lacinia levius brevissima in tegum ita rejiciendarum, ut contraforte retraheretur ad pedibus, atque ita in nodum niteretur, qui nodus sine cintus toga contrahebatur, brevissimaque et strictiorque reddidit. De re Voglavi. L. 1. C. 14. Lipsius’s description of the Samnite armour, seems drawn out of the very words of Livy; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at Rome, dressed in this kind of armour, gives a much different explication of Livy from what Lipsius has done. This
figure was superscribed B.A. TO. NI. from whence Fabretti concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator Bato, who after having succeeded in two combates, was killed in the third, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor Caracalla. The manner of punctuation after each fillable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince Cesariini I saw busts of all the Antonine family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from Albano, in a place where it is supposed to have stood a Villa of Marcus Aurelius. There are the heads of Antoninus Pius, the Faustina, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, a young Commodus, and Annius Verus, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old Rome are already very numerous, there is no question but pottery will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for doubtless there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old Authors, as the places where such particular statues or obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the Palatine mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of Rome.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monii, Exultatque habitante Deo, potiorque Delphi,
Sulpiciae laeti populus ora culit.
Non aliquum certe decuit rectius orbd
Et sius Larem, nullaque magis se colle potes
Estimatur quinti satis fidejus juris,
Attulit aestem subjectis regia vestris
Tut circum debita videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubitis —— Claud. de Sexto Consulat. Honori.
The Palatine, proud Rome's imperial seat,
(An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In supplicating crowds to learn their doom;
To Delphi let th' enquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
This sure the pompous mansion was deign'd
To please the mighty rulers of mankind:
Inferior temples rise on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace stand,
While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidst her guardian Gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the Pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the Prince Farneña, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up till he fees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in Rome who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great edifices by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made Effays into it, as they do for coal in England, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been beforehand with them. However they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present Architect values much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown two spaces of ground, where part of Nero's golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers are several very ancient trees, which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular plots of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a publick register, to preserve the memory of such fortunes as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done
done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water; besides what the insolvency of a brutish conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common shore of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bottom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope however would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of Rome would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the Tiber, and by consequence free them from those frequent inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and admirers. Thus Ceres, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the Gods or Goddesses, as several of the Roman Emperors took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation,
tion, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying Cleo-
mater; the Narcissus, the Faun leaning against the trunk of a tree, the
Boy with the bird in his hand, the Leda and her swan, with many others
of the same nature? I must confess I always look upon figures of this
kind, as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but
they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we
see with the same air, posture, and attitudes. What confirms me in
this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the Venus de Medicis,
the Satyr with the young Bacchus in his arms, the Hercules Furioso,
the Antinous, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are al-
day drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages.
Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of
the Venus of Medici than of any other, from whence I believe one may
conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the Ancients, as well
as among the Moderns. It has always been usual for Sculptors to work up-
on the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of
them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the
resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique Bassa Relicvs's.
I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met
with on the tomb of a young Roman Lady, which had been made for her
by her mother. The Sculptor had chosen the rape of Proserpine for his
device, where in one end you might see the God of the dead (Pluto)
hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (Proserpine) and at the other
the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that occasion. I have
since observed the same device upon several Sarcophagi, that have enclo-
sed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought
took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as
I have mentioned, the ignorance of the Sculptors applied it promiscuous-
ly. I know there are Authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprized to find so many extravagant fancies as
are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals
are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a Priapus,
and in the Villa Pamphilia is seen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There
are however many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the exi-
sistence of the Soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality.
I cannot leave the Bassa Relicvs's without mentioning one of them, where
the thought is extremely noble. It is called Homer's Apostheta, and consists
of a groupe of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one
above
above another by four or five different accents. Jupiter sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as Homer himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine Muses, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the Poet. Homer himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the Iliad, or actions of Achilles; the other has an Apluere to represent the Odyssey, or voyage of Ulysses. About the Poet's feet are creeping a couple of Mice, as an emblem of the Batrachomachia. Behind the chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper Attributes, and putting a garland on the Poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an Altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new God, and behind the victim a train of the several Virtues that are represented in Homer's works, or to be learnt of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the Poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the Constable Colonna, but never shown to those who see the Palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of antique coins which I saw at Rome, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the Roman Antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of Donatus, as the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, the arches of Drusus Germanicus, and Septimius Severus, the Temples of Janus, Concord, Vesta, Jupiter tonans, Apollo and Faunus, the Circus Maximus, Agonalis, and that of Caracalla; or, according to Fabreti, of Galenius, of Vespasian's Amphitheater, and Alexander Severus's Baths; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the Meta Sudans and Pons AEtius, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of Medals; the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious; nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of Moniteur Vaillant, esteemed more authentic by the present Roman Medalists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the
mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of Medals with a very curious one, as large as a Medallion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the Emperor Trajan, the reverse has on it the Circus Maximus, and a view of the side of the Palatine mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous Temple of Apollo, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This Medal I saw in the hands of Monseigneur Strozzi, brother to the Duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger, who desires the sight of them. It is a surprizing thing, that among the great pieces of Architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, Nero's golden house, the Moles Adrianii, the Septizonium of Severus, the Baths of Diocletian, &c. But since it was the custom of the Roman Emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on Medals, more extraordinary than those that are: we may, I think, with great reason suppose our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in History and Antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decipher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at Rome, without the universal key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the Kings and Consuls, Emperors and Empresses, the Deities and Virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the Villa Pamphilia stands the statue of a man in woman's clothes, which the Antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an Hermaphrodite; but a learned Medallist in Rome has lately fixed it to Ciodus, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the Bona Dea in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a Medal of the Claudian family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: The Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvedere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback. The oldest Medal that the first appears upon is one of Commodus, the second on one of Faustina, the third on one of Antoninus Pius, and the last on one of Lucius.
Cius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these Statues were extremely celebrated among the old Romans, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the Emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family, for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the Naturalist, who lived in the next reign; save one before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the Medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the Medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of Marcus Aurelius's face, for I have seen this reverse on a Medalion of Don Libio's cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior Marc. Antonio. It is generally objected, that Lucius Verus would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of Marcus Aurelius. But it is very well known that an Emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose Lucius Verus would omit no opportunity of doing honour to Marcus Aurelius, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the Empire. The famous Antinous in the Belvidere must have been made too about this age, for he dyed towards the middle of Adrian's reign, the immediate predecessor of Antoninus Pius. This entire figure, though not to be found in Medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur La Chaussé, the Author of the Musaeum Romanum showed me an Antinous that he has published in his last volume, cut in a Cornelian, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a Mercury, and is the finest Intaglio that I ever saw.

Next to the Statues, there is nothing in Rome more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient Pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old Statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners, than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of Granite, Serpentine, or Porphyry, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from Egypt to Rome, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known
known how these sorts of marble fill the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is indeed a Milanese at Rome who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of Porphyry worked into an ordinary falver, which had cost him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rocks, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of Mines and Quarries. The most valuable pillars about Rome, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental Jasper in St. Paulina's chappel at St. Maria Maggiore; two of oriental Granite in St. Pudenziana; one of transparent oriental Jasper in the Vatican library; four of Nero-Bianco in St. Cecilia Trans-tavere; two of Brocatello, and two of oriental Agate in Don Livia's palace; two of Giallo Antico in St. John Lateran, and two of Verdi Antiqua in the Villa Pamphilia. These are all intire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among the old pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an altar of a column, which was found in the ruins of Livia's Portico. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of St. Maria in Campitello, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old Roman pillars, Monieur Desgodets, in his accurate meaures of these ruines, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of Egypt, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to Rome: Others say that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: Others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the Italians call the Gusto grande, than of any negligence in the

Archit-
Archiect; for they say the Ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an Ionic pillar in the Santa Maria Transevere, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that Palladio learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, those of Trajan and Antonine. There could not have been a more magnificent design than that of Trajan's pillar. Where could an Emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece in Antonine's pillar is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius, sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian Legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old Author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that Jupiter here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the Aeneid, which gives such an another image of him. Virgil's interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by Jupiter.

Quantus ab occasu veniens plurialibus hædis
Verborum imber humum, quàm multè grandine nimbi
In vada precipitant, quàm Jupiter horridas austris
Torquet aquosam hyemen, et ecelo cava nubila rumpit.  

Æn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'y kids arise:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in thunder'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Dryden.

I have seen a Medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The Emperor is entitled on it Germanicus,
nicus, (as it was in the wars of Germany that this circumstance hap-
pened) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the
Heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the Emperor, that
the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their Legion. *Fulmen de cete
precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus exoravit, suis pluvia
impetratus cum sito laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

Cludian takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason
for it.

__________ Ad templo vocatus,
Clemens Marci, redit, cum gentibus undique cinctum
Excus Helcperiam poribus fortuna pericis.
Laus tibi nullus dicatur, nam flammis imber in hostem
Decidit: hinc doro trepidum fumante solebat
Ambusfus sonipes, hic tabescente solatus
Subsidit galea, tiques altaeque fulgere cupris
Candid, et subitis fluorece vaporibus ences.
Tunc, contenta polus, mortalis necia texit
Pugna fuit; Chaldea majo seu carmina ritu
Armaevers Deos; sev, quod venter, omne tonantis
Obsequium Marci more potueru mferet. De Sexto Conf. Hon.

So mild Aurelius to the Gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
When Latium from unnumber’d foes was freed:
Nor did he Then by his own force succeed;
But with descending show’rs of brimstone fir’d,
The wild Barbarian in the fiend expir’d.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horse-man rag’d,
And spurr’d the steed in equal flames engag’d:
Another pent in his seorch’d armour glow’d,
While from his head the melting helmet flow’d;
Swords by the lightning’s subtle force distill’d,
And the cold sheath with running metal fill’d:
No human arm its weak assistance brought,
But Heav’n, offended Heav’n, the battle fought;
Whether dark magick and Chaldean charms
Had fill’d the skies, and set the Gods in arms;
Or good Aurelius (as I more believe)
Deferv’d whatever aid the Thunderer could give.
I do not remember that M. Dacier, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of Marcus Aurelius, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar of Marcus Antoninus, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of Claudian.

It is pity the Obelisks in Rome had not been charged with several parts of the Egyptian histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of Constantine is not only the noblest of any in Rome, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the Emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from Trajan's arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of Rome, who were then most of them Heathens. There is however something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the Emperor's vision: "Imp. Cæs. Fl. Constantino maximno P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod divinitatem munis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quam de omnibus ejus saeculis uno tempore justis Rerum publicarum ulius est armis arcum triumphum insignem dicavit." There is no statue of this Emperor at Rome with a crofs to it, though the Ecclesiastical Historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his Medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son Constantius, where he is crowned by a Victory on the reverse with this inscription, "In hoc Signo Vítæs." This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, show us that Architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprized not to find the Crofs in Constantine's arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of Jerusalem on that of Titus, where are represented the golden candlesticks, the table of shew-bread, and the river Jordan. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of Solomon's temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.
It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes, as are to be met with in several of the Roman Churches and Chappels; for having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the same time so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of Rome, the last still endeavouring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present Pontificate, if the wars and confusions of Italy will give them leave. For as the Pope is himself a matter of polite learning, and a great encourager of Arts, fo at Rome any of these Arts immediately thrives under the encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on Rome, with a Letter of King Henry the eighth to Ann of Bulleyn, transcribed out of the famous Manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of Salisbury affures us is written with the King's own hand.

"The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent, I can no les do than send her some fleec, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would have now. As touching your Sister's Mother, I have consigned Walter West to write to my Lord Mayworm my mind therein, whereby I trust he shall not have power to displease her; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs take his natural Daughter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whil I wish we were together one evening; by the hand of yours,

HENRY.

These letters are always shewn to an Englishman that visits the Vatican Library.

Towns
Towns within the Neighbourhood of Rome.

I spent three or four days on Tivoli, Frascati, Palestrina, and Albano. In our way to Tivoli I saw the Rivulet of Salforata, formerly called Albula, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. Martial mentions this offensive smell in an Epigram of the fourth book, as he does the Rivulet itself in the first.

Quod sicce redolet lacus lacuna,
Crudarem nebula quod Albilarum.

The drying Marshes such a stench convey,
Such the rank fumes of reeking Albula.

Itur ad Herculeum gelidas quæ Tiburis atrevet,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.

As from high Rome to Tivoli you go,
Where Albula's sulphurous waters flow.

The little Lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating Islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural Curiosities about Rome. It lies in the very flat of Campania, and as it is the drain of these parts, 'tis no wonder that it is so impregnated with Sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that upon throwing in a stone the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of fovee rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the Islands, for they often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

I question not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the Islands have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crusted over, as the Islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the Lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the
the trampling of our horses feet. I could not discover the least traces of
the Sibyls Temple and Grove, which stood on the borders of this Lake.
Tivoli is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation
has given Horace occasion to call it Tibur Supinum, as Virgil perhaps for
the fame reason entitles it Superbum. The Villa de Medicis with its wa-
ter-works, the Cascade of the Teverone, and the Ruines of the Sibyls tem-
ple (of which Vignola has made a little copy at Peters de Montorio) are
described in every Itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a
beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lyes at about
a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the Roman
Campania, where the eye rests itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the
other side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an in-
finité variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally arise from an
agreeable mixture of hills, groves and vallies. But the most enlivening
part of all is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a
mile's distance throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several
Cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the valley,
where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover it
self through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it.
The Roman Painters often work upon this Landskip, and I am apt to be-
lieve that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful tou-
ches which he has given us of these seas. The Teverone was formerly
called the Anio.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedemon,
Nec tam Lariffa percussit campus opima,
Quam domus Albuneae resonantis,
Et praecep Amio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria vivis.

Not fast Lariffa's fruitful shore,
Nor Lacedemon charms me more,
Than high Albunea's airy walls
Refounding with her water-falls,
And Tivoli's delightful shades,
And Amio rolling in cascades,
That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
And all the beauteous scene divides.
I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *mobiius* by *adélibus*, and believes that the word relates to the Conduits, Pipes and Canals that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of Cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the Teverone falls into the valley before-mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings glides peaceably into the Tiber. In which sense we are to understand Silvanus Italicus's description, to give it its proper beauty.

*Sulphuris gelidus qua ferusc lenius undis,
Ad genitorem Anii labens sine murmur Tiberim.*

Here the loud Anio's boisterous clamours cease;
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
To his old sire the Tiber—

At Frescati I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of Versailles in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the Campania was yet thick with towns, villas and plantations. Cicero's Tusculum was at a place called Grotto Ferrate, about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it to Frescati. Nardini says, there was found among the ruins at Grotto Ferrate a piece of sculpture which Cicero himself mentions in one of his familiar Epistles. In going to Frescati we had a fair view of mount Algidus.

On our way to Palafréina we saw the lake Regillus, famous for the Apparition of Castor and Pollux, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the Romans and the Son-in-law of Tarquin. At some distance from it we had a view of the Lacus Gabinus, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for Rome, seeing it had occasion for so many Aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For
by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expense of such an engine as that of Marti. Thus the Claudian Aqueduct ran thirty eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source and the low situation of Rome. Palafrirna stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it altum, and Horace, frigidam Praeneste. Statius calls it Praeneste sacrum, because of the famous temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of Granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful Mosaic pavement, the first I have ever seen in Marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old Roman Mosaic, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the Italians call Smalte. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the work-man pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of Mosaic than they did formerly.

In our excursion to Albano we went as far as Nemi, that takes its name from the Nemus Diana. The whole country thereabouts is fill over-run with woods and thickets. The Lake of Nemi lyes in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which perhaps, together with the cleanliness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of Diana's looking-glass.

Prince Caesaroni has a palace at Jenano, very near Nemi, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from Jenano to Albano we passed through la Rocca, the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisium. There is nothing at Albano to remarkable as the prospect from the Capuina's garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole Campania, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the
Same time of the Alban lake, which lies just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the Area of some vast Amphitheater. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. Alban keeps up its credit still for Wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it as great an age; but as for Olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at Tivoli.

—Albani praetiosa foveat.
Cras hic et Albani aequus duxit de
Setinum, cujus patriam titulumque foveat.
Delevit multa veteris fulgine celsa.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine.
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'er-grown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.

—Palladie seu colibus uteris Alban.
Albana —Olive.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retreats of the Romans, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as Basso was the general winter rendezvous.

Jam terras volucrumque polium fugas veris aquos
Lasae, et Icariis calum latratibus uris.
Ardua jam dense raresunt monia Roma:
Hos Prænoë facrum, nemus nos glaciale Diane,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit Umbra,
Tiburis bi lucos, Amequina frigora capta

Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles.
Et quodcumque jacet sub urbe frigus,
Fedonas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgines cruvre gaudet
Anna pomiferum nemus Perenna.

All shun the raging Dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat:

Some
Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie,
To Palestrina some for shelter fly;
Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To Tusculum or Algido repair;
Or in moist Tivoli’s retirements find
A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present, Rome is never fuller of Nobility than in summer time; for the country towns are so infected with unwholesome vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the Campania would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving Rome about the latter end of October, in my way to Sienna, I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient Veii.

Hec tum nonima crant, nunc sunt fine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: So literally is that noble prophecy of Lucan fulfilled, of this and other places of Latium.

Gentes Mars isce futuras
Obruets, et populos ei venientis in orbe:
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen civit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque;
Pulvere viis telis potentium monstra ruina, Albaneque laces, Laurentiusque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitis nisi notum coacta
Inivos——

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
And swallow’d up in dark oblivion lye;
Almighty Latium with her cities crown’d,
Shall like an antiquated fable found;
The Veian and the Gabian towers shall fall,
And one promisious ruine cover all,
Not, after length of years, a stone betray
The place where once the very ruins lay.
High Alba's walls, and the Lavinian strand,
(A lonely defant, and an empty land)
Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the Lake Bacea, that gives rise to the Cremera, on whose banks the Fabii were slain.

Tercentum numerat avos, quos turbinae Martis,
Abluit una die, cum foro non aqua labori,
Patricio Cremera maculavit sanguine ripas.  
Sill. It. L. 1.

Fabii a num'rous ancestry could tell,
Three hundred Heroes that in battle fell,
Near the fam'd Cremera's disaffectuous flood,
That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the Lakes of Vico and Bolsena. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of Islands, that are perhaps the two floating Isles mentioned by Pliny, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is safe enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though once floated; and it is not very credible, that the Naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Rome. At one end of this Lake stands Montefiascone, the habitation of Virgil's Aeni Falteri, Bk. 7. and on the side of it the town of the Volsini, now called Bolsena.

Aut positis nemoresta inter jaga Volsiniis.  
Juv. Sat. 3.

—Volsinium stude
Cover'd with mountains, and enclos'd with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of Bolsena an antique funerary monument (of that kind which they called a sarcophagii) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a Bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to Agnano, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little Brook which separates the Pope's dominions from the Great Duke's. The frontier
frontier castle of Raducan is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the Pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful valley, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the Italian proverb, that The Pope has the flesh, and the Great Duke the bones of Italy. Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a Convent.

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SIENNA, LEGHORNE, PISA.

Sienna stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the common-wealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of Gothic Architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense, that our fore-fathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they been only instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the Priests, there was so much money consumed on these Gothic Cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings, than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single Cathedral. The very spouts are laden with ornaments; the windows
tows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twilling about them from the very top to the bottom: the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and Scripture-stories; and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and over-run with so many little mazes and labyrinths of Sculpture; that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer fairer beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over against this church stands a large Hospital, erected by a Shoe-maker who has been Beatified, though never Sainted. There stands a figure of him supereribed, Savor utria Crepidam. I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last Republick that fell under the subjection of the Duke of Florence, so is it still supposed to retain many hangkering after its ancient liberty: for this reason, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. Joub Baptill's day, I was told that Sienna comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pulfed forward by those who follow, to show the reluctancy it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. Catharine of Sienna, who is the great Saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: A traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in Italy.

From Sienna we went forward to Legborne, where the two Ports, the Bagnio, and Donatelli's Statue of the Great Duke, amidst the four Slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The Square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in Italy, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expence to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the Great Duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the Duke of Tuscany receives from this single place.
place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a Free Port. But, it is very well known how the Great Duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the Merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of Free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand Jews, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our English factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. 'Tis true the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very Ice-merchant at Leghorn pays above a thousand pound Sterling annually for his privilege, and the Tobacco-merchant ten thousand. The Ground is told by the Great Duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave Leghorn. All the Wines, Oils, and Silks, that come down from the fruitful vallies of Pisa, Florence, and other parts of Tuscany, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The Canal that runs from the sea into the Arno gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughter's portions, &c. encreaseth, in all which the Great Duke comes in for a considerable share. The Locrine, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the Duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other Prince in Italy can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign Princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the Pisans and Florentines long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their Common-wealths. The town of Leghorn has accidentally done what the greatest fetch of Politicks would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the Inhabitants of Florence. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honour and
and liberty, to the thoughts of traffick and merchandize: And as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and pull all their pursuits another way. It is no wonder therefore that the Great Duke has much apprehensions of the Pope's making Civita Vecchia a Free Port, which may in time prove to very prejudicial to Legborne. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of during the last Pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The Great Duke's money was so well bestowed in the Conclave, that several of the Cardinals dissuaded the Pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the latter part which he made at Antium, near Neapoli. The chief workmen that were to have conveyed the water to Civita Vecchia were bought off; and when a poor Capuchin, who was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he dyed a little after he had entered upon it. The present Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our English merchants from Sicily and Naples, they would settle here. His Holiness has told some English Gentlemen, that these of our nation should have the greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the Church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at Rome, told me the Pope has this design extremely at his heart; but that he fears the English will suffer nothing like a Resident or Consul in his dominions; though at the same time he hoped the merchants might as well be tranquilled by one that had no publick character. This Gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the French and Spanish Cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal Janson refused to see him when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the Pope on this subject. There is one great objection to Civita Vecchia, that the Air of the place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the air of Legborne having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits which have accrued to the Duke of Florence from his Free Port have fet several of the States of Italy on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the Genoese, who lye more convenient than the Venetians, and have a more inviting form of government than that of the Church, or that of Florence. But as the Port of Genoa
Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from Legborne into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports Free, lest it should draw to it most of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.

From Legborne I went to Pisa, where there is still the Shell of a great City, though not half furnished with Inhabitants. The great Church, Baptistery, and leaning Tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of Sienna. Half a day's journey more brought me into the Republick of Lucca.

The REPUBLICK of LUCCA.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little Republick are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lye about them. There is but one gate for Strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written in letters of gold, Libertas.

This Republick is shut up in the Great Duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa and Sienna. The occasion is as follows.

The Lucqueste plead prescription for hunting in one of the Duke's forests, that lyes upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the Prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three Sportmen of the Republick, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their country-men, to the number of threecore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and released them. The Great Duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the Governor of the town, where the threecore affiants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses,
cuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the Luccese to be zealous that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to four-score, among whom were persons of some consequence in the Republick. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The King of Spain, who is Protector of the Common-wealth, received information from the Great Duke of what had passed, and approved of his proceedings, with orders to the Luccese, by his Governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The Republick, thinking themselves ill used by their Protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to Prince Eugene to desire the Emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The Great Duke relies on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn amity to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the Common-wealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant however to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Luccese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horses. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimera of happiness is not peculiar to Republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute Prince in Europe are as proud of their Monarch as the Luccese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is possible the Great Duke may bargain for the Republick of Lucca, by the help of his great treasures, as his Predecessors did formerly with the Emperor for that of Sienna. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their Protector, but because they are well assured that should the Luccese be reduced to the last extremities, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a State for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak State within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the French
French King, support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This Republick, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled State of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all publick affairs: But in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the Common-wealth, to its maturity and perfection.

**Florence.**

I had the good luck to be at Florence when there was an Opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the Poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Destinies; and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

**Protesta.**

Le voci Fate, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo Drama trovarai, son messe per ischerno poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful Palaces in Florence; and as Tuscan pillars and Rustic work owe their original to this country, the Architects always take care to give them a place in the great Edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The Duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxembourg at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis; and for that reason perhaps the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with any
any where in Rome. I mean an antique Statue of Hercules lifting up Antaeus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But it is the famous gallery of the old palace, where are perhaps the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lafe's, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek Π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the Busts of the Emperors and Empresses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind. Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Elagabalus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Elagabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Pupienus. I have put Agrippa among the Emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of Medals, as some that follow among the Empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. Domitia, Agrippina wife of Germanicus, Antonia, Matidia, Plotina, Mattia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her Bust Julia Severi, Agulia Severa, Julia Maesa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in Medals are also rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the Emperors reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that no body worked on the figure of a deceased Emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation however does not always hold. An Agrippa or Caligula, for example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Bust; and a Tiberius a rare Coin, but a common Bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this Emperor's statues after his death. The Tiberius in Tiberim is a known instance.

Among the Busts of such Emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius,
There is in the same gallery a beautiful Bust of Alexander the Great, calling up his face to Heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique Busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also in Porphyry the head of a Faun, and of the God Pan. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the Antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the Confus, with the Ring on his finger, reminded me of Jove- nali's majoris pondera gemmae. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of. "Ut potui huc veni multis et saepe reliqua."

I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the Wild Boar, the Gladiators, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures there is a fine one of Morphus in touchstone. I have always observed, that this God is represented by the ancient Statuaries under the figure of a Boy asleep, with a bundle of Poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither a bow nor quiver. I suppose Doctor Lister has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with Poppy in his hands.

Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum tabulæ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, sed né faciat discrimina cultus,

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaded Quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the God of Sleep under the figure of a Boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties.
in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the fame figure.

_Crimum quo mecum, juvenis placidissime Divum,
Quoque errore miser, donis ac solis egerem
Somne tuis tacet omne pecus, voceque serenae, &c._ Silv. Lib. 5.

Tell me, thou belst of Gods, thou gentle Youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hurl'd at eafe thy drowsie subjects lye,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of Sleep, that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient Authors, that the Nile is generally represented in that colour, because in flows from the country of the Ethiopians, which shows us that the Statuaries had sometimes an eye to the persons they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black Statues of the Nile which are cut in a kind of Touchstone.

_Vignae coloratis annis de Fine ab Indis._ Virg. Geor. 4. de Nilo.

At one end of the gallery stand two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of Curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Talitans, Lamps and Hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in bronzes.

1. A little Image of Juno Sospita, or Sospita, which perhaps is not to be met with anywhere else but on Medals. She is clothed in a Goat-skin, the horns flicking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see its shape something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this Goddess in the following words.

_Hercule, igitur, quum tibi sitam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ortus in Somnis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprina, cum bistila, cum femina, cum calceo-

2. A
II. An antique Model of the famous Laocoon and his two Sons, that stands in the Belvédère at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maim’d. It was by the help of this Model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocoon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the Instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt however whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanest of the workmanship.

IV. A Corona Radialis with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac, and others to the labours of Hercules.

——Ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avit specimen——

Virg. Aen. 12.

Four steeds the Chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day. Mr. Dryden.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial Curiosities in Ivory, Amber, Chrysal, Marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shewn last stands the celebrated Venus of Medecis. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make; it is notwithstanding as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is

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cast
ease to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the Sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek Epigrams.

Τοι γάρ Πάντα μαί Αφροδίτης Ἰανδυνός Ἰανδυνός
Τοις τρίς τοις αἱμονής. Ποιήσοντες ὁι πάλαι;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too.
Have seen me naked, and expos’d to view;
All these I frankly own without denying;
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old Roman Statues several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this Goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman Slave whetting his knife and lifting, which from the shoulders upward is incomparable.

The two Wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here likewise a very curious Bust of Annius Verus, the young Son of Marcus Aurelius, who dyed at nine years of age. I have seen several other Busts of him at Rome, though his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old Inscriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like sets of Antiquities. I was shown several of them which are not yet put up. There are two famous Inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the High-way, and of Fabius, the Dictator, they contain a short account of the honours they suffered, through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the Busts of Tranquillina, Mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herennius, Son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated Hermaphrodite in the Villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argentario, the Tabernacle of St. Lawrence’s chapel, and the chamber of Painters. The chapel of St. Lawrence will be perhaps the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when compleated, but it advances so very slowly, that its
not impossible but the family of Medici may be extinct before their burial place is finished.

The Great Duke has lived many years separate from the Dutchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The Cardinal his brother is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the Duchy of Tuscany. The Great Prince has been married several years without any children, and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the Prince his younger brother (as the finding out a lady for him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by a former husband) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medici in Naples; the head of it has been owned as a kinsman by the Great Duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the Prince his sons die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture, the Common-wealths, that are thrown under the Great Dutchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Lawrence, of which there is a printed Catalogue. I looked into the Virgil, which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the Ille ego qui quondam, &c. and the twenty two lines in the second Aeneid, beginning at Jamque adeo super anus eram—I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varini, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Aeneid, and represents the Heroe in a passion, that is, at least, not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of Priam's murder; for without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the Heroe could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant, and Priam unreavenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencontre, and comes in improperly without it.

Non tibi Tyndarida facies invisa Lacena,
Culpatusque Paris—"

Æn. 2.

Florence for modern statues I think excels even Rome, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.
The way from Florence to Bolonia runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Apennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silvanus Italicus's description of Hannibal's march.

Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
Exserere gradum, crepitat labor, ardua supra
Sese aperiit, seesis et nascitur altera moles.

From steep to steep the troops advanced with pain;
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the Latin Poets have given us of the Apennines. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

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Nubifer Appenninus.

Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiae, geminamque latus siringentia longe
Utraque perpetuo discriminat aqua trahit.

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Mole nivali

Alpibus aquatum atollens caput Apenninus.
Horrebat glaci saxa inter lubrica summo
Piniferum calo mistens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice colfo
Canus apex striatam surgent ad alta prund.

Umbris medium quam collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italianum, nullo quam vertice relius.
Altius intumult, propiusque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medias so porrigit undas
Inferni superius maris: colloque crescent
Hinc Tyrrhenians adae frangentes aquas Pute,
Ilium Dalmaticos inoxia fluidibus Aucei.
Fontibus hic voelis immensus concipit annus,
Fluminaque in gemini stargit, divortia ponti.

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Clau. de Sexto Conf. Hon.

Sil. It. L. 2.

Li. 4. Id.

Luc. L. 2.
In pomp the shady Appennines arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like Italy erects the sight.
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height;
Hernumerous states the tower'd hills divide;
And sees the billows rise on either side:
At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
And here the high Ancona's shores extends;
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lye,
That with continued streams the double sea supply.

Bologna, Modena, Parma, Turin, &c.

After a tedious journey over the Appennines, we at last
 came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly
called the little Rhine. Following the course of this river we
arrived in a short time at Bologna.

_Bonaqua Bonna Rheni._

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern
side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air, as in the badness
of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lyes
about it, and the magnificence of its Convents. It is likewise esteemed
the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard
painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me
more than any other shows of the place. The first was, an authentick sil-
ver Medal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent Antiquary.
One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which
is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a
dagger on each side of it, subscribed _Id. Mar._ for the Ides of March,
the famous date of Caesar's murder. The second was a picture of Ra-
phel's
phel's in St. Giovanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul, and St. John; and on the other, of Mary Magdalene, and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the air of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new Stair-case that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the feast of the year, made me pass through the Dutchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a license of the Duke of Parma to enter the Theater and Gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The Theater is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest found may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo, to cause in it the least confusion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old Inscriptions, Idols, Buffs, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the Medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The finest of all is a Pescennius Niger on a Medalion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this Emperor trifled away his time, till he lost his Life and Empire. The reverse is a Dei Salus. There are two of Ordo, the reverse a Serapis, and two of Messalina and Poppea, in middle brass, the reverse of the Emperor Claudius. I saw two Medals of Ploppin and Majida, the reverse of each a Pictor; with two Medals of Ploppin; the reverse of one Vota Decennalia, and of the other Deis Cosaudas; and another of Gordiano Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The Principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent, and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The Duke of Parma however is much richer than the
Duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well-cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the Courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lye about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few Princes of Europe who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make Bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect in these small governments a much greater regulation of affairs, for the care and benefit of the people than in large overgrown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty States and Principalities, that, like so many large families, might lye under the eye and observation of their proper Governors; so that the care of the Prince might extend it self to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty Sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little Common-wealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little Principalities. I left the road of Milan, on my right-hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through Athis, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaeton into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some Botanical critics, who tell us the Poets have not rightly followed the traditions of Antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaeton into Poplars, who ought to have been turned into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a Gum, and is commonly found
found on the banks of the Po. The change of Cycnus into a Swan, which closes up the disasters of Phaeton's family, was wrought on the same place where the fifters were turned into trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovid have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired. Claudian has set off his description of the Eridanus, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it.

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Ille captus placidis sublimis fluenta
Exultit, et toto lucem sargentea ripis
Aurea roanti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madium vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat bonus, rami caput umbrae virentes
Heliadum, totique finunt eleflra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, currugae paterna
Intextus Phaeton glanos incidit amictus:
Fultaque sub gremio celatis nobilis afiris
Athierium probat urua decus. Namque omnia lucis,
Argumenta fii Titan signavit Olymipo,
Mutatunque fenem pluvis, et fronde forores,
Et juvibus, nati qui vulnera levit aubeli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germania servavit Hyades, Cycnique soldalis
Laetibus extentes aspexit circulos alas,
Stellifer Eridanus fixatis fluitibus errans.

Clara noti convexus rigat. —— Claudian. de Sexto Conv. Honorii.

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
No interwoven Reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But Poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of Amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set the unhappy Phaeton to view:
The flaming Chariot and the Steeds it saw'd,
And the whole Fable in the mantle glow'd:
Beneath his arm an Urn supported lies
With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.

For
For **Titian**, by the mighty Iofs difmay'd,
Among the Heav'n's th' immortal fact display'd,
Left the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the Constellations wrote his tale.
A Swan in memory of **Ccesar** shines:
The mourning Sibyls weep in Watry signs;
The burning Chariot, and the Charjoteer,
In bright **Boias** and his Wane appear:
Whilst in a Track of Light the Waters run,
That walk'd the body of his blighted son.

The river **Po** gives a name to the chief street of **Turin**, which fronts the Duke's Palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in **Italy** for its length. There is one convenience in this City that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the house that is burning. The Court of **Turin** is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in **Italy**; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the **French** than even the rest of the **Italians**. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the **French** armies have made through their country, by the ruin and defoliation they have left behind them. I passed through **Piemont** and **Savoy**, at a time when the Duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the **French**.

I came directly from **Turin** to **Geneva**, and had a very easy journey over mount **Cennis**, though about the beginning of **December**, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large Plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The Inhabitants the area pretend that it is unfathomable,
and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with Trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several Lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alpes and Appennines. For as the vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial Basins; where, if any mountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into Lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these Lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or the recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fusinum by the Emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Nauinachia and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our journey through the Alpes, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alpes, as I did the last with those of the Appennines. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alpes are quite different from the Appennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cunctâ gelu canâque aternum grandine telâ,
Argae æris glaciem cohibens: riget ardua montis
Ætheris facies, furgentique obtus Phæbo,
Durâs nefcit flammis mollire pruinâs.
Quantum Tartaros regis pallentis hiatos,
Ad manes imos atque atra flagna paladis
A superâ tellure pater: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et calum intercipit ubiquãs.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique aestatis honores:
Sola fugit habitat divus, fœdestque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyminis: sila undique nubes
Huc œtas agit et mixtos cum grandium nimbos;
Nam cunctis flatus ventique iuventia regna.
Bolonia, Modena, Parma, Turin, &c. 155

Alpind posuer e domo, caligas in alis
Obtusus fæxis, ab eunctique in nubila montes.

Stiff with eternal Ice, and hid Snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain flands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters ly
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heavn's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boisterous court,
That in thick show's her rocky summer throwds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

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GENEVA and the LAKE.

Near St. Julian in Savoy the Alpes begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which in respect of the other parts of the Alpes may pass for a plain champion country. This extent of lands, with the Leman Lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single plate, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lye beyond the Arve, as far as to the Eclusa. The King of
of France is master of the whole country of Geno; and the Canton of Berne comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lyie in the heart of these three States. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are however at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. 'Tis to the east of these winds that the Inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for as the Alpes surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of Barop, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north-wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alpes have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with snow above half an hour after the sun is down, in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heat, and make up an Horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of Mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of Snow that lyie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the Lake, and the borders of it that lyie north of the town.

This Lake resembles a Sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of France, and the Duchy of Savoy, the Canton of Berne, the Bishoprick of Jura, and the Republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the Canton of Berne, with this magnificent preface: Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our Ports and Harbours on the Lake, &c.

I made a little voyage round the Lake, and touched on the several towns that lyie on its coasts, which took up near five days; though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.
The right side of the Lake from Geneva belongs to the Duke of Savoy, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine however on this side of the Lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the Sun. We here passed by Tavole, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the Lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and they say about six or seven thousand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the Genius of the Inhabitants. There are Vifles in it of a great length, that terminate upon the Lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many flaps and precipices, that fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular mis-shapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the Carthusians belonged formerly to the Hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an Anti-pope, who called himself Felix the fifth. He had been Duke of Savoy, and after a very glorious reign took on him the habit of a Hermite, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, Andare a Ripaglia; and the French, Faire Ripaille, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great management with several Ecclesiastics before he turned Hermite, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen Pope by the Council of Basle, who took upon them to depose Eugenius the fourth. This promised fair at first; but by the death of the Emperor, who favoured Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenius, the greatest part of the Church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our Anti-pope however was still supported by the Council of Basle, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of Pope Nicholas the fifth, but on the following conditions, That Amadeo should be the first Cardinal in the Conclave; That
the Pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual Cardinal-legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the Arch-bishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Briançon, &c. And lastly, That all the Cardinals of his creation should be recognized by the Pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Ripaille, and dyed with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonon they shewed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the Lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the Lake the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stone shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of Switzerland talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the Alps ice that bordered upon us vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for these periodical fountains in Switzerland, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the Sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt; but as soon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the Sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same little
little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and
discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of
the Lake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a
prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being
much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the
snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into
so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve it self un-
mixed with the Lake till its going out again at Geneva, which is a
course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I
saw it, though as clear as rock-water at its going out. Besides, that it
brought in much more water than it carried off. The river indeed pre-
serves it self for about a quarter of a mile in the Lake, but is afterwards
so wholly mixed, and lost with the waters of the Lake, that one dis-
overs nothing like a stream till within about a quarter of a mile of Gene-
va. From the end of the Lake to the source of the Rhone is a valley of
about four days journey in length, which gives the name of Vallesuns to
its Inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop of Sion. We lodged
the second night at Ville Neuve, a little town in the Canton of Berne,
where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of
plenty than on the other side of the Lake. The next day, having passed
by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoix, another town in the Canton
of Berne, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne.
The Magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicita-
tion of the Dukes of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisfe made
him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the
greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the
town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscrip-
tion over the Door.

Omne solum fórti patria
quae patris.

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his
own. He is buried in the best of the churches with the following Epi-
taph.

Siste gradum et respice.

His jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provincia Waltoniensis, filius
Henrici Equesiris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parliamenti, cujus quoque suis
ipsi membrum, Patriam fémnatum clarus et nobilis, virtute proprii nobis.
ior, religione protestans et insigni pietate cornuens, atatis An. 23. Tri-
bunus Militum, paulo post exercitus prator primarius. Tunc Hibernorum
domitor, in pugna intrepidus et victa prodigus, in salutis gloria et man-
factus, patria libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrarie impignator a-
cerrimus, eis causis ab edem patria 32 annos extorris, meliorque for-
tum dignus aud in Helvetiaos se recepit ibique atatis An. 73. Moriens sui
desiderium reliquens sedes atrens lateras advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuum verae et sincere pietatis evga Mara-
tun defunctum memoriam dicat et vovere Domina Elizabeth de Thomas,
ejus fide et matris, tan in infertunia quam in matrimonio, consors
dilectissima, que animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis motu cum in
exitium ad obitum usque conflatere se cura est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Laudow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would
never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevey. Just by his
monument is a tombstone with the following inscription.

Deputatorum

Andreae Broughton Armigeri Anglica et Magdalenensi in Comitatu Cantii
dis ipse prator Urbani. Dignatusque eis sententiam Regis Regnum
profari. Quam ob earum expulsus patria fuit, peregrinatone eis fuit,
sobriusque morbo affictus requiescente a laboribus suis in Domino ob-
dominiigit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. atatis sue An. 84. The Inhabitants
of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his
Epitaph, it is the same person that was Clerk to the pretended High Court
of Justice, which passed sentence on the Royal Martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the Lake,
after Geneva. We saw the Wall of the cathedral church that was opened
by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The
Crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the
town still living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of
Schomberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any
monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a Republic, but
is now under the Canton of Berne, and governed, like the rest of their
dominions, by a Bailly who is sent them every three years from the Senate
of Berne. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of ac-
quitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life
and death. Every Inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house
here feel better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that
not
not many years ago it happened, that a Cobler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alpes. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the Canton of Berne; and made over to it by the treaty of St. Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the Lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The Colonia Equestris, that Julius Caesar settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues, and as I walked in the town I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of vall Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of Architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet it is certain by several old Roman Inscriptions that there was such an one. Lucan indeed speaks of a part of Caesar's army, that came to him from the Leman Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

Defensere casa tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Caesar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from mount Jura to the borders of the Lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the Lake is Versoix, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing as belonging to the King of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We failed from hence directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the Lake. There are near Geneva several quarries of free-stone that run under the Lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square enclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the Lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one goes over them. As the Lake approaches Geneva it grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its name into the Rhone, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen
seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alpes, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alpes, whatever windings it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, which is a Republick so well known to the English. It lies at present under some difficulties by reason of the Emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the Empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the Magistrates find some way to remedy it, and they say it is already done by the interposition of the States of Holland. The occasion of the Emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the King of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds Sterling, per Annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their King in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The Republick fancied it felt hardly treated by the Emperor, since it is not any action of the State, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend however to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the Empire.

Fribourg,
Fribourg, Berne, Soleure, Zurich, St. Gaul, Lindaw, &c.

From Geneva I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a Canton. Its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by stair-cases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience however gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the Salutation, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerland. There is a great deal of room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the Fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest many English men whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs. Henry Garnet's inscription says, That when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the Capuchins I saw the Eicargatoire, which I took the more notice of because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same in other countries. It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large Snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is troughed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the Snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best Meagre food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a Ragoût of Snails.
About two leagues from Fribourg we went to see a Hermitage, that is reckon'd the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first light dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a Hermite these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty Chapel, a Sacrifice, a Chamber, Kitchen, Cellar, and other conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lye very deep. He has cut the side of the rock into a flat for a garden, and by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for a Hermite. As he few drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to Berne, a great part of them through woods of Fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their high-ways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the Make of several of their Barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither Mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Berne was their publick walks by the Great Church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England from the streets and gardens that lye at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He dy'd about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lye in the country of the Grisons, and are bury'd in Snow. They are about twenty five leagues distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their colour they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is perhaps the most magnificent of any Protestant church in Europe.
Europe out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic Architecture.

I saw the Arsenal of Berne, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is indeed no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a Traveller's while to look into all that lyeth in his way; for besides the Idea it gives him of the Forces of a State, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its History. Thus in that of Geneva one meets with the Ladders, Petard, and other utensils which were made use of in their famous Escalette, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French in the several battles mentioned in their History. In this of Berne you have the figure and armour of the Count who founded the town, of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the Apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewise saw the figure and armour of him that headed the Peasants in the war upon Berne, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his fellows. They show too abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the Great Duke of Burgundy himself; with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the Council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made of occasion of the Peasants insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their Library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal of a Priest pouring wine between the horns of a Bull. The Priest is veiled after the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the third Aeneid.

Ipsa tenens dextor paternam pulcherrima Dido
Caudenti vacas media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Berne is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at far distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is indeed no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge Troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds with horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of
of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make Pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Berne and Soleure there is a monument erected by the Republick of Berne, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this. "One Caji-

Sittler in marriage, came to take her from among the Swiss by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the Canton of Berne.

Soleure is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French Ambassador has his residence in this place. His Master contributed a great sum of money to the Jesuits Church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes. They seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole for-
tification of Soleure is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lye within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Comte.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the Canton of Berne, to the little town of Mellingen. I was surpris'd to find in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the country of Vaud on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them in this respect, as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the Lake, which furnishes all the towns that lye upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevey, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Berne, Soleure, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the Map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many Rivers and Lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The Canton of Berne is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men in-
to the field; though the soldiers of the Catholick Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forced to enter officer into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protevants.

We lay one night at Melchingen, which is a little Roman Catholick town with one church, and no convent. It is a Republicke of it self under the protection of the eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a hundred Bourgeois, and about a thousand Souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the Cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight Cantons their protectors. They have three Councils, the Great Council of fourteen, the Little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three. The chief of the State are the two Avoyers: When I was there, the reigning Avoyer, or the Doge of the Commonwealth, was son to the Inn where I was lodged; his Father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pound a year. The several Councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of State, such as the reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in Swizerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French Ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his Maller gives the town a pension of twenty pound sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful Republicke firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the great affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of State. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a Bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the Great Cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the Lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in Swizerland. The chief places shown to strangers are the Arsenal, the Library, and the Town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The Frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble freckled with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The
chambers for the several Councils, with the other apartments are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swite wits are not yet got out of Anagram and Acrolick. The Library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge Map of the country of Zurich drawn with a Penfil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of Medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arsenal is better than that of Berne, and they have has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from Zurich, we entered on the territories of the Abbots of St. Gaul. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The Abbots can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the Cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glarus and Switz. He is always chosen out of the Abbey of Benedictines at St. Gaul. Every Father and Brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by the Pope. The last Abbots was Cardinal Spinola, who was advanced to the Purple about two years before his death. The Abbots takes the advice and consent of his Chapter before he enters on any matter of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief Lay-officer is the Grand Master d'Hôtel, or High-Steward of the household, who is named by the Abbots, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other Judges and distributers of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the Prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine Convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little Protestant Republic, wholly independent of the Abbots, and under the protection of the Cantons. One would wonder to see so many rich Bourgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little State is its Linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole count
country about them, furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of
which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth,
reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is
as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have
excellent Artizans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields
about the town were covered with their manufacture, that coming in
the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off
their works upon Mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent
countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that
lye scattered about it, near ten thousand Souls, of which there are
sixteen hundred Bourgeois. They chuse their Councils and Burgo-masters
out of the body of the Bourgeois, as in the other governments of Swit-
zerland, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying
only in the numbers of such as are employed in state affairs, which are
proportioned to the grandeur of the States that employ them. The Ab-
by and the Town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the gene-
ral Diet of the Cantons their Representatives sit together, and act by con-
cent. The Abbot deputes his Grand Maître d'Hôtel, and the Town one
of its Burgo-masters.

About four years ago the Town and Abby would have come to an open
rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their
common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine Monk, in
one of their annual processions, carried his Cross erect over the town with a train of three or four thousand Peasants following him.
They had no sooner entered the Convent but the whole town was in a
tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the Priests, who, contrary to all
precedents, had presumed to carry his Cross in that manner. The Bour-
geois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of
cannon to the gates of the Convent. The procession to escape the
fury of the citizens durst not return by the way it came, but after the de-
voitons of the Monks were finished, pulled out at a back-door of the
Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's territories. The Abbot
on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his
dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their com-
modities. While things were just ripe for a war, the Cantons, their pro-
ectors, interpolated as Umpires in the quarrel, condemning the Town
that had appeared too forward in the dispute to a fine of two thousand
crowns; and enacting at the same time, that as soon as any procession en-
tered their walls, the Priest should let the Cross hang about his neck.
without touching it with either hand, till he came within the precincts of the Abby. The Citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand Peasants, for so many the Abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestant subjects of the Abby, who they say make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their Prince for that of their Religion. The town of St. Gaul has an Arsenal, Library, Town-houses, and Churches, proportionable to the bigness of the State. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their assistance. The Abbey is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The Church is one huge Nef with a double Aisle to it. At each end is a large Quire. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church are lists of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Arch-bishops, Kings, and Queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient Heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer Idea of the Roman Catholic religion, nor expose more the pride vanity and self-interest of Convents, the abuse of Indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of Votaries, and in short the superstition, credulity, and childishness, of the Roman Catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few considerable Convents or Churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the King of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the Town and Abbey of St. Gaul come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per Annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of Anjou for King of Spain. The Town and Abbey of St. Gaul carry a Bear for their arms. The Roman Catholics have this Bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their Saint made in the country.

One
One of the most learned of the Benedictine Monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great Apostle of Germany, found all this country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold day he chanced to meet a Bear in his way. The Saint, instead of being startled at the encounter, ordered the Bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The Bear served him to the best of his ability, and at his departure was commanded by the Saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time, says the Monk, the Bear lived irreproachably, and observed to his dying day the orders that the Saint had given him.

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquility that reigns in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their States would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the States so many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as the Inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alpes is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally entrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of States; for as soon as any publick rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interfere.

As all the considerable governments among the Alpes are Common-wealths, so indeed it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequences of having a despotic Prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for
for notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people among the latter are much more at their ease, and in a greater influence of all the conveniences of life. A Prince’s court eats too much into the income of a poor State, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several Cantons of Switzerland, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the Ministers are always preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine cloaths. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many Refugees settled among them; for though the Protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners, than those of the same quality who are of the Roman Catholic Communion, they have however too much of their country-gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the Cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expenses out-run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stocked with mony. Luxury indeed wounds a Republick in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more mony a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his flock; which at last gets the liberty and votes of a Commonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign Power that is able to pay the price of them.

We see no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a Republick more than in that of the ancient Romans, who immediately found it felt poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they werepossessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their Commonwealth strange instances of the contempt of mony, because indeed they were utter strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the Commonwealth. It is no wonder therefore the poor Common-wealths of Switzerl&
are ever labouring at the suppressing and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the several fines that are set upon Plays, Games, Balls and Festivals, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The Bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their publick assemblies in a black Cloak and a Band. The women's dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but Furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief Officers of Bern, for example, are known by the Crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of Canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holy-day cloaths go from Father to Son, and are seldom worn out till the second or third generation: So that it is common enough to see a countryman in the Doublet and Breeches of his Grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the Court of the Alps, whether the Protestant Cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevans have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the French Protestants, who make up almost a third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great Council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, Time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court to the King of France at present, may some time or other give him inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little States abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their publick granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in publick exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these publick granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content my self to set down the rules observed in it by the little Common-wealth of Geneva, in which I had more time to in-
inform my self of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the Little Council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the publick revenue at a small expense of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the publick. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of Geneva, that so the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the Inns and Publick-houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the publick revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest income of the Common-wealth, which pays the pensions of most of its Officers and Ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at Taverns and Publick-houses.

It is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the Republick, for as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little Republicks, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their Republick. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty thousand, thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the States of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their disfavour. The Catholics are zealous for the French King, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good successes of the
English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The Ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French King; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have indeed the exercise of their religion, and their Ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same Prince refused even those of the church of England, who followed their Master to St. Germain, the publick exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland I cannot but observe, that the notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the Canton of Berne there were some put to death during my stay at Geneva. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that if a Cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds indeed the same humour prevail in most of the rocky barren parts of Europe. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or whether or not the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and perhaps too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politicks at present is the Prince of Contis accession to the Duchies of Nemours in the government of Neuf-Châtel. The Inhabitants of Neuf-Châtel can by no means think of submitting themselves to a Prince who is a Roman Catholic, and a subject of France. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of Orange, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to Neuf-Châtel. But notwithstanding it was so much his interest to manage his Protestant subjects in the country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made over his Principality in a very little time for a sum of money to the King of France. It is indeed generally believed the Prince of Conti would rather still have kept his title to Orange, but the same respect which in-
duced him to quit this government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of Neuf-Châtel, on the like conditions. The King of Prus-
sia lays in his claim for Neuf-Châtel, as he did for the Principality of O-
range; and it is probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants
than the other, but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a
Free Common-wealth, after the death of the Dutchess of Nemours; if the
Swiss will support them. The Protestant Cantons seem much inclined
to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the Dutchess dies
whilst the King of France has his hand so full of business on all sides of
him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French
King to establish his Authority on this side mount Jura, and on the very
borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum
of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people
who have so lately suffered the Franck Compte to be set on, and a Fort
to be built within Cannon-shot of one of their Cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much
in the Protestant Cantons. The professors of it call themselves 'Purifiés,'
and as Enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they
differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend
in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of Chris-
tianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the con-
versation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and
tranquility of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret intima-
tions and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace
and consolation, joys or raptures. To favour all his secret intimations,
and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as ne-
either to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their Souls. To
retrench themselves within the conveniencies and necessities of life. To
make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a Rose
or Violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To
avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest
they should have their affections tainted by any fenfuality, or diverted
from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and
delight, of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the
Protestants of Germany, as well as those of Switzerland, and has occasion-
ated several Edicts against it in the Duchy of Saxony. The professors of
it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the con-
sequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which
their own vicious temper throw them upon, to the dictates of the holy
Spirit.
Spirit; that both sexes under pretence of devout conversation visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The Roman Catholics, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the Roman Catholic persuasion. But I take one great caution why there are so few flocks in the church of Rome, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a Fanatic, is in the Roman Church a Religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an English Merchant at Lisbon, who after some great disappointments in the world was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gall I took horse to the Lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only Lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the Cantons of Berne and Zurich proposed, at a general Diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the Cantons, the Roman Catholic party, fearing the Protestants, might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed at the same time the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not confederating, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the Lake to Lindau, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of air; that came working upward from the very bottom of the Lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs.
springs that break out of the bottom of the Lake. Lindew is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the Duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulme and Memminghen. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out against his Army: but, in all probability, a shower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Bourgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our Merchants, by no means to venture our selves in the Duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Ausburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through Tirol, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

AFTER having crossed the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tirol, and following the course of the river Inn we came to Inpruck, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital City of the Tirol.

Inpruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of Tirol. The Palace where they used to keep their Court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in Fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the Court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I saw here the largest Menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an Opera. They showed us also a very pretty Theatre.
The last Comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits for the entertainment of the Queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Modena to Vienna. The compliment which the Fathers made her Majesty on this occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the ridicule of the Court. For the Arms of Hanover being a Horse, the Fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the Queen by Bucephalus, that would let no body get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they showed us the portrait of Mary Queen of the Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful Statue in Brass of an Arch-Duke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of Water-nymphs and River-gods well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a Water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of Jetteaux at a small expence in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late Duke of Lorraine had this palace, and the government of the Tirol, allotted him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of Poland lived here several years after the death of the Duke her Husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the Capuchin Convent, where the Duke of Lorraine used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They showed us in this Convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was Arch-Duke and Count of Tirol about four-score years ago. This Prince at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this Convent with all the rigor and austerity of a Capuchin. His antechamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and show in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewise a Picture and a Stamp of this devout Prince. The church of the Franciscan Convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor Maximilian the first, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-Son Ferdinand the first, who probably looked upon this Emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low-countries to the House of Austria, so by matching his Son to Jeanne...
Joane of Arragon he settled on his Poffery the Kingdom of Spain, and by the marriage of his Grand-fon Ferdinand got into his Family the Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary, for the Aifies of the Emperor ly e elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful Baf-relief representing the actions of this Prince. His whole Hiftory is digested into twenty four pannels of sculpture in Baf-relief: The subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us represents King Arthur the old Britifh King. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question therefore but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder Brother of Henry the eighth, who had elopolled Catharine, Sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such fignal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the first. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern Architecture, but at the same time that the Architect has shown his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may fee very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The Portal, for example, consists of a Composite order unknown to the Ancients; the ornaments indeed are taken from them, but so put together that you fee the Volutes of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and the Uvalli of the Doric mixed without any regularity on the fame Capital. So the Vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with too many little Tricks in sculpture. It is indeed supported with fingle columns instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in Gothic Cathedrals, but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shown the little Notre-dame that is handfomly designed, and topped with a Cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Bleffed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tirol again the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the Empire after having over-run most of the reft. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inffrick stands the castle of Amras, furni...
ed with a prodigious quantity of Medals; and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur Patin's account in his letter to the Duke of Wirtemburg, having myself had neither time or opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From Inpruck we came to Hall, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its Salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike Allum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as Salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of Salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the Mines to the town of Hall, where 'tis received in vast cisterns, and boil'd off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great revenue to the Emperor, were there here such a tax on Salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alpes, several of these quarries of Salt that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The Salt-works at Hall have a great convenience for fuel which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river, during its course through the Tyrol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of Fir-trees. Abundance of Peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that, after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the Salt-works. At Inpruck they take up vast quantities for the Convents and publick Officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the Emperor: The rest of it passes on to Hall. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty five leagues up the river above Hall, and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These Salt-works, and a Mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as
as Innsbruck itself. The design of this Mint is to work off part of the Metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Hall we took a boat to carry us to Vienna. The first night we lay at Rosenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his fences by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuffstein, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town almost inaccessible on all sides: This being a frontier place on the Dutchy of Bavaria, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from Kuffstein. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each side us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steep and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of Fir-trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the Soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owners of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tirol not being able to feed the Inhabitants. This long valley of the Tirol lies enclosed on all sides by the Alpes, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that ly among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three Councils residing at Innsbruck, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distribution of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, so in many cases there are appeals from them to Vienna. The Inhabitants of the Tirol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swits, Bavarians, &c., a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a Republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: Besides that their country is poor, and that the Emperor draws considerable incomes out of his Mines of Salt and Metal, They are these Mines that fill the country with greater numbers of
of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn
from foreign parts. The Emperor has Forts and Cittadels at the entrance
of all the passes that lead into the Tirol, which are so advantageously pla-
ced on rocks and mountains, that they command all the vallies and avenues
that lye about them. Besides, that the country itself is cut into so many
hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army
against a numerous enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke
of Bavaria would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent
to Prince Eugene: or the forcing his way through the Tirol into Italy.
The river Inn, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes
generally through a wide open country during all its course through Ba-
varia, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a
day.
THE

TATLER.

By Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq;
The Tatler

By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

No.

No.

Though the Theatre is now breaking, it is allowed still to sell Animals there; therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have occasion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. Pinkeleman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May-Faire has quite sunk the price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A Tiger will sell almost as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a Cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great defoliation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the Heros being most of them pressed; and the Queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarrabrand, so famous for her ingenious Puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the Faire. She
She told me, with a sigh, That despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glafs in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as Centry to a brandy-shop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the difficulties of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This Lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This Greatness of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

I was born of royal race,  
Tut must wander in disgrace, &c.

But for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian:

Naqui al Rege, naqui al Trono  
E pur fono  
Inventurata Pastorella——

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my Reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with Actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary to see one of their Plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The Actors are all of them Tradesmen, whose after their day's work is over, earn about a Guilder a night by perforating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I saw, was a journey-man Taylor, and his first Minister of State a Coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her Mother keeps an Ale-house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short Farce, in which the Cobbler did his part to a miracle; but...
but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the Theatre maintain an Hospital: For as here they do not think the profession of an Actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profession that in their opinion so little conduces to the good of the Commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play-houses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the Hospital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen a Player: And it is also said, a famous She-Tragician has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.

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**N° 42. Saturday, July 16. 1709.**

---Celebrare Domestica Facta.

-----THIS is to give notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-Lane, where there are likewise several Castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and Country Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all sides of them; being the Movable of Christopher Rich, Esq; who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

---The INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nants Brandy, for lambent Flames and Apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of Lightning.

One shower of Snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A Sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the Tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of Clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow a little faded.

A set of Clouds after the French mode, streaked with Lightning, and furbeadowed.
A New-Moon, something decayed.
A pint of the finest Spanish Walsh, being all that is left of two hog-heads sent over last winter.
A Coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.
A Setting-Sun, a pennyworth.
An Imperial Mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazar, King Harry the eighth, and Signior Valentini.
A Basket-hilt Sword, very convenient to carry milk in.
Roxana's Night-gown.
Orsello's Handkerchief.
The Imperial Robes of Xerxes, never worn but Once.
A Wild-Boar, killed by Mrs. Tofts and Diolesiau.
A Serpent to sting Cleopatra.
A Mustard-bowl to make Thunder with.
Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D——is's directions, little used.
Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six Flower-Pots for their partners.
The Whiskers of a Turkish Baffa.
The Complexion of a Murderer in a hand-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.
A suit of clothes for a Ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pindled, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.
A bale of red Spanish Wool.
Modern Plots, commonly known by the name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vifard-Majques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.
Three Oak Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree; all bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.
Materials for Dancing; as Majques, Cattanets, and a Ladder of ten rounds.
A Plume of Feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the Earl of Essex.
There are also Swords, Halberds, Sheep-hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbans, Drums, Gally-pots, a Gibben, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-piece, a Break-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed Baby.
These are the hard shifts we Intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuse us, if a weakerly wind blowing for a fort-
night together, generally fills every paper with an Order of battle; when we show our martial skill in each line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing, that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a crook point, which often happens at the end of a Campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: The Post-Boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Post-Man comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, Sword in hand, Pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

NO. 75. Saturday, October 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I am called off from publick dissertations by a domestick affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my Sister Jenny for life. The Girle is a Girle of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my Father's First Wife, and the of his Third, she confers with me rather like a Daughter than a Sister. I have indeed told her, That if she kept her honour, and behaved her self in such a manner as became the Bickershares, I would get her an agreeable man for her Husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's Epistles. That polite Author had been employed to find out a Confort for his friend's Daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

"Acilius, plurimum vigoris et industria, quanquam in maxima verecundia: Est illi facies liberalis, mullo sanguine, multo rubore; suffusa: Est ingensa totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quae ego nequaquam arbitratus negligenda; debet enim hoc caelesti puellarum quasi premium dari.

"Acilius is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the" Gen-
"Gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of Quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a Daughter as the reward of her Chastity.

A woman that will give her self liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a Husband, she can supply her self elsewhere. But this is not the case of my Sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is an unspotted Spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the Genealogy of our house, the Descriptions and Pictures of our Ancestors from the time of King Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his poxterity. His eldest Son Ralph (for that was his name) was for this reason married to a Lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and fair. The issue of this match, with the help of his shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard the third, the eldest Son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an Humpback and very high Nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders, and a Roman Nose: what made the Nose the less excusable, was the remarkable Smalnesse of his Eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the Eyes were opened in the next generation, and the Hump fell in a Century and half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the Nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of Henry the seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the eighth.

But while our Ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Nose, the Face of the Bickerstaff fell down insensibly into Chin; which was
was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this ill, and reduced our faces into that tolerable Oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her Heiresses with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-thanks, and Cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the Milk-maid, of whom the then Garter King at Arms (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, That she had spoiled our Blood, but mended our Constitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our Persons and Features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's Minds and Humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful Gardiners blot a colour out of a Tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a Jackpudding from a Prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenatick, and a fifth a Coquette.

In this disposing of my Sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a man of a found and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: For Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttid; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in our selves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my Sister, instead of confiding her Glafs and her Toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's nightcap on her head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh, to see me often, with my spectacles on facing her flays;
for she is so very a Wit, that she understands no Ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her fee, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the Arts and Sciences of Female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a Coach and six; But I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain, for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth Critics, Pedants, or pretty good Poets.

As it is, I expect an Offspring fit for the habitation of city, town or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an Astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside-conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent when I see a Citizen pass by, whether his head is upon Woolen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine Gentleman, but the great-grandson of a Broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest Gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly; he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my Sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little baseness of fancy, or particular of manners, which grew in her self, and can be amened by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendor of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Green- butt says, he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: There is scarce such a living creature as a true Britain. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, The kingdom is his own. A Saxou drinks up the whole quart, and swears, He will dispute that with him. A Norman tells them both,
both, he will affright his liberty: and a Welshman cries, they are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children, and connex-ger-
mans. For which reason I say, Study your race, or the foil of your family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

Sir Richard Steele ascribed in this paper.

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**No. 81. Saturday, October 15, 1709.**

*Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,*  
*Quique pui Vates et Phæbo digna locuti,*  
*Inventas aut qui vitam excolere per artes,*  
*Quique sui memoriae alios secere merendo.*  

*Virg.*

From my own Apartment, October 14.

**There are two kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other, which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the**

*C e 2*  

*follow-
following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature, which was not made in a humane figure, could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise humane nature above it self. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: But my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens clothed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the ha'fe and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive Deities, those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain; from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march: Several had their Swords drawn, some carried rolls of Paper in their hands, some had Compasses, others Quadrants, others Telescopes, and others Pencils; some had Laurels on their heads, and others Bushkins on their legs: In short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good Daemon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardor, with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand
thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: And I observed that most of the Artigians, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politicks, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artificial. Among those, who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, Death. The spectre that guarded the other road, was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction like the former; but by dreadful hislings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than death itself. Infomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrank within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: But on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their looks, went forward, in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of
of Aether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed it self in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a Palace of a very glorious stucture: It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and founded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cleared them in their passage to her Palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions, a band of Historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming Heroe, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of Historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous Heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good Damon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen my self. The next who entered was a charming Virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a Harp, and on her head a Garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The Virgin, who it seems was one of the nine Sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace of their meeting, and retired.

Julius Caesar was now coming forward: and though most of the Historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door; and would have no Conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would
would himself have taken a place next to his Master Socrates; but on a
sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who
appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That Philosopher, with
some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table,
that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.
He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful Virgin that had in-
troduced Homer brought another, who hung back at the entrance,
and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome
by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour
made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took
his place. He had inquired at the door for Lucretius to introduce him;
but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of
many other Writers, who all (except Salculi) appeared highly pleased with
the office.
We waited some time in expectation of the next Worthy, who came
in with a great retinue of Historians, whose names I could not learn,
most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted,
who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear com-
plaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman
historians, who attempted, says he, to carry me into the subterraneous
apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the
impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to Polybius, who was the only per-
son, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.
The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity
in his own person, and preceded by several Historians. Lucan the
Poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the
table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him,
That whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his
claim to it, by coming in as one of the Historians. Lucan was so exasperated
with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself, and was
heard to say, That since he could not have a seat among them himself, he
would bring in one who alone had more Merit than their whole assembly:
Upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That
great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he
contemplated the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat op-
opposite to Caesar was vacant, he took possession of it; and spoke two or
three smart sentences upon the nature of Precedency, which, according
to him, conflicted not in Place, but in intrinsic Merit; to which he added,
That the most virtuous man, wherever he was feasted, was always at
the
the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of Rassent, with his wisdom, could not forbear saluting it a virtue which took so little pains to make it felt agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Caro, which he uttered with much vehemence. Caesar answered with a great deal of seeming temper: But as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, That in all the disputes which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who drove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the Learned, than the Military Worthies. The next man announced the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with Hieroglyphicks. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a Golden Thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laelitean to lead him to the apartment allotted for Fabulous Heroes, and Worthies of Dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, That they did not know whom they disdained; that he was now Pythagoras, the spirit of Philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy. This may be very true, said Socrates; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great Harlot in your time. This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of Mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I observed a Cone or Cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide for variety to lead me to the Fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimera's, and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first Table was almost full. At the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his Club. On his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Asopus. On his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason. The lower end had Orpheus, Apollo, Phalaris, and Museus. The Others seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and surprize, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff: but those of the upper end
end received it with disdain; and said, If they must have a British Worthy, they would have Robin Hood.

"While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my Competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the Cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous Heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

* This last paragraph written by Sir R. Steele.

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**№ 86. Thursday, October 27. 1709.**

*From my own Apartment, October 25.*

When I came home last night, my Servant delivered me the following Letter:

**Sir, Octob. 24.**

I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Bar. to acquaint you, That his Honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Mr. Thomas Rentfrew Esq; Justice of the Quorum, Andrew Windmill Esq. and Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner-Temple, Sir Harry's Grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine tomorrow morning, being Tuesday the 25th of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of Quality came, that you might not be surprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown.

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

John Thrifty.

I received this message with less surprize than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: But I was in very great concern how I should ad-
just the Ceremonial, and demean my self to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjudging my behaviour to the simple Squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the Quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set Chairs (by the Steward's Letter) and fixed my Tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better; and another voice, Nay, good Sir Giles—I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the Order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my friend of a Person who remains idle in the same place for half a Century. I got him with great success into his Chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-batchelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every Quarter-sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The Steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, That is true to my knowledge. I had the misfortune, as they stood Cheek by Jowl, to desire the Squire to fit down before the Justice of the Quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and repentment of the latter: But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. Well, said I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of Tea. They answered one and all, That they never drank Tea in a morning. Not in a morning, said I flaring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes Nick Dought tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his Grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the Steward in his boots and whip proposed, That we should adjourn to some Publick-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the buffets. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left very differently, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: After him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple Squire made a sudden start to follow; but
the Justic of the Quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs.
A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: For the young Jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretense of making way, that his Grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew no body was of quality to stir a step, till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I told them move, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheep-Lane, the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a throng, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justic and the simple Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjurer should take place of him, though an elder Squire. In this order we marched down Sheep-Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of Coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street: However we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben. Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-house it fell, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an alicant to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much fate and nobility. Sir Harry called for a Mug of Ale, and Dyer's Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. Not! (says Sir Harry;) Then take back your Mug: we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house. Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon.
upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of rum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third. After which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too publick for business; but he would call upon me again to morrow-morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him. ———

*Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.*

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N° 88. Tuesday, November 1, 1709.

From my own apartment, October 31.

——— I was this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my confusion, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat; when my Landlady came up to me, and told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a Lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed everybody in the whole Lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some Artificers, sawyer; because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my Rapier, and approached this new Lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hold, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down fast on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shook it off. He took the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprize, he flopped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toe.

*After*
After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim, my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, That I thought this learned person an Enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of Philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprized to find him open it, and say with great Civility, and good Mien, That he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make anything of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, It was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three Coffee-dishes, and a clean Pipe. He seemed concerned at this, and told me, he was a Dancing-matter, and had been reading a Dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in France. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, That now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-floor, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an Artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his Thoughts this morning would have shaken my Spectacles off my nose, had I been my self at Study.

I then took my leave of this Virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.
N° 90. Saturday, November 5. 1709.

--- Amo queramus serio ludo. Hor.

--- The joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three Epigrams, fifty Odes, and ninety one Sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other Passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: But this may be said for Love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be inipid, and our Being but half animated. Humane Nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickned with some active principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in Love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particulars of the Fair Sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, Prudence, and Good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant Love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the History of my married Sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion with one of the finest Allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and to show the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with...
with his friends, and giving the History of Love in the following
manner:

At the birth of Beauty (says he) there was a great feast made, and ma-
ny guests invited: Among the rest, was the God Plenty, who was the
son of the Goddess Prudence, and inherited many of his Mother's vir-
tues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the Garden of Jupiter,
which was hung with a great variety of Ambrosial fruits, and seems to
have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time an
unhappy Female, called Poverty, having heard of this great feast, repaired
to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place the lights upon was Ju-
pi-
ter's Garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions.
Poverty enters, and by chance finds the God Plenty asleep in it. She
was immediately fired with his charms, laid her self down by his side,
and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The
world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not im-
agine to themselves what would be the nature of an Infant that was to
have its Original from two such Parents. At the last, the Child appears;
and who should it be but Love. This Infant grew up, and proved in all
his behaviour what he really was, a compound of opposite Beings. As
he is the Son of Plenty, (who was the Offspring of Prudence) he is sub-
tle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the Son of Poverty,
he is fawning, beggung, ferocious, delighting to lie at a threshold, or be-
neath a window. By the Father he is audacious, full of hopes, confe-
ions of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: By the Mother, he is
doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in sub-
misions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures,
talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a God; and im-
mediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his composition, you be-
hold him pinching, languishing, despairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories, and
the like inventions, which the polite and the best instructors of man-
kind have always made use of: They take off from the severity of instruc-
tion, and inforce it at the same time that they conceal it: The supposing
Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty, the parent-
age of Plenty, and the inconsistency of this passion with its self so naturally
derived to it, are great matter-strokes in this Fable; and if they fell into
good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing Canto than any in Spencer.

Saturday,
Dear Sir,

Believe this is the first Letter that was ever sent you from the middle Region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now soaring among the eternal Frosts and Snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my Ink from freezing in the middle of the Dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of Snow-prospectos that you can imagine, and have several pits of it before me that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for in this country, it is as lasting as Marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain or King Pepin. The Inhabitants of the country are as great Curiosities as the country itself: They generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are Mafquet-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have lost, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an Eye only, told me by way of boast, That there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these Four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the Style of this Letter a little extraordinary; but the Rehearsal will tell you, that People in clouds must not be confined to speak fentence; and I hope we that are above them may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be,

SIR, Your most Obedient,

Moost Humble Servant.

From my own Apartment, November 11.
of Satisfaction for the disturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such Inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly: I have bought| Pumps and Files, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the Dancing-master, has demanded of me, Why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him? But I answered, His was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of Necessity. My late treatises against Duels have so far disoblige the fraternity of the noble Science of Defence, that I can get none of them to show me so much as one Pafs. I am therefore obliged to learn by Book, and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the Postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercice, because of my Flannel waistcoat, and my Spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my Chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all sorts of men, from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I pull, I make allowances for my being a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life or to take advantage of his breadth: Therefore IPrefs purely in a line down from his Nose, and take no more of him to assault, than he has of me: For to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in Carte or in Tierce, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the fame Punctilio; and I am ready to fling or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pulling at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed, I have writ against Duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses, I have not ever said, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and since that Custom is now become a Law, I know nothing but the Legislativa power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying Challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand,
fland, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they stare at me with their Hats cocked higher than other people, I won’t bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I’ll bear no frowns, even from Ladies; and if any Woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the Malecule Gender.

Sir Richard Steele affixed in this paper.

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N° 97. Tuesday, November 22. 1709.

Illud maximum varum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut preclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, spatium de liberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum vitae cursum sequi vellent. Tull. Offic.

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From my own Apartment, November 21.

Having swept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great destruction upon my own Species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, That when he fled upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out in tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous City, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its Inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last Bill of Mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper (commonly known by the name of Idleness) which has long raged in the world, and destroys
destroys more in every great town than the Plague has done at Datziick. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure, making their court to Hercules under the appearances of two beautiful Women.

When Hercules, says the divine Moralist, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a Desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural and easy, her Person clean and unspotted, her Eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her Motion and Behaviour full of Modesty, and her Raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an Artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a mixture of Affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Assurance in her looks, and all the Variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

My dear Hercules, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose; Be my friend, and follow me; I'll lead you into the possession of Pleasure, and out of the reach of Pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of Business. The affairs of either War or Peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every Sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roses, Clouds of Perfumes, Conforts of Music, Crowds of Beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with
with me into this Region of delights, this World of pleasures, and bid farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, to Business.

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this manner, desired to know her Name; to which she answered, My Friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happines; but my Enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other Lady was come up, who addressed her self to the young Heroe in a very different manner.

Hercules (says the) I offer my self to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for your self and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose Happines.

The Goddes of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: You see (said the) Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easie. Alas! (said the other Lady, whose visage glowed with a passion, made up of scorn and pity) What are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratifie appetites before they are rais'd, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious muffick, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your Votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable companion to the Artizan, an household guardian to the Fathers of Families, a patron and protector of Servants, and associate in all true and generous Friendships. The Banquets of my Votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and
and thirst. Their slumbers are found, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.

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

I very much admire the Speeches of these Ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of Virtue, or a life of Pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two Goddesses. Our modern Authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: Here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composeth a Vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this Allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are full in the deplorable state of Non-existence, and whom I most earnestly intreat to come into the world. Let my Embroid's show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the Heroe in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a Club in their hands, and a Lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants; but, as the finest Author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, Though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

Tuesday,
Was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an Hemisphere of Stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent Aëther, as made every Constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richest Sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that expression) without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects. For on these occasions, Philosophy suggests motives to Religion, and Religion adds pleasures to Philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of Soul, I retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a Reasonable creature, and promising myself that my slumber would be sweet. I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or saw a Vision (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my evening-meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I
I must confess, the wildness of imagination (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methoughts I saw the azure Sky diversified with the fame glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the Sun should rise at Midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the midst of a great Glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a Woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel or Intelligence that guided the Constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually describ'd. Her Contenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her Smiles transported with rapture, her Frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a Mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the Painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw Darkness and Clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have all the Species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first Edict was then pronounced, That all Titles and Claims to Riches and Estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner. Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the Goddess moved the Mirror of Truth which she held
held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several Instruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all Forgeries and Falseness. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped; though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the Interlacements and Codicils. The light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the Universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the Clouds, and was called The Mount of Restitution; to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most, was to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become Bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their Proper Families; which was no sooner done, but an Edict was issued out, requiring All Children to repair to their True and Natural Fathers. This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural Intuition, as directed them to their Real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the Fathers of very large families become Childless, and Bachelors undone by a charge of Sons and Daughters. You might see a presumptive Heir of a great estate ask blessing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toaff paying her duty to a Valet de Chambre.

Many under Vows of Celibacy appeared surrounded with a numerous Retinue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest Friends. Men were no sooner settled in their Right to their Possessions and their Progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed,
med. That all the Posts of Dignity and Honour in the Universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest Merit, Abilities and Perfection. The Handsome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the Mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd. But, as the Goddess tried the multitude by her Glass, as the Eagle does its young ones by the lustré of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not distinguished himself either by Virtue, Knowledge or Capacity in business, either Military or Civil. This select Assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a Regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of Virtue; in the second, men of Knowledge; and in the third, the men of Business. It was impossible to look at the first Column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with Humanity, raised with Contemplation, emboldened with Resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable Airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of Virtue. I could not but take notice; That there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second Column, consisting of the men of Knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at first, without positive command of the Goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest Genius and strongest Sense were placed at the Head of the Column: behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column, were men who had more Wit than Sense, or more Learning than Understanding. All living Authors of any value were ranged in one of these Classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprized to see a great body of Editors, Critics, Commentators, and Grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the First station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but Lacqueys of the learned.

The third Column were men of Business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the left, Vol. II.
and placed themselves in the Front, at which the other shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last Column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the publick. In order to fill up all the posts of Honour, Dignity, and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column, of men who were Masters of all Three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the First rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any Two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a Second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with One of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these Excellencies; or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprized to see so many new faces in the most eminent Dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of Mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

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N° 101. Thursday, December 1. 1709.

----Postquam fregit subsellia versus
Espirìus intelleam Paridi nifi vendit Agavan.  Juv.

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From my own Apartment, November 30.

The progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an Injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other nation upon earth. This Injustice is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are Rogues within.
within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of,
professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being
punished for it. These Miscreants are a set of wretches we Authors call
Pirates, who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as soon as it appears in
the world, in a smaller Volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen
goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them Rascals, Plun-
derers, Robbers, Highway-men—But they acknowledge all that, and
are pleased with those, as well as any other Titles; nay, will print them
themselves to turn the peny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who
have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as
well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing
therefore we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making,
when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed
by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my
stock of learning was worth 150l. per Annum, which would very hand-
somely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as
to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced
impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious Drole, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him
he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give
me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learn-
ing. He was a general dealer, and had his Amusements as well Comical
as Serious. The merry Rogue said, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a
paragraph of Table-Talk, and his Bookeller upon sight paid the reckon-
ing. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and
could apply hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year
in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and dif-
ferent produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November
till the opening of the Campagne, he writ Pamphlets and Letters to
Members of Parliament, or Friends in the country: But sometimes he
would relieve his ordinary readers with a Murder, and lived comfortably
a week or two upon Strange and lamentable Accidents. A little before
the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a Pro-
digy; and a Monster well writ, was two guinea's the lowest price. This
prepared his readers for his great and bloody news from Flanders in June
and July. Poor Tom! He is gone—But I observe, he always looked
well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had
this honest carlels fellow lived till now, Famine had flared him in the

face.
face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whole Pen is their Portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for Palmistry and Astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my Papers; so that I am only in the condition of a Lawyer, who leaves the Bar for Chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the Cause of Learning itself, and lament, that a liberal Education is the only one which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic Artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effects of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, That he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to Letters. A learned Education, passing through great Schools and Universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome Commission or Employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive Voyage which is undertaken in the search of Knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable Merchandize, how frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard it is, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into Port, should suffer being plundered by Privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful Author of the age we live in, after having laid out a Princely Revenue in works of Charity and Beneficence, as became the Greatness of his Mind, and the Sanctity of his Character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal Writings brought her in a very considerable Dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their Value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the copy of which was sold for 2500 l.
№ 101.

The Tatler.

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I do not speak with relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often to happen, that men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in Business, or receiving Preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their Writings. For my own part, I have brought my self to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his Understanding, than one who does it by the favour of Great Men.

The zeal of an Author has transported me thus far, though I think my self as much concerned in the capacity of a Reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful Edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple published in the same character and volume with the History of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest Poets shrunk into Peny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my Lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two Pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this Paper.

No 102. Saturday, December 3. 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 3.

A Continuation of the Vision.

The Male World were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial Light of the Mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the Goddess, than such who were brought before her to their Tryal. The clack of Tongues, and confusion of Voices, in this new Assembly, was so very great, that the Goddess was forced to command Silence several times; and with some severity, before she could make them attentive.
to her Edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important Affair among Womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of Place. This had raised innumerable Disputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a tumult. Every one produced her Claim, and pleaded her Pretensions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were words that rung in my Ears from all parts of the Plain. Some boast of the Merit of their Husbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unpotted Virginity; others their numerous Offspring. Some valued themselves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of Considerable Persons. There was not a single Accomplishment unmentioned, or unpracticed. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, frowning, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The Goddess, to end this dispute, cauited it to be proclaimed, That every one should take place according as she was more or less Beautiful. This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole Assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its Beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might show their Persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their forehead, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the Goddess, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The Ladies were yet better pleased when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own Judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her Looking-glass.

The Goddess then let down the Mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended, and approached nearer to the Eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this Looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most Accomplished (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most Defective, the most deformed. The Goddess so varied the motion of the Glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.
It is impossible to describe the Rage, the Pleasure, or Astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the Mirror: Multitudes started at their own Form, and would have broke the Glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The Lady, who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own Image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the Glass. The interested Mistresses beheld a Harpy, and the subtile Jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest Master-pieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprized at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shone forth in all the graces and attractions of a Syren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the most beautiful Object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: Her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her meekness, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole Fair Sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the Lady represented by so divine an Image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my Right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at present shrunk to about three-quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed, all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as she beheld her self in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my Dream (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived to great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage; when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own Images, should separate, and place themselves at the Head of their Sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three Bodies, consisting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the middle, with the Maids on the right, and Widows on the left; though it was
with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the Centre. This separation of those, who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the Main Body so considerably as it might have been wished, the Goddes, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome Edicts, which are flippant out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two Extremes in the Female world; of those who are very Severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very Regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the Goddes pronounced, was, That all Females addicted to Conspiracies and Detraction, should lose the Use of Speech; a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and (what should be the end of all punishments) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this Edict, which was as soon executed as published, the Noise of the Assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid Virtue struck dumb. A Lady who flied by me, and saw my concern, told me, She wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack. I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their Characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her Tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for Female Hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second Sentence was then pronounced against the Loose part of the Sex, That all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance, though at the same time (as afflictions seldom come single) many of the Mutes were also fertilized with this new calamity. The Ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their Lives on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of Fair ones either dumb or big-bellied. But I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established Maxim in all nations, That a woman's First child might come into the world within six months.
months after her acquaintance with her Husband; and that Grief might
retard the birth of her last till Fourteen months after his decease.
This Vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some
surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole
night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with won-
der, at the partiality and extravagance of my Vision; which, according
to my thoughts, has not done justice to the Sex. If Virtue in men is more
venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely ex-
pressed in his Paradise Lost, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having
affirmed his own Pre-eminence, as being First in Creation and internal fa-
culties, breaks out into the following Rapture:

—— Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in her self compleat, 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. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses, discomfited, and like Folly shows.
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As she intended first, not after made
Occasionally: And to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind and Nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliness, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelick placed.
N° 103. Tuesday, December 6. 1709.

--- He Maggie fama ducent
In mala, derisam semel exceptuamque simulant. Hor.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

There is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of Business, especially when it turns to the publick Emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of Affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretentions of several who had applied to me, for Canes, Perspective-glasses, Snuff-boxes, Orange-flower-waters, and the like Ornaments of Life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie of Beauford-buildings to prepare a great bundle of Blank Licences in the following words:

You are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his Arm, brandish it in the Air, or hang it on a Button: In which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

Isaac Bickerstaffe.

The same Form, differing only in the Proviso's, will serve for a Perspective, Snuff-box, or perfumed Handkerchief. I had placed my self in my Elbow-chair at the upper end of my great Parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a Joint-stool with a Writing-desk before him. John Morpew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my Chamber-keeper upon Court-days. He let me know, That there were a great number attend-
attending without. Upon which, I ordered him to give notice, That I did not intend to sit upon Stool-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for Canes might enter. The first presented me with the following Petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; Censor of Great-Britain.

The humble Petition of Simon Trippet,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner having been bred up to a Cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his Behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

That the Knocking of it upon his shoe, Leaning one leg upon it, or Whisling with it in his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at present engaged in an Amour, and must despair of success, if it be taken from him.

Your Petitioner therefore hopes, that (the premises tenderly considered) your Worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

And your Petitioner shall ever, &c.

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when upon observing him nearer I found he was a Peg. I bid him produce his Cane in Court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent Amber head, and a blue Ribbon to hang upon his wrig, I immediately ordered my Clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint headed with Walnut; and then, in order to wear it from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in the week, and to abate proportionably till he be found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: And setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a Cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his Cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.
A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hands; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and yet his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. Smith in King-street (my own corn-cutter) who attended in an outward room; and, without speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known (says he) we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life. Upon which I asked him, whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: And farther said, that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon,
upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his Neck, instead of hanging it upon his Button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many of their Licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their Licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my Petitioners, there came in a well-drested Man, with a Glass-tube in one hand, and his Petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his Wig, put forward his right Leg, and advancing the Glass to his right Eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my Spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our Glasses, I desired him to read his Petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a Glass. In answer to this, I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. As you are now (said I) you are out of the reach of Beauty; the shafts of the finest Eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a Toast from an Orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others—

My Petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, Mr. Bickstaffe, you quite mistake your Man; it is the Joy, the Pleasure, the Employment, of my Life, to frequent publick Assemblies, and gaze upon the Fair. In a word, I found his use of a Glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his Vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a Licence for a Perspective, but allowed him a pair of Spectacles, with full permission to use them in any publick Assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of Men, that I have reason to hope this sort of Cheats are almost at an end.

The Orange-flower-men appeared next with Petitions, perfumed strongly with Musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake, was obliged forthwith to licence their Handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphey, whom I have made the General of my Dead Men, acquainted.
acquainted me, that the Petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the a
bove-aided Morphas, to give it in orders to his whole army. That every
one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the Uphold-
ers, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his pr
sent state of putrefaction.

I finished my Suffolk with great content of mind, reflecting upon the
good I had done; for however lightly men may regard these particular-
ties and little follies in drees and behaviour, they lead to greater Evils.
The bearing to be laughed at for such singularites, teaches us insensibly
an impertinent foritude, and enables us to bear publick censures for
things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open
a gate to Folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as dis-
credit his virtues and capacities, and unqualifie them from doing any
good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this
nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind;
and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in
the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man,
I remember a Gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remark-
able for wearing a broad Belt, and a Hanger instead of a fashionable
Sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected
him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for
a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him nar-
rowly for six and thirty years, when at last, to the surprize of everybody
but myself, who had long expected to see the Folly break out, he mar-
rried his own Cook-maid.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper.

Saturday,
No. 108. Saturday, December 17. 1709.

Pronaque cum spectant animalia cetera terram,
Os homini Sublime dedit, colonque sui
Jussit.——

Ovid. Met.

Sheer-Lane, December 18.

It is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed Lights, with proper Forms and Orders in Assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in an extraordinary manner; that I cannot in a day or two get out of my Imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason, I frequently look in at the Play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new Ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the Theatre the other day; and placed my seat in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the Audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble Tragedy was just then in its Crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an Hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my friend Mr. Batterton appear in all the Majesty of Diliereis, to my unspeakable amazement, there came up a Monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted it self into the motions and writhings of several different Animals, and after great variety of Shapes and Transformations, went off the Stage in the figure of an humane creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear Countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension for fear
fear any Foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its Disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to Ridicule, and distorted into Forms that raise Horror and Aversion? There is something detestable and immoral in the being able to see such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve Esteem for their Virtue, Knowledge, or Services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of Buffoonry. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to delight with them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent humane nature in its proper dignity. As Man is a Creature made up of different Extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful Artist may draw an excellent Picture of him in either views. The finest Authors of Antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural Grandeur of the Soul, raise her with hopes of Immortality and Perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the Virtuous and the Vicious, by making the difference between them as great as between Gods and Brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient Moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French Authors, or those of our own country, who are the Imitators and Admiring of that tritling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate Humane Nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean Interpretations and base Motives to the worst Actions: They resolve Virtue and Vice into Constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the Species of Men and that of Brutes. As an Instance of this kind of Authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great Philosopher for administering of consolation to the Idle, the Envious, and Worthless part of Mankind.

I remember a young Gentleman of moderate Understanding, but great Vivacity, who by dipping into many Authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of Knowledge, just enough to make an Atheist or a Free-thinker,
thinker, but not a Philosopher or a man of Sense. With these Accomplishments, he went to visit his Father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The Son, who took all opportunities to show his Learning, began to establish a new Religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the Butler by his Table-talk, and staggered his eldest Sister. The old Gentleman began to be alarmed at the Schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his Son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, till one day talking of his Setting-dog, the Son said, He did not question but Trey was as Immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the Argument told his Father, That for his own part, he expected to die like a Dog. Upon which, the old man starting up in a very great passion, cried out, Then, Sirrah, you shall live like one; and taking his Cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his System. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a Benchet in the Middle-Temple.

I do not mention this Cudgelling part of the Story with a design to engage the Secular Arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of Opinion and Speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable Pretenders to Knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his Being, and destroy those Principles which are the Support, Happiness, and Glory, of all publick Societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's Golden Sayings, That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself; And it is certain, that this licentious sort of Authors, who are for depreciating Man-kind, endeavoured to disappoint and undo what the most refined Spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of Drels, Good-breeding, outward Ornaments, and Ceremonies, were to lift up humane Nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, Painting, and Statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every Art and Science contributes to the embellishment of Life, and to the wearing off or throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our Nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning, which gives a truer and better account of this Art than all the Volumes that were ever written upon it.

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Hh  

Poetry,
Poetry, especially Heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the Dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in Dignity inferior to the Soul of man, Poetry seems to enどういう humane Nature with that which History denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the Shadow of things, where the Substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong Argument may be drawn from Poetry, that a more slaty Greatness of things, a more perfect Order, and a more beautiful Variety, delights the Soul of man, than any way can be found in Nature since the Fall. Wherefore seeing the Acts and Events, which are the Subjects of true History, are not of that amplitude as to content the Mind of man; Poetry is ready at hand to feign Acts more Heroical. Because true History reports the successes in Business not proportionable to the merit of Virtues and Vices, Poetry corrects it, and presents Events and Fortunes according to Desire; and according to the law of Providence. Because true History, through the frequent sameness and samility of things, works lassitude and misprision in the mind of man, Poetry cheereth and refresheth the Soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as Poetry serveth and conserveth to Dejection, Magnanimity, and Morality; and therefore it may seem deserved to have some participation of Divinity, because it doth raise the Mind, and excite the Spirit with high Raptures, by proportioning the Shews of things to the Desires of the Mind; and not submitting the Mind to things, as Reason and History do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it chevereth the Soul of man, joined also with Comfort of Musick, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood extinguished.

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural Greatness and Dignity of humane Nature so much as Religion, which does not only promise the entire Refinement of the Mind, but the Glorifying of the Body, and the Immortality of Both.

Thursday,
A

5 soon as I had placed my self in my Chair of Judicature, I order-
ed my Clerk Mr. Lillie to read to the Assembly (who were ga-
thered together according to notice) a certain Declaration, by
way of charge, to open the purpose of my Session, which tended only
to this explanation. That as other Courts were often called to demand
the Execution of persons Dead in Law, so this was held to give the last
orders relating to those who are Dead in Reason. The Solicitor of the
new company of Upholders near the Hay-Market appeared in behalf of
that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman,
who her self stood at the Bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her Indict-
ment, which was in substance, That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pinduff, of
the Parish of St. Martin in the Fields, had, by the use of one instru-
ment called a Looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire,
made either of Cambric, Muffin, or other Linen wares, upon her head,
atained to such an evil art and magical forces in the motion of her eyes
and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death
several young men of the said Parish; and that the said young men had
acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called Love-letters (which
were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a partic-
ular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon
the said Seals) that they Did for the said Rebecca: And whereas the said
Rebecca pertinaciously persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said Soci-
ety continued to be, according to former Edicts, a State of Death, and
demanded an order for the Interment of the said Rebecca.

I looked upon the Maid with great humanity, and desired her to make
answer to what was said against her. She said, It was indeed true, that
she had practis'd all the arts and means she could to dispose of her self happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her Accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represent'd her Killing, than Dead. She further allledged, That the Expressions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they Died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her discourse, by defying I would for the future settle the meaning of the words, I die, in Letters of Love.

Mrs. Printuff behaved her self with such an Air of Innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing Rule, That any persons, who in any Letter, Billet, or Discourse, should tell a Woman he Died for her, should, if the plea'd, be obliged to Live with her, or he immediately Interred upon such their own confession, without Bail or Mainprise.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A Letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; Cruel Creature, I die for you. It was observable that he took Snuff all the time his Accusation was reading. I asked him, How he came to use these words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, He was in love with a Lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method. Though I was moved with compassion towards him by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for Example's sake, I was forced to answer, Your Sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your Companions; not to tell lies for want of wit. Upon this, he began to beat his Snuff-box with a very facy Air; and opening it again, Faith Jane, said he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow—Prythee, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What a pox hast thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a Man be in company with his Mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a Jest, telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy Words, old Stiffump, ha? He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his Box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the workmanship of the Hinge; when, in the midst of his Eloquence, I ordered his Box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.
The next who appeared, was a hale old Fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his Relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the Prisoner, a credible Witness deposed, That he always rose at ten of the Clock, played with his Cat till twelve, smoked Tobacco till one, was at Dinner till two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old Mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the Tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other Pipe, and then to Bed. I asked him, what he had to say for himself? As to what (said he) they mention concerning Madam Frances—I did not care for hearing a Canterbury Tale, and therefore thought my self reasonably interrupted by a young Gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arrest of Judgment; for that he the said young Man held certain lands by his the said old Man’s life. Upon this, the Solicitor of the Upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several Evidences that witnessed to his Life and Conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the publick. They rose at the same hour: while the old Man was playing with his Cat, the young one was looking out of his Window; while the old Man was smoking his Pipe, the young Man was rubbing his Teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at Backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old Fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at Play, or toasting Women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, That the young Man had never been good for anything; the old Man, a Man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with Inscriptions proper to their Characters, signifying, That the old Man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was said, That he departed this world in the 25th year of his Death.

The next Class of Criminals, were Authors in Prose and Verse. Those of whom had produced any still-born work were immediately dismissed to their Burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some prightly Issue in their Life-time, had given proofs of their Death, by some Posthumous Children, that bore no resemblance to their elder Brethren. As for those who were the Fathers of a mixed Progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live Child, they
escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with Amputation of the Parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and declining Statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a Reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free Pardon in case of Resuscitation.

There were still great Multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the Court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my Duty, and furnished out an handsome Execution.

Going out of the Court, I received a Letter, informing me, That in pursuance of the Edict of Justice in one of my late Visits, all those of the Fair Sex began to appear Pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular Swelling in the Petticoats of several Ladies in and about this great City. I must confess, I do not attribute the Rising of this sort of the Drees to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a novel and unaccountable Fashion. I shall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean time, think it fit to give this notice to the Fair Ladies who are now making up their Winter-fuits, that they may abstain from all Dreesy of that kind, till they shall find what Judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary Expence; and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such Garments, when they have laid out Money upon them, without having given them any previous Admonitions.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper.
No. 111. Saturday, December 24, 1709.

----- Procul Ol! Procul esse profani! Virg.

Shoe Lane, December 23.

The Watchman, who does me particular Honours, as being the chief man in the Lane, gave to very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual Salutation of, Good Morow Mr. Bickerstaffe, Good Morow my Masters all. The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the futility of the night, What was the proper employment of a Thinking being? What were the Perfections it should propose to itself? And, What the End it should aim at? My Mind is of such a particular Cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our Bellman began his midnight Hornpipe (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years) with the usual Exordium.

Oh! mortal Man, thou that art born in Sin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of Gallantry, Politeness, and Ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakespeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of Imagination, he has wrought a country Tradition into a beautiful piece of Poetry. In the Tragedy of Hamlet, where the Ghost vanishes
vanishes upon the Cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

*It faded on the crowing of the Cock.*
Some say, That ever gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long;
And then, say they, no Spirit dares walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch has power to charm;
So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.

This admirable Author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly secenton with Religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain Instances, that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of Virtue than the present.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider, That the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its Councils and Conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish it self by a certain Looseness of Principles, and a falling off from those Schemes of Thinking, which conduces to the happiness and perfection of humane nature; This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn Blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and sincerity of Apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate Infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of Wit, Learning, or Reason, publish their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog; and forthwith argues against the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the offication of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk Blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Disputant, that reads, and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Bugal to.
a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to consider an 
Infidel, whether distinguished by the title of Deist, Atheist, or Free-
thinker, in three different lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and 
his last Moments.

A wise man, that lives up to the principles of Reason and Virtue, if one 
considers him in his Solitude, as taking in the System of the Universe, ob-
servine the mutual dependance and harmony, by which the whole frame 
of it hangs together, beating down his Passions, or swelling his thoughts 
with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye 
of an intelligent being, than the greatest Conqueror amidst the pomps 
and solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ri-
diculous animal than an Atheist in his Retirement. His Mind is incapable 
of Rapture or Elevation: He can only consider himself as an insignificant 
figure in a Landscape, and wandering up and down in a Field or a Mea-
dow, under the same terms as the meanest Animals about him, and as 
subject to as total a Mortality as they, with this aggravation, That he is 
the only one amongst them who lies under the Apprehension of it.

In Distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; 
he feels the whole prescience of a present calamity, without being relieved 
by the memory of anything that is passed, or the prospect of anything 
that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest Blessing that he prophecies 
to himself, and an Halter or a Pistol, the only Refuge he can fly to. But 
if you would behold one of these gloomy Miserables in his poorest fi-

ture, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of 
Death.

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of thefe Vermin, 
when there arose a brisk Gale, which could frighten no body but him-
self. Upon the rowling of the Ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed 
to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheist, and had denied a Su-
preme Being ever since he came to his Estate. The good man was al-
onished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, That there was 
an Atheist upon the Upper-deck. Several of the common Seamen, who 
had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange 
Fish; but they were more surprized when they saw it was a Man, and 
heard out of his own mouth, That he never believed till that day that 
there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of Confession, one of the ho-
nest Tarrs whispered to the Boattwain, That it would be a good deed 
to have him over board. But we were now within sight of Port, when 
of a sudden the wind fell, and the Penitent relapsed, begging all of us

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that
that were present, as we were Gentlemen, not to say anything of what had paffed.

He had not been abroad above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in to high terms, that is produced the Lie on both sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheist was run through the body, and after some lots of blood became as good a Christian as he was at Sea; till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the Free-thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the Existence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to confute the faults of the age, and country which I write in, I should have thought my self inexculpable to have paffed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, That a man would be a most insupportable Monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his Years, Confitution, Profession, Family, Religion, Age, and Country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an Old man, I take particular care to avoid being Covetous, and telling long stories: As I am Choleric, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! Puth! and the like: As I am a Layman, I resolve not to conceive an Aversion for a wise and good man, because his Coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient family of the Bickerstaffes, I never call a man of Merit an Upstart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal to run to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard my self particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to have a Stranger, or despite a poor Palatine.

Sir Richard Steele afflict in this paper.
Was walking about my Chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a Coach stop at my door, and a Youth about fifteen alighting out of it, who I perceived to be the eldest Son of my Bosom-friend that I gave some account of in my paper of the 17th of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my Acquaintance having begun with his Father when he was just such a Stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst into tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, Child, How does your Father do? He began to reply, My Mother—but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the Coach, and gathered out of him, that his Mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his Father, who (he said) would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The Child’s discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his Parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the severalable performances of those duties which I owed to my Friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent Woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow. We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my Friend’s house. At
the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret Satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of Virtue and Knowledge which makes Religion beautiful, and never leads the Conversation into the violence and rage of Party-disputes, I listened to him with great Pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the Subject of Death, which he treated with such a Strength of Reason, and Greatness of Soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated altogether to be contemptible, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspense the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my Friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of Children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest Daughter was in tears, buried in attendance upon her Mother; others were kneeling about the Bed-side: And what troubled me most was, to see a little Boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his Sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the Bed-side, she told me, with a low broken voice, This is kindly done—Take care of your Friend—Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her Husband and Children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a Woman of her Character. My Heart was torn to pieces to see the Husband on one side supplicating and keeping down the swellings of his Grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last Moments; and the Wife even at that time concealing the Pains she endured, for fear of increasing his Affliction. She kept her Eyes upon him for some moments after the speechless, and soon after closed them for-ever. In the moment of her Departure, my Friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep Groan, and fell into a Swoon by her Bed-side. The distraction of the Children, who thought they saw both their Parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their Father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first Pangs
of his Affliction were abated. I knew Consolement would now be imper-  
tinent; and therefore contented my self to sit by him, and condole  
with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient  
Author, who in one of his Epistles relating the Virtues and Death of  
Maccarius's Wife, expresses himself thus; "I shall suspend my advice to  
this belt of Friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those  
three great Remedies, (necessestas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris)  
"the Necessity of submission, Length of time, and Satiety of grief.  
In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much commiseration,  
the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn  
from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of Life. His  
Condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right Arm, and is  
evry moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to  
himself the same peron in his house, at his table, in company, or in  
retirement; and lost the relish of all the Pleasures and Diversions that  
were before entertaining to him by her Participation of them. The most  
agreeable objects recall the Sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy  
them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the  
Society of one we love, is admirably descibed in Milton, who repres-  
ents Eve, though in Paradise it self, no further pleased with the beauti-  
ful objects around her, then as she sees them in Company with Adam,  
in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet  
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasants the Sun,  
When first on his delightful land he spreads.  
His orient beams; on herb, tree, fruit and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth:  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Evening mild; the silent Night,  
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,  
And theft the Gems of Heaven her starry train.  
But neither breath of Morn when she appears  
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
In this delightful land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,  
Glist'ring with dew, nor Fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering Star-light, without Thee is sweet.  
The
The variety of Images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular Image, with a little varying of the Expression, makes one of the finest Turns of Words that I have ever seen: Which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his Preface to Juvenal, That he could meet with no Turn of Words in Milton.

It may further be observed, That though the sweetness of these Verses has something in it of a Pastorall, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the Scene of it is above an ordinary Field or Meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English Poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen Angels engaged in the intricate disputes of Predestination, Free-will, and Fore-knowledge; and to humour the Perplexity, makes a kind of Labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wand'ring Mazes lost.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

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N° 116. Thursday, January 5. 1709.

Pars minima eis ipsa puella sui. Ovid.

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE Court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the Petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a Criminal who was taken up as she went out of the Puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her Petticoat, which was
was too large for the Entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the Folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the Jury of Matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her Petticoat. This was managed with great dexterity, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the Verdict from the Bench of Matrons, I issued an Order forthwith, That the Criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an Engine of several legs, that could contract or open it self like the top of an Umbrella, in order to place the Petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper Dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the Engine, the Petticoat was brought into Court. I then directed the Machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the Garment in its utmost Circumference; but my great Hall was too narrow for the Experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it descried to immoderate a Circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my Chair of Judicature. I then enquired for the Person that belonged to the Petticoat; and to my great surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young Damned, with so pretty a Face and Shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little Crock at my left hand. "My pretty Maid" (said I) "do you own your self to have been the Inhabitant of the Garment before us? The Girl I found had good Sense, and told me with a Smile, That notwithstanding it was her own Petticoat, she should be very glad to see an Example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burlly as other persons of her Quality; That she had kept out of it as long as she could, and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her Acquaintance; That if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the Fair Sex upon account of the Fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of the pretty Criminal. I then ordered the Veil which stood before us to be drawn up by a Pulley to the top of my great Hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the Engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample Canopy over our heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of Silken Rotunda, in its form not unlike the Cupola of St. Peter's. I entered upon the whole Cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.
The Council for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the Objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furrow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their Client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our Woollen Manufacture from this invention, which was calculated as follows: The common Petticoat has not above four yards in the Circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the Semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the Circumference, the five Millions of Woollen Petticoats, which according to Sir William Petty (supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed State, that all Petticoats are made of that Stuff,) would amount to thirty Millions of those of the ancient Mode. A prodigious improvement of the Woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second Argument, they begged leave to read a Petition of the Rope-makers, wherein it was represented, that the demand for Cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this Fashion came up. At this, all the Company who were present lifted up their eyes into the Vault; and I must confess, we did discover many Traces of Cordage which were interwoven in the Stiffening of the Drapery.

A third Argument was founded upon a Petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of Whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present Fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unweildiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the Honour of Families.

These Arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse) had I not considered the great and additional expense which such Fashions would bring upon Fathers and Husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of till some years after a Peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the Ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the Pocket, if they laid out so much on the Petticoat. To this I added, the great Temptation it might give to Virgins, of acting in Security like married women, and by that means give a check to Matrimony, an Institution always encouraged by wise Societies.
At the same time, in answer to the several Petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the Women of several persons of Quality, humbly setting forth, That since the introduction of this mode, their respective Ladies had (instead of bestowing on them their Court-gowns) cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to compleat the stiffening of their Under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the Petticoat a Forfeiture: But to shew that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a Widow-gentlewoman, who has Five Daughters, desiring she would make each of them a Petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into Stomachers, Caps, Facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my Age and Quality.

I would not be understood, that (while I discard this monstrous invention) I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the Fair Sex. On the contrary, as the hand of Nature has poured on them such a profusion of Charms and Graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them betake upon themselves all the additional Beauties that Art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert, those of Nature.

I consider Woman as a beautiful Romantick Animal, that may be adorned with Furs and Feathers, Pearls and Diamonds, Ores and Silks. The Lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a Tipper; the Peacock, Parrat, and Swan, shall pay contributions to her Muff; the Sea shall be searched for Shells, and the Rocks for Gems; and every part of Nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a Creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.
WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own Mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that Tenderness and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happiness of Mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty, and Success, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does Himself any real service, does Me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply Instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an Humanity and Benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the History of Ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great Man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Lucre, and shining forth in all the splendor of Success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.
But since in History, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthiest and the deserving; infomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace: I love to amuse my self with the accounts I meet with in fabulous Histories and Fictions: For in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing Vice punished, and Virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole circle of his Existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it cloze with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: But though our view of him is interrupted by Death before the finishing of his Adventures, (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the Conclusion and Catastrophe is altogether suitable to his Behaviour. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man, considered as an Heroe, or a Knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that Inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured Disposition, which they please and gratifie at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the Affliction is in which we see our Favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the Pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned Histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the Heroe's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French Author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the Heroe's Mistrel was the Sister of his most intimate Friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in quest of Adventures. The Heroe having heard of his Friend's death, immediately repaired to his Mistrel, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a Man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not conffill with the gentleness of a Knight-errant either to kill his Mistrel, or the Man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a Romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the Person he saw in his Mistrel's arms was her own Brother, taking leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate Farewel of a Sister: So that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of a man.
man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his Mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some Disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in a cafe like hers. He describes a beautiful and royal Virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never certainly was the wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her Honour. Had she desired to be changed into a Stock or Stone, a Beast, Fish or Fowl, she would have been a loser by it: Or had she desired to have been made a Sea-nymph, or a Goddess, her Immortality would but have perpetuated her Disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she was turned into a Man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once my self in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought my self even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a part of the Army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my address kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting our selves upon the top of the Cliff with the prospect of the Sea, and trifling away the time in such little Fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a Paper of Verse out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of Rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of Adamant. It is much easier for my Reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to my self, It is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! when I Awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see my self drawn out of an Affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.
The Impreffions of Grief and Horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Person, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the Imaginary death was untimely, and I my self in a fort an Accessary; whereas her Decease had at least these alleviations, of being Natural and Inevitable.

The Memory of the Dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-Cliff in Shakespear's Tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still! how fearfull
And dizzy 'tis to cast ones Eyes so low.
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as Beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Sampshire. Dreadful trade!
Metincks he seems no bigger than his head.
The Fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like Mice, and yond tall anchoring Barè
Diminish'd to her Boat; her Boat a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Left my Brain turn.

Thursday.
Have lately applied my self with much satisfaction to the curious Discoveries that have been made by the help of Microscopes, as they are related by Authors of our own and other Nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this World of Wonders, which Nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the Visible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the present age, by the invention of Glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible Magazine of Rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our Forefathers. I was yesterday amusing my self with Speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon Myriads of Animals that swim in those little Seas of Juices that are contained in the several Vessels of an humane Body. While my Mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon my self as in an Act of Devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great Heathen Anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of an humane Body, An Hymn to the Supreme Being. The reading of the day produced in my Imagination an agreeable Morning's Dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt, whether it paus'd in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius stood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the following Discourse; for upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

If (said he) you can be so transported with those Productions of Nature which are discovered to You by those Artificial eyes that are the works of humane Invention, how great will your surprize be, when you shall have it in your power to model your own Eye as you please, and adapt
adapt it to the bulk of objects; which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied Spirits, can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the Creation distinct and visible. This gives us such Ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present Conceptions. There is not the least Particle of Matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient Employment for a whole Eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new Wonders of Providence, as we look into the different Texture of its parts, and meet with beds of Vegetables, Mineral and Metallic Mixtures, and several kinds of Animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless Fund of Matter. I find you are surprised at this discourse; but as your Reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your Microscopes bring to sight shoals of living Creatures in a spoonful of Vinegar; but we, who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge Leviathans, that terrify the little Fry of Animals about them, and take their paltime as in an Ocean, or the great Deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible Giants, accompanied with their respective Dwarfs, in case that any of these little Beings are of an humane shape. You may allure your self (said he) that we see in these little Animals different Natures, Insexts and Modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in Creatures of bigger dimensions. We defcry millions of Species subafted on a green Leaf, which your Glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as Hair or Down rising on the surface of it, we find to be Woods and Forrests, inhabited by Beasts of Prey, that are as dreadful in those their haunts, as Lions and Tigers in the deserts of Libya. I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural History of Imperceptibles, containing a true account of such Vegetables and Animals as grow and live out of sight. Such Disquisitions answered; you are very suitable to reasonable Creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious Spirits amongst us who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses, may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined
inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them, I have been present at the dissection of a Mite, and have seen the Skeleton of a Flea. I have been shown a Forrest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an Acorn. Your Microscope can show you in its compleat Oak in miniature; and could you suit all your Organs as we do, you might pluck an Acorn from this little Oak, which contains another tree, and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible (added he) to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which Mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of Sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a Dog opened, to observe the Circulation of the blood, or make any other useful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater Philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little Animals which we find in the Blue of a plum; that it was tyed down alive before them; and that they observed the palpatations of the Heart, the course of the Blood, the working of the Muscles, and the convulsions in the several Limbs, with great accuracy and improvement. I must confess, said I, for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of humane Nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these Minute Animals, (though indeed no less wonderful than the other) but in that of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the Horse and the Crocodile. Your observation (said he) is very just; and I must acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these infinities, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the Creation in their immensity, than in their Minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of humane eyes though lifted by Telescopes. What you look upon as one confused White in the Milky-way, appears to me a long tract of Heavens, distinguished by Stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the Sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of Worlds and Suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.
The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw no body, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good Genius or a Dream that left me.

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N° 120. Saturday, January 14. 1709.

Velut silvis, uti passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille sinistrorum, hic dextorum abit.  

Hor.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

In lieu of considering any particular Passion or Character in any one Set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of humane life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole Species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of Life. Youth is devoted to Lust, Middle-age to Ambition, Old age to Avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the Good, Lust becomes Virtuous Love; Ambition, true Honour; and Avarice, the Care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular Vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a Wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all Mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the Centre of it, which opened into a wide Plain, filled with various multitudes of men.
multitudes of both Sexes. I here discovered Three great Roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the Forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the Three great Roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these Roads terminated, and whither it would lead those who passed through them, I joined my self with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves The Band of Lovers. I found, to my great surprize, that several Old men besides my self had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to the Band of Miserable, and were walking up the Path of Avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The Walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our Senses, and intoxicated our Minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every Man fangled out some Woman to whom he offered his Adresses, and professed himself a Lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious Walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickers, mazes and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleating grotto's, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the Lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their Mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into Plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who purred them. Others withdrew from their followers into little Wildermeas, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the Lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a Man pursuing a fine Woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the Wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular, That several persons who stood only at the End of the Avenues, and cast a care-
Jes eye upon the Nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful: And that some of my own Age, who were at first looked upon with averlon and contempt, by being well acquainted with the Wilderneys, and by dodging their Women in the particular corners and allies of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular Grove, which was called The Labyrinth of Coquettes; where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated Beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her Charms and Graces to the several Follies of those that admired her, drawing into the Labyrinth a whole pack of Lovers, that lost themselves in the Maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the Fair ones, who had thus decuded their Followers, and left them among the Intricacies of the Labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to surrender to the first Partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed Passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them, I saw the same great Road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful Temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the Multitude who had been dispersed amongst the Thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the Temples that stood before us. The Structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to Virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by such as received a Ring, or some other token, from a Person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a Garland of Roses and Mirtles on his head, and on his shoulders a Robe like an Imperial Mantle, white and unposted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden Turtle Doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the Temple, in a delicious Bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by Woodbine, Jellamines, and Amaranths, which were as so many emblems of Marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the Temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the Mysteries that were performed in it. I had however the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner,

L. 12

There
There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two Women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Difertation, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two Sisters, were immediately conducted by them into Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this Temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by Chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great Walk, or had been too well acquainted in the Thicket. The entrance of this gate was policed by three Sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the Sisters was known by the name of Levity, who with the innocence of a Virgin, had the drefs and behaviour of a Harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a Muff made of the skin of a Porcupine; and on her left carried a little Lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the Sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious Air, was always accompanied with a Tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little Mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a Stag. Her Garments were yellow, and her Complexion pale. Her Eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this Temple, and its Votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called The Temple of Luft. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that Order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and marron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of Goats, Sparrows, Heathen Gods, Satyrs, and Monsters made up of half Man half Beast. The gates were ungarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in
in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole Temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: On one side of me, I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with Bolts of Iron, and Locks of Adamantine. There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleasure which led to it: All who past through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an Iron Wicket, which was kept by a dreadful Giant call'd Remorse, that held a scourge of Scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that Temple. This was a passage, so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many Thorns and Briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both Sexes suffered who walked through it. The Men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infirm with old age: The Women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their Limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the Path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this Vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this Morning received the following Letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

SIR,

ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the Comedy of Love for Love. If you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the Bills, That it is to be performed at the request of Llalc Bickerstaff, Esq; and question not but it will bring me as great an Audience, as ever was at the House since the Morocco Ambassador was there.

I am,

(With the greatest Respect)

Your {most Obedient, and most Humble Servant,

Thomas Dogget.
Mr. Dogget,

I am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right-hand box over the pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that everything be rightly prepared for my reception.

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N° 121. Tuesday, January 17, 1709.

Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi catus Turbavit nitidos extinctus passus ocellos.

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From my own Apartment, January 16.

I was recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and press'd very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distresses of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation; and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears: However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, if her lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, that their family was in very great affliction—I beseech'd her to compose her self, for that I might possibly be capable of afflicting them. She then cast her eye
eye upon my little Dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that Cupid, her Lady's Lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her Lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own Dog, (here she curtsied, and looking first at the Cur, and then on me, said, Indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty;) her Lady sent me rather than to any other Doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a Farrier; yet well knowing, that the best as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly: Pray, Madam, said I, can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken? Sir, (said she,) we have a little ignorant Country-Girl, who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one, that my Lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of Quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a Cousin of my own, but—Good Madam, (said I,) you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this Girl. No, no, Sir (said she,) begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of Physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly Girl, after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his Collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my Lady have slept a wink. Has he (said I,) taken any thing? No (said she,) but my Lady says, he shall take any thing that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits Powder, or the Cold Bath. Poor Cupid (continued she,) has always been Phtisical, and as he lies under something like a Chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a Consumption. I then asked her, if she had brought any of his Water to show me. Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, I am afraid, Mr. Bickerstaff, you are not serious; but if you have any Receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my Miftress is not to be comforted. Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer; and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner: I have considered the Nature of the Distemper, and the Constitution of the Patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it is safest to put
put him into a course of Kitchin physic. In the mean time, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make Cupid his own Druggist: for which reason, I shall preferbe to him, three mornings successively, as much Powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the Apothecaries call Album Grecum. Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch Baggage, and of a Character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves in every thing to the humours and passions of their Mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of Sense to superiority of Condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathizing with her Mistress in her follies, to fall a railing at her. You cannot imagine, said she, Mr. Bickersstaff, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this ugly Cur; if he dies, we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a Parrat last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her Woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says, she was as innocent of the Bird’s death as the Babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very morning, that if Cupid should die, she would send the poor innocent Welsh Woman telling you of, to Bridewell, and have the Milk-woman tried for her life at the Old-Baily, for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted Creature.

Since it is so, young Woman, (said I) I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary; and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those Evils and Distresses that are necessary to human life, I find my task growing upon me, since by these accidental Cares, and acquired Calamities, (if I may so call them) my Patients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the Fair Sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of Love, as Husbands, or Children, such Virgins have exactly at such a year grown
grown fond of Lap-dogs, Parrats, or other Animals. I know at this time a celebrated Toaft, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her Admirers, will give a torrent of kifles to her Cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our Sex as theirs. A Roman Emperor had so very great an esteem for an Horfe of his, that he had thoughts of making him a Conful; and several Moderns of that rank of men, whom we call Country Squires, will not scruple to kifs their Hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their Wives, that they had rather salute a Favourite of the pack, than the finest Woman in England. These voluntary friendships between Animals of different Species, seem to arife from Infinity, for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual goodwill between the Squire and the Hound, to be of the fame nature with that between the Lion and the Jackal.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a Turkish Emperor. His Horfe had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his Master built him a Stable of Marble, fhad him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes, and running freams. At the fame time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the moft beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman Empire. To these were added a fuitable train of Groomes, confulting of Groomes, Farriers, Rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper Liveries and Penfions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the eafe and happiness of His life who had preferved the Emperor's.

By reafon of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the Fardingal till the 30th of February next ensuing.
I find it is thought necessary, that I (who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age) should give an account of my actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the Play on *Monday last,* is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of *Virgil,* when he entered a Roman Theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up to do him honour; a respect which was never before paid to any but the Emperor. I must confess, that universal clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the Theatre of *Great Britain,* gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I should be ungrateful at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shown me by Mr. *Thomas Dogset,* who made his compliments to me between the acts after a most ingenious and different manner; and at the same time communicated to me, that the company of Upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the *Haymarket,* and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care during the whole Play to observe the conduct of the *Drama,* and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an Audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual spectator in publick diversions of this nature. Every one should on these occasions show his Attention, Understanding, and Virtue. I would undertake to find

* N. B. A person dressed for *Isaac Bickerstaffe* did appear at the *Play-house* on this occasion.
find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a Gentleman as much by his laugh as his bow. When we see the Footman and his Lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his understanding and taste, the regard to virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of men; however, they make a profession of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When therefore we see any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy (which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents) received with an universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applause which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pyramus and Thisbe, in the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to show friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were devoutly placed at the head of mankind: But, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration. And I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people upon some expression in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

Mm 2

Let
Let me be called a Base man, so I am called a Rich one. If a man is Rich, who asks if he is Good? The question is, How much we have, not from Whence, or by what Means, we have it. Every one has so much Merit as he has Wealth. For my own part, let me be Rich, Ob ye Gods! or let me Die. The man dies Happily, who dies increasing his Treasure. There is more pleasure in the Possession of Wealth, than in that of Parents, Children, Wife, or Friends.

The Audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the Actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole Assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the Stage, and brand the work it self with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the Author came out from behind the Scenes, begging the Audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the Tragical End, which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of Punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a Criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a Speech so impious, as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a Modern Audience.

It is very natural for an Author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an Old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the Reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge my self in both those inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole Audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single Spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary Man, as any circumstance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable Person often frequented the Theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion it is recorded of him, That he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a Tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have afflicted in several of his Plays. In the midst of the Tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chance'd to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rote from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what
what the line was that gave this divine Heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who when he is prised by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, That he had taken the Oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a Speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the Benefices of his thoughts: But such an exprelion out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to morrow for the closing of my Vision.

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No 123. Saturday, January 21. 1709.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore. Hoc.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A Continuation of the Vision.

With much labour and difficulty I pasied through the first part of my Vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great Roads. I here joined my self to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with Lawrels, which were intermixed with marble Trophies, carved Pillars, and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Statesmen, Philosophers, and Poets. The persons who travelled up this great Path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great Road were several Paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them Covered walks, and received into them men of Retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end.
end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscur-
ity. The Edifices at the extremity of the Walk were so contrived,
that we could not see the Temple of Honour by reason of the Tem-
pie of Virtue which stood before it. At the gates of this Tem-
pie we were met by the Goddess of it, who conducted us into that
of Honour, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful trium-
phal Arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the Deity of the
inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a Figure
that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of Eternity.
She sat on a Globe in the midst of a golden Zodiac, holding the figure
of a Sun in one hand, and a Moon in the other. Her head was veiled,
and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amid
the Sphere of Light which this Image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired
to another pile of building that stood within view of the Temple of Ho-
nor, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but
at my approach to it, I found, that the stones were laid together with-
out mortar, and that the whole Fabrick stood upon to weak a founda-
ton, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Tem-
pie of Vanity. The Goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many
Tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better
than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art, was to show
her self more beautiful and majestick than she really was. For which
reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon
her breast: But what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of
her Petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern
Fardingal. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-think-
ers, and prating Politicians; with a rabble of those who have only Titles
to make them Great Men. Female votaries crowded the Temple, choke-
ed up the Avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon
the sea-shore. I made it my business in my return towards that part of
the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the Walks which led
to this Temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey
with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their com-
pany: But upon examination I found, that there were several paths which
led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so
many crooked Turns and Windings, that those who travelled through
them often turned their backs upon the Temple of Virtue, then crossed
the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the
end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscur-
ity. The Edifices at the extremity of the Walk were so contrived,
crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several Alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mitchievous pretenders to Politricks, which had at every turn the figure of a per-
son, whom by the Inscription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the 
way with an extended finger like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to ob-
serve carefully every thing that passed in the Region of Avarice, and the 
occurrences in that Assembly, which was made up of persons of my own 
Age. This Body of travellers had not gone far in the third great Road, 
befoie it led them intently into a deep valley, in which they journeyed 
several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary re-
freshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a 
river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of Golden Sand: 
They often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in 
it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quench-
ed their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of pre-
cious Ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see 
several parts of them veins of Gold, and rocks that looked like pure 
Silver. We were told, that the Deity of the place had forbid any of his 
Votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or covert the Treasures 
they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the 
valley stood The Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a Fortifi-
cation, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed Dogs, that were 
placed there to keep off Beggars. At our approach they all fell a bark-
ing, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who 
had called herself by the forged name of Competency offered her self for 
our guide. She carried under her garment a Golden Bough, which she 
sooner held up in her hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the gates flew 
open for our reception: We were led through an hundred Iron doors, 
before we entered the Temple. At the upper end of it sat the God of 
Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, en-
closed with heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of money, but half naked and 
shivering with cold. On his right hand was a Fiend called Rapine, and 
on his left a particular favourite to whom he had given the Title of Par-
simony. The first was his Collector, and the other his Cachier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the Temple, 
with respective Officers attending behind them. Some of these I enqui-
red into. At the first table was kept the Office of Corruption. Seeing
a Solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a Multiplication Table and an Almanack before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was master of. The Solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dextrous and successful Solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the Office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour, brought him in return, sacks full of the same kind of Coin. I saw at the same time a person called Fraud, who sat behind a Counter with false Scales, light Weights, and scanty Measures; by the skilful application of which Instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several Officers, or describe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many Old men panting and breathless, repose their heads on Bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the harder. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole Assembly fell a trembling, and upon enquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this Phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the God of this loathsome Temple. The miserable Votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Everyone fancied himself threatened by the Apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the Passion which I saw in this unhappy people to be of the same nature with those unaccountable Antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrenly, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful
ful and innocent a thing as water. The whole Assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the Phantom.

"Oh Poverty! (said I) my first Petition to thee is, That thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldest not bear a Form more terrible than that in which thou appearedst to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my Friend, my Principles, or my Honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, Oh Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two Sistres, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence.

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferring to another opportunity.

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Sceius est jugulare salernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sava mero. Mart.

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Sheer-Lane, February 9.

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Here is in this City a certain fraternity of Chymical Operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous Philosophers are daily employed in the Transmigration of Liquors, and, by the power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of a Sloe, and draw Champagne from an Apple. Virgil, in that remarkable Prophecy,
"The ripening Grape shall hang on every Thorn.

seems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of Northern Hedges into a Vineyard. These Adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to Her Majesty's Customs, but to the Bodies of many of her good Subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their respective Caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a Merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war; but these Gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they fold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the Court with great eloquence, that this new Corporation of Druggists had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and puzzled the College of Physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accused some of giving all their customers Cholicks and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of Claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the Gout to a dozen of the healthfullest men in the city, provided that their Constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the Brains of the English nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain Satyrift, whom he had discovered to be the Author of a Lampoon, by a manifest taste of the Sloe, which showed itself in it by much Roughness, and little Spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations, which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats and anomalies, that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern Enthusiasts and Agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated Port.
The Council for the Brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistacations. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprized at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor, which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipatated.

This notable Advocate had little to say in the defence of his Clients, but that they were under a necessity of making Claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is Prohibited. He further pretended to reason, That it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court, That the lands in Herefordshire were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in different Phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the Court. The workmen were drawn up ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, That in one row of Phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the taffes. He then showed me on the right hand one who went by the name of Tom. Tintoret, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his Colouring of any Vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a Glass of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc; from thence it passed into a florid Hermitage: And after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep Portack. This ingenious Vertuoso seeing me very much surprized at his art, told me, That he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring; But that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the Cider of one Apple take only a Vermilion, while another, with a less quantity.
of the same infusion, would rise into a dark Purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, That he could hit the different shades and degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Rose, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this Vertuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a Scarlet-Dyer.

The Artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: Upon which the famous Harry Sippet slept out, and asked me, What I would be pleased to drink? At the same time he filled out three or four White liquors in a glass, and told me, That it should be what I pleased to call for; adding very learnedly, That the liquor before him was as the naked Substance or First Matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleased. Finding him so great a Philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right Bourdeaux. Coming, Coming, Sir, (said he) with the air of a Drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tasters and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little Cruet that was filled with a kind of Inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white-wine, presented it to me, and told me, This was the wine over which most of the business of the last Term had been dispatched. I must confess, I looked upon that foamy drug which he held up in his Cruet as the Quimperelle of English Bourdeaux, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My Cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my Chair, and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions, and had it not been a Creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent Domelick, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured Creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. 

there-
therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than a kind of
Assasins and Murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt
to clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed
them for that time; with a particular request, That they would not poi-
son any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest liveli-
hood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my
liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their
next march, to secure me two hogsheads of the best Stomach-wine in
the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my lucubrations, and the com-
fort of my old age.

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No. 133: Tuesday, February 14. 1709.

Dum tacent, clamant.

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most
noble and most expressive Eloquence, and is on many occasions the
indication of a Great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Si-
ence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have consid-
ered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Tro-
jans, advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they
incline an army of pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen
and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march,
and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us
of some of the more Eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed
by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and
more elevated raptures than what we feel in the Northern regions of the
world, that Silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their pub-
lack devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high
as words can raise them, there are certain inflections of sound and mo-
tion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell
with
with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance: I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a matter-piece of musick, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methoughts this short interval of silence has had more musick in it than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of Silence in the two greatest Poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. Ajax, who had been the Rival of this Great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his Shade in the region of departed Heroes, makes his submission to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other paffes over with dumb fulness majesty, and such a silence, as (to use the words of Longinus) had more greatnes in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the Poet, doubtless, imitates this silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Enneas finding among the shades of despairing Lovers, the Ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresseth himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a refining Lover, and an injured Queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The Poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time upon the ground, as one that heard and consummated his protestations, flying from him into the grove of Myrtle, and into the arms of Another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have often thought our writers of Tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of Venice Preserved, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a preparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the Wheel, by flaying him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from
from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexplicable, and an Idea of such a complicated distress in the Actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many Readers to give rules and directions for proper Silences, as for Penning a Whisper: But it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly Surprize, Admiration, Abhorrence, nay, Rage, it felt, there is nothing more graceful than to see the Play stand for a few moments, and the Audience fixed in an agreeable suspense during the Silence of a skilful Actor.

But Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its Majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether Divine. When one considers this subject only in its Sublimity, this great Influence could not but occur to me: and since I only make use of it to show the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if possible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a Great Mind. And I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men of Antiquity, I do not so much admire them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they commended the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of Worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleasure a Legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest Genius's that our own or any country has produced; After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Estate, in the usual form, he adds, "My Name and Memory I leave to foreign Nations, and to my Countrymen, after some time be passed over.

At the same time that I recommend this Philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a Proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.
I must not close my discourse upon Silence, without informing my Reader, that I have by me an elaborate Treatise on the Apostrophes, called an Et cetera, it being a Figure much used by some learned Authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Justice Coke observes, had a most admirable Talent at an &.

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**N° 146. Thursday, March 16, 1709.**

Permitte ipsiis expendere naminibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque si utilis nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quaeque dabo. Dii
Cedari elegis homo, quam sit. Nos animarum
Impulsu et ceca magnoque cupidine ducti
Conjugin petimus, partumque uxor: at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque situra sit uxor.

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From my own Apartment, March 15.

Among the various sets of Correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their Cafes from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer than the Complainers. One of them dates his Letter to me from the Banks of a purling Stream, where he used to ruminate in Solitude upon the divine Chariot, and where he is now looking about for a convenient Leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the lots of that charming perjured Woman. Poor Lavinia Prefles as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philemon, that she tells me she writes her Letter with her Pen in one hand, and her Garter in the other. A Gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon account of a Greyhound, that after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another
ther (who I believe is serious) complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a Calamity in humane life that has not produced me a Letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and Houses, Sheep and Oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a Muff, a Scarf, or a Tipper, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A Lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her Parrat. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a Ball or an Assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last Masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear Creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities: Many an Author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot; and many a Hero cast into a fit of Melancholy, because the Rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running Horse, Sufrenus in a gilded Chariot, Fulvius in a Blue Sling, and Florio in a Tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the Nature of the Evil, but from the Temper of the Sufferer, I shall present my Readers, who are unhappy either in Reality or Imagination, with an Allegory, for which I am indebted to the great Father and Prince of Poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my Elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous Speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great Vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my Imagination into the following Dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of Nature, with the presiding Deities, did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of Winds, another with a magazine of Hail, and a third with a pile of Thunder-bolts. The Stars offered
up their Influences, the Ocean gave in his Trident, the Earth her Fruits, and the Sun his Seasons. Among the several Deities who came to make their Court on this occasion, the Deities advanced with two great Tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the Right hand of Jupiter as he sat upon his Throne, and the other on his Left. The first was filled with all the Blessings, and the other with all the Calamities of humane life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this Iron age, poured very plentifully out of the Tun that stood at his Right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his Blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and dissipations, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravity of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole Species, except Deryction and Pyrrha, he commanded the Deities to gather up the Blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up till the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three Sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several Blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were Cities, Palaces, and Courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but Envy, Repining, Uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the Left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered Content, Cheerfulness, Health, Innocence, and other the most substantial Blessings of life, in Cottages, Shades, and Solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the Trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several Blessings had degenerated into Calamities, and that several Calamities had improved into Blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found Power with so much Influence and Impatience cleaving to it, that it became a Misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often dissipers growing about it worse than the infirmities of Old age: Wealth was often united to such a fordid Avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of Poverty.
Poverty. On the contrary, they often found Pain made glorious by Fortitude, Poverty loft in Content, Deformity beautified with Virtue. In a word, the Blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tailes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the Calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprize to the three Sistres as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several Blessings and Calamities which had never been in either of the Tuns that flowed by the Throne of Jupiter, and were yet so great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. Thefe were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grew of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of humane creatures. Such are Dregs, Titles, Place, Equipage, false Shame, and groundless Fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in pride's, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Dilemmes finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the Blessings and Calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly, the eldest Sister presenting her self before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

O Jupiter! (says she) we have gathered together all the Good and Evil, the Comforts and Distresses of humane life, which we thus present before thee in our promiscuous heap. We beseech thee that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beside thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a humane creature, and what will prove a Blessing or a Calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.

Saturday,
From my own Apartment, March 18.

Reading is to the mind, what Exercise is to the body: As by
the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by
the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive,
cherished and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful
when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to
grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply our selves to it only for
our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather
from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we
are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and
makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this Preface, I shall let down a very beautiful allegorical Fable
of the great Poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is
very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him:
And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correpon-
dents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost
the affections of their Husbands, and desire my advice how to recover
them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount
Ida, and knowing that he conceived an aversion to her, began to study
how she should regain his affections, and make her self amiable to him.
With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she
bathed her self in Ambrosia, which gave her person all its beauty, and diff-
sued so divine an odour, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both Hea-
ven and Earth. She let her immortal Tresses flow in the most graceful
manner, and took a particular care to drefs her self in severall ornaments,
which the Poet describes at length, and which the Goddes chose out as the
the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the Deity who presides over Love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, says the Goddess, I would make use of them to reconcile the two Deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at present, are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other’s bed. Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a Goddess, and therefore made her a present of the Cestus which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom, till she had accomplished her intention. This Cestus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the Sex wrought into it. The four principal Figures in the embroidery were Love, Desire, Fondness of speech, and Conversation, filled with that Sweetness and Complacency which, says the Poet, insensibly flees away the hearts of the Wise men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came as by accident into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, professing to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any Mortal Goddess, or even Her self, had appeared to him till that day. The Poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that (without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan, according to Juno’s direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads, as they sat upon the top of Mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in Lotus’s, Saffron, Hyacinths, and a bed of the finest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recall the Afection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the Cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every Female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses her self to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a Wife’s charms is intimated by the same prentice for her appear-
appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the Cestus in her bottom.

I shall leave this Tale to the consideration of such good Housewives, who are never well drest but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their Husbands: As also to those prudent Ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their Husbands with indifference, aversion, full silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a Taste of 218 Hogsheads which are to be put to sale at 201. a Hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the 2ndinstant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long's Vaults from the 20th instant till the time of sale. This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelledd a Jury of Men of nice palates and strong heads, who being all of them very terpulcous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their Verdict till three in the morning; at which time the Foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, Extra-a--ordinary French Claret. For my own part, as I love to consult my Pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my Sentence, and this morning confirmed the Verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my Correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unwisely in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give Judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen Bottles of it. I must at the same time do my self the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a Butcher in Clare-Market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and half of Marrow-bones. I had likewise a substane sent me by a Fishmonger, consisting of a Collar of Brawn, and a Joll of Salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the Diet of this great City, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers, that it may not be said hereafter, my Readers were better taught than fed.

Tuesday,
From my own Apartment, March 20.

Having intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the Diet of this great City, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed Readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to Beef and Mutton. This was that Diet which bred that hardy race of mortals, who won the fields of Crécy and Agincourt. I need not go up so high as the history of Guy Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a Dun Cow of his own killing. The renowned King Arthur is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a Whole roast'd Ox (which was certainly the best way to preserve the Gravy;) and it is further added, that he and his Knights fat about it at his Round table, and usually confounded it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a professed lover of the Brisket; not to mention the history of the Sirloin, or the Institution of the Order of Beef-eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our war-like Predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient Gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot Roast-beef; and I am credibly informed by an Antiquary who has searched the Registers in which the Bills of Fare of the Court are recorded, that instead of Tea and Bread and Butter, which have prevailed of late years, the Maids of Honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three Rumps of Beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant Countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those
those of strong and robust Constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word Sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do a Beetcater in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of Lamb, Veal, Chicken, and other Animals under Age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of Daniel the Historian, who takes notice, That in all ages upon Provisions, during the reigns of several of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned beside the flesh of such Fowl and Cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaugther. The Common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their Ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great measure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: For I would desire my Reader to consider, what work our Countrymen would have made at Bleubeim and Ramilles, if they had been fed with Fricacies and Ragouts.

For this reason we at present see the florid Complexion, the strong Lamb, and the hale Constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people; or in the Wild Gentry, who have been educated among the woods and mountains: Whereas many great families are indubitably fallen off from the Athletic Constitution of their Progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of Valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to imppute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it: As Physicians observe, that the poorest and most dilitrimed blood is most subject to Fevers. I look upon a French Ragout to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young Lady swallow all the imitations of high Soups, seasoned Sauces, and forced Meats, I have wondered at the Deipnosophists fighting for her lovers.

The rules among these false delicacies, are to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.
They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their Senses, but what would offend those of their Inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and (as the Phrase is) eats well. At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help my self. That which stood before me I took to be a roasted Porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded Turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several Hashes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were Delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other Dainties, I saw something like a Pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but to my great surprize, my friend told me it was a Rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a Pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a Gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the Gentleman of the house said, with great civility, I am sure you will like the Pig, for it was whipped to death. I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an Animal that had died such a tragical death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when, musing, I smelt the agreeable savour of Roast-beef, but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a Noble Sirloin on the side-table smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial English dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The Desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several Pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of Cream beaten up into a Snow, and near them little plates of Sugar-plumbs, disposed like so many heaps of Hall-stones, with a multitude of Congelations in Jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them, and was half angry...
with the rest of the company, that for the sake of a piece of Lemmon- peel, or a Sugar-plumb, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could
not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of
Ice, which they had just before been burning with Salts and Peppers.
As soon as this show was over I took my leave, that I might finish my
dinner at my own house: For as I in every thing love what is simple and
natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with two or three
good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased
and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my Maxim,
That he keeps the greatest table, who has the most valuable company at it.

N° 152. Thursday, March 30. 1710.

Dit, quibus Imperium est animarum, umbraque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nopte silensia late,
Sit mihi sas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.  

Virg.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A man who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a
very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason,
persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain them-
selves with the history of past Ages, or raise schemes and conjectures up-
on Futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of Eter-
nity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run
out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas
all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity
to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with me-
dicating on the Soul's Immortality, and in reading the several notions
which the wits of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on
that subject. What the opinions of the greatest Philosophers have been,
I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a Prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of humane creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen Author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the Soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the Regions of the Dead, in order to consult Tiresias, how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the Gods. The Poet scarce introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his Reader, and designs his description of the Dead for the amusement of the Living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, sat him down by the pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of Ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the Heroe, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew, was the shade of Elpenor, who, to show the activity of a spirit above that of body, is representated as arrived there long before Ulysses, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inspire the Reader with a detestation of Drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the Dead, describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulysses, that for the repose of his Soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses with great sorrow of heart promises to fulfill his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The Ghost of his own Mother Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitude of Shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: But being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his Mother, till he had consulted that great Prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the Empire of the dead. Tiresias having cautioned him to keep himself and his Companions free from the guilt of Sacrilege, and to pay his devotions...
to all the Gods, promises him a return to his Kingdom and Family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The Poet having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his Reader in suspense, represents his Wife man, after the despatch of his business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his Mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, Oh my Soul! and enquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other hand desires to know, what the sickness was that had sent her into those Regions, and the condition in which she had left his Father, his Son, and more particularly his Wife. She tells him, they were all Three incomparable for his absence; and as for myself, says she, That was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only discontents that preyed upon my life, and separated my Soul from my Body. Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his Mother to his bosom and weep over her.

This gives the Poet occasion to describe the notion the Heathens at that time had of an un bodied Soul, in the excuse which the Mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her Son's embraces. The Soul, says she, is composed neither of Bones, Flesh, nor Sinews, but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral Pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burthen, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the Poet draws up to view as charming a Vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the Shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the Daughters of Kings, the Mistresses of Gods, or Mothers of Heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Erinye, and severals others of whom he gives a Catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The Beautiful Assembly of Apparitions were all gathered together about the Blood: Each of them, says Ulysses, (as a gentle Satyr upon Female vanity) giving me an account of her Birth and Family. This Scene of extraordinary women seems to have been designed by the Poet as a lecture of morality to the whole Sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.
The Circle of Beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian Heroes who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the Generalissimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying anything to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragic circumstances; how he was murdered at a Banquet by the contrivance of his own Wife, in confederacy with her Adulterer: From whence he takes occasion to reprove the whole Sex, after a manner which would be incomparable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. My Wife (says he) has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your Wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my Wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman.

The Poet, in this and other instances, according to the System of many heathen as well as Christian Philosophers, shows, how angry, revengeful, and other habits which the Soul had contracted in the body, subsist and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the Poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. Achilles (says the Heroe) came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus. By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles inquires after the welfare of his Son, and of his Father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has everywhere expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his Son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his Behaviour whilst he lay in the wooden horse. Most of the Generals (says he) that were with us, either slept or trembled: As for your Son, I neither saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his Sword, or grasp his Spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans. He then informs his Father of the great honour and rewards which
which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of Achilles, says the Poet, was so pleased with the account he received of his Son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This last circumstance of a deceased Father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his Son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the Armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the fullness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the Heroe, he expresseth himself with generous and noble sentiments. Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles. The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent of Ulysses to have been, discovers it felt likewise in the speech which he made to the Ghost of Ajax on that occasion. Oh Ajax! says he, Was you keep your resentments even after death? what destruction hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impose not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: Let me entreat you to approach me, restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you. Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of Ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these Visions, took a view of those impious Wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, so as many marks of Divine Vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the Heroes that lived in the ages before him, the Ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous Spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.
I question not but my Reader will be pleas'd with this description of
a Future State, represent'd by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that
had nothing to direct it besides the Light of Nature, and the opinions of
a dark and ignorant age.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I have heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the
Age in which it was drawn, are represent'd fitting together in a Cir-
cle, and joining in a Confort of Musick. Each of them plays upon
such a particular Instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and
expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The
famous Cupola-painter of those times, to show the grandeur and boldness
of his figures, hath a Horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with
great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent Artist, who
wrought up his Pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all
those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represent-
ed as tuning a Theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the
whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to my self, that different talents
in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different
kinds of musick; and that the several convertible parts of mankind in
this great City might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they
resemble several Instruments that are in use among the Masters of Har-
mony. Of these therefore in their order, and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh,
unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in publick assemblies,
overbear men of sense, flout their companions, and fill the place they are
in with a ratling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breed-
ing in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very
proper
proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with Ladies, who are not of the finest taste, often pays for a man of mirth and wit, for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small concert. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutanists therefore are men of a fine Genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an Instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five Notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak Judgments, and a short reach of Understanding; a Play-house, a Drawing-room, a Ball, a Visiting-day, or a Ring at Hide-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet however is a necessary Instrument about a Court, and a proper enhancer of a Concert, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of Imagination, sharpness of Repartee, glances of Satire, and bear away the upper part in every concert. I cannot however but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear Music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the Concert, and with a furious malevolent sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several Instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough senfe, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and sly pleasantries, to the
no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a Bais-viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horses, Quickset-hedges, and Six-bar gates, Double ditches, and Broken necks, I am in doubt whether I should give them a place in the convertible world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few Notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a Drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious Story-tellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an half-penny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this Island are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsicords, a kind of Musick which every one knows is a Comfort by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to humane nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feast, and publick tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practis'd in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-bone and Cleaver.

My Reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon Male Instruments, having reserved my Female Confort to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a chrysal stream, or in the retreats
recreats of shady woods and flowry meadows; which for different rea-
sons are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-viols are
frequently to be found over a glas of Stale-beer, and a pipe of Tobacco;
whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appear-
ance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any
where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the fore-
going discourse, I must intreat my Reader to make a narrow search into
his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine
himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a
Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend
his musick for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum
for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished myself a
little in good company, I throw as much of the Trumpet into my conver-
sation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mix-
ture of different musicks, I look upon myself, during the course of many
years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much en-
deavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my resolu-
tions, I must confess with great confusion, that I find myself daily dege-
nerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the
company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch
over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin
to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of
others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the
comfort by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from
a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and
invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends,
in the following words:

Dear Isaac,

"I intend to have a Confort at my house this evening, having by great
chance got a Harpsicord, which I am sure will entertain you ver-
ry agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: Let
me beg you to put your self in tune, and believe me"

Your very faithful Servant,
Nicholas Humdrum.

Tuesday,
We have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of Genius, had all the lights of Philosophy and humane Learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Aeneas is represented as descending into the Empire of Death, with a Prophet as by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the Shadows of Sickness, Old age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty (Apparitions very terrible to behold;) with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of humane Souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles Death, the Poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters, and describes in them a huge gloomy Elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of Dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a lift of imaginary Persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the Dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials of (to use Shakespeare's phrase) the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the Shades of the Giant with a hundred hands, and of his Brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur,
taurs; and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a Woman's face and Lion's talons; the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimera, which breaths forth a flame; and is a compound of three Animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the Dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of Fancy, which the Soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of Death.

Thus far Aeneas travels in an Allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonick Philosophy. I shall not trouble my Reader with a common dull Story, that gives an account why the Heathens first of all supposed a Ferryman in Hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book, that the Souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, till they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the Heathen Priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper Rites and Ceremonies to the Memory of the dead. I shall not however, with the infamous Scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against Priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the Memory of their Forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the Virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the Soul's Immortality. In a word, we may lay in defence of the severe opinions relating to the Shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our Divines in regard to the rigid Doctrines concerning the Souls of such who die without being initiated into our Religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeare, and the triple-headed Dog laid asleep, but Aeneas makes his entrance into the Dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the Borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days.
days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon Earth. The first of these are the Souls of Infants, who are slain away by untimely ends: The second, are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a re-hearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The Poet, after having mentioned the Souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation: Oh! how gladly, says he, would they now endure life with all its miseries! But the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are impassable. It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding Self-murder was so frequent among the Heathens, and had been practised by some of the Greatest Men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a Crime. But in this particular he was guided by the Doctrines of his Great Master Plato, who says on this subject, that a Man is placed in his station of life like a Soldier in his proper Post, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his Commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonick Philosophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greatest part of the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty Materialized (if I may so call it) a scheme of abstractive Notions, and clothed the most refined conceptions of Philosophy in sensible Images, and Poetical Representations. The Platonists tell us, That the Soul, during her residence in the Body, contracts many virtuous and vicious Habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful Being; a substance inflamed with Lust, Avarice, and Pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: That thefe and the like Habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the Soul, survive and gather strengthe in her after her dissolution: That the torments of a vicious Soul in a future State, arise principally from those importunate Passions, which are not capable of being gratified without a Body; and that on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime Speculations, innocent Diversions, sociable Affections, and all the ecstasies of Passion and Rapture which are agreeable to reasonable Natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.
Upon this foundation, the Poet raises that beautiful description of the secret Haunts and Walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceased Lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In these there grows a Forest of Myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the Souls of those who pined away with Love. The Passion says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a lift of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantick Scene, with the Shade of her first Husband Sicambus.

The Poet in the next place mentions another Plain that was peopled with the Ghosts of Warriors, as well delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian Generals and common Soldiers who perished in the Siege of Troy as drawn up in Squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Aeneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notion, gives a view of the Trojan Heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary Scene of Chariots and Arms, flowry Meadows, shining Spears, and generous Steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon Earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing Paens, and Songs of Triumph, amidst a beautiful Grove of Laurel. The chief of the comfort was the Poet Musaeus, who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of Shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy Spirits, to shew the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a Lake of fire, strengthened with towers of Iron, encompassed with a triple Wall, and fortified with Pillars of adamant, which all the Gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of Stripes, the clank of Chains, and the Groans of the tortured, strike the pious Aeneas with a kind of horror. The Poet afterwards divides the Criminals into two Classes: The first and blackest Catalogue consists of such as were guilty of Outrages against the Gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of Injustice between man and man: The greatest number of whom, says the Poet, are those who followed the dictates of Avarice.

It
It was an opinion of the Platonists, That the Souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of Vice and Ignorance, there were several purgations and cleanings necessary to be passed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a cloathing of Poetry, describes some Spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleaning under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their Natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of Philosophers, that the Souls of all men exist in a separate state long before their union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of Pre-existence; so that what we here call Knowledge, is nothing else but Memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several Souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and fill themselves with the waters of Oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Aeneas is represented taking a survey of the long train of Heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his Son Ancaes an account of all the Glories of his race.

I need not mention the Revolution of the Platonick year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consult’d no Authors thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished Poet more agreeable to my Female Readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden’s Translation of it.
N° 155. Thursday, April 6. 1710.

--- Alienia negotia curat
--- Excussus propriis.---

Hor.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

There lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest Newmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Post-man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch Mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearness of news, and never enjoyed himself in a Westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruine of his shop; for about the time that his favourite Prince left the Crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard some body at a distance hemming after me: And who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dres: For notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-whig out of curl; to which he had added the
the ornament of a pair of black Garters buckled under the knee. Upon
his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstan-
ces; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, Whether the
læt Letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?
I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet
married his eldest Daughter? He told me, No. But pray, says he, tell me
sincerely, What are your thoughts of the King of Sweden? (for though
his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present
was for this great Monarch.) I told him, that I looked upon him as one
of the first Heroes of the Age. But pray, says he, do you think there is
any thing in the story of his wound? and finding me surprized at the
question, Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought
there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, says he, more
than in any other part of the body? Because, says I, the bullet chanced
to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to
launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after
having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity
how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Paper, and had been
just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The
Daily Courier, says he, has these words, We have advices from very good
bands, that a certain Prince has some matters of great importance under
consideration. This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more
in the dark, for he tells us, That there are private intimations of measures
taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring to light. Now the Post-
man, says he, who utes to be very clear, refers to the same news in these
words; The late conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of spec-
culation. This certain Prince, says the Upholsterer, whom they are all so
curious of naming, I take to be—— upon which, though there was no
body near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear,
or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three
or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the Bench. These I found
were all of them Politicians, who used to amuse themselves in that place
every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their
kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great afferrer of Paradoxes.
He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read
from Moscow, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in
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the Black sea, which might in time do hurt to the Naval Forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have roused chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Mensikoff, and the Dutchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West-Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Lowland Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the world came to the world, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern Crowns held together, and the Czar of Muscovy floundered.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present Negotiations of peace, in which he deplored Princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him Half-a-Crown. In compassion to so needy a State-man, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but
but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This Paper I design for the particular Benefit of those worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-house than in their Shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Customers.

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**№ 156. Saturday, April 8, 1710.**

--- Sequiturque Patrem non passibus aquis. ---

Virg.

--- From my own Apartment, April 7. ---

We have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the Infernal Shades, with the several adventures that attended it.

If we look into the beautiful Romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of Cambrey, we may see the Son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the Spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned Reader a notion of that great Poet's manner of writing, more than any Translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young Prince, who may one day sit upon the Throne of France, the Author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his Pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the Misery of Bad, and the Happiness of Good Kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The Prelate in several places mixes himself with the Poets, so that his Future State puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's last R 2 Judg.
Judgment, where Charon and his Boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Temenachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of Ghosts to the Ferryman of Styx, is admitted into the infernal Bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the Shade of Nabobzarzon, a King of Babylon, and Tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomp of his funeral, there were four Slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the Shades. The Author having described this Tyrant in the most odious colours of Pride, Infolence, and Cruelty, tells us, that his four Slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with Reproaches and Affronts for his past usage: that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to show his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a Chain, in order to drag him before the Tribunal of the dead.

Temenachus, upon looking out of the Bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of Shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the Palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his Throne in terrible Majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his Throne was the pale hideous Spectre, who, by the Ghastliness of his visage, and the Nature of the apparitions that surrounded him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are Melancholy, Disgrace, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The Author, with great beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an assembly of Phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young Hero, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of Criminals that lay in torture among Clouds of Sulphur, and Torrents of Fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: To which is added, a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the Author, are malicious Critics, that have endeavoured to call a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash Judgment on their actions, without knowing the
the occasion of them. These Crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth. Telemaques, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that Region of Torments in which wicked Kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of Imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of Ambition, Vanity, Hardness of Heart, and all those secret Affections of Mind that enter into the composition of a Tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large Mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective Thrones. She too, says the Author, presents a Mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several Slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The Author having given us a description of these ghastly Spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning Vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing Scene of Groves, filled with the Melody of Birds, and the Odours of a thousand different Plants. These Groves are represented as rising among a great many flowry meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the Author, was the habitation of those good Princes who were friends of the Gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemaques converses with the Shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the Joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The Residence of Sejostiris among these happy Shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle Light which overflows these happy Regions, and cloaths the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath some-
something in it of that Enthusiasm which this Author was accused of by
his enemies in the Church of Rome; but however it may look in Reli-
gion, it makes a very beautiful figure in Poetry.

The rays of the Sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this
light, which rather deserves the name of Glory, than that of Light. It
pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the Sun-beams pass
through crystal; it strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nour-
rishes in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that
is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very
substance of the Soul: The spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses,
and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and
joy that arises in them forever, running through all the faculties, and re-
freshing all the desires of the Soul. External pleasures and delights, with
all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indiff-
rence and neglect by these happy Spirits who have this great principle of
pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their
attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the trans-
ports of Inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some matter-touches of this admirable
piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my
Readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these Prospects
of Futurity, whether grounded upon the probable Suggestions of a fine
Imagination, or the more severe Conclusions of Philosophy; as a man
loves to hear all the Discoveries or Conjectures relating to a foreign
country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature
lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst
and lowest circumstances of Mortality. They extinguish in us both the
fear and envy of humane Grandeur. Insecurity shrinks its head, Power
disappears; Pain, Poverty, and Death, fly before them. In short, the
mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an Hereafter, can hope for
what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in
what is the most afflictive.

Flour de laur.
From my own Apartment, April 12.

Tom Folio is a Broker in learning, employed to get together good Editions, and flock the Libraries of great men. There is not a Sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an Auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a Subscription goes forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the Proposals: nor a Catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the Press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the Title-page of all Authors, knows the Manuscripts in which they were discovered, the Editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a Panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an Author, when he tells the Subject he treats of, the Name of the Editor, and the Year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the Paper, extols the diligence of the Corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the Letter. This he looks upon to be found Learning and substantial Criticism. As for those who talk of the Fineness of Style, and the Jovialnes of thought, or describe the Brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned Idiot, (for that is the light in which I consider every Pedant) when I discovered in him some little
little touches of the Coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the Republick of Letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain Author upon a passage of Virgil’s account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought had taken very much among men of Tom’s pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Reader with it, I found upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of Rewards and Punishments, because Aeneas, at his leaving the Empire of the dead, passed through the gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil possibly had his oversight as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinrius’s Edition. I have perused him myself several times in that Edition, continued he; and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: One of them is in the Aeneid, where there are two Commas instead of a Parenthesis; and another in the third Georgick, where you may find a Semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not Virgil’s thoughts, but those of the Transcriber. I do not design it, says Tom, as a reflection on Virgil: On the contrary, I know that all the Manuscripts reclains against such a Punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, what would a man give to see one Simile of Virgil written in his own hand? I asked him which was the Simile he meant; but was answered, Any Simile in Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the Common-wealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom’s Claws who are professed admirers of Tasso without understanding a word of Italian; and one in particular, that carries a Psalter-fido in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the Clearness of the character.

There
There is another kind of Pedant, who, with all Tom Folio’s impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts, and Criticks; and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the Author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful Poems that have been composed by any of their Contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trites of Antiquity as a modern Author would be ashamed for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write Volumes upon an idle Sonnet that is originally in Greek or Latin; give Editions of the most immoral Authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their Authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A Pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:

"Un Pédant, enivré de sa vanne science,
Tout hérissé de Grec, tout bousi d’arrogance,
Et qui de mille Autors retenu ait pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassée n’a souvent fait qu’un Set,
Croit qu’un Livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La Raison ne voit goutte, et le bon Sens radote."
From my own Apartment, April 17.

A common civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, till my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the Upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's-Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see no body, and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house till I was stirring, and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the successes of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, If her master was yet up? And at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of Home-news that every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, that whatever his News was, I would rather
rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persifled in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The Wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose my self to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my Clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my Chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these Volunteers in Politicks, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a First Minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprizing to consider how numerous this Species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a Taylor breaking his reit on the Affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of Porters sitting upon the Ministry. Our streets swarm with Politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a Statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the Upholsterer at the door delivering a Letter to my Maid, and begging her, in very great hurry, to give it to her Master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

Mr. Bickersflaffe,

I was so wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest Gentleman whom you conversed with upon the Bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five Shillings of you, to give you a hundred Pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that Company would be willing to receive five Shillings, to pay a hundred Pounds on the same Conditions. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer Bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

But this is not my present Business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your Indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private Circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other Transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.
I have reason to believe, that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you last time we were together, my opinion about the Deule.

The honest Gentlemen upon the Bench bid me tell you, they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the Campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell till three-O’Clock tomorrow morning. I am

Your most Humble Servant, &c.

P. S. The King of Sweden is still at Bender.

I should have fretted my self to death at this promise of a second Vi- fit, if I had not found in his Letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my Maid to tie up the Knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my Morning’s rest.

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Nº 161. Thursday, April 20. 1710.

--- Nunquam libertas gratior exsulat Quam sub rege pio. ---

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I was walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing my self with the reading of that ancient and beautiful Allegory, called The Table of Cebes. I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to reit my self upon a Bench that stood in the midst.
midst of an agreeable Shade. The music of the Birds, that filled all
the Trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which
was followed by a Dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing
Author, who had made an impression upon my Imagination, and put
me into his own way of thinking.
I fancied myself among the Alpes, and, as it is natural in a Dream,
seemed every moment to bound from one Summit to another, till at last,
after having made this airy progress over the tops of several Mountains,
I arrived at the very Centre of those broken Rocks and Precipices. I
here, met with, saw a prodigious circuit of Hills, that reached above
the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great
curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling
through a great variety of winter scenes, till I had gained the top of
those white mountains, which seemed another Alpes of Snow. I looked
down from hence into a spacious Plain, which was surrounded on all
sides by this Mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable
prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the
leaves and grass, a brighter chrysalis in the streams, than what I ever met
with in any other region. The light it self had something more fining
and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I
was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a Paradise amidst the
wildness of those cold hoary Landskips which lay about it; but found
at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the Goddess of Libery;
whose presence softened the rigours of the Climate, enriched the barren
ness of the Soil, and more than supplied the absence of the Sun. The
place was covered with a wonderful profusion of Flowers, that without
being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously,
and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriy and disorder, than
they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There
was a river that arose out of the south-side of the mountain, that by an
infinite number of turns and windings, seemed to visit every plain,
and cherish the several beauties of the Spring, with which the
fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of Meanders, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a
mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of Rocks, and
at length rises in that part of the Alpes where the inhabitants think
it the first source of the Rubone. This river, after having made its progress through those Free Nations, stagnates in a huge Lake at the lead-
ving of them, and no sooneer enters into the regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the Sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them, beheld the Goddess sitting upon a Throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own Dominions, and nothing over her head but the Heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain Confidence growing in me, and such an inward Resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the Goddess sat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the Cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a Wand, like that with which a Roman Citizen used to give his Slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them such cals of ferocity and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a Mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in Letters of Blood, The Ides of March.

On the right hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was cloathed in the whitest Ermine, and wore a Crown of the purest Gold upon her head. In her hand she held a Sceptre like that which is born by the British Monarchs. A couple of tame Lions lay crouching at her feet: Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror: Her voice was like the voice of an Angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this Goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent Goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon
on a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of Spices, Olives, and Orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty, of the second, Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a Plough, and under her left held a huge Horn, out of which she poured a whole Autumn of Fruits. The other wore a Rostral Crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a Compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and enclosures; till at length, methoughts, I sprang from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery Plain, and though the tops of trees which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. Here saw all the inner Declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with Snow, overgrown with huge forests of Fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by Storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought, I was pleased in my Dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high till they are out of sight; and for that reason have been thought by some modern Philosophers to take a flight to the Moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination I found, that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an Iron Sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance with a Turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with Flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the Baggage of this army, I could discover Racks, Wheels, Chains, and Gibbets, with all the instruments Art could invent to make humane nature miserable.
Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish Callock, and leading up a whole army of Monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a misshapen body and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of Brais; and Rapine, with hands of Iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter were so very great, that they disturbed my Imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awakened me.

No 162. Saturday, April 22. 1710.

Tertius est, est Cato.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

In my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at Court, and indeed continued my pursuits till I arrived at my Grand Clerick: but at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new Office, and for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of Censor of Great Britain, referring to myself all such Perquisites, Profits, and Emoluments as should arise out of the discharge of the said Office. Thefe in truth have not been inconsiderable; for besides those weekly contributions which I receive from Job Morpheus, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great Island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of Wine, Stale beer, Hungary water, Beef, Books, and Marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on Court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the Character with which I am invested. For my direction in this
this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censor, whom I must always regard, not only as my Predecessors, but as my Patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, Whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among Politecy than Bickerstaffe?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was twofold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the Office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great City, I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the Natural and Affected Rakes, the Pretty fellows and the Very pretty fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamesters and Politicians. I have separated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duellists from Men of Honour. I have likewise made a calculation of Esquires, not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the Soft Sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several Centuries and Sub-divisions.

The second part of the Roman Censor's Office was to look into the Manners of the people, and to check any growing Luxury, whether in Diet, Dress, or Building. This Dury likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to Beef and Mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon Ragouts and Pricacies. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of Red heels to be seen within ten miles of London, which I may likewise aferibe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the Petticoat is not so great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of Building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately observed several Warehouses, nay, private Shops, that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of Tin pots showing themselves, in order to their sale, through a Sash-window.
I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Consuls, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offenders. It was usual for them to expel a Senator who had been guilty of great Immoralities out of the Senate-house, by omitting his name, when they called over the lift of his Brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several Worthless men who stood posessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of Dead men out of the vicious part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new Society of Upholders, with the necessary orders for their interriment. As the Roman Consuls used to punish the Knights or Gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their Horses from them, I have seized the Canes of many Criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the Common people of Rome, they were generally chastised, by being thrown out of a higher Tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My Reader, cannot but think I have had an eye to this Punishment, when I have degraded, one species of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Baf-viol's, and Bagpipes; not to mention whole packs of Delinquents whom I have shut up in Kennels, and the new Hospital, which I am at present erecting, for the reception of those of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moor-fields. I shall only observe upon this particular, that since some late surveys I have taken of this Island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor Cato the Elder stood for the Consorship of Rome, there were several other Competitors who offered themselves; and to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that Office. Cato on the contrary told them, he presented himself as a Candidate, because he knew the Age was funk in Immorality and Corruption; and that if they would give him their votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline as should recover them out of it. The Roman Historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the Publick-spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Consul, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure exalt my own countrymen upon the same account, who, without any respect to party, or any application from my self, have made such generous Subscriptions for the Consul of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my Old age, and which I esteem more than I would any Post in Europe of an hundred times the value. I shall only add,
add, that upon looking into my Catalogue of Subscribers, which I intend to print Alphabetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest Beauties and Wits in the whole Island of Great Britain, which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the Subscription in a very short time.

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No 163. Thursday, April 25. 1710.

*Idem insiceto est insicietor rure*
*Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam*
*Aequē est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:*
*Tam gaudei in se, tamque se ipse miratur.*
*Nimirum idem omnes sallimur; neque est quisquam*
*Quem non in aliqua re videre Sullenum*
*Poscis*—

Catul. de Sulleno.

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Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

Yesterday came hither about two hours before the Company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the Newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Sothly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. Mr. Bickerstaff, says he, I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I so much hate as News. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our Armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verses out of his pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my judg-
judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the Company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty Poet, and a great admirer of easie lines. Waller is his favourite: And as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our English Poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English Reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gushick ornaments of epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English Poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its naturally beauty and perfection.

Finding my self unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert my self as well as I could with so very odd a Fellow. You must understand, says Ned, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best Poet of our age. But you shall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows:

To Mira, on her incomparable Poeme.

I.

When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a Sister of the Nine,
Or Phoebus self in Petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
(T'your Song you sing with so much art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Why, says I, this is a little Nofegay of conceits, a very lump of Salt: Every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the Dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a fling in the tail of an Epigram (for so I think your Criticks call it) as ever entered into the thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. Bickerstaff, says he, shaking me by the hand, every body
body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I
read over Reformation’s translation of Horace’s Art of Poetry three seve-
nal times, before I sat down to write the Sonnet which I have shown you.
But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one
of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress’d in Laurel wreaths you shine.

That is, says he, when you have your Garland on; when you are writ-
ing verses. To which I replied, I know your meaning: A Metaphor!
The same, said he, and went on:

And tune your soft melodious notes.

Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a Consonant in
it: I took care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your opinion of it.
Truly, says I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear
you say so, says he; but mind the next:

You seem a Sister of the Nine.

That is, says he, you seem a Sister of the Muses; for if you look into
ancient Authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were Nine
of them. I remember it very well, said I; but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus self in Petticoats.

Phœbus, says he, was the God of Poetry. These little instances,
Mr. Bickerstaffe, show a Gentleman’s reading. Then to take off from
the air of Learning, which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first
Stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar:
in Petticoats!

Or Phœbus self in Petticoats.

Let us now, says I, enter upon the second Stanza. I find the first line
is still a continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy, when your Song you sing.

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the turn of words in those
two Lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a
doubt upon me, whether in the second Line it should be, Your Song
you sing; or, You sing your Song. You shall hear them both:
I fancy, when your Song you sing,
(T'wixt Song you sing with so much art.)

OR,

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
(You sing your Song with so much art.)

Truly, said I, the Turn is so natural; either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, said he, grasping me by the hand, you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.

Think! says I; I think you have made Cupid look like a little Goofe. That was my meaning, says he; I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For Ab! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that Ab! Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? Ab! It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For Ab! it wounds me like his Dart.

My friend Dick Eady, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that Ab! than to have been the Author of the Aeneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's Pen like a Quill in one of the lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that—Oh! as to that, says I, it is but supposing Cupid to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the same thing. He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen Criticks coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

Saturday.
From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between Realities and Appearances; and to separate true Merit from the Pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in humane life; and to settle the proper distinctions between the Virtues and Perfections of mankind; and those false Colours and Resemblances of them that thing alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to teach into the various merits and pretences of the Learned world. This is more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the Pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of Sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge like a hidden treasure with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like Hypocrify in religion, a form of knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in noise and show, and finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow Species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited Animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critick. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the Sense and Soul of an Author, has a few general rules, which, like Mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every Writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Plegin, Easie, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a positive Voice, and a Contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in Generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump.

He
He shakes his head very frequently at the Pedantry of Universities, and
bursts into laughter when you mention an Author that is known at Will's.
He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from
their own works, but from those of Респу and Босу. He knows his own
strength so well, that he never dares praise anything in which he has not
a French Author for his vouchs.

With these extraordinary Talents and Accomplishments, Sir Timothy
Turtle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and fits as Judge
of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in publick.

Impossibly to represent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulsions, which Sir Ti-
mothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, up-
on the reading of a bad Poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's house of mine in an
agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when in the height
of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daugh-
ter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very
much out of breath. He immediately called for a Chair, and desired
leave to sit down, without any further ceremony. I asked him, Where
he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied, That he
was quite spent, and fell a cursing in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry,
A wicked Rogue — An execrable Wretch — Was there ever such a
Monster—— The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and
asked, Whether any one had hurt him? he answered nothing, but still
talked to himself. To lay the first Scene, says he, in St. James's Park, and
the last in Northamptonshire! Is that all? says I: Then I suppose you have
been at the rehearsal of a Play this morning. Been! says he; I have
been at Northampton, in the Park, in a Lady's Bed-chamber, in a Dining-
room, every where; the Rogue has led me such a dance—— Though I
could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it
was no worse, and that he was only Metaphorically weary. In short, Sir,
says he, the Author has not observed a single Unity in his whole Play;
the Scene shifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up, and
down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs. I could not but obser-
ve with some pleasure, that the young Lady whom he made love to, con-
ceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him to very passio-
nate in trifles. And as she had that natural Sense which makes her a
better Judge than a thousand Critics, she began to rally him upon this
foolish humour. For my part, says she, I never knew a Play take that
was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! says he,
Is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste. It is a pretty kind of Magick, says she, the Poets have to transport an Audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses. I could travel round the world at such a rate. 'Tis such an entertainment as an Enchantress finds when she fancies her self in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, says Sir Timothy, is by no means just. Pray, says she, let my Similes pass without a Criticism. I must confess, continued she, (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) I laughed very heartily at the last New Comedy which you found so much fault with. But Madam, says he, you ought not to have laughed; and I defie any one to show me a single Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! says she; Pray who should hinder me. Madam, says he, there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth. I have heard, says the young Lady, That your great Critics are always very bad Poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a Dancing-master and a Gentleman. I must confess, continued he, I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad Comedy, than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, says Sir Timothy, That is not my fault, they should learn the art of writing. For my part, says the young Lady, I should think the greatest art in your writers of Comedies is to please. To please! says Sir Timothy; and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, says she, that is my opinion. Upon this, he compos'd his countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the satisfaction of the young Lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprize, how this Gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly and affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.
Saturday, July 1, 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Hor.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a Coach full of Friends to take a journey as far as the Land's-end. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was favoured the very first evening by a plate of Butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoilt his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the feet to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the Coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This however was but my own private grief, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when of a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who full held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter I was taken with an unaccountable fit of Sullenness, that hung upon me for above three score miles: whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish Maid's calling me The old Gentleman, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's-end.

There was another Coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret Jealouies, Heart-burnings, and Animosities:
cities: For when we joined companies at night, I could but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a Picture of Humane Life, in respect to the several Friendships, Contracts, and Alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between Man and Woman; and yet upon what titles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first Child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while some few, whose Souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuse our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and our selves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join our selves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new Beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in our selves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy Union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are Cheerfulness and Constancy. A Cheerful temper joined with Innocence, will make Beauty attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good-natured. It will lighten Sickness, Poverty, and Affliction; convert Ignorance into an amiable Simplicity, and render Deformity it self agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest Fickleness, Violence and Passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to excite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with
with them for life in the same state of Happiness or Mifery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral Virtue, and a kind of Good-nature, that is not subject to any change of Health, Age, Fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unsettle the best Dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a Constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed Passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting Tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a Story that is very well known in the North of England.

About thirty years ago, a Packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a Rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their Husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his Wife, than to forfear her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his Wife, told her, that for the good of their Children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearest to him than life, the Ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my Reader know, that this faithful Pair who were ready to have died in each others arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disquiet, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the Husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his Wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of humane Nature, that very often both deceives and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure my self, that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or my self? in short, without Constancy there is neither love, friendship, or virtue in the world.

Saturday,
From my own Apartment, August 25.

Nature is full of wonders; every Atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most miniture and trivial parts of the Creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little Genius to be wholly conversant among Insects, Reptiles, Animamcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a Virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the Sex of a Cockle, or describe the Generation of a Mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a Horse from an Oxe; but at the same time will tell you, with great deal of gravity, that a Flea is a Rhinoceros, and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of Spiders than he would upon a flock of Sheep, and has sold his Coats off his back to purchase a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with these Secrets and Curiosities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the World, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose Philosophy to the ridicule of the Witty, and the contempt of the Ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the Diversions, Relaxations, and Amusements, not the Care, Business, and Concern of Life.
It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of
Learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuse
of Nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their Chefs and Ca-
binets such Creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One
does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of
their Treasure, without a kind of an Apology for it. I have been shown
a Beetle valued at twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an hundred: But we
must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene
in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in
the eye of a Virtuoso.

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with
the Legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in
Natural Rarities and Curiosities, which upon his Death-bed he bequeathed
to his relations and friends in the following words:

_The Will of a Virtuoso._

Nicholas Gurrack being in sound Health of Mind, but in great
Weakness of Body, do by this my last Will and Testament bequeath
my worldly Goods and Chattels in manner following:

_Imprimis_, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

_Item_, To my Daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead-Caterpillars.
As also my preparations of Winter May-dew, and Embryo Pickle.

_Item_, To my little Daughter Funny,
Three Crocodile’s Eggs.

And upon the Birth of her first Child, if the marries with her Mo-
ther’s consent,
_The Nest of an Humming-Bird._

_Item_, To my eldest Brother, as an acknowledgment for the Lands
he has vested in my Son Charles, I bequeath
My last year’s collection of Grasshoppers.

_Item_, To his Daughter Susannah, being his only Child, I bequeath my
_English_ Weeds painted on Royal Paper,
With my large Folio of Indian Cabbage,

_Item_,

_Item_
Item. To my learned and worthy friend Dr. *Johannes Elstrickius*, Professor in Anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath
My Rat’s Teeth, and
Whale’s Pizzle,
To him and his issue Male; and in default of such issue in the said Dr. *Elstrickius*, then to return to my Executor and his Heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my Nephew *Isaac*, by making over to him some years since
A horned *Scarabaeus*,
The Skin of a Rattle-snake, and
The Mummy of an *Egyptian King*,
I make no further provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest Son *John* having spoken disrespectfully of his little Sister whom I keep by me in Spirits of Wine, and in many other instances behaved himself unprofitfully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal Estate, by giving him a single Cockle Shell.

To my second Son *Charles* I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Moles, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers, and Vermin, not above specified: As also all my Monsters, both wet and dry, making the said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid Legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

Whereas an ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March, 1708; These are to certify all whom it may concern, That the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

*Thursday,*
N° 218. Thursday, August 30, 1710.

Scriptorium Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes. Hor.

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this Summer, and took a walk into the country to divert my self among the fields and meadows, while the Green was new, and the Flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every Lane is a beautiful walk, and every Hedge full of Nosegays, I left my self with a great deal of pleasure among several Thickets and Bushes that were filled with a great variety of Birds, and an agreeable confusion of Notes, which formed the pleasanter Scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the Dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspir’d the Birds with so many delightful Instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction, as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful Simile in Milton:

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and josters, annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a Summer’s morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages, and Farms
Adjoin’d, from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Home,
Or Dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite Authors, receive an additional entertainment from the Country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions with which such Authors do frequently abound.
I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful Simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of Rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the Porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient Heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several Parallels between great Men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprized to hear one say, That he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendome. How the Duke of Vendome should become a Rival of the Black Prince's, I could not conceive: And was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, That if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, That though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to my self from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great Generals, as the Prince of Heide, and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, That the Crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villars still kept his Colours. At last one of them told the company, If they would go along with him, he would shew them a Chimney-sweeper and a Painted Lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The flower which had driven them, as well as my self, into the house, was now over: and as they were pulling by me into the Garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The Gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in Flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could shew me such a blow of Tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of Gardening, and that the Kings and Generals they had mentioned were only so many Tulips, to which the Gardiners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious Show of their gay Vegetables, that arose in great plenty on all the banks about us.
Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary Spectator as to
many beautiful Objects, varnished over with a natural glaze, and stained
with such a variety of Colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial
Dyes or Tinctures. Sometimes I considered every Leaf as an elaborate-
piece of Tulle, in which the threads and fibres were woven together
into different Configurations, which gave a different colouring to the
Light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I con-
sidered the whole bed of Tulips, according to the notion of the greatest-
Mathematician and Philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of Optick-
Instruments, designed for the separating Light into all those various colours
of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my Philosophical Speculations, by obser-
veng the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally prased a
Tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me, it
was a common Fool's coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems
was but another kind of Fool's coat. I had the same fate with two or
three more, for which reason I desired the Owner of the Garden to let
me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskil-
ful in the Art; that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable,
and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful.
The Gentleman smiled at my ignorance: He seemed a very plain honest
man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that
distemper which Hippocrates calls the Tulip-Mania, Τουλιποβασανία; in
somuch that he would talk very rationally on any Subject in the world
but a Tulip.

He told me, That he valued the bed of Flowers which lay before us,
and was not above twenty yards in length, and two in breadth, more
than he would the best hundred Acres of land in England; and added,
That it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish Cook-
maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking an
handful of Tulip-roots for an heap of Onions, and by that means (says he)
made me a dish of Potage, that cost me above 1000. Sterling. He
then showed me what he thought the finest of his Tulips, which I found
received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind
of your great Fortunes, which are not always the greatest Beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never
fallen into any of these fantastical Tales, nor esteemed any thing the
more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason,
I look upon the whole country in Spring-time as a spacious Garden,
and make as many visits to a spot of Daisies, or a bank of Violets, as a Florist does to his Borders and Parterres. There is not a Bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor fearere a Daffodill or Cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

N° 220. Tuesday, September 5. 1710.

Infans sana nomen ferat, aequus iniqui,
Ultra quam fatis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many Letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the Political Barometer, I shall here communicate to the publick an account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest Prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the Reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious Prince put some to death for owning the Pope’s Supremacy, and others for denying Transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this Instrument till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant Priest or Minifter, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some time Vicar of Bray. This
Gentleman lived in his Vicarage to a good old Age; and after having seen several Successions of his neighbouring Clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his Flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in Religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary Thermometer is to this day, viz. Extreme hot, Sultry hot, Very hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard frost, Great frost, Extreme cold.

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common Weather-glass, made the experiment in a long Tube which held thirty two foot of water: and that a more modern Virtuoso finding such a Machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty two inches of Quicksilver weighed as much as so many foot of water in a Tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable Instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the Tube and the Fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a Tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the Sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the Fluid, which is a compound of two very different Liquors: one of them a Spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of Rock water, colder than ice, and clearer than chrysal. The Spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in flame and smoke. The Water on the contrary is of such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink through almost every thing that it is put into, and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the Historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the Oxford Manuscript has it) in the skull of an Ass. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length, not only to give my Reader a clear Idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.
The Reader will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the Glass, between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amis; and when it sinks to Moderation, it is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch that it is apt to climb from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the Glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed, it is almost incredible to conceive how the Glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying Popery; or on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same breath, The Church is in danger.

As soon as I had finished this my Glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my Cloak to several Coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's Coffee-house, the Liquor stood at Moderation; but at Wilt's, to my extreme surprize, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the Glass. At the Greengate it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow, it still ascended two degrees; Child's fetched it up to Zeal, and other adjacent Coffee-houses to Wrath.
It fell into the lower half of the Glass as I went further into the City, till at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I lay-ed about the Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my Glass to rise at the same time that the Stocks did.

To compleat the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my Glass through the whole Island of Great Britain; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus, that facetious Divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for Cakes and Zeal, which I find by my Glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for Cakes that it was in the time of that learned Author, and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the Counties, Corporations and Boroughs, in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my Thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do anything that may seem to influence any ensuing Elections.

The point of Doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able Teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: We should be careful not to overhoul our selves in the pursuits even of Virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and froth out of the other. But alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High-Church and Low-Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a Principle, as they differ with a Party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original significations, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered with some little attention the influence which the opinions of these great National Sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest Gentlemen, who entirely agree in their Lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their Religion.

Thursday,
From my own Apartment, September 13.

It is my custom in a dearth of News, to entertain myself with those collections of Advertisements that appear at the end of all our publick Prints. These I consider as accounts of News from the Little World, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the Great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital city, in the other we hear of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop, and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we see the Defection of a private Soldier. I must confess, I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy Advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous Lights, Advertisements are of great Use to the Vulgar: First of all, as they are instruments of Ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the Advertisements; by which means we often see an Apothecary in the same paper of News with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running-footman with an Ambassador. An Advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to Potterly, with an Article from Madrid; and John Bartlett of Goodman's Fields is celebrated in the same paper with the Emperor of Germany. Thus the Fable tells us, That the Wren mounted as high as the Eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings have been turned to, of late years, has been the management of Controversy, inasmuch that above half the Advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely Polemical. The Inventors of Strops for Razors have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument...
ment pro and con in the case of the Morning Gowns is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several Proprietors of Dr. Anderson’s Pills; nor take notice of the many Satirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned Knight, my very worthy Friend, Sir William Read: But I shall not interpose in their quarrel; Sir William can give him his own in Advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the Doctor’s.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has Pains in his Head, Cholicks in his Bowels, or Spots in his Clothes, he may here meet with proper Cures and Remedies. If a man would recover a Wife or a Horse that is stolen or fray’d; if he wants new Sermons, Electuaryes, Ales Milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great Art in writing Advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the Reader’s eye; without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among Commissions of Bankrupt. Afterisks and Hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years, the N. B. has been much in fashion; as also little Cuts and Figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the Author of Spring-truffles. I must not here omit the blind Italian Character, which being forcible always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious Reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an Advertiser, is chiefly seen in the Style which he makes use of. He is to mention the universal Esteem, or general Reputation, of things that were never heard of. If he is a Physician or Astrologer, he must change his Lodgings frequently, and (though he never saw any body in them besides his own family) give publick notice of it, For the information of the Nobility and Gentry. Since I am thus usefully employed in writing Criticisms on the works of these diminutive Authors, I must not pass over in silence an Advertisement which has lately made its appearance; and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my Advertisements; but as it is a Pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

The highest compounded Spirit of Lavender, the most glorious (if the expression may be used) enlivening Scents and Flavour, that can possibly...
possibly be, which so raptures the Spirits, delights the Gult, and gives such Airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest fort of the thing is admired by most Gentlemen and Ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold (in neat Flint bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the Golden-key in Warton’s-court near Holborn-bars, for 3s. 6d. with Directions.

At the same time that I recommend the several Flowers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up, (if the expression may be used) I cannot excuse my Fellow-labours for admitting into their papers several uncleary Advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite Writers. Among these I must reckon the Carminitive Wind-expelling Pills. If the Doctor had called them his Carminitive Pills, he had done as cleanly as any one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject, with a publick admonition to Michael Parrot: That he do not presume any more to mention a certain Worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven foot in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine foot long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of Advertisements is a kind of Miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all Authors, except men of Quality, give money to the Bookellers who publish their Copies. The Genius of the Bookeller is chiefly shown in his method of ranging and digetting these little Tracts. The last paper I took up in my hands, places them in the following order:

  The true Spanish Blacking for shoes, &c.
  The Beautifying Cream for the face, &c.
  Pease and Plaisters, &c.
  Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.
  Four Freehold Tenements of 15l. per Annum, &c.
  Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

A Commission of Bankrupt being awarded against B. L. Bookeller, &c.
N° 226. Tuesday, September 19. 1710.

--- Juvenis quondam, nunc Femina Cæneus,
Et fato in veterem rursus revoluta figuram. Virg.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to Posterity an account of every thing that is monstros in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the Life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious Correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious Erudition, and thole occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The Life I am putting out, is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Dr. Young, who (as the town very well knows) was a woman that practised Physick in man's clothes, and after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

SIR,

Here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call (if you please) a second part of the Faree of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who (if I am not mistaken) have somewhere mentioned with Honour your Sister Kirkus as a Practitioner both in Physick and Astrology: But in the common opinion of mankind, a She-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as a Centaur that practised Physick in the days of Achilles, or as King Phys in the Rehearsal. Aesculapius, the great Founder of your Art, was particularly famous for his Beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a Tyrant, who is branded by Heathen Historians as guilty both of Sacrilege and Blasphemy, having robbed the Statue of Aesculapius of a thick
a thick bushy golden beard, and then alleged for his excuse, *That it was a shame the Son should have a Beard when his Father Apollo had none.* This latter instance indeed seems something to favour a Female Professor, since (as I have been told) the antient statues of Apollo are generally made with the head and face of a Woman; Nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvedera did very much resemble Dr. Young. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of Amazon in Physick, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief Heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our Forefathers.

"I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write till the year 1695, at which time the Doctor, being about twenty three years old, was brought to bed of a Bastard Child. The scandal of such a Misfortune gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, (for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called) that she left her Family, and followed her Lover to London, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: But instead of changing her Life, which she would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her Sex. This was soon done by the help of a Sword, and a pair of Breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn Man-midwife, having her self had some experience in those affairs: But thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a Gold Button Coat, and set up for a Physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a Doctor, that formerly made one of the same Sex a Pope.

"The Doctor succeeded very well in his business at first, but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial Voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of those words, *Take these Pills,* he unfortunately got the nickname of the *Squeaking Doctor.* If this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there was another that gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating Quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious Father, or a jealous Husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced Physician; though in truth had they known how justly he deferred that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

"Such
Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the Father of a very pretty Girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed by a distemper which was too hard for our Physician, and carried off his Wife. The Doctor had not been a Widow long, before he married his second Lady, with whom also he lived in very good understanding. It so happened, that the Doctor was with Child at the same time that his Lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for Twins. The Doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the Boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of Venereal Dilempers; but would have had much more practice among his own Sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them.

The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his Person, only recommended his Physick. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprize in one of Molière's Plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick Person in the habit of a Quack, and speaks to her Patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his Physician, to the following purpose—

"I began to practice in the Reign of Francis I. and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the Virtue of my Medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a Student in Physick should have a sound Constitution, and a healthy Look; which indeed seem as necessary Qualifications for a Physician, as a good Life, and virtuous Behaviour, for a Divine. But to return to our Subject. About two years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the Vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former Sex. 'Tis said, that at his burial the Pall was held up by six Women of some fashion. The Doctor left behind him a Widow, and two Fatherless Children, if they may be called so, besides the little Boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old Ballad about The Children in the Wood says of the unnatural Uncle, that he was Father and
and Mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could
learn of Doctor Young's Life, which might have given occasion to many
obscene fictions: But as I know those would never have gained a
place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of
that nature; having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do
when I subscribe myself.

SIR, Your, &c.

I shall add, as a Postscript to this Letter, that I am informed, the fa-
mous Sulzer, who sells Coffee in his Museum at Chelsea, has by him a
curiosity which helped the Doctor to carry on his Imposition, and will
give great satisfaction to the curious Inquirer.

229. Tuesday, September 26. 1718.

Questam meum superiam. Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

The whole Creation preyed upon itself. Every living Creature is
inhabited. A Flea has a thousand invisible Insects that tease him
as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon
him. A very ordinary Microscope shows us, that a Louse is itself a
very loathsome creature. A Whale, besides those Seas and Oceans in the
several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of
little Animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch
that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living
Creatures which are too small for the naked eye to behold about the Le-
viathan, than there are of visible Creatures upon the face of the whole
Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is at it were the basis and support
of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those
numberless Vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance
out of it; I mean, the small Wits and Scribblers that every day turn a
Penny
Penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my Statue erected in Grub-street, as being a common Benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the Vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these Gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disapper; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the Hawkers, Printers, Bookfellers and Authors? it would be like Dr. B---s dropping his Cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty Antagonists, I was threatened to be answer’d weekly Tit for Tat. I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown’s Ghost, scolded at by a Female Tatler, and flandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atlantis. I have been annotated, retailed, examined, and condemned. But it being my standing maxim, Never to speak ill of the dead; I shall let these Authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see my felt thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cuffs in Spencer’s Den of Error, who after he had cut off the Dragon’s head, and left it wallowing in a flood of Ink, sees a thousand monstrous Reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoy’d has the Knight,
That well withchoaked with the deadly flink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the Fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish Sink;
Her fruitfull cursed spawn of Serpents final,
Deformed Mynfers, foule, and black as Ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encombrd sore, but could not hurt at all.

As
As gentle Shepherd in sweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus guess to walk in West,
High on an hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their bally supper best;
A cloud of combrous Gnats do him molest;
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender stings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmuring.

If ever I should want such a fry of little Authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's Equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see my self thus attacked, I do not consider my Antagonists as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours without being prompted to it by an empty stomach; in return to their cenfures I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to perwade my self, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an Old man and a Moralist, with a Fable:

The Owls, Bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick thade, where they abused their Neighbours in a very fo- clable manner. This Satyr at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant seach you up, and burn every Mother's Son of you: But the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to shine on.

Thursday,
N° 239. Thursday, October 19, 1710.

-----Mecum certasse fercitur.-----

From my own Apartment, October 18.

It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the Bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest Orator of his age and country before he wrote a book De Oratore; and Horace the greatest Poet before he published his Art of Poetry. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned Author, where he will find the Criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest Odes and Satyrs in the Latin Tongue.

A Modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper fell, was born a Critick and an Examiner, and, like one of the race of the Serpent's teeth, came into the world with a Sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of a German Monk, who was taking a Catalogue of a friend's Library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, A Book that has the Beginning where the End should be. This Author, in the last of his Crudities, has amassed together a heap of Quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modeler men than myself, and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give politerity a notion, that Isaac Bickersluff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this sotious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused, is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The cenfure he passes upon this great Man runs thus; The Iteh of being very abusive, is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for
for them. The scurrilous wretch goes on to say I am as bad as Tully. His words are thine; and yet the Tatler, in his paper of September 26, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more impiety of others. I am afraid, by his discourse, this Gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that Historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two Passions which are usually complicated in humane nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek Speciecles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envious others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the Ancients and his Contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, That he was a river of flowing Gold: Of Plato's Dialogue, That if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did. Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, Which of Demothec's orations he liked best? He answered, The longest.

And as for Eminent men of his own time, either for Eloquence or Philosophy, there was not one of them whom he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render most illustrious.

Thus the Critic tells us, That Cicero was excessively vain-glorying and abusive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the Reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names; and that in my passion I said, He was a Flea, a Louse, an Owl, a Bat, a small Wit, a Scribbler, and a Nibler. When he has thus bespoken his Reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of Ruhillery, and written in great gaiety of heart. After this List of names (viz. Flea, Louse; Owl, Bat, &c.) I was surprised to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper? I suppose, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured. If I can outlive this Ruhillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of Criticism made use of by this Author, (for I shall take care how I call him a Scribbler again) which may turn into Ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts; this the Reader will observe in the following words; He (meaning me)
is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what
he would be; and is as fruitful in his Similes, as a Brother of his whom
I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself
to a Fox, to Daniel Burges, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an Oak
with Ivy about it, and to a Great man with an Equipage. I think my
self as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the
Gentleman whom he here calls my Brother, as I am in the beginning of
it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing
from himself; but to show you that this is only a knack of writing, and
that the Author is got into a certain road of Criticism, I shall set down
his Remarks on the works of the Gentleman whom he here glances up-
on, as they stand in his 6th paper, and desire the Reader to compare them
with the foregoing passage upon mine.

In thirty lines his Patron is a River, the Primum Mobile, a Pilot, a
Victim, the Sun, any Thing, and Nothing. He befauls increase, conceals
his source, makes the Machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences,
rares vapours, and looks larger as he sets.

What Poem can be safe from this sort of Criticism? I think I was
never in my life so much offended as at a Wag whom I once met with in
a Coffee-house; He had in his hand one of the Miscellanies, and was
reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the
Author, is (I think) as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English
Tongue.

Flavia the lovel and sweetest toy
Can with restless Art employ.
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An Engine of small force in love;
But see with such an Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
Gives coochees to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

When this Coxcomb had done reading them, Heyday! says he, What
Instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be
told, or safely seen? In ten lines it is a Toy, a Cupid's Bow, a Fan, and an
Engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

Such
Such Criticisms make a man of Sense sick, and a Fool merry.
The next Paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon some
body whom I am at a loss to guess at: But I find the whole invective
turns upon a man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for debt. Who-
ever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put
the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critick, he still
ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a pro-
per subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a
Satyr upon a Beggar.
As for those little Retortings of my own expressions, of being dull by
design, witty in October, shining, excelling, and so forth; they are the
common Cavils of every Witlin, who has no other method of showing
his Parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words
whom he attacks.
But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular,
but in its very essence, is like Ovid's Echo:

_Quae nec reticere logunt._

_Nec prior ipsa logui didicit._

I should not have deferred the character of a Censor, had I not ani-
med of the above-mentioned Author by a gentle chaffment: But I know my Reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that no-
thing of this nature for the future (unless it be written with some Wit)
shall divert me from my care of the publick.

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No. 240. Saturday, October 21. 1710.

Ad populum phaleras.----

Peri.

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched
upon that useful Science of Physick, notwithstanding I have declared
my self more than once a Professor of it. I have indeed joined the
study of Astrology with it, because I never knew a Physician recommend
Z u z

him.
himself to the publick, who had not a Sitter art to embellish his knowledge in Medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the Ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was God of Verse as well as Physick; and in all ages the most celebrated Practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to Physick is indeed like the gilding to a Pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the Doctor with the agreeableness of the Companion.

The very foundation of Poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est, et principium, et finis.

And so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a Man making profession of two different Sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no Pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are throughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary Accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an Advertisement thrust into your hand of a Doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern Seed. No body ever knew what this meant; but the green and red Dragon so amused the people, that the Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

**TETRACHT MAGOGON,**

Which drew great shoals of Spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have no body but this Learned man for their Physician.

I once received an Advertisement of one who had studied thirty years by Candle-light for the good of his countrymen. He might have studied twice as long by Day-light, and never have been taken notice of; but Elucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for Physick by their birth, as the **Seventh Son of a Seventh Son**; and others by not being born at all, as the **Un-
The Tatler

No. 240.

born Doctor, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his Patients, having died worth five hundred Pounds per Annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor Saffold, succeeded my old contemporary Doctor Lilly in the studies both of Phystick and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the Bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Cafe, who erased the Verfes of his Predecessor out of the Sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this Place Lives Doctor Cafe.

He is said to have got more by this Distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his Works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary Perfections and unaccountable Artifices by which this tribe of men enchain the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a Mountebank's Stage from one end to the other. I have seen Patents, Certificates, Medals, and Great Seals, by which the several Princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every Great man with a founding title has been his Patient. I believe I have seen twenty Mountebanks that have given Phystick to the Ciar of Musistry. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good Patient.

This great condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his Audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching Tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many Princes, Kings, and Emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most Eloquent persons in the whole British Nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the Arts, especially that of which I am an humble Professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native Country, I could wish there might be a suspension of Phystick for some years, that our Kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As
As for my self, the only Phisick which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best Phisick for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my Recipe is, Take nothing.

Were the Body Politick to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole Island was shaken with an Earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold Pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an Earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a Diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national fermentions. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but Water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of Parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted Nation. Such a Fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a Fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular.

Abstine a Fabir.
Abstain from Beans.

That is, say the Interpreters, meddle not with Elections, Beans having been made use of by the Voters among the Athenians in the choice of Magistrates.

Saturday.
N° 243. **Saturday, October 28. 1710.**

Infert se septis nebula, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. Virg.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I have somewhere made mention of Gyges’s Ring, and intimated to my Reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The Tradition concerning this Ring is very romantick, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of Morality. This Gyges was the Master Shepherd to King Candaules. As he was wandering over the Plains of Lydia, he saw a great Chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the Statue of an Horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them, he found the body of a dead man bigger than ordinary, with a Ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The Virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly of Shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the Ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult Sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystical learning in this Tradition; but it is impossible for an Adept to be understood by one who is not an Adept.

As for myself, I have with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or to speak in Rosicrucian Lore, I have entered into the Clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen Horse, and robbed the dead Giant of his Ring. The Tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this Ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the Court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became
became King of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this Ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the Publick, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical Ring, and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated Beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a Slattern. Her Head-dress and one of her Shoes lay upon a chair, her Petticoat in one corner of the room, and her Girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread Stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side, when, to my great surprize, after a little muttering, she cried out, What do you do? Let my Petticoat alone. I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who (to use Shakespeare's expression) are so loose of thought, that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this Female Rake, and went into her neighbours, where there lay a Male-coquet. He had a bottle of Salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-side, Suckling's Poems, with a little heap of black Patches on it. His Snuff-box was within reach on a chair: But while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his Dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a sudden Oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the Head-dress of the person who spoke, which showed her to be a Female with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a Curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal Eloquence, but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept to either by Envy or by Love. Some of these were fighting, and others quarrelling, in Soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.
The Covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His Physician and his Wife were in close whisper near his bedside. I overheard the Doctor lay to the Gentlewoman, He cannot possibly live till five in the morning. She received it like the Mistress of a family prepared for all events. At the same instant came a Servant maid, who said, Madam, The Undertaker is below according to your order. The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, Pray, Doctor, how went Bank-stock to day at Change? This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way; but as I was going home, I saw a light in a Garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, And, Hand, Stand, Band, Funn'd, Tans'd. I concluded him by this, and the Furniture of his room to be a Lunatick; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a Poet, writing an Heroick upon the ensuing Peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when Spirits, Witches, and Conjurers are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my Ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something Magisterial in the Aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest Lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this Ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But instead of endeavouring to dispose of my self and it in Matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the Author of the Atalantis, to furnish a new Secret History of Secret Memoirs.
Per varios causas, per tot discrimina rerum, 
Tendimus. ——— 
Virg.

From my own Apartment, November io.

I was last night visited by a friend of mine who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following Paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a Retired life, than a life of Business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the Busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant Actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, I desire (says he) any of these active persons to produce half the Adventures that this Twelvemonth-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his Life.

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable Reserve, that had neither Moral nor Design in it, and cannot be so properly called a Dream as a Delirium.

My thoughts the Shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his Life and Adventures: I was born, says he, on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an Ingot, under the Convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British Mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the Arms of the Country on the
the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination
to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was
brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and
shifted me so far from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I
had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the begin-
ing of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of
a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Cheft, where I
found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same
confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted
over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment
of several years, we heard some body knocking at our Cheft, and break-
ing it open with a Hammer. This we found was the old man’s heir,
who, as his Father lay a dying, was so good as to come to our release:
He separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I
know not: As for myself, I was sent to the Apothecary’s shop for a pint
of Sack. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb-woman, the Herb-woman
to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife,
who made a present of me to a Nonconformist Preacher. After this
manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you
before, we Shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes
fetched in a Shoulder of Mutton, sometimes a Play-book, and often had
the satisfaction to treat aTempler at a twelve-penny Ordinary, or carry
him with three friends to Westminister-Hall.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place,
I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy
pottle, in pursuance of a foolish saying, That while the kept a Queen
Elizabeth’s Shilling about her, she should never be without Money. I
continued here a close Prisoner for many months, till at last I was ex-
changed for eight and forty Farthings.

I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the beginning of the Civil
Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising Soldi-
ers against the King: For being of a very tempting breadth, a Serjeant
made use of me to inveigle Country Fellows, and lift them in the service
of the Parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to
take a Shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick
upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the Crown, till
my Officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary,
sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a Milk-
maid.
This wenches me, and gave me to her. My Heart, applying
more properly than she intended the usual form of, To my Love and from
my Love. This ungenerous Gallant marrying her within few days after,
pawned me for a dram of Brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was
beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was
sent to a young Spendthrift, in company with the Will of his deceased
Father. The young Fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave
great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the Will; but opening it,
his mind, disfrequented and cut off from the possession of a fair
Estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into
such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and curled me
he squired me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced
to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undis-
covered and useless, during the Uprisal of Oliver Cromwell.

About a year after the King’s return, a poor Cavalier that was walking
there about dinnertime-fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the
great joy of us both, carried me to a Cook’s shop, where he dined upon
me, and drank the King’s health. When I came again into the world, I
found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having
probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of Breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as
a Medal than an ordinary Coin; for which reason a Gamester laid hold
of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got together some dozens
of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being but
five at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate
of our Maker, being in a few moments valued at a Crown, a Pound, or
Sixpences, according to the situation in which the fortune of the Cards
placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my Maker break, by
which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination
of a Shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to
that fatal Catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an Artificer who con-
veyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of Shears cut off
my Titles, clips my Brim, renchanced my Shape, rubbed me to my
immost Ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not
leave me worth a Groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to
see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed
to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to
to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, our case desperate, we were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and luster than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of Sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat two Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my Life. The first was, my being in a Poet's Pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language, entitled from me, *The Splendid Shilling*. The second Adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the Hat among a pennyworth of Farthings.

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*No. 250. Tuesday, November 14. 1710.*

*Seis e tenim justum gemina suspendere lance*

Auctoris libri.--------

Perfl.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

Last Winter erected a Court of Justice for the correcting of several

Enormities in Dreys and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any

other Courts of this Realm. The Vintner's case, which I there tried,

is still fresh in every Man's memory. That of the Petticoat gave also

a general satisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the

Cane and Perspective; in which, if I did not give Judgments and De-

crees according to the strictest Rules of Equity and Justice, I can safely

say, I acted according to the best of my Understanding. But as for the

Proceed-
Proceedings of that Court, I shall refer my Reader to an account of them, written by my Secretary, which is now in the Press, and will shortly be published under the title of, Lillie's Reports.

As I last year presided over a Court of Justice, it is my Intention this year to set my self at the head of a Court of Honour. There is no Court of this nature any where at present, except in France, where, according to the best of my Intelligence, it consists of such only as are Marshals of that Kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable Board at present who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of Marlborough: But whether this be only an accidental or a necessary Qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to fit my self in it as President, with several Men of Honour on my right hand, and Women of Virtue on my left, as my Attendants. The first place of the Bench I have given to an old Tangereen Captain with a wooden leg. The second is a Gentleman of a long-twisted Periwig without a Curl in it, a Muff with very little Hair upon it, and a thread-bare Coat with new Buttons, being a person of great worth, and second brother to a Man of Quality. The third is a Gentleman-Usher, extremely well read in Romances, and Grandson to one of the greatest Wits in Germany, who was some time Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel.

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in public Courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the Bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old Maiden Lady, that preserves some of the best Blood of England in her veins. A Witty woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old Prude that has cenfured every Marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young Rake.

Having thus furnished my Bench, I shall establish Correspondencies with the Horse-guards, and the Veterans of Chelsea-College; the former to furnish me with twelve Men of Honour as often as I shall have occasion for a Grand Jury, and the latter with as many good Men and true for a Petty Jury.

As for the Women of Virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about mid-night at Crimp and Baffet.

Having
Having given this publick notice of my Court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day sevennight, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short Bows, cold Salutations, supercilious Looks, unreturned Smiles, distant Behaviour, or forced Familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous Expression, accidental Jumble, or unkind Repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the Wall, tricked out of the Upper end of the table, or have been suffer'd to place themselves in their own wrong on the back-seat of the Coach: These, and all of these, I do, as is above-said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the Office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points that daily perplex the Youth of the British Nation, and therefore I have already discourse'd of several of them for my future use; as, How far a man may brandish his Cane in the telling a story, without insulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the Lyce? How a man should resent another's Staring and cocking a Hat in his face? If asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes? Whether a man may put up a box on the ear received from a stranger in the dark? Or, Whether a Man of honour may take a Blow of his Wife? with several other subtilities of the like nature.

For my direction in the Duties of my Office, I have furnished my self with a certain Astrological pair of Scales which I have contriv'd for this purpose. In one of them I lay the Injuries, in the other the Reparations. The first are represented by little Weights made of a metal resembling Iron, and the other in Gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in Averdupois, but also than such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries, amount to but a Scruple; and decrease by so many sub-divisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine Microscope. I might acquaint my Reader, that these Scales were made under the influence of the Sun when he was in Libra, and describe many Signatures on the Weights both of Injury and Reparation: But as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own Art than any care for the Publick, I shall pass it over in silence.

Tuesday.
№ 253. Tuesday, November 21, 1710.

Pietate graveum ac meritis si sorte virum quem
Conspezere, silent, arrestitque aurius astant.

Vitg.

From my own Apartment, November 20.
Extrait of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Die Luna vicecimo Novebris, hora nova Antemeridiana.

The Court being met, an Oath prepared by the Seniors was administered to the affiants on his Right-hand, who were all sworn upon their Honours. The women on his Left-hand took the same Oath upon their Reputation. Twelve Gentlemen of the Horse-guards were impaned, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their Right-hand man in the Troop, for their Foreman in the Jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Seniors. Mr. Bickerstaffe received it, and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpened the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the Foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the Jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their Foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an Air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaffe, after having received the compliments on his Right-hand, cast his eye upon the Left, where the whole Female Jury paid their respects by a low Curtse; and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their Forewoman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the Sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There
There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his Hat with great dignity; and after having composed the Brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his Character, he gave the following Charge, which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

"The Nature of my office, and the Solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first Session with a Speech, I shall call what I have to say under two principal heads:

"Under the first, I shall endeavour to shew the Necessity and Usefulness of this new erected Court; and under the second, I shall give a word of Advice and Instruction to every constituent part of it.

"As for the first, it is well observed by Phaedrus an Heathen Poet,

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

"Which is the same, Ladies, as if I should say, It would be of no reputation for me to be President of a Court which is of no benefit to the Publick. Now the Advantages that may arise to the Weal Publick from this Institution will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are not our Streets daily filled with wild pieces of Justice and random Penalties? Are not Crimes undetermined, and Reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the Tryer punished by death, and the Tryer himself deciding his own cause; nay, not only acting the Judge, but the Executioner? Have we not known a Box on the ear more severely accounted for than Murder? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an unmanly Just is frequently as capital as a premeditated Murder.

"But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty. I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both Sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you Gentlemen and you Ladies of the Jury will the rather take notice of; I mean that great and known case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered Insults in his dearer and better half; supposing I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender
"Wife; What is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse
than his poor Lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the
bed of Honour. What then, will you on my Right hand say, must
the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our things
broken? Must the Wall, or perhaps our Mistress, be taken from us?
May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pull at
what we say; and must the Villain live after it? Is there no redress for
injured Honour? Yes, Gentlemen, that is the design of the Judicature
we have here established.

A Court of Conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for
the determining of several points of Property that were too little and
trivial for the Cognizance of higher Courts of Justice. In the same
manner, our Court of Honour is appointed for the examination of se-
veral Niceties and Punctilios that do not pass for wrongs in the eye
of our common laws. But notwithstanding no Legislators of any na-
tion have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are
such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though
they come before them too late for their redress.

Besides, I appeal to you, Ladies, [Here Mr. Bickerstaffe turned to
his left hand] if these are not the little stings and thorns in life that
make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenu-
ously, Did you never lose a Morning’s Devotions, because you could not
offer them up from the highest place of the Pew? Have you not been
in pain, even at a Ball, because another has been taken out to dance
before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as these that
are below you? Or have you any Favourites that walk on your Right
hand? You have answered me in your looks, I ask no more.

I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me
to address my self in particular to the respective Members of the Court,
in which I shall be very brief.

As for you, Gentlemen and Ladies, my Assistants and Grand Juries,
I have made choice of you on my Right hand, because I know you ve-
ry jealous of your Honour; and you on my Left, because I know you
very much concerned for the Reputation of others; for which reason I
expect great exactness and impartiality in your Verdicts and judg-
ments.

I must in the next place address my self to you, Gentlemen of
the Council: You all know, that I have not chosen you for your
knowledge in the litigious parts of the Law, but because you have all
The Tatler

"of you formerly fought Duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of Benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your Pleadings you are short and expressive: To which end you are to banish out of your Discourses all synonymous Terms, and unnecessary Multiplications of Verbs and Nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words also and likewise; and must further declare, That if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle or, I shall incessantly order him to be stripped of his Gown, and thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

N. B. The sequel of the Proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

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N° 254. Thursday, November 23. 1710.

Splendide mendax.---------- Hor.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

There are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels, especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this kind, our renowned Country-man Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the Copiousness of his Invention, and Greatness of his Genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the Voyages of these two Great Wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of Ulysses in Homer, or the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is Enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.
I have got into my hands by great chance several Manuscripts of these two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the publick; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: A caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the publick a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find my self unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John’s Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several Short Speeches which he made in the Territories of Nova Zembia. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of Hudibras alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions cloathed in a visible Shape; he adds that apt Simile,

Like words congealed in Northern Air.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern Language is as follows:

We were separated by a form in the Latitude of 73; insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembia. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store our selves with provisions. The Crew of each vessel made themselves a Cabin of Turf and Wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we were very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a Seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning...
with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

—Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the cracking of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English Tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for whose being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our Cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less concealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprize, I heard some body say, Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's Crew to go to bed. This I knew to be the Pilot's voice, and upon recollecting my self, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, laughing for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatwain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and scolding at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the Strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard, every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. Peggy! When shall I see my Sue again? this betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit...
visit to the Dutch Cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

Et timide verba intermissa retenta.

At about half a mile's distance from our Cabin, we heard the groanings of a Bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous howls and barking of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch Settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sights that made our Brandy, and several other unfavourable sounds that were altogether incalculable. My Valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obstinate sounds of that Language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French Cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks' Silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an Assembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell together and dissolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the Sound, it was necessary for it to be wapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a Kit playing minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; for, says he, finding our fiddles bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this Musical Instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing in order to dissipate our Chagrin, et ruer le temps.

Here Sir Job gives very good Philosophical Reasons, why the Kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something Prolix, I
pasts over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable Author seems, by his Quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of Historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

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No. 255. Saturday, November 25. 1710.

---- Nec te tua plurima, Pantbeu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis insula text.
Vig.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Censor of Great Britain,

SIR,

I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, beside yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am Chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my Patron and his Lady very fallen and out of humour; though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help my self to a jelly, the Lady of the house, otherwise a devout Woman, told me, That it did not become a man of my Cloth to delight in such frivolous food: But as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the Butler, that his Lordship had no further occasion for my Service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by,

SIR, Your most Humble Servant, &c.

The case of this Gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves Sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his Letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the Indecency of discarding the holiest
hollieff man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it) is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trilling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue gives offence by any excrescences in Plumb-pudding or Plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than our common pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the delft was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify, that we ought to flint our selves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating. But most certainly, if such a leccion of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unreasonable examples of abstinence. The original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The Chaplain retired out of pure complaisance to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the delft. This by degrees grew into a duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tythe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion, or as the late lord rochester describes it in a lively manner:

And while the priest did eat, the people starved.

At present the custom is inverted: the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these flint-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain that, in his grace after meat, should return thanks.
thanks for the whole Entertainment, with an exception to the Deffert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding he would not deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholic Priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next to the Ladies, should he see a Clergyman giving his Company the slip at the first appearance of the Tarts or Sweet-meats? Would not he believe that he had the same Antipathy to a candied Orange, or a piece of Puff-paft, as some have to a Chestnut Cheeche, or a Breast of Mutton? Yet to to ridiculous a height is this foolifh Custom grown, that even the Christmas Pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated Cate, and a Badge of Distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a Sirloin of Beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost Depredations and Incursions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with Plums and Sugar, changes its property, and, forfooth, is meat for his Maffet.

In this case I know not which to censure, the Patron or the Chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjuration of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a Gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the University upon the fame foot of a liberal Education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath the weight of his own rank, by reason of that Character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some Noble family:
Diet, an Horse, and Thirty pounds a year,
Besides t'advantage of his Lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a Youngster's sense sound great.
Little the inexperienced wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo:
Who tho' in silken Scarf, and Cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer Liberty at best.

VoL. II. C c c

When.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meal.
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If be dign'd the honour to sit down.
Soon as the Farts appear, Sir Crape withdraw,
These dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to hand
Hard by the Ciftern with your Cap in hand:
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind Vosder comes for your relief.
Let others who such meannesse can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
I rate my freedom higher.

This Author's Raillery is the Raillery of a friend, and does not turn
the Sacred Order into Ridicule, but is a just Censure on such persons as
take advantage from the necessitics of a man of merit, to impofe on him
hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

--- Nostrum est tantas composere Lites. Virg.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane on Monday
the 20th of November 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; Censor of
Great Britain.

Peter Plumb, of London, Merchant, was indicted by the Honourable
Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-ball in the County of Salop, for
that the said Peter Plumb did in Lombard-street, London, between
the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas
Gules, and after a short Salutation, put on his Hat, value five-pence, while
the Honourable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds.
It was further urged against the Criminal, That during his discourse with
the
the Professor, he feloniously stole the Wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The Professor alleged, that he was the Cadet of a very ancient family, and that according to the principles of all the younger Brothers of the said family, he had never fulfilled himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a Man of Honour, than do any thing beneath his Quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a Whip, or the making of a pair of Nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The Prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honourable Mr. Gules; as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word: and in short, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the publick. This sort of Language was very severely reprimanded by the Cenfor, who told the Criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the Court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style. The Prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his Council, who urged in his defence, that he put on his Hat through ignorance, and took the Wall by accident. They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his Hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the persons we talk with to be covered; and that the Gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his Hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman who deposed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the Wall, it was alleged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Cenfor having consulted the Men of Honour who sat at his right hand on the Bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the Prisoner's Council did rather aggravate than extenuate his Crime; that the motions and intimations of the Hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the Criminal to a man of the Professor's Quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the Wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the Jury, without going out of Court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their Foreman, that the Professor was bound
in Honour to make the Sun shine through the Criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the lungs.

The Cenfor knitting his brows into a brown, and looking very sternly upon the Jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, that this Court was erected for the finding out of Penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their Verdict. The Jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Cenfor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any Malice prepensè in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the Wall was only se defendendo, the Procurator should let him escape with life, and content himself with the slitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. Bickerstaffe smiling upon the Court, told them, that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such Penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading Nation. He therefore pronounced sentence against the Criminal in the following manner: That his Hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the Court; that the Criminal should go to the Warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's Coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he nor any of the family of the Plumbs should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their Coaches, that the footway might be left open and undisturbed for their betters.

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and T. R——, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an Ale-house in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen Mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended, that the Welsh were an ancient people than the Jews; whereas, says he, I can shew by this Genealogy in my hand, that I am the Son of Meshech, that was the Son of Naboth, that was the Son of Auslem, that was the Son of—— The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, That he could produce Shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenkin, ap Shones. He then turned himself to the Cenfor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, that the Jews would needs uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Ishchar. Mr. Bickerstaffe seemed very
very much inclined to give sentence against Daniel, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Pre-Adamite, he suffered the Jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their Verdict, that it appearing the persons at the Bar did neither of them wear a Sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a Point of Honour; to prevent such frivolous Appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same Blanket, and there adjudge the superiority as they could agree it between themselves. The Censor confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having used the word, Perhaps it may be so, in a dispute with the said Major. The Major urged, that the word, Perhaps, was questioning his Veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the Lye. Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that he intended no such thing, and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaffe stood up, and after having cast his eyes over the whole Assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a Rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the Court; I mean, says he, never to allow of the Lye being given by Construction, Implication, or Induction, but by the sole use of the word itself. He then proceeded to shew the great mischief that had arisen to the English Nation from that pernicious Monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal Quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the Guards, and made great havoc in the Army; that it had sometimes weakened the City Trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the life of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the Jury to present the word itself as a Nuance in the English Tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their presentment, publish an Edict of the Court for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil Societies.

This is a true Copy.

Charles Lillie.

Monday
Monday next is set apart for the Tryal of several Female Causes. N. B. The Case of the Haffock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

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No 257. Thursday, November 30. 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, coepis (nam vos mutatis et illas)
Aspírate meis.---------- Ovid. Met.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

EVERY Nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, assures me, there is a Show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the Religions in Great Britain in Wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twifited and tortured into so many skrewed faces and wyre features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the Show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German Artiff, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner:

I have often, says he, been present at a show of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an Assembly of Spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats: The Curtain that hung before the
the show was made by a Master of Tapestry, who had woven it in the
figure of a monstrous Hydra that had several heads, which brandished
out their tongues, and seemed to his at each other. Some of these
heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped
away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; infirm that
for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of
a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole Picture
was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden, says my friend,
I was startled with a flourish of many Musical Instruments that I had nev-
er heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so
called) wholly made up of Jars and Discord. Among the rest, there
was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning-board, a Stentorophonic Trump-
et, with several wind-instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which
I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the Curt-
tain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary
Assembly of figures that ever entered into a Man’s Imagination. The de-
sign of the Workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us,
that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of
it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven per-
sons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the
whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a
Matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen
Elizabeth’s days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the
Beaver with the steeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable,
and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Ermin. Her Gown was of
the richest black Velvet, and just upon her heart studded with large Di-
amonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a Cross. She
bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her Aspect; and though
she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave
her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my
heart touched with so much Love and Reverence at the sight of her,
that the Tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the
more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the senti-
ments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment some-
ting so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it.
On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with or-
naments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely
hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and
what
what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprized at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned Tower of grey Hairs. Her Head-dress rode very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with Crofties in Gold, Silver and Silk: she had nothing on, so much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she, with a crooked-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a Dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my Reader, that the Lady before described was Popery, or that she was now going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left hand of the venerable Matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her Sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a pensive figure, towed with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the Matron for the shape of her Hat, as too much resembling the triple Coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she disdained from the white Apron and the Crofs; for which reasons she had made her self a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the Sectaries that sat on the left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, lest she should see the Harlot by her.

On the right hand of Popery sat Judaism, represented by an Old man embroidered with Phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a Temple; but instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the ruins of it.

On his right hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward country Wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for want of those Advantages, was such a spectacle as a Man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my friend, given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the Matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was 2
a figure which somewhat puzzled me: It was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a Silver Basin filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the Physicians call the Hydro-Phobia; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected my self, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

The next figure was a Man that sat under a most profound composure of Mind: He wore an Hat whose Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon: His Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor so much as a superfluous Button. What he called his Cravat, was a little piece of white Linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his Chin about two inches. Seeing a Book in his hand, I asked our Artiff what it was, who told me it was the Quakers Religion; upon which I defied a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned Grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The Nouns were reduced to a very small number, as the Light, Friend, Babylon. The principal of his Pronouns was Thou; and as for You, Te, and Yours, I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the Second person plural; the Participles ending all in ing or ed, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs besides Too and Nay. The same thrift was observed in the Prepositions. The Conjunctions were only And and But; and the Interjections brought under the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning. There was at the end of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, The Christian Man's Vocabulary, which gave new Appellations, or (if you will) Christian Names to almost every thing in life. I replaced the Book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its Garb, Speech, and Behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of Religions, there was a Statue dressed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This Idiot is supposed to say in his heart what David's Fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper Representative of thole among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-Thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both Sexes turning their backs upon the Company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired after Vol. II. D d d
after their Religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the Family of Love.

In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the Sweet Singers of Israel.

I must not omit, that in this Assembly of Wax there were several pieces that moved by clockwork, and gave great satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the Artist told us, were each of them the Genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as Pre-Adamites, Sabbatarians, Camarouians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Independents, Masons, Camisars, and the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody Flag, the whole Assembly of dead men, like those in the Revolutions, started up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great clashing and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed, Liberty of Conscience, immediately fell into a heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first.

Tuesday,
A continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Smeer-
Lane on Monday the 27th of November, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq.
Censor of Great Britain.

Elizabeth Makebate, of the Parish of St. Catherine's, Spinster, was
indicted for surnepitiously taking away the Halflock from under
the Lady Grewe Airs, between the hours of four and five, on
Sunday the 26th of November. The Prosecutor deposed, that as she
flew up to make a Curtie to a Person of Quality in a neighbouring
Pew, the Criminal conveyed away the Halflock by stealth, inso-mmuch
that the Prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at Church,
or to say her Prayers in a posture that did not become a Woman of her Qua-
ity. The Prisoner pleaded Inadvertency; and the Jury were going to
bring it in Chance-medly, had not several Witnesses been produced ag-
ainst the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old Offender, and
a Woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the
Sunday before she had detracted from a new Petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doe-
little, having said in the hearing of several credible Witnesses, that the
sai'd Petticoat was flawed, to the great grief and detriment of the sai'd
Mary Doellittle. There were likewise many Evidences produced against
the Criminal, that though she never failed to come to Church on Sun-
day, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that she spent her
whole time, during Divine Service, in disparaging other people's clothes,
and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was
found guilty of the Indemnity, and received Sentence to ask pardon of
the Prosecutor, upon her bare knees, without either Glove or Halflock
under her, in the face of the Court.

N. B. As
N. B. As soon as the Sentence was executed on the Criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmost severity, the first Lady of the Bench on Mr. Bickerstaffe's right hand stood up, and made a motion to the Court, that whereas it was impossible for Women of Fashion to dress themselves before the Church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniences did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a Footman, in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated Assemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the Books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, Linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the Prosector and her Woman going in a Stage-Coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the Lady's own Chariot, the Criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same Coach, at which time the Prisoner talked Bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The Prosector alluded, 'That over against the Old Fox at Knightsbridge he mentioned the word Linen; that at the further end of Kennington he made use of the term Smock; and that before he came to Hammersmith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon Wedding-shifts.' The Prosector's Woman confirmed what her Lady had said, and added further, that she had never seen her Lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the Criminal. 'The Prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said.' The Jury however found him guilty, and represented by their Forewoman, that such discourses were apt to fully the imagination, and that by a concatenation of Ideas, the word Linen implied many things that were not proper to be flirted up in the mind of a woman who was of the Prosector's Quality, and therefore gave it as their Verdict, that the Linen-draper should lose his tongue. Mr. Bickerstaffe said, he thought the Prosector's ears were as much to blame as the Prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave Sentence as follows: That they should both be placed over against one another in the middle of the Court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time, the Linen-draper was to be gagged, and the Lady to hold her hands cloe upon both her ears, which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicot was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he the said Edward Callicot did, by his silence and his smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said.
said. It appeared, that the Prisoner was Foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambric, and by his Poit obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: Upon which he was acquitted.

Josias Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame Winifred, sole Relict of Richard Dainty, Esq; for having said several times in company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to the Widow Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude. The Prosecution urged, that this might bring her Reputation, and that it was in effect a boastling of Favours which he had never received. The Prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, that he meant nothing by them, but that the Widow had befriended him in a Lease, and was very kind to his younger Sister. The Jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their Verdict Ignoramus.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady Betty Woulde, for having said, that she the Lady Betty Woulde was painted. The Prisoner brought several persons of good Credit to witness to her Reputation, and proved by undeniable Evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Cenfor observing the behaviour of the Prosecution, found reason to believe that she had indicted the Prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: He therefore asked the Offender with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? And whether she saw any colours in the Lady Woulde's face that could procure Credit to such a falsehood? Do you see (says he) any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?—The Prosecution, not able to bear such Language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old Fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his Wisdom: But she was put to silence, and sentenced to wear her Mask for five months, and not to presume to show her face till the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq; was indicted for having told the Lady Evrellbloom at a publick Ball, that she looked very well for a Woman of her years. The Prisoner not denying the Fact, and pleading before the Court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the Jury brought him in Non Compos Mentis.

The Court then adjourned to Monday the 11th Instant.

Copiar Vera, Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele subscribed in this paper.
We have a very learned and elaborate Dissertation upon Thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon Ears in the Tale of a Tub. I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my Text the following verses out of Hudibras:

So learned Talcotius from
The brawny part of Porter's hum.
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech:
But when the date of neck was out,
Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I must, for my own quiet, desire the Criticks (who in all times have been famous for Good Noses) to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract. These Gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little Rhinocerous Nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision, and which they were used to cock, tos, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction.

—Minus optas auctis
Naribus horum lominum—

But for the sake of some of my Philosophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.
Many are the opinions of Learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its fright upon the Nose. I have seen a little Burlesque Poem in Italian that gives a very pleasent account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the God of War, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French Colonel, received a visit one night from Venus, the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed Mistress and Admirer. The Poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a Sutling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that he went away big-belled, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his Father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the Stars that reigned at his Nativity, came into the World with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his Arrows in poison, that rooted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a humane Heart their Butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to School to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invemoned Arrow, and wound his votaries often in the Nose than in the Heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my Learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem itself was designed as a Burlesque upon Faxaflorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples that Taliotus began to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first Clap-doctor that I met with in History, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Dr. Wall. He saw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very feasible invention, set up a manufacture of Noses, having first got a Patent that none should presume to make Noses besides himself. His first Patient was a Great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his Nose. Taliotus grafted a new one on the remaining part of the Gristle or Cartilagineous substance, which would freeze, finet, take snuff, pronounce the letters
ters. M or N, and in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural Noose. There was however one misfortune in this experiment. The Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the Sublime, with very black eyes and dark eyebrows, and the Noose being taken from a Porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the Sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Conde resembled one of those maimed antique Statues that have a modern Noose of fresh Marble glued to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great collection of Porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, yellow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a Patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a Noose to match it.

The Doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of College, or rather Hospital, for the fashionable Cripples of both Sexes that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great Gates at Brazen Nose College in Oxford; and as it is usual for the Learned in Foreign Universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the Doctor wrote underneath this great Golden Proboscis two verses out of Ovid:

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,
Postice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

It is reported, that Talicottus had at one time in his house twelve German Counts, nineteen French Marquises, and a hundred Spanish Cavaliere, besides one solitary English Esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the Monopoly of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a man had occasion for a high Roman Noose, he must go to the price of it. A Carbuncle Noose likewise bore an excessive rate. But for your ordinary short turned-up Noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they sold little or nothing; at least the Purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The Sympathy betwixt the Noose and its Parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the Porter died, the Noose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the Noose, in order to have it interfered with its first owner. The Noose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original Proprietor. An eminent influence of
of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose Noses were all made out of the same piece of Brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the Porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the Porters led the Gentlemen by the Nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the Nose, the Porter felt the effects of it, inso much that it was generally articles with the Patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell Pepper, or eat Mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made was feigned with unspakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the Learned Talsciorium, that in the space of two years he wore out five Noses, and by that means so tormented the Porters, that if he would have given gold for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honest Parents, and passed his first years in Fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the Beauties of the Play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany, the Englishman of five Noses, and, the Gentleman that had thrice as many Noses as he had Ears; Such was the raffery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young Men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this Winter. I must therefore advise them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a Talsciorium to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the Nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of anything till they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall:

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E e e
leave with them is, to regard every Town-woman as a particular kind
of Siren, that has a design upon their Noses; and that, amidst her flatter-
ries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that hu-
morous Phrase of old Plantus:

Ego tibi faciem desuabo mordiscis.

"Keep your face out of my way, or I'll bite off your Nose.

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№262. Tuesday, December 12. 1716.

Verba toga sequiris, junctura calidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere move,
Doctus et ingenio culpam defigere ludo. Perf. Sat. 5.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

Timothy Trealtall, Gent. was indited by several Ladies of his Si-
fier's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an
entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the 7th
of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the even-
ing. The Indictment set forth, that the said Mr. Trealtall, upon the serv-
ing up of the supper, desired the Ladies to take their places according
to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way always at his
table to pay respect to Years. The Indictment added, that this pro-
duced an unspeakable confusion in the Company; for that the Ladies,
who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the ta-
ble, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that
was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontly had the insolence to clap her feet
down at the very lowest place of the table; that the Widow Partlett
seated herself on the right hand of Mrs. Frontly, alleging for her ex-
cuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a Round Table; that Mrs. Fid-
git and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half an hour for the same Chair, and
that
that the latter would not give up the cause till it was decided by the Parish Register, which happened to be kept hard by. The Indictment further said, that the rest of the company, who fated down, did it with a Reserve to their Right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippin, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous Vote of the whole company at the upper end of the Table, from whence she had the confusión to behold several Mothers of Families among her inferiors. The Criminal alleged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the Ladies did not complain of his rudeness till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The Censor frowning upon him, told him, that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature, and (upon the Jury’s bringing him in guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole Assembly of Ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the Decorum which was due to Persons of their Quality.

Rebecca Shapely, Spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the Heels of her Silk Slippers, which the Prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two Inches higher than they really were. The Prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the Prisoner was her self guilty of the same kind of Forgery which she had laid to the Prosecutor’s charge, for that the said Rebecca Shapely did always wear a pair of Steel Bodice, and a false Rump. The Censor ordered the Slippers to be produced in open Court, where the Heels were adjudged to be of the statuteable size. He then ordered the Grand Jury to search the Criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the Bodice, but found her guilty of the Rump; upon which the received Sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippett, Esq. of the Middle Temple, brought his Action against the Lady Elizabeth Pruday, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her Coach from the Opera. The Plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those Volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as Gentlemen-Ushers of the Playhouse; that he had been at a considerable charge in white Gloves, Periwigs, and Snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his Fortune by it. The Council for the Defendant replied, that the Plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their Client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony; lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give him
him in marriage. As soon as their Pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the Plaintiff to be cashiered from his Office of Gentleman-Usher to the Play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill-design; and at the same time ordered the Defendant either to marry the said Plaintiff, or to pay him half a Crown for the new pair of Gloves and Coach-hire that he was at the expense of in her service.

The Lady Towneley brought an Action of Debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that the said Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the said Lady Towneley, and with her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding the said Lady Towneley had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the Defendant, that the Plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she had made had been made on a Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having fed aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who enquired whether she was at home, did not give the Visiting knock; that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there were no Candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's days, and in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her Porter's book, which was produced in Court, that she had paid the Lady Towneley a visit on the twenty fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year 1709-10, for which she was still Creditor to the said Lady Towneley. To this the Plaintiff only replied, that she was now only under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single Woman.

Mr. Bickerstaffe finding the Cause to be very intricate, and that several Points of Honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving Judgment upon it till the next Session day, at which time he ordered the Ladies on his left hand to present to the Court a Table of all the Laws relating to Visits.

Winifred Leer brought her Action against Richard Smy, for having broken a Marriage Contract, and wedded another Woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alleged, that he had begged her twice at an Opera, thrice in St. James's Church, and once at Petoel's Puppet-show, at which time he promised her Marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that fate by her. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding that the Defendant had made no further overtire of Love or Marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering
considering how very apt such impudent Seducers are to lead the Ladies Hearts astray, ordered the Criminal to stand upon the Stage in the Haymarket, between each Act of the next Opera, there to be exposed to publick view as a false Ogler.

Upon the rising of the Court, Mr. Bickerstaffe having taken one of these Counterfeits in the very face as he was ogling a Lady of the Grand Jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the Statute of Ogling. He likewise directed the Clerk of the Court to draw up an Edict against these common Cheats, that make Women believe they are distracted for them by flaring them out of countenance, and often blast a Lady's reputation whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

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**N. o 265. Tuesday, December 19. 1710.**

**Arbiter hic igitur facius de lite jocosâ.**

Ovid. Met.

**Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.**

As soon as the Court was sat, the Ladies of the Bench presented, according to order, a Table of all the Laws now in force, relating to Visits and Visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esq; was indicted by Colonel Touchy, of Her Majesty's Trained-Bands, upon an Action of Assault and Battery; for that he the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a Feather upon the shoulder of the said Colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a Walking-staff, value three pence. It appeared, that the Prosecution did not think himself injured till a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other Officers of the Militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled.
cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The Council for the Prosecution alleged, that the Shoulder was the tenderest part in a Man of Honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a Stick, and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a Cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person’s Honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, that what he had done was out of kindness to the Prosecution, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the Trained-Bands with a Feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the Stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the Prosecution could not have felt it, had he broken it on his shoulders. The Censor hereupon directed the Jury to examine into the nature of the Staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of Crab-tree from that of Cane, and by the touch of Cane from that of a plain Hazel Stick. The Jury, after a short perusal of the Staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their Foreman, that the substance of the Staff was British Oak. The Censor then observing that there was some Dust on the skirts of the Criminal’s Coat, ordered the Prosecution to beat it off with his aforesaid Oaken Plant; and thus, said the Censor, I shall decide this Cause by the Law of Retaliation: If Mr. Heedless did the Colonel a good Office, the Colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his staff over his Shoulders, the Colonel might boast in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless’s Jacket, or (to use the Phrase of an ingenious Author) that he has rubbed him down with an Oaken Towel.

Benjamin Bussy, of London, Merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esq; for having pulled out his Watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire Tattle’s first Wife. The Prisoner alleged in his Defence, that he was going to buy Stocks at the time when he met the Prosecution, and that, during the story of the Prosecution, the said Stocks rose above two per Cent. to the great detriment of the Prisoner. The Prisoner further brought several Witnesses, that the said Jasper Tattle Esq; was a most notorious story-teller; that before he met the Prisoner, he had hindered one of the Prisoner’s acquaintances from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the Button of his Coat that very morning, till he
he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the Prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaffe dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the Prosecutor to pay damages to the Prisoner for what the Prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the Prosecutor very severely, and told him, that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would let a Fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said Fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir Paul Swaff, Kt. was indicted by Peter Double, Gent. for not returning the Bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth Instant, at the Play-house in the Haymarket. The Prisoner denied the receipt of any such Bow, and alleged in his defence, that the Prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said Prosecutor he would take no notice of it, or bow to some body else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alleged, that several Ladies had complained of the Prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsey to him, would not return the civility of a Bow. The Censor observing several glances of the Prosecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he looked upon the Jury, found reason to suspect that there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The Censor therefore ordered the Prisoner (that he might not produce any more confusions in publick Assemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff, and Benjamin Browbeat, were indicted for going to fight a Duel since the Erection of the Court of Honour. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the Court, in their way to the fields behind Montague-house. The Criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a Challenge which had been made above a week before the Court of Honour was erected. The Censor finding some reasons to suspect (by the sturdiness of their behaviour) that they were not so very brave as they would have the Court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the Grand Jury, who found a Breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of Paper upon the other. The Breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaffe's tribunal, and the Paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his Clerk. He then ordered the Criminals
Criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their Duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The Court then adjourned till after the Holidays.

Copia Vera,

Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

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N° 267. Saturday, December 23. 1710.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Resinxit stellas, exortus uti aetherius sol.

Lucr.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I have heard, that it is a rule among the Conventuals of several orders in the Roman Church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own Fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own Souls, in cancelling unrepented Crimes, and renewing their Oaths of Obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the Exercise of certain religious Duties, have been enjoined in all civil Governments, whatever Deity they worshipped, or whatever Religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several Duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our Church has accordingly instituted several Seasons of Devotion, when Time,
Time, Custom, Prescription, and (if I may so say) the Fashion it felt, call upon a Man to be serious and attentive to the great end of his Being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the Greatest and Wifhest of Men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their Piety and Virtue. It is now my intention to shew how those in our own Nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for Learning and Knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the Religion of their Country.

I might produce very shining Examples from among the Clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common cry of every caviling empty Scribler, I shall shew, that all the Laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary Genius in their writings, and were the Glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with Immortality, and the prospect of future Rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful Submission to all the Doctrines of revealed Religion.

I shall in this Paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a Man who for the Greatness of Genius, and compass of Knowledge, did Honour to his age and country; I could almost say to Humane Nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary Talents which were divided amongst the greatest Authors of antiquity. He had the found, distinct, comprehensive Knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful Lights, Graces and Embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of Reason, force of Style, or brightness of Imagination.

This Author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into Philosophy makes a good Believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable Infidels as the little profligate Writers of the present age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to my self, not so much for their want of Faith as their want of Learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own composing, which, for the Elevation of thought, and Greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an Angel than of a Man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that Virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an Indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those Riches and Honours which a long series of Merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the same time,
time that we find him prostrating himself before the great Mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him; we see him supported by the sense of his Integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the Prayer it fell, with the title to it, as it was found among his Lordship’s Papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my Reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer or Psalm made by My Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England.

O most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father: from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, foudnest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; Thou acknowledgest the Upright of heart; Thou judgest the Hypocrite; Thou ponderest men’s thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measur’st their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy Servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have sought, and what hath been principal in my Intentions. I have loved thy Assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy Sanctuary. This Vine, which thy Right Hand hath planted in this Nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee, that it might have the first and the latter Rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my Enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sin almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a Dove, free from superfluity of malignity. Thy Creatures have been my Books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the Courts, Fields and Gardens, but I have found Thee in thy Temples.

Thousands have been my Sins, and ten thousands my Transgressions; but thy Sanctions have remained with me, and my heart (through thy Grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine Altar. O Lord, my Strength! I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly Compassions, by thy comfortable Chastisements, and by thy most visible Providence. As thy Favours have increased upon me,
so have thy Corrections; so as Thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee. And now when I thought most of Peace and Honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hast humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a Child. Just are thy Judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sand of the sea, but have no proportion to thy Mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, Heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy Mercies. Besides my innumerable Sins, I confess before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious Talent of thy Gifts and Graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to Exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mispent it in things for which I was least fit: So I may truly say, my Soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour’s Sake, and receive me unto thy Bosom, or guide me in thy Ways.
THE SPECTATOR.
The SPECTATOR.

No. 1. Thursday, March 1. 1711.

Non suntum ex fulgore, sed ex sumo dare lucem
Cogit, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

Hor.

I have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduces very much to the right understanding of an Author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this Paper and my next as Prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several Persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do my best to justice to open the work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which, according to the tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space
space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my Mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamed that she was brought to bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's dream: For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my boyage, I had the reputation of a very full youth, but was always a favourite of my Schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished my self by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the publick exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. While I was in this Learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my Father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the Antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a Pyramid: and as soon as I had set my self right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most publick places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrum ing my head into
into a round of Politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Peep-Man, over-hear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the Theatres both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of Stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative State-man, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a Husband or a Father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them, as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare my self by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have settled in all the parts of my life as a Looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fumes of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print my felt ones, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a Silent man. For this reason therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it.
it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of think-
ing that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in
this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to my
self, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my Name, my Age,
and my Lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing
that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensi-
ble they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I can-
not yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the publick.
They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoy-
ed for many years, and expose me in publick places to several falutes and
civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the great-
cst pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is
for this reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress as very great
secrets; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both
in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-morrow's
paper give an account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me
in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and
concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a Club. However,
as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a
mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR,
at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the
Reader, that though our Club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we
have appointed a Committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all
such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the publick weal.

Friday.
The first of our Society is a Gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a Baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverly. His Great Grand-father was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir Roger. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with force or obstinacy; and his being unconfin'd to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-Square. It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etheredge, fought a Duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Basajou in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, he has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, in so much that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of charity with Beggars and Gypsies: But this...
this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game-act.

The Gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a member of the Inner-Temple; a man of great Prowity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humourous Father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the Stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leafes, and Tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent Critick, and the time of the Play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Rufled-Court, and takes a turn at Wilt’s till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber’s as you go into the Rehearsals. It is for the good of the Audience when he is at Play, for the Actors have an ambition to please him.
The person of next consideration, is Sir Andrew Freeport, a Merchant of great eminence in the City of London. A person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some way of jetting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the Sea the British Common. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its parts, and will tell you it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend Dominion by arms; for true Power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got. A general Trader of good temper, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that Wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the Club-room sits Captain Sentry, a Gentleman of great courage, and understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a Captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit; who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a single expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it; for, says he, that Great man who has a mind to help me, has as many
ny to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and allot his Patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in afflicting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a set of Humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very eager fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French King's Wench's our Wives and Daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a fort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress fo short in such a year: In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a Miniffer said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Moneymouth danced at Court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his Troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that paid a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins, Tom Minibell begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's Mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking
talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but my self, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-counsellor is among Lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topick, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

*Though this paper in former Editions is not marked with any Letter of the word C.L.O., by which Mr. ADDISON distinguished his performances; it was thought necessary to insert it, containing characters of the several persons mentioned in the whole course of this work.*

Saturday,

Quoi quixque serè studi{a} devinctus adhæret:  
Ant quibus in rebus multum sumus ante morati:  
Atque in quà ratione fuit contenta magis mens;  
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.  
Luct. L. 4.

In one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular Economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of Publick Credit, with the methods of reviving it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical Dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a Vision or Allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

My thoughts I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprize, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful Virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Publick Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the Magna Charta, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the Vir-
gin that fate upon the Throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the establishment of publick Funds. The Lady seemed to let an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often finidled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, as if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely nimorous in all her behaviour: and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and fainted at everything she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex; and subject to such momentary Con- sumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wailing distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There fate at her feet a couple of Secretaries, who received every hour Letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the Throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon enquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the Poets tell us a Lydian King was formerly possessed of: and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methoughts the Hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous Phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissolutive manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my Reader...
Reader that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Common-wealth and a young man of about twenty two years of age, whose name I could not learn. He had a fword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a spunge in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon and Earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The Reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the Lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these Spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted, and dyed away at the sight.

Et neque jam color est nihil candore rubori:
Voc vigor, et uires, et quae modo visis placchant:
Nec corpus remanet———

Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

There was a great change in the hill of money bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his Hero received as a present from Aeolus. The great heaps of gold, on either side the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath-faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden defoliation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vanished: In the room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a second dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the Lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of Guinea: And for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awoke, though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it.

Tuesday,
AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the Wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen Niccolini exposed to a tempest in robes of Ermin, and falling in an open boat upon a sea of Pastie-board? What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real Cascades in artificial landskips? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champian country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsticencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admiring of our modern Opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with my self what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other.
other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about
the stage.

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immedi-
ately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to
act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer
enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that
Sir Martin Mar-ble practiced upon his Mistresses; for though they flew in
light, the musick proceeded from a comfort of Flageollets and Bird-calls
which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this
discovery, I found by the discourse of the Actors, that there were great
designs on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been
proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprize the audience
with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project
of bringing the New River into the house, to be employed in jettisons
and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is post-poned till
the summer season; when it is thought the coldness that proceeds from
fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people
of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertain-
ment for the winter season, the Opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder
and lightning, illuminations and fireworks; which the audience may look
upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being
burnt; for there are several Engines filled with water, and ready to play
at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. How-
ever, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this Theatre, I
hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would
let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprizing, which
were contrived by two Poets of different nations, and taught by two Ma-
gicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument),
was an Amazonian Enchantress, and poor Signior Caffani (as we learn
from the Person represented), a Christian Conjurer (Magio Christi-
nano.) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon
should be versed in the Black art, or how a good Christian, for such is
the part of the Magician, should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a taste of
the Italian, from the first lines of his preface. Eccoti, benigne Lectori,
un Parto di poesie Suave, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però abaro di
Tenebre, ma se fanno conoscere. Figliolo d' Apollo con qualche Raggio di
Parnasso. Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evening, which
though
though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make it fall known to be the Son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parmassius. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer Hendel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the Wits! to whose tastes we are ambitiously conform our selves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself, from whom the dreams of this Opera are taken. I must entirely agree with Monseur Beilbeau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the Clinquant or Tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a King's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an Opera the story of Whittington and his Cat; and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of Mice; but Mr. Rich, the Proprietor of the Play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Prince of the Stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great town in Germany follow his musick, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before
Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there
is a treaty on foot with London and Wife (who will be appointed
gardeners of the Play-house) to furnish the Opera of Rinaldo and Ar-
mida with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the sing-
ing birds will be perforated by Tom-tits: The Undertakers being re-
solved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audi-
ence.

N° 7. Thursday, March 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,
Nocturnos temores, portentaque Thebala rides? Hor.

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the
misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon
asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt
a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended
some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into
the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I
should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceed-
ed. We were no sooner set down but, after having looked upon me a
little while, My dear, (says she, turning to her husband) you may now
see the stranger that was in the candle last night. Soon after this, as
they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the
table told her, that he was to go into joint-hand on Thursday. Thurs-
day? (says she) no child if it please God, you shall not begin upon Chil-
dermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.
I was reflecting with my self on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering
that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week.
In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt
upon the point of my Knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry
of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately
startled,
startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider my self, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disfigure upon the family. The Lady however recovering her self, after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, My Dear, Misfortunes never come single. My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his Yoke-fellow: Do not you remember, Child, (says she) that the Pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table? Yes, (says he) My Dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almana. The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstitition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the house, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation of the evils that attend these superstitiousfolies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflications, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of Robbers; nay, the voice of a Cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognosticks. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.
I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden Aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when the lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the Soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suppositions, and consequently dispose it to the observance of such prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise-men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of Philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy prelages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who dispenses of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend my self to his care; when I awake, I give my self up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up
to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

N° 8.  

Friday, March 9.

At Venus obscura gradientes aëre sepulcrae,
Et multo Nebulis circum descensii amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos———

Virg.

I shall here communicate to the world a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.

To the Spectator, &c.

SIR.

I am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of Religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every Market-town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Bath or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of Vol. II.

III

the
the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and
can tell you in which of our streets Lewdness prevails, which Gaming
has taken the posseffion of, and where Drunkenness has got the better
of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I
know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common Sweaters.
When I would encourage the Hospital of Bridewell and improve the
Hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and
reforts of female Night-walkers.

After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the
design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular
Assemblly which I think falls very properly under your observation, es-
specially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too consider-
able for the animadversions of our Society. I mean, the midnight
Masque, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the
most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be con-
tinued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who
compose this lawless assemblly are masked, we dare not attack any
of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of Quality to Bride-
well, or a Peer of Great Britain to the Counter; Besides, their
numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout
our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard
of Contables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our au-
thority, make them obnoxious to yours: as both their disguise and
their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself
affronted by you.

If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new
Society are wonderfully contriv'd for the advancement of Cuckoldom.
The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends,
who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the con-
versation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are
several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, shew
their faces by coniunct. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are
the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of
this licentious assemblly seems to terminate in afflications and in-
trigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your publick
advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of
both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner. I am

Your humble servant, and Fellow-labourer, T.B.

Not
Not long after the perusal of this Letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and title of it, I take to be written by some young Templer.

SIR,

WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in February last, I went to the Tuesday’s Masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood of Coquettes disguised in that pretence habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first Quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masques; and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the following verses out of his Poem of Pandike.

The headless Lover does not know Whose eyes they are that wound him so; But confounded with thy art, Enquires her name that has his heart.

"I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour that I plied her from one room to another with all the galantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures; but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to with that I had continued true to my Landrels. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine Lady does not live far from Covent-Garden, and that I am not the finest Cully whom she has taken her self upon for a Countess.

"Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a Cloud for a June; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may..."
"may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily
give you leave. I am, SIR,

Your most humble Admiring, B. L.

I design to visit the next Masquerade myself, in the same habit I wear at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this midnight entertainment.

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-----Tigris aqua rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, saevis inter se convenit usis. Juv.

MAN is said to be a social animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming our selves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastick resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightly Elizabeth, and wit, but to keep one another in countenance; the room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a Candidate for this corpulent Club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as qualified; but if he flunked in the passage, and could not force his way through, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tun.
In opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of
Scare-crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all
they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they re-
presented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them
out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy.
These factions tore the Corporation in pieces for several years, till at
length they came to this accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the
town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which means
the principal Magistrates are at this day coupled like Rabbits, one fat
and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the
Kings. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the return of King
Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and pro-
fections, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of King, which, as they
imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untan-
ted with Republican and Anti-monarchical Principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distincti-
on, and made the occasion of a Club. That of the George's, which used
to meet at the sign of the George, on St. George's day, and swear Before
George, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call Street-
Clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street conyre together ever-
ynight. I remember, upon my enquiring after lodgings in Ormond-
street, the Landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me,
there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon
further discourse with him, that two or three noisome country Squires, who
were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of
house-rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like inconveniences for
the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into
their own hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable na-
ture and good conversation.

The Hum-Drum Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Mem-
ber, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions,
that used to sit together, smoke their Pipes, and say nothing till mid-
night. The Mum Club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same
nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a ve-
ry mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Se-
cond: I mean, the Club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted
that
that had not fought his man. The President of it was laid to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other Members, they took their feats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a Side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shown a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat is said to have taken its original from a Mutton-pye. The Beef-Stake, and October Clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a wall in a little Ale-house: How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of Low Life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

**RULES to be observed in the Two-penny Club, erected in this place, for the preservation of friendship and good Neighbourhood.**

I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two-pence.
II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.
III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the use of the Club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.
IV. If any Member swears or curst, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the fins.
V. If any Member tells stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-penny.
VI. If
VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club
for him.
VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for
whatever she drinks or smokes.
VIII. If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club,
the shall speak to him without the door.
IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of
the Club.
X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade
with any Member of it.
XI. None of the Club shall have his cloaths or shoes made or mended,
but by a Brother-member.
XII. No Non-juror shall be capable of being a Member.
The morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome laws
and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased
with them, as he would have been with the Leger Convivales of Ben.
Johnson, the regulations of an old Roman Club cited by Lipsius, or the
rules of a Symposium in an ancient Greek Author.

No. 10. Monday, March 12.

Non alter quam qui adverso vix flumine lumbum
Remigis subjigat; si brachia forter remisit,
Arque illum in præceps prom prom rapit alveus amni. Virg.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day
by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning Lectures
with a becoming seriousness and attention. My Publisher tells me,
that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: So
that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a
modest computation, I may reckon about three thousand Disciples in
in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermittent flares of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of Vice and Folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tables and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advice them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea equipage.

SIR Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's Serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; But shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of oneself, than to hear what puffs in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse our selves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of thofe Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Clafs of men are comprehended all contemplative Trademen, titular Physicians, Fellows of
of the Royal-Society, Temples that are not given to be contentious, and
State-men that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the
world as a Theatre, and desires to form a right judgement of those who
are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom
I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished
with Ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied
them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great
commineration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have
met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gain-
tering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not
know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning; for by
that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way
the wind lies; and whether the Dutch Mail be come in. As they lie at
the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all
the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the
morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their cham-
bers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily
infill into them such found and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good
effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, than to
the Female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient
pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the
Fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they
are Women, than as they are Reasonable creatures; and are more adapted
to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great scene of busi-
ness, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of
their lives. The sorting of a suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good
morning’s work; and if they make an excursion to a Mercer’s or a Toy-
shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day
after. Their more serious occupations areewing and embroidery, and
their greatest drudgery the preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This,
May, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multi-
tudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in
an exalted sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of
the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and re-
spect, as well as love, into their Male-beholders. I hope to encrease the
number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always en-
deavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by
that means at least divert the minds of my Female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the embellishments of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, left I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige my self to furnish every day: But to make them easie in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desirè me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

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---Vesteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.--- Per.

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle my self in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day
that he was afraid, I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an Advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words. Where a melancholy man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Illington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains. As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my Landlord the Fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my Coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my Chimney, if water to my Bason: Upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modeled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his elder sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my Landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies, with the same liberty as a Cat or any other domestic Animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young girls of the neighborhood sitting about the fire with my Landlady’s daughters, and telling stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my Landlady’s daughters telling them that it was no body but the Gentleman (for that is the name that I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family) they went on without.
without minding me. I feated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of Ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the Red-Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their Curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company cloosed their ranks, and crowded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the Candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to affright and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from those little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of Canon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, to pull the old woman out of our hearts (as Persius expresses it in the Motto of my Paper) and extinguih those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wife and good men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and
and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one
being to break loose upon another without his knowledge and per-
mission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe
that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have mul-
titudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think our selves most
alone: But instead of terrifying my self with such a notion, I am won-
derfully pleas'd to think that I am always engaged with such an innume-
ral Society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining
in the same comfort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits
in Paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which
is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following
passage.

——Nor think, though Men were none,
    That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Solo, or responsive each to others note,
Sing of their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavy touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number joint’d, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
There is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicoli's combat with a Lion in the Hay-Market, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of Great-Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame Lion sent from the Tower every Opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes; this report, though altogether groundless, was universally prevailed in the upper regions of the Playhouse, that some of the most refined Politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper, that the Lion was a Cousin-german of the Tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the publick expence, during the whole Session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicoli; some supposed that he was to subdue him in Recitative, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the Heroe, by reason of the received opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: Several, who pretended to have seen the Opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the Lion was to act a part in High-Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a Thorough Base, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous Animal that extremely
extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a Lion rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: For (says he) I do not intend to hurt any body. I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the Stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-sniffer, who being a fellow of a telly choleric temper over-did his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more furly every time he came out of the Lion, and having dropped some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the foible, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his Lion's skin, it was thought proper to displace him. And it is very believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Taylor by trade, who belonged to the Play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; in so much that after a short modest walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydæpes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of Italian Trips: It is said indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-coloured Doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the Scenes.

The acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, That if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him The Aes
in the Lion's skin. This Gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicollini and the Lion have been seen fitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the Stage. But upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the Drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster-Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicollini, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous Equestrian Statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the Horse than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished, that our Tragedians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian Opera. In the mean time, I have related this combat of the Lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the polite part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

Saturday,
WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits, of that fantastick nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a Lady, that sat in a Coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The Coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and laden behind with the same number of powdered Footmen. Just before the Lady were a couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate Cleantice, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance the forlook, upon the account of this shining Equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover diffrae; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence: being sent thither partly by the loss of one Lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with my self on this unaccountable humour in Woman-kind, of being smitten with everything that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the Sex, from this light, fantastick disposition. I my self remember a young Lady, that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate Rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her choice,
choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had for good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate: Mention the name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn somthing of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great help to discourse, and a Birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topicks. In short, they consider only the drapery of the Species, and never call away a thought on the ornaments of the Mind, that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another’s imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed Gloves may be her ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, silver and gold Galloons, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations; and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquette from the wilder of her flights and rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place, from the enjoyment of one’s self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, False Happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives her self, but from the admiration which she raisees in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

 Aurelia, though a woman of great Quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her Husband, who is her bosom friend, and companion in her
her follies; has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an oeconomy, in its hours of devotion, and repast, employment, and diversion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her Husband as her Steward, and no more; and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the ring, the Play-house, or the Drawing-room: She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never ease in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The milling of an Opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex; and calls every woman of a prudent modest retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing her self, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a Woman in this particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, the unfortunately lost her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered Tunic, a beautiful Cloak of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest purple. A golden bow, says he, hung upon his shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a golden Clasp, and his head covered with an Helmet of the same shining Metal. The Amazon immediately flung out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with.

—Totumque insita per agmen
Famines praeda et Ipollion ardeo amare.

L. 112

This
This heedsless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female Heroe.


Quod verum atque decens cura et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum. Hor.

I have received a Letter, directing me to be very satirical upon the little Muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver Garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me an heavy complaint against Fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either Sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my Paper with reflections upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastick ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrace the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress itself; though at the same time I must own, that I have thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entitled, The Censor of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his Office. An Operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both Sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot
shoot out into long Swords or sweeping Trains, bulky Head-dresses or
full-bottomed Perriwigs, with several other incumbrances of Dress, that
they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, left they should be
oppress'd with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriance of their
habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a
Quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the quick, or to a Beau
that is laden with such a redundance of excrecences. I must therefore
defide my Correspondents to let me know how they approve my project,
and whether they think the erecting of such a petty Censorship may not
turn to the emolument of the publick; for I would not do any thing of
this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another Set of correspondents to whom I must address myself
in the second place; I mean, such as fill their Letters with private
scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world
is so full of ill-nature, that I have Lampoons sent me by people who cannot
spell, and Satyrs composed by those who scarce know how to write.
By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not
legible; and have a whole bundle of Letters in women's hands that are
full of blots and calumnies, in solemn, that when I see the name Celia,
Philis, Pasflora, or any like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude on
course that it brings me some account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife,
or an amorous Widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents,
that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldomns,
or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon
them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can re-
cieve from others, to make an example of any particular Criminal. In
short, I have so much of a DRAWER in me, that I shall pass over a sin-
gle foe to charge whole Armies. It is not LAIS or Silenus, but the har-
lot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall con-
side the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an
individual. I think it was Caligula, who wished the whole city of Rome
had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of
humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the cruelty of his
temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of Offenders. At
the same time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like pri-
ivate calumny and defamation: but as my Speculations are not under this
necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.
In the next place I must apply my self to my Party-correspondents, who are continually urging me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the roggeries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the Letter. About two days since I was reproached with an old Greek law, that forbids any man to stand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my Paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a Party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can in any way allieve private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I shall apply my self to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me, with having done anything towards encreasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my Correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has start'd any hint which he is not able to purifie, if has met with any surprizing story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has anything materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a publick entertainment.

This Paper my reader will find was intended for an answer to a multitude of Correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the Spectator.

S I R, March 35, 1751.

I am at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small Post under you. I observe that "you have appointed your Printer and Publisher to receive Letters and Advertisements for the City of London; and shall think my self very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertisements for the City of Westminster and the Duchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with "fulfili-
"sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius. I am,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant, Charles Lillie.

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**No 18. Wednesday, March 21.**

_---Equivis quoque jam migravit ab aere voluptas_
_Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudio vana._

_Hor._

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian Opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English Stage; for there is no question but our great-grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

_Arsisoe was the first Opera that gave us a taste of Italian Musick._ The great success this Opera met with, produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian Plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the Poets, and Ridders of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day; _that nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense._

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian Operas; and as there was no danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our Authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in _Camilla_,

_Barbora._
Barbara je t'intends, &c.

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,
which expresses the resentment of an angry Lover, was translated into that English lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to Notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words which were drawn out of the Phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the Musick appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus word for word.

And turn'd my rage into pity;

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

And into pity turn'd my rage.

By this means the soft Notes that were adapted to Pity in the Italian, fell upon the word Rage in the English; and the angry sounds that were tuned to Rage in the original, were made to express Pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word And purfu'd through the whole Gamut, have been entreated with many a melodious Tbe, and have heard the most beautiful Graces Quavers and Divisions bestowed upon Then, For, and From; to the eternal honour of our English Particles.

The next step to our refinement, was the introducing of Italian Actors into our Opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our Country-men performed theirs in our native tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in Italian, and his Slaves answered him in English: The Lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his Princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this manner, without an Interpreter between the persons that conversed together: but this was the state of the English Stage for about three years.

At
At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the Opera; and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage; inasmuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wife fore-fathers, will make the following reflection, In the beginning of the eighteenth Century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that Opera's were acted on the publick stage in that language.

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confusion of an absurdity that shews it itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of temerity to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politenesse, which has established it.

If the Italians have a Genius for Mufick above the English, the English have a Genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an Author lived that was able to write the Phædrus and Hippolitus) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian Opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Mufick is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing tence, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of Human Nature: I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his Common-wealth.

At present, our notions of Mufick are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is well like; only in general, we are transported with anything that is not English. So if it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English Mufick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put to-
I am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three
great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick; how they are each
of them over-burdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes
of ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-officers, and Subal-
terns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans and Arch-de-
cons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all
that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subal-
terns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from
any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are num-
berless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a
great exceeding of late years in the second division, several Brevets hav-
ing been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-officers; in-
asmuch that within my memory the price of Luffring is raised above two
pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should
our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the split-
ting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the Elec-
tions in England.

The body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous members,
that are like Virgil's Army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of
them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of
men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first
are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to West-
minster-ball, every morning in Term-time. Martial's description of this
species of Lawyers is full of humour:

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Irus
Men that hire out their swords and anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of the respective societies.

Another numberless branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young men, who being placed at the Inns of Court, in order to study the Laws of their country, frequent the Play-house more than Westminster-Hall, and are seen in all publick assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors, in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such Chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The spirit of them is enough to make a man serious; for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent Author observed that there were no students in Physick among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men, in our own country, may be described like the British army in Caesar's time: Some of them fly in Chariots, and some on foot. If the Infantry do less execution than the Charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried
so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of Regular troops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly lifted and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the killing of Cats in an air-pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockle-shell-merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest Probitv, Learning, and good Sense may miscarry. How many men are Country-curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, though he starved upon Physick; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagabonds is careful, industrious and obliging, but without a little thick-skulled; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The misfortune is, that Parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore force their Sons to be of it. Whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a Trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be over-stocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchant-men are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

Tuesday,
There is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret slabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain; he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is praise-worthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as mark of infamy and derision? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.
Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the Critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it sas, that he does not believe any the most Comic genius can censurate him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who wrote a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that Divine Philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarin gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quilès, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, a lulled him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good Abby that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excite written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his Laundress was made a Princess. This was a reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the promotion of her Brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the Pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised, but
but at the same time, to disable the Satyril for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Arctius is too true an instance. Every one knows that all the Kings of Europe were not tributary. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophy of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the wisest of the Age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus affrights, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scribblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady shall be exposèd, for an unhappy feature. A Father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her life, for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance, by the representa-
tion of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition, of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of Ralliery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a Good-natured man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indifferent man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the one will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me. "A company of waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and fill as any of them put up their heads, they'd be pelting them down again with stones. Children (lays "one of the Frogs) you never consider that, though this be Play to you, "tis Death to us."

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge my self in such Speculations as may not be altogether un-

suitable
suitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the setting in our selves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

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No 25. Thursday, March 29.

--- Ægretutique medendo. Virg.

The following Letter will explain it self, and needs no apology.

SIR,

"I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body; or rather of mind; by the study of Physick. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy my self afflicted with. Doctor Sydenham's learned treatise of Fevers threw me into a lingering Hectick, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied my self to the study of severall Authors, who have written upon Phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a Consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that Imagination. Not long after this I found in my self all the symptoms of the Gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a Treatise upon the Gravel, written by a very ingenious Author, who (as it is usual for Physicians to convert one distemper into another) cured me of the Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length studied my self into a complication of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorus, I was resolved to direct my self by a scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his observati

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ons. The learned world are very well acquainted with that Gentle-
man's invention; who, for the better carrying on of his experiments,
contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was so artificially hung
upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of Scales.
By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by
perpiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and
how much went away by the other channels and distributions of
Nature.

Having provided myself with this Chair, I used to study, eat, drink,
asleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years,
to have lived in a pair of Scales. I compute myself, when I am in
full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about
a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full
meal; so that it is my continual employment, to trim the balance be-
tween these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary
meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and
if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much
small-beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me
weight. In my greatest excursions I do not transgress more than the other
half pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every
month. As soon as I find my self duly poised after dinner, I walk till
I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by
my Chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three
ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no
account of them. I do not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my
Chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I con-
clude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In
my days of abstinence I lose a pound and an half, and on solemn fasts
am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep
within a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I
have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Chair.
Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last
year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two
hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one
ounce in my health during a whole twelve-month. And yet, Sir, not-
withstanding this my great care to ballast my self equally every day, and
to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find my self in a sick
and languishing condition. My Complexion is grown very fallow, my
Vol. II.

Pulse
"Pulse low, and my Body hydripest. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige.

Your humble Servant.

This Letter puts me in mind of an Italian Epitaph written on the monument of a Valetudinarian: _Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sì qui:__ which it is impossible to translate. The Fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some Historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their Constitutions by Physick, and throw themselves into the arms of Death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a Reasonable Creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it, To make our health our business, To engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of Physick; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy Humane Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of Nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered Constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over-solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.
In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsines or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short fable. *Jupiter,* says the Mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate: He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours: Upon which (says the fable) he desired *Jupiter* to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

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**N° 26. Friday, March 30.**

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas*
*Regumque turres, O beata Sexti.*
*Vita summa brevis sper nos vetat inchoare hongam:*
*Jam te premet nos, fabulaque manes,*
*Et domus exilis Plutonia———*  
*Hor.*

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulnes, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloysters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tombstones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: The whole history of his life being

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compre-
comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the ballads of Heroic Poems, who have founding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Τραβήχτις τω Μήδιω τω Θεόπλοκων τε.  
Hom.

Glancumque, Medontaque, Thersitobumque.  
Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by the Path of an Arrow, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an humane body. Upon this, I began to consider with my self what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the Monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modell'd, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the Ocean.
I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a Foreigner I very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a Nation, from the turn of their publick monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cludefy Shoeet's monument has very often given me great offence: Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his Tomb by the figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with forest crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve my soul with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deplored them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and atonish—
astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.


Neque semper arcum Tendit Apollo. Hor.

I shall here present my reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the City, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern Criticism.

SIR,

Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain Officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the fame: I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased to make me your Superintendent of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an Officer, there is nothing like found literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the defarts of Africk. Strange! that one who has all
all the birds and beasts in nature to chuse out of, should live at the Sign
of an Λπυ Ῥάτωνις!

My first task therefore should be, like that of Heracles, to clear the
city from Monsters. In the second place I would forbid, that creatures
of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the
same sign; such as the Bell and the Neats-tongue, the Dog and Grid-
ron. The Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met; but what
has the Fox and the seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb
and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the Cat and
Fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any
thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you
upon this subject, that it is usual for a young Tradeeman, at his first
setting up, to add to his Sign that of the Master whom he served; as
the Husband after marriage, gives a place to his Midwife’s Arms in his
own Coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities
which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first oc-
casioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined

together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determin-
ing how far one Tradeeman may give the Sign of another, and in what
cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make use of a Sign
which bears some affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can
be more inconvenient, than to see a Bawd at the sign of the Angel, or a
Taylor at the Lion? A Cook should not live at the Boot, nor a Shoem-
aker at the roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have
seen a Goat set up before the door of a Perfumer, and the French
King’s head at a Sword-cutter’s.

An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those Gentlemen
who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred
to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I
will not examine how true this is in fact: But though it may not be
necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers; I
think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew
some such marks of it before their doors.

When the Name gives an occasion for an ingenious Sign-post, I would
like wise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world
know he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious
Mrs. Salmond to have lived at the sign of the Trout; for which reason
she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her name-
fake,
Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: And here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a Bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that Abel Dragor gained great applause by it in the time of Ben. Johnson. Our apocryphal heathen God is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the Dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the Bell-faune, which is the sign of a Savage man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it; till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French la belle Sauvage; and is every where translated by our country-man the Bell-faune. This piece of Philology will, I hope, convince you that I have made Sign-pots my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicitate at your hands. But before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another remark which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a threwd guess at the humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his door. A furious chorlerick fellow, generally makes choice of a Bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-bowl painted upon a Sign near Charing-crofts, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of Angels hovering over it, and squeezing a Lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the Matter of the house, and found upon enquiry, as I had guessed by the little Agreements upon his Sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a Gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing Letter another, which came to me by the same Peny-pot.

From my own Apartment near Charing-crofts.

Honoured Sir,

Having heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a Rope dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a Monkey;
"Monkey; but swinging upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the Quality; and if they will make a Subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland that is a very good Tumbler; and also for another of the same family whom I design for my Merry-Andrew, as being an excellent Mimick, and the greatest Drole in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for the next winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the Opera or Puppet-show. I will not say that a Monkey is a better man than some of the Opera Heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man, than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every night a Spectator at my Show for nothing.

I am, &c.

--- Sermo lingua concinno usque
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commissa Falerni est. Hor.

There is nothing that has more startled our English Audience, than the Italian Recitativo at its first entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully surprized to hear Generals singing the word of command, and Ladies delivering meilages in Musick. Our country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superinscription of a Letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old Play of Enter a King and two Fidlers folies, was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a Hero in a defert, or a Princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical Instruments.

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But however this Italian method of acting in Recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English Opera before this innovation: The transition from an Air to Recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a Song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's Opera's.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of Italian Recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the Tone, or (as the French call it) the Accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English Gentleman, when he hears a French Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them speak in a Tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same Tone in an English Actor.

For this reason, the Recitative music in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy, knows very well, that the cadences in the Recitativo bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the Italian music (if one may so call them) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the Heroe knock down his Messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the Italian Artists cannot agree with our English Musicians, in admiring Purcell's Compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both Nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English Composer should not follow the Italian Recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle
gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and dying falls (as Shakespeare calls them,) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English Audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the Italian Opera to lend our English Musick as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A Composer should fit his musick to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with: In short, that musick is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dif- fondance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of musick, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signor Baptista Lully acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French Musick extremely defective, and very often barbarous: however, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French Musick, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it, with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italian. By this means the French Musick is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well, for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The Musick of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent opportunities of joining in concert with the Flage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the Flage do no more in a celebrated song, than the Clerk of a parish Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the musick of the congregation. Every Actor
that comes on the stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our English Dancing-maids. I have seen a couple of Rivers appear in red frockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with Sedge and Ball-rufhes, making love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a plume of Feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation, was *The Rape of Proserpine*; where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings *Alcestis* along with him as his Valet de Chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Musick, Architecture and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those Arts themselves; or in other words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Musick is not designed to please only chromatick ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

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_№ 31. Thursday, April 5._

_Sis mihi fas audita loqui!_—Verg._

LAST night, upon my going into a Coffee-house not far from the Hay-Market Theatre, I diverted my self for above half an hour with over-hearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title
title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of lillners with the project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing Monkeys are in one place; the Puppet-show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an Opera, entitled, The Expedition of Alexander the Great; in which he had disposed all the remarkable Shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage. In one of which there was a Rary-show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This Expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the Oracle at Delphi, in which the dumb Conjurer, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: At the same time Clench of Barnet is represented in another corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of Delphi, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of Wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintus Curtius tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of Monkeys dancing upon ropes, with the many other pleasanthgeries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance
chance to be any strange Animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman is to perforate King Porus upon an Elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is designed to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, Junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a Puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our Projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two Kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German Artiff, Mr. Pinkethman's Heathen Gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionick dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained was, how to get performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the Projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only Musicians in the Turkish Empire, and that it would be very easy for our Factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a Colony of Musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey Fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the Opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.
The Projector having thus settled matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute; but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for Musick that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English Stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer; when, by good luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out with a kind of laugh, Is our Musick then to receive further improvements from Switzerland? This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my peny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation.

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N° 34. Monday, April 9.

Cognatis maculis similis fera——

The Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions,
visions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My rea-
ders too have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree
among them who have not their representative in this Club, and that
there is always some body present who will take care of their respec-
tive interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or in-
fringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night, met very late in company with this select body of friends,
who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made
upon these my Speculations, as also with the various success, which they
had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will.
Honeycomb told me, in the joiest manner he could, that there were
some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the
most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the Opera
and the Puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much sur-
prised, that I should think such serious points as the Dress and Equipage
of persons of Quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short
and told him, That the papers he hinted at had done great good in the
City, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them:
And further added, That the whole City thought themselves very much
obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and
folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a pub-
lisher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir An-
drew, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon Aldermen
and Citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of Courts,
your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the Temple told Sir Andrew, That he won-
dered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner, that the City
had always been the province for Satyr; and that the Wits of King
Charles's time jeered upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then
shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writ-
ers of every age, that the follies of the Stage and Court had never been
accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great were the persons might be
that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your raillery has made
too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court;
and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour
in that particular.

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing
all this while, began his speech with a Plish! and told us, That he won-
dered
dered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that serves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and found bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with so little respect.

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the Army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my Speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the Club; and began to think my self in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hair, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: That it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life.

He further added, That my Paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the manner of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the publick, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advised me to proceed with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of Argument and force of Reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the City with the same frankness.

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The Temple would not stand out; and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assail the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: And at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found: I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: For I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

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No. 35. Tuesday, April 10.

Risit ineptor res ineptior nulla est. Mart.

Among all kinds of writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excels. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant con-
conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of Humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? if they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that Humour should always lie under the check of Reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those ravings incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the off-springs of a discontented brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done Wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a Lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had illustrious Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from Parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour, and fanci...
tallick in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an Impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to *Truth*, and lineally descended from *Good Sense*; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as *True Humour* generally looks serious, while everybody laughs about him; *False Humour* is always laughing, whilst everybody about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of *Wit* without *Mirth*, or *Mirth* without *Wit*, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from *Falsehood*, who was the Mother of *Nonsense*, who was brought to bed of a Son called *Frenzy*, who married one of the Daughters of *Folly*, commonly known by the name of *Laughter*, on whom he begot that monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of *False Humour*, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of *True Humour*, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

**Falsehood.**

**Nonsense.**

**Frenzy.**—**Laughter.**

**False Humour.**

**Truth.**

**Good Sense.**

**Wit.**—**Mirth.**

**Humour.**

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of *False Humour*, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might
might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he 
as has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I 
shall only observe in general, that FALLS HUMOUR differs from the 
TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffoon-
neries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him 
whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the 
contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the 
hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes 
indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he 
can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of 
morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but mock-representations, his 
riddle is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; 
not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false Humours; but 
as as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that m-
lignant spirit, which disfigures it self in the writings of the present age, 
I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, 
that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, 
and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the gen-
eral rule I have prescribed my self, of attacking multitudes: since every 
honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with 
the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall 
in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they 
treat others.
SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very found of a Lady's Library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the Folio's (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of China placed one above another in a very noble piece of Architecture. The Quarto's were separated from the Octavo's by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful Pyramid. The Octavo's were bounded by Tea-ridges of all shapes, colours and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the Library which was designed for the reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of Iquare, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of Saramouches, Lions, Monkey's, Mandarin's, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd figures in China ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a silver Snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers, like Pagons in the muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such
such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable to both the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astrea.
Sir Isaac Newton's works.
The Grand Cyrus; with a Pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Lock of human understanding; with a paper of Patches in it.
A Spelling-book.
A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen comforts of Matrimony.
Sir William Temple's Essays.
Father Malbranche's search after Truth, translated into English.
A book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in verse by Mr. Dury. Bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the Clafsick Authors in wood.
A set of Elegies by the same hand.
Clelia: Which opened of it self in the place that describes two Lovers in a Bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The new Atlantis, with a Key to it.
Mr. Steele's Christian Heroe.
A Prayer book: With a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr.
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.
Fielding's Tryal.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other Authors, when Leonora entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her Estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her Sex, into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men; (as she has often said herself) but it is only in their writings: and admits of very few male-visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted Palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with wood-bines and jellamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twitted into bowers, and filled with cages of Turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The purling Stream. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady prefers her game better than any of the Gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir Roger) that she sets too great a value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil a comfort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.
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When I think how oddly this Lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to her self, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's employing her self usefully in reading shall be the subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the Sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

No 39. Saturday, April 14.

Multa sero, ut placet genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo ------ Hor.

A perfect Tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says Seneca) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as Gods might look upon with pleasure; And such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They often inflence, root affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the Drama has met with publick encouragement.

Vol. II. Qqq The
The modern Tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome; in the intricacy and disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English Tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambick verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for Tragedy: because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, says he, we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak按时verbs, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our English Blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a Tragedy of Hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The Sokkönism is, I think, still greater, in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lyes in Blank verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases, every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the same effect as an Air in the Italian Opera after a long Recitative, and give the Actor a graceful Exit. Besides, that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English Tragedy that close with an Hemistick, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings-off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English Poets have succeeded much better in the Stile, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their language is very often noble and honorable, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions
pressions are very great; it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our Tragedies may rise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectifie the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down all the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick ornaments; by this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew it self in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are cloathed. Shakespeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Ariforte to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fablie, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these, (namely the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases, and elaborate expressions. Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Ariforte, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Et tragicus plurumque dolet formosae pedestri,
Telephus et Peleus, cum puerer et excubiterque,
Proiectus ampullis et solutis pedibus verba,
Si curat cor spectantium hergeaeque querelae.*

*Tragedians too lay by their state, to grieve,
Peleus and Telephus, exult and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantick words.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.
Among our modern English Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than Lee; if instead of favouring the impiety of his genius, he had refrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully fitted to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them: There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he flackens his efforts, and eases the title of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech, where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation?

Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Oswald has followed Nature in the language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English Poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of Venice Preserved on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the Heroe of his Play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he shewed for its ruins and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman Historian says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious (si pro patria fsec considisset) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

Monday,
Ac ne sorte putes me, quae sacere ipse recusem,
Cum retile tradam alti, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui petitus maniert angit,
Irritat, mulcat, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magis; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis. Hor.

The English writers of Tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the Ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of Tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the Tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made
made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the Tragedies that were written in each of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily, had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the publick disburse of the state, from those that ended happily. Terror and comfocation leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious compusure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient flings of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, we find, that more of our English Tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best Plays of this kind are the Orphan, Venice preserv'd, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c. King Lear is an admirable Tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have been written since the slanting of the above-mentioned criticim, have taken this turn: as the Mourning Bride, Tamerlane, Ulysses, Phaedra and Hippolytus, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefor dispute against this way of writing Tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The Tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English Theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a Poet's thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras into one poem, as of writing such a medley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to Tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them, which are likewise more frequent upon the English Stage, than upon any other: For though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in Tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action,
action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an Under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English Tragedy: I mean those particular Speeches which are commonly known by the name of _Rants_. The warm and passionate parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the Players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been fo acted. I have seen Porteus very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the Actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into futility. This hath filled the mouths of our Heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curios, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our Tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting Kings or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his Mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the Fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a _Rant_ pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the Reader, when he sees the Tragedy of _Oedipus_, to observe how quietly the Hero is dismissed at the end of the third Act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion.
To you, good Gods, I make my last appeal,
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward trod those paths I sought to run;
Impute my errors to your own decree:
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the
Stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth Act;
and you will wonder to see an audience so curbed and so pleased at the
same time.

O that as oft I have at Athens seen
[Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many years after
Oedipus.]
The Stage arise, and the big clouds descend;
So now in very deed, I might behold
This ponderous Globe, and all you marble roof,
Meet like the bands of Jove, and crush mankind,
For all the Elements, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause
from the ill taste of an audience, I must do him the justice to own, that he
is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the ad-
miration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of
Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.

Wednesday,
Aristotle has observed, that ordinary writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dressings and decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our tragic Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a Great man and a Tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country or his Friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the Plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a distilled Hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a Great man, a Prince's generally receives his grandeur from those.
additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but, I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the Page’s part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or inconvenience her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a Queen venting her passion in a disorder’d motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her Gown. The parts that the two persons act on the Stage at the same time, are very different: The Prince is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the King her father, or lose the Hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her Petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragick Poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled Kings and distress’d Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in dresses and cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill-contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making Great men, and adding dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three drapers of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a compleat body of Guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few Porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the Poet has been disposed to do honour to his Generals. It is impossible for the reader’s imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

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Non tantum istus

Digna geri prorsis in scenam: multaque tolles

Ex oculis, que max narret facundia praefons.

Hor.

Tot
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.

Ld. Roscommon.

I should therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French Stage, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Hay-Market Theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-Cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a Tragedy; and shall shew in another paper the several expedients which are practiced by Authors of a vulgar genius, to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The Taylor and the Painter often contribute to the success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our Actors are very sensible, that a well-drest Play has sometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances: They call it the Fobberia della scena, the knavery or trickish part of the drama. But however the show and outside of the Tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good Poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments, by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a King or Heroe, give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakespeare?
The Spectator

N° 44. Friday, April 20.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi. Hor.

Among the several artifices which are put in practice by the Poets to fill the minds of an audience with Terror, the first place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the descendency of a God, or the rising of a Ghost, at the vanishing of a Devil, or at the death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or roved through a cleft of it, and stuck again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in Venice Preserved, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind, than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the Ghost in Hamlet is a matter-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it: his dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblins damn'd!

Bring
I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices above-mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief: and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the Actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Prince upon the stage with a little Boy in one hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third Poet being resolved to out-write all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children, with great success: and, as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning-weeds, with half a dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents...
cidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English Stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British Audience, several French Criticks, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewn with carcases in the last scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the play-house several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French Stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous Play of Corneille, written upon the subject of the Horatii and Curatii; the fierce young Heroe who had overcome the Curatii one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sitter for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid publick bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his Sitter the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case; the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how Sophocles has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakespeare, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys him-
self by a beautiful stratagem into his Mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for mercy; and the Son answering her, that she showed no mercy to his Father; after which the thrills out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients; and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting, in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the Usher at the entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the Palace where he had lain his Father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the Poet obviates that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the Audience.

Nec eoram populo natos Medea trucidet.

Let not Medea draw her murdering knife,
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's Rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

Nec
The SPECTATOR

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;  
Aut humano palam coquas extra nefarius Areus;  
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.  
Quademque ostendis mihi sit, incredules adi.

Hor.

Medea must not draw her murdering knife,  
Nor Areus there his horrid feast prepare,  
Cadmus and Progne’s Metamorphosis,  
(Who to a Swallow turn’d, he to a Snake)  
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe.

Ld. ROCOMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatick inventions which are made use of by the ignorant Poets to supply the place of Tragedy, and by the Skilful to improve it; some of which I could with entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider Comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the Scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second’s time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for Comick than Tragick artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

Saturday,
There is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politics, but to our Manners. What an inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the importation of French Fopperies.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the War (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-women kept their Valet de Chambre, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a Looking-glass in his hand, and combing his Lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a Lady's being got with child by one of these her Handmaids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of service, the Ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not flirting; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend WILL. Honeycot to carry me along with him to one of these travelled Ladies, desiring him at the same time, to present me as

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a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The Lady, though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted her self for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she tirred a leg or an arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this custom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of three-score may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profuse admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking Politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glafs, which does such execution upon all the Male bystanders. How pretty does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory comb or a Pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her Footman? and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper, which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantasical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than anything that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the grandest ornaments of the Fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the Tragedy of Macbeth, and unfortunately placed my self under a woman of Quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little
before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a Lady that fate three boxes from her, on her right hand, if those Witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the Play, she shook her fan at another Lady, who fate as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper, that might be heard all over the pit, *We must not expect to see Balloon to night.* Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his name, who fate three scouts before me, she asked him whether Macbeth’s Wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to her self, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted my self in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection, by Ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it: But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of France, in his time, thought it ill breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense, that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled Ladies, who have lived all their days within the limits of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James’s betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

*S* *f* *f* *2*  
*Monday,*
When I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of letting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find anything suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheet-full of hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself: There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the Coffee-house: it had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perturbed it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the pulpit; and with a very audible voice read as follows.
MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverly's country feat.—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjurer—Childermass-day, Salter, Houle-dog, Screech-owl, Cricket—Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles, Tarico—Aegro-jequate medendo—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a Taylor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equipage, the Lady's summum bonum—Charles Lillie, to be taken notice of—Short face, a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King Latinns a recruit—Jew devouring an ham of Bacon—Westminster-Abbey—

Grand Cairo—Procrustination—April fools—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Judges, joint—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improvable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's school-mistress—Face half Pic—half British—No man to be an Heroe of a Tragedy under six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower-pots, Elbow-chairs, Tapestry-figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-show—Old Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gally—pot—Patillas in stockings, with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, Cudgels, Drum-sticks—Slip of my Land-lady's eldest daughter—The black Mare with a star in her forehead—The Barber's pole—Will, Honeycombs's coat-pocket—Caesar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—Nulli gravis est persecution

Achilles—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some body that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politick winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the name of the out-landish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford Scholar,
who chanced to be with his uncle at the Coffee-house, discovered to us who this Patolus was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy Citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a curtly glance over it, and thook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twissed it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the readiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indifference zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his Travels; ‘Dum nimirum est, facta est impia.’

SIR,

I am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a Gospel-gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends.) Lectures in the morning, Church-meetings at noon, and Preparation-sermons at night, take up so much of her time, 'tis very rare the knowes what we have for dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon popgun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications to perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my cafe, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a
little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the
happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.
The second Letter, relating to the Ogling Matter, runs thus.

Mr. Spectator,

I am an Irish Gentleman, that have travelled many years for my Im-
provement; during which time I have accomplished myself in
the whole art of Ogling, as it is at present practiced in all the polite
nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of
my friends, to set up for an Ogling-matter. I teach the Church Ogle
in the morning, and the Play-house Ogle by candle-light. I have also
brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring, which I teach
in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkening one
of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called The compleat Og-
ler, which I shall be ready to shew you upon any occasion. In the
mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this Letter in an
Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

N° 47. Tuesday, April 24.

Ride si sapi— Mart.

Mr. Hobbs, in his discourse of human Nature, which, in my hum-
ble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very
curious observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: "The pas-
\sion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some
sudden conception of some eminent place in our selves by comparison with
the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at
the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remem-
brace, except they bring with them any present dishonour."
According to this Author therefore, when we hear a man laugh exceedingly, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at some body that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England, to keep a tame Fool dressed in petticoats, that the Heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason Idiots are still in request in some of the Courts of Germany, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an Idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Denis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a Satyr in Mofier Boileau.

Thus one fool tolls his tongue out at another, And shakes his empty nodle at his brother.

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are furnish'd up of Laughter among men of a grosser kind: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their silliness affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of Laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry Drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could not be, according to the old proverb: I mean those circumstantial Wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Porcages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry Wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in
a Fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boats that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sieve-
teas errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an half-penny worth of ink at a Shoemaker's: the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a Monster: and in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my Landlady herself did escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon their conceits ever since.

This art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelve-month; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These Gentle-men are commonly distinguished by the name of Biter's: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuses his Fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more Philosophical language, that secret elation and pride of heart which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than our selves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstruse in my speculations, if I shew that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote Analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

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Tet  
But
But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience; and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and gallantry of their well-wishers and companions, that are pestled by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and, in a word, stand as Butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleasure. I know several of these Butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a Butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid Butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people; Men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A Butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an Hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a Butt, after the following manner; Men of all sorts (says that merry Knight) take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that Wit is in other men.

N° 50. Friday, April 27.

 Nunquam alius natura, alius sapientia dixit. Juv.

W HEN the four Indian Kings were in this country about a twelve-month ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their Landlord the Uphol-
riter, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King Su Ga Teen Qua Rosh Tow, and, as he supposed, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their stay in the Isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short Specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. Paul.

"On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am King. Our good Brother E Tow O Koam, King of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of Granjab and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shaped rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into Pillars, that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people, for they give it the name of a Temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion in.

And indeed, there are several reasons which make us think, that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of wor-
ship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour: there was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for these underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the Deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtsying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among our fellows. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young hulky raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of Porters, who were hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangulate themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of
their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are
as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

We were invited to one of their publick diversions, where we hoped
to have seen the great men of their country running down a Stag or
pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons
of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed
us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where
this lazy people sat till above three hours to see several feats of in-
genuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them,
we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They
let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make
a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the
women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot,
and cover it from being seen. The women look like Angels, and would
be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black spots that
are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd fi-
gures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon;
but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to
break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the fore-
head in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.

The Author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and pet-
ticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall refer for
another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking
notice, that amidst these wild remarks, there now and then appears some-
thing very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are
all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which
we meet with in this abstract of the Indian Journal; when we fancy the
cuffions, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and ex-
travagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

Thursday,
MOST of the Trades, Professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into Luxury, and the latter into Avarice. As the two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was rouzed out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage by Avarice, and afterwards overpersuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of them.


Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas adoebe Ponte,
Castercum, stippas, hebenum, thus, trabica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo.

Verte aliquid: jura. Sed Jupiter audiet: Ebea!
Bare, regifiatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum iove tendis.

Jam pueris pellem succintus et anophorum aptas;
Ocyus ad navem. Nil oblat quin trade vassit
Aigeum rapidas, nisi solers Luxuria ante
Sedum moneat; Quo xecinde, inane ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub peltore mascula bitis
Intumnet, quam non extinxerit ura cicuta?
Tan mare transtibas? Tibi torta canabae fuito
Cena sit in transito: Vestianumque rubellum

Exhalet
No 55. The SPECTATOR.

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, says AVARICE; thou snor'r't again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'lt, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no denial takes;
At his command th'unwilling sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, Saltor, Calab wines, the precious weight:
Of Pepper, and Sabaean incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back,
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear,
'Tis wholesome sin: But 'tis, thou say'lt, will hear.
Swear, fool, or starve; for the Dilemma's even:
A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Refult'd for Sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now: but he,
That sofit voluptuous Prince, call'd LUXURY;
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlehem's noble College free?
Stark, flaring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the Sea;
Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattres's laid,
On a brown George, with lowlie Swobbers fed;
Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
From a foul Jack, or greasie Maple cup?

Says,
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store?
From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
For, not to live at ease, is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou livest; for Death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale,
Speak; wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure chuse
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a Government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of Luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapacity and corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States of the world were subdued by the Romans, the Republick sunk into those two Vices of a quite different nature, Luxury and Avarice: and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring my self in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: The name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal Monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many Generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by Hunger.
Hungry, Industry, Care and Watchfulness: he had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this Privy-Counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The Father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the Son under those of Luxury. The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world fixed Neter: but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the intrigues of Poverty, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first Minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the Government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, in so much that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors above-mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.
THE Americans believe that all creatures have Souls, not only
men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most ina-
nimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all
the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of
these things perish, their Souls go into another world, which is inhabited
by the Ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by
the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use
of the Souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bod-
dies in this. How absurd forever such an opinion as this may appear, our
European Philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as im-
probable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of
the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less exra-
vagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unin-
telligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Mag-
nus, who in his dissertation upon the lodestone observing that fire will
destroy its magnetick virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of
one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he per-
ceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be
the substantial Form, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the Soul of the
load-stone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their country-
men descended in a vision to the great repository of Souls, or, as we call
it there, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends
a distinct account of everything he saw among those regions of the dead.
A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one
of the interpreters of the Indian Kings, to enquire of them, if possible,
what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as
he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several
times, was in substance as follows.
The Visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. While he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge Lion conched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him, and the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he flopped down to take up an huge stone in his hands; but to his infinite surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprize, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicker of thorns and briars was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets; and were a kind of lining to those ragged places which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsmen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the Souls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down...
down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white fleed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince Nicaragua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowry plains, green meadows, running streams, funny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions; nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to exercices and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were toasting the figure of a coat; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horie; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the Souls of departed Utensils; for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton andTaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Taratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Taratilda? he could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not
not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arofe on the other side. At his approach Taratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disembumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Taratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and refided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

This tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dulcal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal: But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.
When the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the Heroe, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids and mind her spinning; by which the Poet intimates, that men and women ought to befruit themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a cauld in or a lack posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in cambrick and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in Town and Court: as what Lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettyest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to Town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a fix-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects her business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a louche cur; and remember one day, when the could not think of the name of a person, the described him, in a large company of Men and Ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imper-
imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern my self about them; but as I would fain contribute to make woman-kind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rife among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and foment them into tendernees and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? how have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values her self more upon being the Virago of one party, than upon being the Toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chunked to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spit a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides, it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman’s face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexion, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For
For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reticence which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagances; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engulfs the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a Lady of his acquaintance: We were no sooner fated down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the Doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discourseing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plait of it the figure of the Doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves railery, told her, that if he was in Mr. True-love's place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. I am afraid, said she, Mr. Honeycomb, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the Doctor or not? Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, Well, says she, I'll be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the Doctor in your hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing. Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

Monday,
Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous Critic befalls upon one who had written a Treatise upon the Sublime in a low groveling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my Readers will give me a week's attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my Readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these Speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several points relating to Opera's and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my Bookseller that these papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.
In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false Wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observe there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Common-wealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyricks handed about in Acroflick, by which means some of the most arrant undispersed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false Wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with, is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself; I mean those short Poems printed among the minor Greek Poets, which resemble the figure of an Egg, a pair of Wings, an Ax, a shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his Poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good figure for a Lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satyrical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poesy of an Ax which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan Horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Poetic was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers impute upon their knives; and that therefore the Poetic still remains in its ancient shape, though the Ax itself is lost.

The Shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths refem-
resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the Poem.

The Altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more antient than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the Author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at least a Designer: he was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The Poetry was to contrast or dilate it itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the Tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following Verses in his Mac Flecknoe: which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems abovementioned in the shape of Wings and Altars.

—Chute for thy command
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick land;
There may'st thou Wings display, and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several Poets of the last age, and in particular may be meet with among Mr. Herbert's Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles the First, which has the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them prefixed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and
and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of Whigs which were
in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernu-
merary locks that shall contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this Wig
originally for King William, having disposed of the two books of Kings
in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before
the Wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one
that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in picture, I would humbly pro-
pose, for the benefit of our modern imitators in Poetry, that they would
imitate their brethren among the antients in those ingenious devices. I
have communicated this thought to a young poetical Lover of my ac-
quaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a copy of verses
made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finis-
ed the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the
measure of his Mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a poetic
in the fashion of a ring which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to
eagle upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers
will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall
see the Town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handker-
chiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore con-
clude with a word of advice to those admirable English Authors who
call themselves Pindarick writers, that they would apply themselves to
this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any
other Poets with versets of all sizes and dimensions.

N° 59. Tuesday, May 8.

Operose nihil agunt. Sen.

There is nothing more certain than that every man would be a
Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of pretended depth
and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite Author, as
Flasp and Froth, they all of them shew upon occasion that they would
spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to
despise.
despite. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a gally-flave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such Authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the Lipogrammatists or Letter-cappers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an Odyssey or epic Poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha (as lucus a non lucendo) because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta, for the same reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was preferred with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blenched with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned Pedants than the Odyssey of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrasemes, unnatural barbarisms and ruficities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasuries of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a Rebus, that does not sink a letter but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Caesar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an Elephant upon the reverse of the publick mony; the word Caesar signifying an Elephant in the Latin language. This was artificially contrived by Caesar, because it was not lawful for a private man to
stamp his own figure upon the coin of the Common-wealth. Cicero, who
was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the
nose with a little wren like a vetch (which is cicer in Latin) instead of
Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius with the fi-
gure of a vetch at the end of them to be inscribed on a publick monu-
ment. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed
of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had of-
ten reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous
building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a Frog
and a Lizard: those words in Greek having been the names of the archi-
ects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe
their own names upon their works. For the fame reason it is thought, that
the forehead of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Au-
relius, represents at a distance the shape of an Owl, to intimate the country
of the statue, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of
wit was very much in vogue among our own country-men about an age
or two ago, who did not predicate it for any oblique reason, as the ancients
above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among
innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce
the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned
Camden in his Remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a
picture, hung up at his door the sign of a Yew-tree, that had several ber-
ries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a
bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the
word N-ew-erry.

I shall conclude this topick with a Rebus, which has been lately hewn
out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim house,
being the figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to pieces a little Cock.
For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my Eng-
lishe reader that a Cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the
same word that signifies a French-man, as a Lion is the emblem of the
English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building looks like a
Puss in an heroic Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious archi-
tecl would suffer the statue to blemish his excellent plan with so poor
a conceit: But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the Cock,
and deliver him out of the Lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk
sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any
writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph,
before she was worn away into nothing, but a voice. The learned Eras-
merus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a Dialogue upon
this silly kind of device, and made use of an Echo who seems to have
been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks
with in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables
which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in
ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruins bewailing the loss
of his Bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the Poet in several
difficulties, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and
furnishes him with Rhymes.

He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for los of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret;
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For los of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful waitings did refund.
More wifefully, by many times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her in their useful stories,
To answer to Interrogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis versified to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O wisthier, wicked Bruins,
Are thou fled to my — Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hard'st scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guerd.
Am I not here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones vailed, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever wish or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not he laid i' th' dish
Thou turnedst thy back? quoth Echo. Pish.
To run from those th' bad'st overcome
Thus cowardly? quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hadst no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? quoth she, A pudding.

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S E V E R A L kinds of falle wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the Monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely dispengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the Æneid turned into Latin rhymes by one of the Beaux Espirs of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the Æneid wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, tho' it consisted but of the eight following words:

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, caelo.

Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon
upon their hands, did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of Anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, The Anagram of a man.

When the Anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: For it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The Lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see her self degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprize, that he had mistaken her Surname, for that it was not Boon but Bobbin.

\[ \text{\underline{Ibi omnis Effusus labor}} \]

The Lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, in so much that in a little time after he left his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostick was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The Simple Acrostick is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chineses, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are Compound Acrosticks, when the principal Letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verfes have not only been...
edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the Poem.

There is another near relation of the Anagrams and Acrosticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the Inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of Gnaustaphus Adolphus the following words, Christus Dux Ergo Triumphen. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVII, or 1657, the year in which the Medal was stamped: For as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and over-top their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious German Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The Bouts Rimes were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a lift of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the lift: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the Poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of Empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the Reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new Mercure Gallant; where the Author every month gives a lift of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious in order to be communicated to the publick in the Mercure for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

- Lauriers
- Guerriers
- Mafette
- Lifette
One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage.

Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day showed Monsieur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in which among others I had made use of the following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason cannot be put into verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good. Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these Bouts Rimes made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French Ladies used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played booby, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a Poem entitled, La Défaite des Bouts-Rimes, the Rout of the Bouts-Rimes.

I must subjoin to this kind of wit the Double rhymes, which are used in doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the
Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic.
Was beat with silt instead of a stick;

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Rosi over,

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

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N° 61. Thursday, May 10.

Non equidem studer, bullatis ut mili nagis
Pagina urgefact, dave pondus idonea sumo. Perf.

THERE is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended
by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of
words, and is comprehended under the general name of Pun-
ing. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural
disposition to produce. The seeds of Punning are in the minds of all
men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good
sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius, that is not
broken and cultivated by the rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and
when it does not raise the mind to Poetry, Punning, Musick, or other
more noble arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetoric, describes
two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls Paragrams, among the beau-
ties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the
greatest Authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his
works with Puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of Ora-
tory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of Wit, which also upon exa-
namination prove to be Puns. But the age in which the Punn chiefly
flourished, was the reign of King James the First. That learned Mon-
arch was himself a tolerable Punniter, and made very few Bishops or
Privy-
Privy-Councillors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a Cinick, or a Conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the Punns appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council-table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of Punns. The Sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the Tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The former was punned into repentance by the latter; and in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Heroe weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false Wit, that all the writers of Rhetoric have treated of Punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country-schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest Pugnosophist among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Sowen, the famous Punnister; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Sowen's conversation, he told me, that he generally talked in the Pugnosophia, that he sometimes gave into the Place, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the Antinomia.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this land was formerly very much infested with Punns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful Naturalists.

After this short history of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world, as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite Authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in writing, were deluders of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these Authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gaged themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these
secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as Iocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit, by any of the ancient Authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age, and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of Punsiers: At least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen Aerosticks handed about the Town with great feerity and applause; to which I must also add a little Epigram called the Witches Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other. When one sect there are actually such pains-takers among our British Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lath one another, let it be with the many strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a Lion, than the hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory Aerosticks and Whig Anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are Anagrams and Aerosticks.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the history of a Punn, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language: if it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In short, one may lay of a Punn as the country-man described
sribed his Nightingale, that is, _vox et præterea nihil_, a sound; and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true Wit by the description which _Aristimenes_ makes of a fine woman, when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful: Or, as _Mercurius_ has translated it more emphatically, _Inducitur, formosa est; Exucitur, ipsa forma est._

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**No. 62.** Friday, May 11.

_Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et finis._ Hor.

Mr. Lock has an admirable reflection upon the difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavoureth to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: _And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, That men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason._ For Wit being most in the assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity; thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; Judgment on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being mis-led by similitude, and by affinity, to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion: wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of Wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives Delight and Surprise to the Reader: These two properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the
the resemblance in the Ideas be Wit; it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprize. To compare one man’s similitude to that of another, or to represent the likeness of any object by that of Milk and Snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some surprize. Thus when a Poet tells us, the bosom of his Muses is as white as snow, there is no Wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader’s memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprizing, have seldom anything in them that can be called Wit. Mr. Locke’s account of Wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Emblems, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, Dramatick writings, Burlesques, and all the methods of Allusion; as there are many other pieces of Wit, (how remote forever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true Wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of Ideas, false Wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrodicts; sometimes of Syllables, as in Echos and Doggerel Rhymes; sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the figures of Eggs, Axes or Advers. Nay, some carry the notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true Wit consists in the resemblance of Ideas, and false Wit in the resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the resemblance of Words; which, for distinction sake, I shall call mixed Wit. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spencer is in the same Class with Milton. The Italians, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself
self upon the ancient Poets; has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays it self to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in Virgil, Lucretius or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce anything else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt Wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this Class. The passion of Love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets have therefore taken advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of Witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his Mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of Love, concludes the torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his letter written in juice of Lemmon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's flames. When the weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that diffus'd those drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that tends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him, for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Altna, that instead of Vulcan's shop incloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would intimate to his Mistress, that the fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the Poet's heart is frozen in every breath, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship on fire in the middle of the sea.

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The Reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the Poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion, and as real fire, surprises the Reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions which make up all the Wit in this kind of writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a composition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the Ideas, or in the Words; its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tinsel of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixt Wit, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of Wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of Wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest Wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that Author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of Wit; if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Boileau, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French Criticks, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to
to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Gothis in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Aeneas, in the following words: "Ovid (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Aeneas) "takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Did-" do; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fu- gitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, im- proves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to wit and fancy. This paifies indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to obserfe, that the taste of most of our English Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely Gothis. He quotes Monlebrue Segrans for a threefold distinction of the Readers of Poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: "Segrans has dis- guished the Readers of Poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three Classes. [He might have said the taste of writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest form he places those whom he calls Les Petits Esprits, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a Play-house, who like nothing but the husk and rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid sense, and elegant ex- pression: these are Mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial flout for Par- liament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is they are but a fort of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two Pounds per Annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not priviledged to Poll. Their Authors are of the same level, fit to represent them..."
"on a Mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a Bear-
"garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often
"happens, to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their
"stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversa-
tion with men of judgment) they soon forfake them.

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Lock in
the passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of
Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does
likewise branch it self out into several kinds. For not only the Re-
semblance but the Opposition of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I
could drew in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possi-
bly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

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N° 63. Saturday, May 12.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut surpiter atrim
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, si tabula fore liber,
Persimilem, cujus, velut agri somnia, vane
Finguntur species——— Hor.

It is very hard for the mind to disengage it self from a subject in
which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of
themselves from time to time, though we give them no encoura-
gement; as the toffings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours
after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's Dream or Vision, which
formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of Wit, whe-
ther false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddess of Falsehood, and entitled the region of false Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees bloomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an Opera tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that Dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their palltime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, amber-greese, and pulvillos; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when to my great surprize I found there were artificial Echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the center of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gotbick manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the God of Dullness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place drest in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a Monky sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an Altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several offerings of Aver, Wings, and Eggs, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The Temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of Anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures, and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.
Not far from these was a body of Aerosticks, made up of very dis-proportioned persons. It was divided into three columns, the Officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The Officers were all of them at least six foot high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common Soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the Officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Aerosticks two or three files of Chronogams, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their poise promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the Deity, I thought I saw the Phantom of Tryphiodorus the Lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the Temple, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebusrs. There were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a hemp-tail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of Crambo. I heard several double rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of drees, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of Timnes. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the fields that
that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect: her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male Deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his hand. His name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, in so much that the Goddess of those Regions appeared in person upon the frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the Regions of Falseness to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neutrals, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell afunder and divided it into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falseness.

The Goddess of Falseness was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of the Army; but as the dazzling light, which flowed from Truth, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly, insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the Goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the Goddess: and not only of the Goddess herself, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with
with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the Gods disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as if I were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of Prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact body of Figures. The genius of Horace Poetry appeared with a Sword in her hand, and a Laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with Cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satyr had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her Thunderbolt; and Comedy by her Mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the God of Wit; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awoke.

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N° 68. Friday, May 18.

Nos duo turba sumus———

Ovid.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversati-
on is never so much streightened and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like publick topics. In proportion, as conversation gets into Clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, intrusive, and unrevered discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposés his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhaustively than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose book would be regarded by our modern Wits as one of the most shining tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal treatise entitled, The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach. How finely has he describ'd the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour: and laid down that precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, "That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends. Sweet language will multiply friends, and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless be but one confidant of a thousand. With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? and with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and selfish-interest'd friend? If thou would'st get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach. Again, Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will
will be as thy self, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face. What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? Separate thy self from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends. In the next words he particularizes one of the fruits of friendship, which is described at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just, as well as very sublime. A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth counterveal a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also. I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence. That a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; For a wise friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship? Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, shall scatter them away; and be that upbraideth his friend, shall break friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or diglossing of secrets, or a treacherous counsellor, for these things every friend will deplore. We may observe in this and several other precepts in this Author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epistelus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend and be faithful unto him; but if thou betrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hath thou lost the love of thy friends, as one that settest a bird out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for be
is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that beareth thorns, is without hope.

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it, morum comitas, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpertly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following Epigram:

Difficultis, facilis, jucundas, acerbus es idem,
Nec tum possum ornare, nec sine te.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, petty, pleasant fellow;
Haft so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: and as most men are at sometimes in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep our selves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

A a a a z

Saturday,
Here is no place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of country-men and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of Emporium for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their Representatives. Factors in the trading world are what Ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an Alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am jumbled among a body of Armenians: sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, a Swede, or a Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like...
like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what country-man he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to no body there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me buffeting in the crowd, but at the same time conveys at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some mony to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many publick solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stoln down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the publick stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual interchange and traffick among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every Degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippick Islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dres of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the Earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rife out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of Earth falls to our shares! Natural Historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts,
nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of it self, and without the assistances of art, can make no further advances towards a plumb than to a floe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our fun and foil. Nor has traffic more enrichted our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every Climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with Pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: our morning's-draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the Earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose our selves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens: the spice-Islands our hot-beds: the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprized to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the
the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed Estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other Estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

### № 70. Monday, May 21.

**Interdum vulgus refuit uter.**

**Hor.**

When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst Readers of all qualities and conditions. Molière, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his Comedies to an old woman who was his House-keeper, as the fate with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretell the success of his Play in the Theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us the Audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this: the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful Authors and writers of Epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, to far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of Martial, or a Poem of Cowley: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or
or Ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affecation of Ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of Chevy-Chase is the favourite Ballad of the common people of England, and Ben. Johnson used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney in his discourse of Poetry speaks of it in the following words; I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind Crooker with no rougher voice than rude file; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern Criticks have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic Poem should be founded upon some important precept of Morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the Poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his Poem upon the discords of the several Grecian Princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatick Prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the disaffections of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unpeakeable calamities to the country: The Poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch Nobleman: That he designed this for the instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his Readers.

God
God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
Twixt Noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate perfections and actions which do honour to their country: Thus Virgil's Hero was the Founder of Rome, Homer's a Prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece and the wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their Epic writings.

The Poet before us, has not only found out an Hero in his own country, but raiseth the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, and the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty three: the Scotch retire with fifty five: all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the Scotch and English Kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great mens deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

Oh heavy news, King James did say,
Scotland can witnesse be,
I have not any Captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.
Let shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake.

This Vow full well the King performed
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands dye, &c.

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable partiality to his Country-men, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

_Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,_
_Most like a Baron bold,_
_Rode foremost of the company,_
_Whose armour shone like Gold._

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as your self, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: However, says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

_E'er thus I will out-braved be,_
_One of us two shall dye;_
_I know thee well, an Earl thou art,_
_Lord Piercy, so am I._

_But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,_
_And great offence, to kill._
_Any of these our harmless men,_
_For they have done no ill._

_Let thou and I the battle try,_
_And let our men aside;_
_Accurs't be he, Lord Piercy said,_
_By whom this is deny'd._

When
When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous party, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstances of it, that his rival saw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas, to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Merry Men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's Aeneids is very much to be admired, where Camilla in her last agonies instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the Heroe of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

Turn sic expirans, &c.

A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosie colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.

Acca, 'tis past! he sways before my sight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the Town relieve:
Farewell.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our Poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse,

Lord Piercy sees my fall.
Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionat; I must only caution the Reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl Douglas for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Misfortune did never take.

That beautiful line, Taking the dead man by the hand will put the Reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Ancifias pallentia miris:
Ingenuit miseraeus graviter, dextranque tetendit, &c.

The pious Prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He grieve'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To worth so great——!

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old Song.

Wednesday,
HAVING already given my Reader an account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my Reader than it was to my self; for which reason I shall communicate it to the publick as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to enquire into the nature of a Club that had such a founding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

THE everlasting Club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty four hours among them in such a manner, that the Club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the everlasting Club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this Club that the Steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in a readi-
readines to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in
the memory of man.

This Club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say,
about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interrupti-
on till the time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and dispersed
them for several weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his post
till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which
was demolished in order to stop the fire;) and would not leave the chair
at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and receiv-
red repeated directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This
Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every
member of it as a greater man, than the famous Captain mentioned in
my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not
quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being
the great year of Jubilee, the Club had it under consideration whether
they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches
and debates, it was at length agreed to fit out the other century. This
resolution passed in a general Club *Nomine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of
the *everlasting Club*, I should here endeavour to say something of the
manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do accord-
ing to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that since their first institu-
tion they have smoked fifty tun of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of
ale, one thousand hogheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy,
and a kilderkin of small beer; there has been likewise a great consump-
tion of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *Ben John-
son's Club*, which orders the fire to be always kept in (focus *perennis* efo) as
well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampnes-
of the Club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a Veilal,
whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from
generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out
above an hundred times.

The *everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an eye of contempt,
and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upstarts.
Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns
 altogether upon such adventures, as have passed in their own assembly; of
members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together,
without stirring out of the Club; of others who have smoked an hun-
dred
dred pipes at a fitting; of others who have not missed their morning's
draught for twenty years together: sometimes they speak in raptures of
a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonish-
ment upon games at whisk, which have been miraculously recovered by
members of the society, when in all human probability the cafe was de-
spire.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to en-
courage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drink-
ing; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a year, at which times they fill
up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new
one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other neces-
Saries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has
been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

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N° 73. Thursday, May 24.

_—O Dea certe!_ Virg.

It is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sen-
sible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by
a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery
should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make them-
selves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his
comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon him-
self in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he con-
ders himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if
not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections.
This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the
fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to out-shine
others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last
is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The
wife
wife man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing anything which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair Sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for what only deserves admiration; and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies distinguished themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of Idols. An Idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your Idols appear in all publick places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The Play-house is very frequently filled with Idols; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the language
language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: Joys of Heaven and pains of Hell are at their disposal: Paradise is in their arms, and Eternity in every moment: that you are present with them. Raptures, transports and ecstasies are the rewards which they confer: Sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that Ovid’s book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an Idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of Idols, as Milton’s was to number those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fires and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and flayed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese Idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the Idol I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they worship different Idols, these Idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the Idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater: as the one desires to confine the Idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an Idol is prettily described in a Tale of Chaucer: He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other’s foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the favourite? In truth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old Idol in Chaucer, puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greatest Idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light in the midst of a large congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them before
fore they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a
story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff
from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an
occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his
success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions at the same canonical
hour the day seven- of
An Idol may be undefined by many accidental causes. Marriage in
particular is a kind of counter-Apotheosis, or a Deification inverted.
When a man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into
a woman.
Old age is likewise a great decayer of your Idol. The truth of it is,
there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated Idol, especially
when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful
when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other cases the Woman
generally out-lives the Idol, I must return to the Moral of this paper,
and desire my fair Readers to give a proper direction to their passion for
being admired: In order to which, they must endeavour to make them-

elves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to
be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward or-
naments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which ap-
pear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

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The Spectator. No 73.

Friday, May 25.

---Pendent opera interrupta---

Virg.

In my last Monday's paper I gave some general inlances of those beau-
tiful strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of Che-
vy-Chafe; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular,
and shew that the sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and po-
etical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the great-
est of the ancient Poets: for which reason I shall quote several pallages
of
of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet
in several passages of the *Aeneid*; not that I would infer from thence,
that the Poet (whoeuer he was) proposed to himself any imitation of
those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same
kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old Song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points
of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some Readers;
but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor
have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trum-
pet; it is only Nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes
which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however
beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sid-
ney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude stile and evil
apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are several parts in it where
not only the thought but the language is majestick, and the numbers
honorable; at least, the Apparel is much more gorgeous than many of
the Poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the Reader will
see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that
Stanza,

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day!

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battel would bring
upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the
battel, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in fu-
ture battels which took their rise from this quarrel of the two Earls, is
wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among
the ancient Poets.

*Audiet pugnas uti sportum*
*Rara juventus.*

What can be more moving and poetical, or resemble more the majestick
simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

*The stout Earl of Northumberland*
*A vow to God did make,*

*His*
His pleasure in the Scotch woods
Three summer's days to take.
With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.
The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An Echo shrill did make.

——Vocat ingenti clamore Citharon
Taygetique canes, dominixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox alieno nemorvm ingeminita remugit.

Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scotchmen spears,
All marching in our fight.

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fasted by the river Tweed, &c.

The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantick situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the Reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil.

Adversi campos apparent, hastasque redactis
Proteruant longe dextrae; et spicula vibrant:
Quique altum Præneste virti, quique arva Gabina
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivos
Herculis faxa colunt: —— qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetrica borrentes rupe, montemque Severum,
Capturniamque colunt, Fiorulique et fiumen Himelae:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimique bilunt.—

But to proceed.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold.

Rode
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full three score Scots they slew.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Aeneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter Italia verba,
Ecce virum fætidem alis allatam sagitta ejus,
Incertum quid pulsa manu

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil.

So thus did both these Nobles dye,
Whose courage none could stain.

An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truths tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his was he set,
The grey-goose wing that was there
In his heart-blood was set.
This sight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewife, that in the catalogue of the slain the Author has followed the example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly:
Sir Charles Murrell of Ratcliff too,
His stifler son was he,
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet fixed could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the Poem but to show the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil:

——Cassis et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fait in Teneris et serviusstissimus aequi,
Ditis alter visum est——

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon Readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in Anabasis) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then steps a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his name.
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,
That e'er my Captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

_Non pudes, O Rutuli, cuntlis pro talibus uam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus aequi
Non famus_?

What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very flowing, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this Song had been written in the Gothisk manner, which is the delight of all our little Wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many ages, and have pleased the Readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.
ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several Ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the Opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories: and those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censur'd say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical Coquettes, who do not Patch for the publick good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who Patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed...
formed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the publick to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a Lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insigniate, it is well known that her notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has mis-led several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygrels, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the Motto of this paper,

--- She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on e'ry side.

When I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the Patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole Puppet-flew filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the Opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet

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with
with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavored to expel this Party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the Fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British Ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbad them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympick games, notwithstanding these were the publick diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestick turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or of least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the Government under the publick exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce publick orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English Ladies, instead of sitting on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decree ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated
brated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the publick cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.

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No. 83. Tuesday, June 5.

Animum pictura paece inani. Virg.

When the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, in some measure that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with clouds, when the Earth swims in rain, and all Nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw my self from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and diffuse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

D d d d 2
On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing; on the side of the dead Painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding fine in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several Artists that flitted before me, and accordingly applied my self to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air, which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The toujours gai appeared even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-councillors: in a word, all his men were Petits Maitres, and all his women Coquettes. The Drapery of his figures was extremely well-suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixt together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that founded something like Stupidity.

The third Artist that I looked over was Fantasque, dressed like a Venetian Scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at Chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined, was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his picture so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured: if he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had
had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seem-
ed to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several
parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sun-shine which accidentally
fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, Fire.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this side the
gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look
into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was
very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no origi-
nals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before
over-charged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched.
Though this workman did so much mischief on this side of the living,
he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was
Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned my
self to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that
were dead; when immediately I fancied my self standing before a multi-
tude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for
all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they
were pictures. Raphael’s figures stood in one row, Titian’s in another,
Guido Rheni’s in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal
Carrache, another by Correggio, and another by Rubens. To be short,
there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the
embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their
being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and
differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, comple-
oxions, and cloaths; so that they looked like different nations of the same
species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before-mentioned,
as the only Artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping
up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine
pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his
motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked impercep-
tibly, and after a thousand strokes, scarce produced any visible effect in
the picture on which he was employed. However, as he buffed himself
incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission,
he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a fi-
ture; he also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness
to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when
it came fresh from the master’s pencil. I could not forbear looking up-
on the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

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N° 85. Thursday, June 7.

Interdum speciosae locis, morataque reple
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdus oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugeque canore.

Hor.

It is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear: for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a Prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the Essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in fiquibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas Pye. Whether or no the pasty-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious Viando, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have
have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes
found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met
with in the shops of our London book-tellers. For this reason, when my
friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprized to find,
upon the shelf of folios, two long hand-boxes standing upright among
my books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep
erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper kite,
from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-cake, which
I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great-Britain. This my in-
quissitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of
writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of
employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my
heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and
examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them.
The last piece that I met with upon this occasion, gave me a most ex-
quite pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint
him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the Two
Children in the Wood, which is one of the darling Songs of the common
people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of
their age.

This Song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of all the helps
and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases
for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even
a debpicable simplicity in the verse; and yet, because the sentiments
appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most
polite Reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The
incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to
excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it
very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has de-

erived it in such an abject phrase and coarseness of expression, that the
quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridi-
cule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before
said, from one end to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to
please those who are not judges of language, or those who, withstanding
they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of

nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents,
with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in
tuch tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common
humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the
Robin-
Robin-red-breast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the
genius of the Author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of
fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin Poets has made use of up-
on a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in Horace, where he describes
himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered
with leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabulosa Vulture in Appulo,
Altrices extra limen Apulis,
Ludo fatigaturnque somno
Frondes wood puerum palamces
Te exerce

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tem-
pered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest Criticks as
well as the best Poets, of his age, had a numerous collection of old Eng-
lish Ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can
affirm the fame of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined
writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to Moliere's thoughts on this sub-
ject, as he has expressed them in the character of the Misanthropic; but
those only who are endowed with a true greatness of Soul and Genius,
can divine themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire na-
ture in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits
of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they can-
not be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to re-
commend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how
to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of Nature,
have also the additional advantages of Art.

Friday,
Here are several Arts which all men are in some measure matters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a matter of that Art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curf for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, relent, languish, despair, and die, in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from Charing-Croft to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a four-rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, Speak that I may see thee: But, with submillion, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance.
nance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty Epigram on this subject.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laetus;
Rem magnam prestat, Zale, si bonus es.

Thy beard and beard are of a different die;
Short of one foot, distemper in an eye;
With all these tokens of a knave compleat,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little over-charging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember in the life of the famous Prince of Cope- de the writer observes, the face of that Prince was like the face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face, when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who instead of being exasperated
ted by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply them- 
selves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beau-
ties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many
an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness
in as bad a sytem of features as ever was clapped together, which hath
appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty.
There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that
seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such
cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.
Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this Nature. There chanced
to be a great Phystognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange
discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appear-
ances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this Artift to the tryal,
carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did
not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination
of his face, the Phystognomist pronounced him the most lewd, licentious,
drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon
which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected
the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the prin-
ciples of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake;
for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which
the Phystognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had
conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of
Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that Socrates very much re-
sembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly
observed from the statues and busts of both, that are still extant: as well
as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently en-
ough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however ob-
servations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be par-
ticularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance.
It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when
we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not
know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or
fancy a man to be proud and ill-naturèd by his aspect, whom we think
we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real char-
acter? Dr. Moore, in his admirable system of ethics, reckons this par-
ticular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among
the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a

EEce 2

Tuesday,
As my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address my self to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers, or to diminish them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coffe tells me, that he began his suit Vice- 
mo anno Caroli secundi before he had been a twelve-month at the Tem-
ple; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still demurs. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman’s Phrafe, that I shall distinguish this sort of women by the title of Demurers. I find by another letter from one that calls himself Thyrus, that his mistrees has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute Sylvia has demurred till she is past child-bearing. Strephon appears
by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has babbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest Sam. Hopewell, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a Demurrier: I must only premise, that Sam. who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand five hundred and eighty one.

_Dear Sir,_

"You know very well my passion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance she has led me: she took me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the matter of her person, such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has no body to blame for it but her self: You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion (Anno Amoris trigesimo primo) instead of a poise, on my wedding-ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or, if you please, an Epithalamium, upon this occasion.

_Mrs. Martha's and yours eternally,_

_Sam. Hopewell._

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the publick, I shall endeavour to shew the folly of Demurring from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a Coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a century to a furtive, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had the nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas!
as! the ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is
suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female Readers to consider,
that as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The
finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colouring
so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this
subject with roses and rain-bows, and several other ingenious conceits,
which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to
a Demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she
is about three-score, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before
that time. There is a kind of latter spring, that sometimes gets into the
blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal.
I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what strange figure she
will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final
resolution, in that unreasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to
discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from
the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful; all that I in-
tend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination,
to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A
virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man
does that of a Bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the
other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this
particular propose the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton
has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear trans-
scribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;

Under his forming bands a creature grew,
Mankind, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her form'd up, in her contain'd;
And in her looks, which from that time inflam'd
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd.
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore.

Her
Her last, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, ador'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor envied. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self....
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her soul, that seeing me she turn'd;
I follow'd her: She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn

The End of the Second Volume.